THE VVORKES OF BENJAMIN JONSON.

The second Volume.

CONTAINING
THESE PLAYES.
Viz.

1 Bartholomew Fayre.
2 The Staple of Newes.
3 The Divell is an Asse.

LONDON,
Printed for RICHARD MEIGHEN,
1640.

TEN
WORKS

The Second Volume

CONTAINING

THESE PLAYES &c.

1 Bartholomew Fayre.

2 The Staple of Newes.

3 The Divell is an Asse.

BARTHOLMEW FAYRE:

A COMEDIE,

ACTED IN THE YEARE, 1614.

By the Lady *ELIZABETHS* SERVANTS.

And then dedicated to King IAMES, of *most Bleſſed Memorie*;

By the Author, BENIAMIN IOHNSON.

Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus: *nam*
Spectaret populum ludis attentiùs ipſis,
Vt ſibi præbentem, mimo ſpectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret aſſello
Fabellam ſurdo. Hor. lib. 2. Epiſt. 1.

LONDON,
Printed by *I. B.* for ROBERT ALLOT, and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the *Beare*, in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1631.

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MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

THE PROLOGVE TO THE KINGS MAIESTY.

Your Maiesty is welcome to a Fayre;
Such place, such men, such language & such ware,
Yon must expect: with these, the zealous noyse
Of your lands Faction, scandaliz'd at toyes,
As Babies, Hobby-horses, Puppet-playes,
And such like rage, whereof the petulant wayes
Your selfe haue knowne, and haue bin vext with long.
These for your sport, without perticular wrong,
Or iust complaint of any priuate man,
(Who of himselfe, or shall thinke well or can)
The Maker doth present: and hopes, to night
To giue you for a Fayring, *true delight.*

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

IOHN LITTLEWIT.	*A Proctor.*
WIN LITTLE-WIT.	*His wife.*
DAME PVRECRAFT.	*Her mother and a widdow.*
ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND BVSY.	*Her Suitor, a* Banbury *man.*
WIN-WIFE.	*His Riuall, a Gentleman.*
QVARLOVS.	*His companion, a Gamester.*
BARTHOLMEW COKES.	*An Esquire of* Harrow.
HVMPHREY WASPE.	*His man.*
ADAM OVER-DOO.	*A Iustice of Peace.*
DAME OVERDOO.	*His wife.*
GRACE WELBORNE.	*His Ward.*
LANT. LEATHERHEAD.	*A Hobbi-horse seller.*
IOANE TRASH.	*A Ginger-bread woman.*
EZECHIEL EDGWORTH.	*A Cutpurse.*
NIGHTINGALE.	*A Ballad-singer.*
VRSLA.	*A Pigge-woman.*
MOON-CALFE.	*Her Tapster.*
IORDAN KNOCK-HVM.	*A Horse-courser, and ranger o'*
VAL. CVTTING.	*A Roarer.* (*Turnbull.*)
CAPTAINE WHIT.	*A Bawd.*
PVNQVE ALICE.	*Mistresse o'the Game.*
TROVBLE-ALL.	*A Madman.*

WHTCHMEN, three.
COSTARD-monger.
MOVSETRAP-man.
CLOTHIER.
WRESTLER.
PORTERS.
DOORE-KEEPERS.
PVPPETS.

THE INDVCTION.
ON THE *STAGE.*

STAGE-KEEPER.

Gentlemen, haue a little patience; they are e'en vpon comming, instantly. He that should beginne the Play, Master *Littlewit*, the *Proctor*, has a stitch new falne in his black silk stocking; 'twill be drawn vp ere you can tell twenty. He playes one o'the *Arches*, that dwels about the *Hospitall*, and hee has a very pretty part. But for the whole *Play*, will you ha'the truth on't? (I am looking, lest the *Poet* heare me, or his man, Master *Broome*, behind the Arras) it is like to be a very conceited scuruy one, in plaine English. When't comes to the *Fayre*, once: you were e'en as good goe to *Virginia*, for any thing there is of *Smith-field*. Hee has not hit the humors, he do's not know 'hem; hee has not conuers'd with the *Bartholmew*-birds, as they say; hee has ne're a Sword, and Buckler man in his *Fayre*, nor a little *Davy*, to take toll o'the Bawds there, as in my time, nor a *Kind-heart*, if any bodies teeth should chance to ake in his *Play*. Nor a Iugler with a wel-educated Ape to come ouer the chaine, for the *King* of *England*, and backe againe for the *Prince*, and sit still on his arse for the *Pope*, and the *King* of *Spaine*! None o'these fine sights! Nor has he the Canuas-cut i'the night, for a Hob'by-horse-man to creepe into his she-neighbour, and take his leap, there!

there! Nothing! No, and ſome writer (that I know) had had but the penning o' this matter, hee would ha' made you ſuch a *Ig-ajogge* i'the boothes, you ſhould ha' thought an earthquake had beene i'the *Fayre*! But theſe Maſter-Poetts, they will ha' their owne abſurd courſes; they will be inform'd of nothing! Hee has (*ſirreuerence*) kick'd me three, or foure times about the Tyring-houſe, I thanke him, for but offering to putt in, with my experience. I'le be iudg'd by you, *Gentlemen*, now, but for one conceit of mine! would not a fine Pumpe vpon the Stage ha' done well, for a property now? and a *Punque* ſet vnder vpon her head, with her Sterne vpward, and ha' beene ſous'd by my wity young maſters o'the *Innes o'Court*? what thinke you o'this for a ſhew, now? hee will not heare o'this! I am an Aſſe! I! and yet I kept the *Stage* in Maſter *Tarlerons* time, I thanke my ſtarres. Ho! and that man had liu'd to haue play'd in *Bartholmew Fayre*, you ſhould ha' ſeene him ha' come in, and ha' beene coozened i'the Cloath-quarter, ſo finely! And *Adams*, the Rogue, ha leap'd and caper'd vpon him, and ha' dealt his vermine about, as though they had coſt him nothing. And then a ſubſtantiall watch to ha' ſtolne in vpon 'hem, and taken 'hem away, with miſtaking words, as the faſhion is, in the *Stage*-practice.

Shakespeare

M. ado about Nothing

Booke-holder: Scriuener. To him.

Booke. How now? what rare diſcourſe are you falné vpon? ha? ha' you found any familiars here, that you are ſo free? what's the buſineſſe?

Sta. Nothing, but the vnderſtanding Gentlemen o' the ground here, ask'd my iudgement.

Booke. Your iudgement, Raſcall? for what? ſweeping the *Stage*? or gathering vp the broken Apples for the beares within? Away Rogue, it's come to a fine degree in theſe *ſpectacles* when ſuch a youth as you pretend to a iudgement. And yet hee may, i'the moſt o'this matter i'faith:

For,

For the *Author* hath writ it iust to his *Meridian*, and the *Scale* of the grounded Iudgements here, his Play followes in wit. Gentlemen; not for want of a *Prologue*, but by way of a new one, I am sent out to you here, with a *Scruener*, and certaine Articles drawne out in hast betweene our *Author*, and you; which if you please to heare, and as they appeare reasonable, to approue of; the *Play* will follow presently. Read, *Scribe*, gi'me the Counterpaine.

Scr. ARTICLES of Agreement, indented, between the *Spectators* or *Hearers*, at the *Hope* on the Bankeside, in the County of *Surrey* on the one party; And the *Author of Bartholmew Fayre* in the said place, and County on the other party: the one and thirtieth day of *Octob.* 1614. and in the twelfth yeere of the Raigne of our Soueragine Lord, IAMES by the grace of God *King of England, France, & Ireland*; Defender of the faith. And of *Scotland* the seauen and fortieth.

INPRIMIS, It is couenanted and agreed, by and betweene the parties aboue said, and the said *Spectators*, and *Hearers*, aswell the curious and enuious, as the fauouring and iudicious, as also the grounded Iudgements and vnderstandings, doe for themselues seuerally Couenant, and agree to remaine in the places, their money or friends haue put them in, with patience, for the space of two houres and an halfe, and somewhat more. In which time the *Author* promiseth to present them by vs, with a new sufficient Play called BARTHOLMEW FAYRE, merry, and as full of noise, as sport: made to delight all, and to offend none. Prouided they haue either, the wit or the honesty to thinke well of themselues.

It is further agreed that euery person here, haue his or their free-will of censure, to like or dislike at their owne charge, the *Author* hauing now departed with his right: It shall bee lawfull for any man to iudge his six pen'orth his twelue pen'orth, so to his eighteene pence, 2. shillings, halfe a crowne, to the value of his place: Prouided alwaies his place get not aboue his wit. And if he pay for halfe a

dozen

dozen, hee may censure for all them too, so that he will vndertake that they shall bee silent. Hee shall put in for *Censures* here, as they doe for *lots* at the *lottery*: mary if he drop but sixe pence at the doore, and will censure a crownes worth, it is thought there is no conscience, or iustice in that.

It is also agreed, that euery man heere, exercise his owne Iudgement, and not censure by *Contagion*, or vpon *trust*, from anothers voice, or face, that sits by him, be he neuer so first, in the *Commission of Wit*: As also, that hee bee fixt and settled in his censure, that what hee approues, or not approues to day, hee will doe the same to morrow, and if to morrow, the next day, and so the next weeke (if neede be:) and not to be brought about by any that sits on the *Bench* with him, though they indite, and arraigne *Playes* daily. Hee that will sweare, *Ieronimo*, or *Andronicus* are the best playes, yet, shall passe vnexcepted at, heere, as a man whose Iudgement shewes it is constant, and hath stood still, these fiue and twentie, or thirtie yeeres. Though it be an *Ignorance*, it is a vertuous and stay'd ignorance; and next to *truth*, a confirm'd errour does well; such a one the *Author* knowes where to finde him.

It is further couenanted, concluded and agreed, that how great soeuer the expectation bee, no person here, is to expect more then hee knowes, or better ware then a *Fayre* will affoord: neyther to looke backe to the sword and buckler-age of *Smithfield*, but content himselfe with the present. In stead of a little *Dauy*, to take toll o'the Bawds, the *Author* doth promise a strutting *Horse-courser*, with a *leere*-Drunkard; two or three to attend him, in as good *Equipage* as you would wish. And then for *Kinde-heart*, the Tooth-drawer, a fine oyly *Pig-woman* with her *Tapster*, to bid you welcome, and a consort of *Roarers* for musique. A wise *Iustice* of *Peace meditant*, in stead of a *Iugler*, with an *Ape*. A ciuill *Cutpurse Searchant*. A sweete *Singer* of new Ballads

lads *allurant*; and as freſh an *Hypocrite*, as euer was broach'd *rampant*. If there bee neuer a *Seruant-monſter* i'the *Fayre*; who can helpe it? he ſayes; nor a neſt of *Antiques*? Hee is loth to make Nature afraid in his *Playes*, like thoſe that beget *Tales*, *Tempeſts*, and ſuch like *Drolleries*, to mixe his head with other mens heeles; let the concupiſence of *Iigges* and *Dances*, raigne as ſtrong as it will amongſt you: yet if the *Puppets* will pleaſe any body, they ſhall be entreated to come in.

In *conſideration of which*, it is finally agreed, by the foreſaid hearers, and *ſpectators*, that they neyther in themſelues conceale, nor ſuffer by them to be concealed any *State-decipherer*, or politique *Picklocke* of the *Scene*, ſo ſolemnly ridiculous, as to ſearch out, who was meant by the *Ginger-bread-woman*, who by the *Hobby-horſe-man*, who by the *Coſtard-monger*, nay, who by their *Wares*. Or that will pretend to affirme (on his owne *inſpired ignorance*) what *Mirror of Magiſtrates* is meant by the *Iuſtice*, what *great Lady* by the *Pigge-woman*, what *conceal'd Stateſ-man*, by the *Seller* of *Mouſe-trappes*, and ſo of the reſt. But that ſuch perſon, or perſons ſo found, be left diſcouered to the mercy of the *Author*, as a forfeiture to the *Stage*, and your laughter, aforeſaid. As alſo, ſuch as ſhall ſo deſperately, or ambitiouſly, play the foole by his place aforeſaid, to challenge the *Author* of ſcurrilitie, becauſe the language ſome where ſauours of *Smithfield*, the Booth, and the Pig-broath, or of prophaneneſſe, becauſe a *Mad-man* cryes, *God quit you*, or *bleſſe you*. In *witneſſe* whereof, as you haue prepoſterouſly put to your Seales already (which is your money) you will now adde the other part of ſuffrage, your hands, The *Play* ſhall preſently begin. And though the *Fayre* be not kept in the ſame Region, that ſome here, perhaps, would haue it, yet thinke, that therein the *Author* hath obſeru'd a ſpeciall *Decorum*, the place being as durty as *Smithfield*, and as ſtinking euery whit.

How-

Howsoeuer, hee prayes you to beleeue, his *Ware* is still the same, else you will make him iustly suspect that hee that is so loth to looke on a *Baby*, or an *Hobby-horse*, heere, would bee glad to take vp a *Commodity* of them, at any laughter, or losse, in another place.

BARTHOL-

BARTHOLMEVV FAYRE.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

LITTLE-VVIT. {*To him*} VVIN.

A Pretty conceit, and worth the finding! I ha' ſuch lucke to ſpinne out theſe fine things ſtill, and like a Silke-worme, out of my ſelfe. Her's Maſter *Bartholomew Cokes*, of *Harrow* o'th hill, i'th County of *Middleſex*, Eſquire, takes forth his Licence, to marry Miſtreſſe *Grace Wel-borne* of the ſaid place and County: and when do's hee take it foorth? to day! the foure and twentieth of Auguſt! *Bartholmew* day! *Bartholmew* vpon *Bartholmew*! there's the deuice! who would haue mark'd ſuch a leap-frogge chance now? A very leſſe then *Ames-ace*, on two Dice! well, goe thy wayes *Iohn Little-wit*, Proctor *Iohn Little-wit*: One o' the pretty wits o' *Pauls*, the *Little wit of* London (ſo thou art call'd) and ſome thing beſide. When a quirk, or a *quiblin* do's ſcape thee, and thou doſt not watch, and apprehend it, and bring it afore the Conſtable of conceit: (there now, I ſpeake *quib* too) let 'hem carry thee out o' the Archdeacons Court, into his Kitchin, and make a *Iack* of thee, in ſtead of a *Iohn*. (There I am againe la!) *Win*, Good morrow, *Win*. I marry *Win*! Now you looke finely indeed, *Win*! this Cap do's conuince! youl'd not ha' worne it, *VVin*, nor ha' had it veluet, but a rough countrey Beauer, with a copper-band, like the Conney-skinne woman of *Budge*-row? Sweete *VVin*, let me kiſſe it! And her fine high ſhooes, like the *Spaniſh Lady*! Good *VVin*, goe a litle I would faine ſee thee pace, pretty *VVin*! By this fine Cap, I could neuer leaue kiſſing on't.

Howsoeuer, hee prayes you to beleeue, his *Ware* is still the same, else you will make him iustly suspect that hee that is so loth to looke on a *Baby*, or an *Hobby-horse*, heere, would bee glad to take vp a *Commodity* of them, at any laughter, or losse, in another place.

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WIN. Come, indeede la, you are such a foole, still!

LITT. No, but halfe a one, *Win*, you are the tother halfe: man and wife make one foole, *Win*. (Good!) Is there the Proctor, or Doctor indeed, i' the *Dioceſſe*, that euer had the fortune to win him such a *Win*! (There I am againe!) I doe feele conceits comming vpon mee, more then I am able to turne tongue too. A poxe o' these pretenders, to wit! your *Three Cranes*, *Miter*, and *Mermaid* men! Not a corne of true salt, nor a graine of right mustard amongst them all. They may stand for places or so, againe the next *Wit* fall, and pay two pence in a quart more for their *Canary*, then other men. But gi' mee the man, can start vp a *Iuſtice* of *Wit* out of six-shillings beare, and giue the law to all the *Poets*, and *Poet-ſuckers* i' Towne, because they are the Players Gossips? 'Slid, other men haue wiues as fine as the Players, and as well dreſt. Come hither, *Win*.

ACT. I. SCENE. IJ.

WIN-WIFE. LITTLEVVIT. WIN.

VVHy, how now Master *Little-wit*! measuring of lips? or molding of kisses? which is it?

LITT. Troth I am a little taken with my *Wins* dressing here! Do'st not fine Master *Win-wife*? How doe you apprehend, Sir? Shee would not ha' worne this habit. I challenge all *Cheapside*, to shew such another: *Morefields*, *Pimlico* path, or the *Exchange*, in a sommer euening, with a Lace to boot as this has. Deare *Win*, let Master *Win-wife* kisse you. Hee comes a wooing to our mother *Win*, and may be our father perhaps, *Win*. There's no harme in him, *Win*.

WIN-W. None i' the earth, Master *Little-wit*.

LITT. I enuy no man, my delicates, Sir.

WIN-W. Alas, you ha' the garden where they grow still! A wife heere with a *Strawbery*-breath, *Cherry*-lips, *Apricot*-cheekes, and a soft veluet head, like a *Melicotton*.

LITT. Good y'faith! now dulneſſe vpon mee, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't, as well as he! Veluet head!

WIN-W. But my taste, Master *Little-wit*, tends to fruict of a later kinde: the sober Matron, your wiues mother.

LITT. I! wee know you are a Suitor, Sir. *Win*, and I both, wish you well: by this Licence here, would you had her, that your two names were as fast in it, as here are a couple. *Win* would faine haue a fine young father i' law, with a fether: that her mother might

might hood it, and chaine it, with Mistris *Ouer-doo*. But, you doe not take the right course, Master *Win-wife*.

WIN-W. No? Master *Litle-wit*, why?

LIT. You are not madde enough.

WIN-W. How? Is madnesse a right course?

LIT. I say nothing, but I winke vpon *Win*. You haue a friend, one (Master *Quarlous*) comes here some times?

WIN-W. Why? he makes no loue to her, do's he?

LIT. Not a tokenworth that euer I saw, I assure you, But——

WIN-W. What?

LIT. He is the more Mad-cap o'the two. You doe not apprehend mee.

WIN. You haue a hot coale i'your mouth, now, you cannot hold.

LIT. Let mee out with it, deare *Win*.

WIN. I'll tell him my selfe.

LIT. Doe, and take all the thanks, and much do good thy pretty heart, *Win*.

WIN. Sir, my mother has had her natiuity-water cast lately by the Cunning men in *Cow-lane*, and they ha' told her her fortune, and doe ensure her, shee shall neuer haue happy houre; vnlesse shee marry within this sen'night, and when it is, it must be a Madde-man, they say.

LIT. I, but it must be a Gentle-man Mad-man.

WIN. Yes, so the tother man of *More-fields* sayes.

WIN-W. But do's shee beleeue 'hem?

LIT. Yes, and ha's beene at *Bedlem* twice since, euery day, to enquire if any Gentleman be there, or to come there, mad!

WIN-W. Why, this is a confederacy, a meere piece of practice vpon her, by these *Impostors?*

LIT. I tell her so; or else say I, that they meane some young-Madcap-Gentleman (for the diuell can equiuocate, as well as a Shop-keeper) and therefore would I aduise you, to be a little madder, then Master *Quarlous*, hereafter.

WIN. Where is shee? stirring yet?

LIT. Stirring! Yes, and studying an old Elder, come from *Banbury*, a Suitor that puts in heere at meale-tyde, to praise the painefull brethren, or pray that the sweet singers may be restor'd; Sayes a grace as long as his breath lasts him! Some time the spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my mother, or *Win*, are faine to fetch it againe with Malmesey, or *Aqua cœlestis*.

WIN. Yes indeed, we haue such a tedious life with him for his dyet, and his clothes too, he breaks his buttons, and cracks seames at euery saying he sobs out.

IOH. He cannot abide my Vocation, he sayes.

WIN. No, he told my mother, a *Proctor* was a claw of the *Beast*,

and that she had little lesse then committed *abomination* in marrying me so as she ha's done.

IOH. Euery line (he sayes) that a *Proctor* writes, when it comes to be read in the Bishops Court, is a long blacke hayre, kemb'd out of the tayle of *Anti-Christ*.

WIN-W. When came this *Proselyte*?

IOH. Some three dayes since.

ACT. I. SCENE. IIJ.

QVARLOVS, IOHN, WIN, WIN-VVIFE.

O Sir, ha' you tane soyle, here? it's well, a man may reach you, after 3. houres running, yet! what an vnmercifull companion art thou, to quit thy lodging, at such vngentle manly houres? None but a scatterd couey of Fidlers, or one of these Rag-rakers in dung-hills, or some Marrow-bone man at most, would haue beene vp, when thou wert gone abroad, by all description. I pray thee what aylest thou, thou canst not sleepe? hast thou Thornes i'thy eye-lids, or Thistles i'thy bed.

WIN-W. I cannot tell: It seemes you had neither i'your feet; that tooke this paine to finde me.

QVAR. No, and I had, all the Lime-hounds o'the City should haue drawne after you, by the sent rather, M^r. *Iohn Little-wit*! God saue you, Sir. 'Twas a hot night with some of vs, last night, *Iohn*: shal we pluck a hayre o'the same Wolfe, to day, Proctor *Iohn*?

IOH. Doe you remember Master *Quarlous*, what wee discourst on, last night?

QVAR. Not I, *Iohn*: nothing that I eyther discourse or doe, at those times I forfeit all to forgetfulnesse.

IOH. No? not concerning *Win*, looke you: there shee is, and drest as I told you she should be: harke you Sir, had you forgot?

QVAR. By this head, I'le beware how I keepe you company, *Iohn*, when I drunke, and you haue this dangerous memory! that's certaine.

IOH. Why Sir?

QVAR. Why? we were all a little stain'd last night, sprinckled with a cup or two, and I agreed with Proctor *Iohn* heere, to come and doe somewhat with *Win* (I know not what 'twas) to day; and he puts mee in minde on't, now; hee sayes hee was comming to fetch me: before *Truth*, if you haue that fearefull quality, *Iohn*, to remember, when you are sober, *Iohn*, what you promise drunke, *Iohn*; I shall take heed of you, *Iohn*. For this once, I am content to

winke

winke at you, where's your wife? come hither *Win.* (*He kisseth her.*

WIN. Why, *Iohn*! doe you see this, *Iohn?* looke you! helpe me, *Iohn.*

IOH. O *Win*, fie, what do you meane, *Win*! Be womanly, *Win*; make an outcry to your mother, *Win*? Master *Quarlous* is an honest Gentleman, and our worshipfull good friend, *Win*: and he is Master *Winwifes* friends, too: And Master *Win-wife* comes a Suitor to your mother *Win*; as I told you before, *Win*, and may perhaps, be our Father, *Win*, they'll do you no harme, *Win*, they are both our worshipfull good friends. Master *Quarlous*! you must know Mr. *Quarlous*, *Win*; you must not quarrell with Master *Quarlous*, *VVin.*

QVAR. No, wee'll kisse againe and fall in.

IOH. Yes, doe good *Win.*

WIN. Y'faith you are a foole, *Iohn.*

IOH. A *Foole-Iohn* she calls me, doe you marke that, Gentlemen? pretty little wit of velvet! a foole-*Iohn*!

QVAR. She may call you an Apple-*Iohn*, if you vse this.

WIN-W. Pray thee forbeare, for my respect somewhat.

QVAR. Hoy-day! how respective you are become o'the sudden! I feare this family will turne you reformed too, pray you come about againe. Because she is in possibility to be your daughter in law, and may aske you blessing hereafter, when she courts it to *Totnam* to eat creame. Well, I will forbeare, Sir, but i'faith, would thou wouldst leave thy exercise of widdow-hunting once! this drawing after an old reverend Smocke by the splay-foote: There cannot be an ancient *Tripe* or *Trillibub* i'the Towne, but thou art straight nosing it, and 'tis a fine occupation thou'lt confine thy selfe to, when thou ha'st got one; scrubbing a piece of Buffe, as if thou hadst the perpetuity of *Pannyer-alley* to stinke in; or perhaps, worse, currying a carkasse, that thou hast bound thy selfe to alive. I'll beswome, some of them, (that thou art, or hast beene a Suitor to) are so old, as no chast or marryed pleasure can ever become 'hem: the honest Instrument of procreation, has (forty yeeres since) left to belong to 'hem, thou must visit 'hem, as thou wouldst doe a *Tombe*, with a Torch, or three hand-fulls of Lincke, flaming hot, and so thou maist hap to make 'hem feele thee, and after, come to inherit according to thy inches. A sweet course for a man to waste the brand of life for, to be still raking himselfe a fortune in an old womans embers; we shall ha' thee after thou hast beene but a moneth marryed to one of 'hem, looke like the *quartane ague*, and the black *Iaundise* met in a face, and walke as if thou had'st borrow'd legges of a *Spinner*, and voyce of a *Cricket*. I would endure to heare fifteene Sermons a weeke for her, and such course, and lowd one's, as some of 'hem must be; I would een desire of Fate, I might dwell in a drumme, and take in my sustenance, with an old broken Tobacco-pipe and a Straw. Dost thou ever thinke to

bring thine eares or ſtomack, to the patience of a drie *grace*, as long as thy Tablecloth? and droan'd out by thy ſonne, here, (that might be thy father;) till all the meat o'thy board has forgot, it was that day i'the Kitchin? Or to brooke the noiſe made, in a queſtion of *Predeſtination*, by the good labourers and painefull eaters, aſſembled together, put to 'hem by the Matron, your Spouſe; who moderates with a cup of wine, euer and anone, and a Sentence out of *Knoxe* between? or the perpetuall ſpitting, before, and after a ſober drawne *exhortation* of ſix houres, whoſe better part was the *hum-ha-hum?* Or to heare prayers groan'd out, ouer thy iron-cheſts, as if they were *charmes* to breake 'hem? And all this for the hope of two *Apoſtle*-ſpoones, to ſuffer! and a cup to eate a cawdle in! For that will be thy legacy. She'll ha' conuey'd her ſtate, ſafe enough from thee, an' ſhe be a right widdow.

WIN. Alaſſe, I am quite off that ſent now.

QVAR. How ſo?

WINW. Put off by a *Brother* of *Banbury*, one, that, they ſay, is come heere, and gouernes all, already.

QVAR. What doe you eall him? I knew diuers of thoſe *Banburians* when I was in *Oxford*.

WIN-W. Maſter *Little-wit* can tell vs.

IOH. Sir! good *VVin*, goe in, and if Maſter *Bartholmew Cokes*-his man come for the Licence; (the little old fellow) let him ſpeake with me; what ſay you, Gentlemen?

WIN-W. What call you the Reuerend *Elder*? you told me of? your *Banbury*-man.

IOH. *Rabbi Buſy*, Sir, he is more then an *Elder*, he is a *Prophet*, Sir.

QVAR. O, I know him! a Baker, is he not?

IOH. Hee was a Baker, Sir, but hee do's dreame now, and ſee viſions, hee has giuen ouer his Trade.

QVAR. I remember that too: out of a ſcruple hee tooke, that (in ſpic'd conſcience) thoſe Cakes hee made, were ſeru'd to *Bridales*, *May-poles*, *Morriſſes*, and ſuch prophane feaſts and meetings; his Chriſten-name is *Zeale-of-the-land*.

IOH. Yes, Sir, *Zeale-of-the-land Buſye*.

WIN-W. How, what a name's there!

IOH. O, they haue all ſuch names, Sir; he was Witneſſe, for *Win*, here, (they will not be call'd God-fathers) and nam'd her *VVinne-the-fight*, you thought her name had beene *VVinnifred*, did you not?

WIN-W. I did indeed.

IOH. Hee would ha' thought himſelfe a ſtarke Reprobate, if it had.

QVAR. I, for there was a Blew-ſtarch-woman o'the name, at the ſame time. A notable hypocriticall vermine it is; I know him. One that ſtands vpon his face, more then his faith, at all times;

Euer

Euer in seditious motion, and reprouing for vaine-glory: of a most *lunatique* conscience, and splene, and affects the violence of *Singularity* in all he do's: (He has vndone a Grocer here, in Newgate-market, that broke with him, trusted him with Currans, as errant a Zeale as he, that's by the way: by his profession, hee will euer be i'the state of Innocence, though; and child-hood; derides all *Antiquity*; defies any other *Learning*, then *Inspiration*; and what discretion soeuer, yeeres should afford him, it is all preuented in his *Originall ignorance*; ha' not to doe with him: for hee is a fellow of a most arrogant, and inuincible dulnesse, I assure you; who is this?

ACT. I. SCEENE. IIIJ.

WASPE. IOHN. WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS.

BY your leaue, Gentlemen, with all my heart to you: and god you good morrow; Mr *Little-wit*, my businesse is to you. Is this Licence ready?

IOH. Heere, I ha' it for you, in my hand, Master *Humphrey*.

WAS. That's well, nay, neuer open, or read it to me, it's labour in vaine, you know. I am no Clearke, I scorne to be sau'd by my booke, i'faith I'll hang first; fold it vp o'your word and gi' it mee; what must you ha' for't?

IOH. We'll talke of that anon, Master *Humphrey*.

WAS. Now, or not at all, good Mr *Proctor*, I am for no anon's, I assure you.

IOH. Sweet *VVin*, bid *Salomon* send mee the little blacke boxe within, in my study.

WAS. I, quickly, good Mistresse, I pray you: for I haue both egges o'the Spit, and yron i'the fire, say, what you must haue, good Mr *Little-wit*.

IOH. Why, you know the price, Mr *Numps*.

WAS. I know? I know nothing. I, what tell you mee of knowing? (now I am in hast) Sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorne to know, and yet, (now I think on't) I will, and do know, as well as another; you must haue a *Marke* for your thing here, and *eight pence* for the boxe; I could ha' sau'd *two pence* i'that, an' I had bought it my selfe, but heere's *foureteene shillings* for you. Good Lord! how long your little wife staies! pray God, *Salomon*, your Clerke, be not looking i'the wrong boxe, Mr *Proctor*.

IOH. Good i'faith! no, I warrant you, *Salomon* is wiser then so, Sir.

WAS.

WAS. Fie, fie, fie, by your leaue Maſter *Little-wit*, this is ſeuruy, idle, fooliſh and abominable, with all my heart; I doe not like it.

WIN-W. Doe you heare? *Iacke Little-wit*, what buſineſſe do's thy pretty head thinke, this fellow may haue, that he keepes ſuch a coyle with?

QVAR. More then buying of ginger-bread i'the *Cloyſter*, here, (for that wee allow him) or a guilt pouch i'the *Fayre*?

IOH. Maſter *Quarlous*, doe not miſtake him: he is his Maſters both-hands, I aſſure you.

QVAR. What? to pull on his boots, a mornings, or his ſtockings, do's hee?

IOH. Sir, if you haue a minde to mocke him, mocke him ſoftly, and looke to'ther way: for if hee apprehend you flout him, once, he will flie at you preſently. A terrible teſtie old fellow, and his name is *Waſpe* too.

QVAR. Pretty *Inſect*! make much on him.

WAS. A plague o'this boxe, and the poxe too, and on him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that ſhould ha' ſought it, ſent it, or brought it! doe you ſee, Sir?

IOH. Nay, good Mr *Waſpe*.

WAS. Good Maſter *Hornet*, turd i'your teeth, hold you your tongue; doe not I know you? your father was a *Pothecary*, and ſold gliſters, more then hee gaue, I wuſſe: and turd i'your little wiues teeth too (heere ſhe come:) 'twill make her ſpit as fine as ſhe is, for all her veluet-cuſterd on her head, Sir.

IOH. O! be ciuill Maſter *Numpes*.

WAS. Why, ſay I haue a humour not to be ciuill; how then? who ſhall compell me? you?

IOH. Here is the boxe, now.

WAS. Why a pox o'your boxe, once againe: let your little wife ſtale in it, and ſhe will. Sir, I would haue you to vnderſtand, and theſe Gentlemen too, if they pleaſe—

WIN-W. With all our hearts. Sir.

WAS. That I haue a charge. Gentlemen.

IOH. They doe apprehend, Sir.

WAS. Pardon me, Sir, neither they nor you, can apprehend mee, yet. (you are an Aſſe) I haue a young Maſter, hee is now vpon his making and marring; the whole care of his well doing, is now mine. His fooliſh ſcholemaſters haue done nothing, but runne vp and downe the Countrey with him, to beg puddings, and cake-bread, of his tennants, and almoſt ſpoyled him, he has learn'd nothing, but to ſing *catches*, and repeat *rattle bladder rattle*, and O, *Madge*. I dare not let him walke alone, for feare of learning of vile tunes, which hee will ſing at ſupper, and in the ſermon-times! if hee meete but a Carman i'the ſtreete, and I finde him not talke to keepe him off on him, hee will whiſtle him, and all his tunes ouer, at night in his ſleepe! he has a head full

of

of Bees! I am faine now (for this little time I am abſent) to leaue him in charge with a Gentlewoman; 'Tis true, ſhee is A *Iuſtice* of *Peace* his wife, and a Gentlewoman o'the hood, and his naturall ſiſter: But what may happen, vnder a womans gouernment, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you doe not know him: hee is another manner of peece then you think for! but nineteen yeere old, and yet hee is taller then either of you, by the head, God bleſſe him.

QVAR. Well, mee thinkes, this is a fine fellow!

WIN-W. He has made his Maſter a finer by this deſcription, I ſhould thinke.

QVAR. 'Faith, much about one, it's *croſſe* and *pile*, whether for a new farthing.

WAS. I'll tell you Gentlemen---

IOH. Will't pleaſe you drinke, Maſter *VVaſpe?*

WAS. Why, I ha' not talk't ſo long to be drie, Sir, you ſee no duſt or cobwebs come out o'my mouth: doe you? you'ld ha' me gone, would you?

IOH. No, but you were in haſt e'en now, Mr *Numpes*.

WAS. What an' I were? ſo I am ſtill, and yet I will ſtay too; meddle you with your match, your *Win*, there, ſhe has as little wit, as her husband it ſeemes: I haue others to talke to.

IOH. She's my match indeede, and as little wit as I, Good!

WAS. We ha' bin but a day and a halfe in towne, Gentlemen, 'tis true; and yeſter day i'the afternoone, we walk'd *London*, to ſhew the City to the Gentlewoman, he ſhall marry, Miſtreſſe *Grace*; but, afore I will endure ſuch another halfe day, with him, I'll be drawne with a good Gib-cat, through the great pond at home, as his vncle *Hodge* was! why, we could not meet that *heathen* thing, all day, but ſtayd him: he would name you all the *Signes* ouer, as hee went, aloud: and where hee ſpi'd a *Parrat*, or a *Monkey*, there hee was pitch'd, with all the littl-long-coats about him, male and female; no getting him away! I thought he would ha' runne madde o'the blacke boy in *Bucklers-bury*, that takes the ſcury, roguy *tobacco*, there.

IOH. You ſay true, Maſter *Numpes*: there's ſuch a one indeed.

WAS. It's no matter, whether there be, or no, what's that to you?

QVAR. He will not allow of *Iohn's* reading at any hand,

ACT. I. SCENE. V.

COKES. Mistris OVER-DOO. WASPE. GRACE. QVARLOVS. WIN-WIFE. IOHN. WIN.

O *Numpes!* are you here *Numpes*? looke where I am, *Numpes!* and Mistris *Grace*, too! nay, doe not looke angerly, *Numpes:* my Sister is heere, and all, I doe not come without her.

WAS. What, the mischiefe, doe you come with her? or shee with you?

COK. We came all to seeke you, *Numpes*.

WAS. To seeke mee? why, did you all thinke I was lost? or runne away with your foureteene shillings worth of small ware, here? or that I had chang'd it i'the *Fayre*, for hobby-horses? S'pretious—to seeke me!

OVER. Nay, good Mr *Numpes*, doe you shew discretion, though he bee exorbitant, (as Mr *Ouer doo* saies,) and't be but for conseruation of the *peace*.

WAS. Mary gip, goody she-*Iustice*, Mistris *French-hood*! turd i'your teeth; and turd i'your *French-hoods* teeth, too, to doe you seruice, doe you see? must you quote your *Adam* to me! you thinke, you are Madam *Regent* still, Mistris *Ouer-doo*; when I am in place? no such matter, I assure you, your *raigne* is out, when I am in, *Dame*.

OVER. I am content to be in *abeyance*, Sir, and be gouern'd by you; so should hee too, if he did well; but 'twill be expected, you should also gouerne your passions.

WAS. Will't so forsooth? good Lord! how sharpe you are! with being at *Bet'lem* yesterday? *Vvhetston* has set an edge vpon you, has hee?

OVER. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your dignity: I doe, yet, to mine.

WAS. Very well, then.

COK. Is this the Licence, *Numpes*? for Loues sake, let me see't. I neuer saw a Licence.

WAS. Did you not so? why, you shall not see't, then.

COK. An' you loue mee, good *Numpes*.

WAS. Sir, I loue you, and yet I do not loue you, i'these fooleries, set your heart at rest; there's nothing in't, but hard words: and what would you see't for?

COK. I would see the length and the breadth on't, that's all; and I will see't now, so I will.

WAS. You sha' not see it, heere.

COK. Then I'll see't at home, and I'll looke vpo' the case heere.

WAS. Why, doe so, a man must giue way to him a little in trifles:

trifles: Gentlemen. These are errors, diseases of youth; which he will mend, when he comes to iudgement, and knowledge of matters. I pray you conceiue so, and I thanke you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thanke you againe.

QVAR. Well, this *dry-nurse*, I say still, is a delicate man.

WIN-W. And I, am, for the Cosset, his charge! Did you euer see a fellowes face more accuse him for an Asse?

QVAR. Accuse him? it confesses him one without accusing. What pitty 'tis yonder wench should marry such a *Cokes*?

WIN-W. 'Tis true.

QVAR. Shee seemes to be discreete, and as sober as shee is handsome.

WIN-W. I, and if you marke her, what a restrain'd scorne she casts vpon all his behauiour, and speeches?

COK. Well, *Numpes*, I am now for another piece of businesse more, the *Fayre*, *Numpes*, and then—

WAS. Blesse me! deliuer me, helpe, hold mee! the *Fayre*!

COK. Nay, neuer fidge vp and downe, *Numpes*, and vexe it selfe. I am resolute *Bartholmew*, in this; Ile make no suite on't to you; 'twas all the end of my iourney, indeed, to shew Mistris *Grace* my *Fayre*: I call't my *Fayre*, because of *Bartholmew*: you know my name is *Bartholmew*, and *Bartholmew Fayre*.

IOH. That was mine afore, Gentlemen: this morning. I had that i'faith, vpon his Licence, beleeue me, there he comes, after me.

QVAR. Come, *Iohn*, this ambitious *wit* of yours, (I am afraid) will doe you no good i'the end.

IOH. No? why Sir?

QVAR. You grow so insolent with it, and ouerdoing, *Iohn*: that if you looke not to it, and tie it vp, it will bring you to some obscure place in time, and there 'twill leaue you.

WIN-W. Doe not trust it too much, *Iohn*, be more sparing, and vse it, but now and then; a *wit* is a dangerous thing, in this age; doe not ouer buy it.

IOH. Thinke you so, Gentlemen? I'll take heed on't, hereafter.

WIN. Yes, doe *Iohn*.

COK. A prety little soule, this same Mistris *Little-wit*! would I might marry her.

GRA. So would I, or any body else, so I might scape you,

COK. *Numps*, I will see it, *Numpes*, 'tis decreed: neuer be melancholy for the matter.

WAS. Why, see it, Sir, see it, doe see it! who hinders you? why doe you not goe see it? 'Slid see it.

COK. The *Fayre*, *Numps*, the *Fayre*.

WAS. Would the *Fayre* and all the Drums, and Rattles in't, were i'your belly for mee: they are already i'your braine: he that had the meanes to trauell you head, now, should meet finer sights then any are i'the *Fayre*; and make a finer voyage on't; to see it

all hung with cockle-shels, pebbles, fine wheat-strawes, and here and there a chicken's feather, and a cob-web.

QVAR. Goodfaith, hee lookes, me thinkes an' you marke him, like one that were made to catch flies, with his Sir *Cranion* legs.

WIN-W. And his *Numpes*, to flap 'hem away.

WAS. God, be w'you, Sir, there's your *Bee* in a box, and much good doo't, you.

COK. Why, your friend, and *Bartholmew*; an' you be so contumacious.

QVAR. What meane you, *Numpes?*

WAS. I'll not be guilty, I, Gentlemen.

OVER. You will not let him goe, *Brother*, and loose him?

COK. Who can hold that will away? I had rather loose him then the *Fayre*, I wusse.

WAS. You doe not know the inconuenience, Gentlemen, you perswade to: nor what trouble I haue with him in these humours. If he goe to the *Fayre*, he will buy of euery thing, to a Baby there; and housshold-stuffe for that too. If a legge or an arme on him did not grow on, hee would lose it i'the presse. Pray heauen I bring him off with one stone! And then he is such a Rauener after fruite! you will not beleeue what a coyle I had, t'other day, to compound a businesse betweene a *Katerne*-peare-woman, and him, about snatching! 'tis intolerable, Gentlemen.

WIN-W. O! but you must not leaue him, now, to these hazards, *Numpes*.

WAS. Nay, hee knowes too well, I will not leaue him, and that makes him presume: well, Sir, will you goe now? if you haue such an itch i'your feete, to foote it to the *Fayre*, why doe you stop, am! your Tarriars? goe, will you goe? Sir, why doe you not goe?

COK. O *Numps*! haue I brought you about? come Mistresse *Grace*, and Sister, I am resolute *Batt*, i'faith, still.

GRA. Truely, I haue no such fancy to the *Fayre*; nor ambition to see it; there's none goes thither of any quality or fashion.

COK. O Lord, Sir! you shall pardon me, Mistris *Grace*, we are inow of our selues to make it a fashion: and for qualities, let *Nimps* alone, he'l finde qualities.

QVAR. What a Rogue in apprehension is this! to vnderstand her language no better.

WIN-W. I, and offer to marry to her? well, I will leaue the chase of my widdow, for to day, and directly to the *Fayre*. These flies cannot, this hot season, but engender vs excellent creeping sport.

QVAR. A man that has but a spoone full of braine, would think so. Farewell, *Iohn*.

IOH. *Win*, you see, 'tis in fashion, to goe to the *Fayre*, *Win*: we must to the *Fayre* too, you, and I, *Win*. I haue an affaire i'the *Fayre*, *Win*, a Puppet-play of mine owne making, say nothing, that I writ

for

for the *motion* man, which you must see, *Win.*

WIN. I would I might *Iohn*, but my mother will neuer consent to such a *prophane motion* : she will call it.

IOH. Tut, we'll haue a deuice, a dainty one; (Now, *Wit*, helpe at a pinch, good *Wit* come, come, good *wit*, and't be thy will.) I haue it, *Win*, I haue it 'ifaith, and 'tis a fine one. *Win*, long to eate of a Pigge, sweet *Win*, i'the *Fayre*; doe you see? i'the heart o'the *Fayre*; not at *Pye-Corner*. Your mother will doe any thing, *Win*, to satisfie your longing, you know, pray thee long, presently, and be sicke o'the sudden, good *Win*. I'll goe in and tell her; cut thy lace i'the meane time, and play the *Hypocrite*, sweet *Win*.

WIN. No, I'll not make me vnready for it. I can be *Hypocrite* enough, though I were neuer so straight lac'd.

IOH. You say true, you haue bin bred i'the family, and brought vp to't. Our mother is a most elect *Hypocrite*, and has maintain'd us all this seuen yeere with it, like Gentle-folkes.

WIN. I, Let her alone, *Iohn*, she is not a wise wilfull widdow for nothing, nor a sanctified sister for a song. And let me alone too, I ha' somewhat o'the mother in me, you shall see, fetch her, fetch her, ah, ah.

ACT. I. SCENE. VI.

PVRECRAFT. VVIN. IOHN. BVSY. SALOMON.

NOw, the blaze of the beauteous discipline, fright away this euill from our house! how now *Win-the-fight*, Child: how do you? Sweet child, speake to me.

WIN. Yes, forsooth.

PVR. Looke vp, sweet *Win-the-fight*, and suffer not the enemy to enter you at this doore, remember that your education has bin with the purest, what polluted one was it, that nam'd first the vncleane beast, Pigge, to you, Child?

WIN. (Vh, vh.)

IOH. Not I, o' my sincerity, mother: she long'd aboue three houres, ere she would let me know it; who was it *Win*?

WIN. A prophane blacke thing with a beard, *Iohn*.

PVR. O! resist it, *Win-the-fight*, it is the Tempter, the wicked Tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of Pig, be strong against it, and it's foule temptations, in these assaults, whereby it broacheth flesh and blood, as it were, on the weaker side, and pray against it's carnall prouocations, good child, sweet child, pray.

IOH. Good mother, I pray you; that she may eate some Pigge, and her belly full, too; and doe not you cast away your owne child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the Tempter: how doe you, *Win?* Are you not sicke?

WIN. Yes, a great deale, *Iohn*, (vh, vh.)

PVR. What shall we doe? call our zealous brother *Busy* hither, for his faithfull fortification in this charge of the aduersary; child, my deare childe, you shall eate Pigge, be comforted, my sweet child.

WIN. I, but i'the *Fayre*, mother.

PVR. I meane i'the *Fayre*, if it can be any way made, or found lawfull; where is our brother *Busy?* Will hee not come? looke vp, child.

IOH. Presently, mother, as soone as he has cleans'd his beard, I found him, fast by the teeth, i'the cold Turkey-pye, i'the cupbord, with a great white loafe on his left hand, and a glasse of *Malmesey* on his right.

PVR. Slander not the *Brethren*, wicked one.

IOH. Here hee is, now, purified, Mother.

PVR. O brother *Busy*! your helpe heere to edifie, and raise vs vp in a scruple; my daughter *Win-the-fight* is visited with a naturall disease of women; call'd, A longing to eate Pigge.

IOH. I Sir, a *Bartholmew*-pigge: and in the *Fayre*.

PVR. And I would be satisfied from you, Religiously-wise, whether a widdow of the sanctified assembly, or a widdowes daughter, may commit the act, without offence to the weaker sisters.

BVS. Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnall disease, or appetite, incident to women: and as it is carnall, and incident, it is naturall, very naturall: Now Pigge, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing, and may be long'd for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceeding well eaten: but in the *Fayre*, and as a *Bartholmew*-pig, it cannot be eaten, for the very calling it a *Bartholmew*-pigge, and to eat it so, is a spice of *Idolatry*, and you make the *Fayre*, no better then one of the high *Places*. This I take it, is the state of the question. A high place.

IOH. I, but in state of necessity: *Place* should giue place, M^r *Busy*, (I haue a conceit left, yet.)

PVR. Good Brother, *Zeale-of-the-land*, thinke to make it as lawfull as you can.

IOH. Yes Sir, and as soone as you can: for it must be Sir; you see the danger my little wife is in, Sir.

PVR. Truely, I doe loue my child dearely, and I would not haue her miscarry, or hazard her first fruites, if it might be otherwise.

BVS. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subiect, to construction, subiect, and hath a face of offence, with the weake, a great face

face, a foule face, but that face may haue a vaile put ouer it, and be ſhaddowed, as it were, it may be eaten, and in the *Fayre*, I take it, in a Booth, the tents of the wicked: the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in midſt of the prophane, ſo it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with *ſobriety*, and humbleneſſe; not gorg'd in with gluttony, or greedineſſe; there's the feare: for, ſhould ſhe goe there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the vncleane dreſſing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or the luſt of the palat, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

IOH. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't, but courage, *Win*, we'll be humble enough; we'll ſeeke out the homelieſt Booth i'the *Fayre*, that's certaine, rather then faile, wee'll eate it o' the ground.

PVR. I, and I'll goe with you my ſelfe, *Win-the-fight*, and my brother, *Zeale-of-the-land*, ſhall goe with vs too, for our better conſolation.

WIN. Vh, vh.

IOH. I, and *Salomon* too, *Win*, (the more the merrier) *Win*, we'll leaue *Rabby Buſy* in a Booth. *Salomon*, my cloake.

SAL. Here, Sir.

BVS. In the way of comfort to the weake, I will goe, and eat. I will eate exceedingly, and propheſie; there may be a good vſe made of it, too, now I thinke on't: by the publike eating of Swines fleſh, to profeſſe our hate, and loathing of *Iudaiſme*, whereof the brethren ſtand taxed. I will therefore eate, yea, I will eate exceedingly.

IOH. Good, i'faith, I will eate heartily too, becauſe I will be no *Iew*, I could neuer away with that ſtiffenecked generation; and truely, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for Pigge ſo, i'the mothers belly.

BVS. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely.

ACT. II. SCENE. I.

IVSTICE OVERDOO.

WEll, in Iuſtice name, and the Kings; and for the common-wealth! defie all the world, *Adam Ouerdoo*, for a diſguiſe, and all *ſtory*; for thou haſt fitted thy ſelfe, I ſweare; faine would I meet the *Linceus* now, that Eagles eye, that peircing *Epidaurian* ſerpent (as my *Quint. Horace* cal's him) that could diſcouer a Iuſtice of Peace, (and lately of the *Quorum*) vnder this couering. They may haue ſeene many a foole in the habite of a Iuſtice; but neuer till now, a Iuſtice in the habit of a foole. Thus muſt we doe, though, that wake for the publike good: and thus hath the wiſe Magiſtrate done in all ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Neuer ſhall I enough commend a worthy worſhipfull man, ſometime a capitall member of this City, for his high wiſdome, in this point, who would take you, now the habit of a Porter; now of a Carman; now of the Dog-killer, in this moneth of *Auguſt*; and in the winter, of a Seller of tinder-boxes; and what would hee doe in all theſe ſhapes? mary goe you into euery Alehouſe, and down into euery Celler; meaſure the length of puddings, take the gage of blacke pots, and cannes, I, and cuſtards with a ſticke; and their circumference, with a thrid; weigh the loaues of bread on his middle-finger; then would he ſend for 'hem, home; giue the puddings to the poore, the bread to the hungry, the cuſtards to his children; breake the pots, and burne the cannes, himſelfe; hee Would not truſt his corrupt officers; he would do't himſelfe. would all men in authority would follow this worthy preſident! For (alas) as we are publike perſons, what doe we know? nay, what can wee know? wee heare with other mens eares; wee ſee with other mens eyes? a fooliſh Conſtable, or a ſleepy Watch-

man,

man, is all our information, he slanders a Gentleman, by the vertue of his place, (as he calls it) and wee by the vice of ours, must beleeue him. As a while agone, they made mee, yea me, to mistake an honest zealous Pursiuant, for a *Seminary*: and a proper yong Batcheler of Musicke, for a Bawd. This wee are subiect to, that liue in high place, all our intelligence is idle, and most of our intelligencers, knaues: and by your leaue, our selues, thought little better, if not errant fooles, for beleeuing them. I *Adam Ouerdoo*, am resolu'd therefore, to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine owne discoueries. Many are the yeerely enormities of of this *Fayre*, in whose courts of *Pye-pouldres* I haue had the honour during the three dayes sometimes to sit as Iudge. But this is the speciall day for detection of those foresaid enormities. Here is my blacke booke, for the purpose; this the cloud that hides me: vnder this couert I shall see, and not be seene. On *Iunius Brutus*. And as I began, so I'll end: in Iustice name, and the Kings; and for the Common-wealth.

ACT. II. SCENE. II.

LEATHERHEAD. TRASH. IVSTICE. VRSLA. MOONE-CALFE. NIGHTINGALE. *Costermonger. Passengers.*

THe Fayre's pestilence dead, mee thinkes; people come not abroad, to day, what euer the matter is. Doe you heare, Sister *Trash*, Lady o'the Basket? sit farther with your ginger-bread-progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll ha' it proclaim'd i'the *Fayre*, what stuffe they are made on.

TRA. Why, what stuffe are they made on, Brother *Leatherhead?* nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

LEA. Yes, stale bread, rotten egges, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know.

IVS. I! haue I met with enormity, so soone?

LEA. I shall marre your market, old *Ione*.

TRA. Marre my market, thou too-proud Pedler? do thy worst; I defie thee, I, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground, as well as thou dost, and thou wrong'st mee for all thou art parcell-poet, and an Inginer. I'll finde a friend shall right me, and make a ballad of thee, and thy cattell all ouer. Are you puft vp with the pride of your wares? your *Arsedine*?

LEA. Goe to, old *Ione*, I'll talke with you anone; and take you

downe too, afore Iuſtice *Ouerdoo*, he is the man muſt charme you, Ile ha' you i'the *Piepouldres*.

TRA. Charme me? I'll meet thee face to face, afore his worſhip, when thou dar'ſt: and though I be a little crooked o'my body, I'll be found as vpright in my dealing, as any woman in *Smithfield*, I, charme me?

IVS. I am glad, to heare, my name is their terror, yet, this is doing of Iuſtice.

LEA. What doe you lacke? what is't you buy? what do you lacke? Rattles, Drums, Halberts, Horſes, Babies o'the beſt? Fiddles o'th fineſt? [*Enter Coſt.*

COS. Buy any peares, peares, fine, very fine peares.

TRA. Buy any ginger-bread, guilt ginger-bread!

NIG. Hey. *now the Fayre's a filling!*

O, for a Tune to ſtartle
The Birds o'the Booths here billing:
Yeerely withold Saint Barthle!
The Drunkards they are wading,
The Punques, and Chapmen trading;
Who'ld ſee the Fayre without his lading? Buy any ballads; new ballads?

VRS. Fye vpon't: who would weare out their youth, and prime thus, in roaſting of pigges, that had any cooler vocation? Hell's a kind of cold cellar to't, a very fine vault, o'my conſcience! what *Moone-calfe*.

MOO. Heere. Miſtreſſe.

NIG. How now *Vrſla*? in a heate, in a heat?

VRS. My chayre, you falſe faucet you; and my mornings draught, quickly, a botle of Ale, to quench mee, Raſcall. I am all fire, and fat, *Nightingale*, I ſhall e'en melt away to the firſt woman, a ribbe againe, I am afraid. I doe water the ground in knots, as I goe, like a great Garden-pot, you may follow me by the S.S.'s I make.

NIG. Alas, good *Vr's*; was *Zekiel* heere this morning?

VRS. *Zekiel*? what *Zekiel*?

NIG. *Zekiel Edgeworth*, the ciuill cut-purſe, you know him well enough; hee that talkes bawdy to you ſtill: I call him my Secretary.

VRS. He promis'd to be heere this morning. I remember.

NIG. When he comes, bid him ſtay: I'll be backe againe preſently.

Moon-calfe brings in the Chaire.

VRS. Beſt take your mornings dew in your belly, *Nightingale*, come, Sir, ſet it heere, did not I bid you ſhould get this chayre let out o'the ſides, for me, that my hips might play? you'll neuer thinke of any thing, till your dame be rumpgall'd; 'tis well, Changeling: becauſe it can take in your Graſſe-hoppers thighes, you care for no more. Now, you looke as you had been i' the cor-

ner

ner o'the Booth, fleaing your breech, with a candles end, and set fire o'the *Fayre*. Fill, *Stote*: fill.

IVS. This Pig-woman doe I know, and I will put her in, for my second enormity, shee hath beene before mee, *Punke*, *Pinnace* and *Bawd*, any time these two and twenty yeeres, vpon record i'the *Pie-poudres*.

VRS. Fill againe, you vnlucky vermine.

MOO. 'Pray you be not angry, Mistresse, I'll ha' it widen'd anone.

VRS. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, ere the *Fayre* be done, you thinke, now you ha' heated me? A poore vex'd thing I am, I feele my selfe dropping already, as fast as I can: two stone a sewet aday is my proportion: I can but hold life & soule together, with this (heere's to you, *Nightingale*) and a whiffe of tobacco, at most. Where's my pipe now? not fill'd? thou errant *Incubee*.

NIG. Nay, *Vrsla*, thou'lt gall betweene the tongue and the teeth, with fretting, now.

VRS. How can I hope, that euer hee'll discharge his place of trust, Tapster, a man of reckoning vnder me, that remembers nothing I say to him? but looke too't, sirrah, you were best, three pence a pipe full, I will ha' made, of all my whole halfe pound of tabacco, and a quarter of a pound of *Coltsfoot*, mixt with it too, to itch it out. I that haue dealt so long in the fire, will not be to seek in smoak, now. Then 6. and 20. shillings a barrell I will aduance o'my Beere; and fifty shillings a hundred o'my bottle-ale, I ha' told you the waies how to raise it. Froth your cannes well i'the filling; at length Rogue, and iogge your bottles o' the buttocke, Sirrah, then skinke out the first glasse, euer, and drinke with all companies, though you be sure to be drunke; you'll mis-reckon the better, and be lesse asham'd on't. But your true tricke, Rascall, must be, to be euer busie, and mis-take away the bottles and cannes, in hast, before they be halfe drunke off, and neuer heare any body call, (if they should chance to marke you) till you ha' brought fresh, and be able to forsweare 'hem. Giue me a drinke of Ale.

IVS. This is the very *wombe*, and *bedde* of enormitie! grosse, as her selfe! this must all downe for enormity, all, euery whit on't.

One knocks.

VRS. Looke, who's there, Sirrah? fiue shillings a Pigge is my price, at least; if it be a sow-pig, six pence more: if she be a great bellied wife, and long for't, six pence more for that.

IVS. *O Tempora! O mores!* I would not ha' lost my discouery of this one grieuance, for my place, and worship o'the *Bench*, how is the poore subie& abus'd, here! well, I will fall in with her, and with her *Moone-calfe*, and winne out wonders of enormity. By thy leaue, goodly woman, and the fatnesse of the *Fayre*: oyly as the Kings constables Lampe, and shining as his Shooing-horne! hath thy Ale vertue, or thy Beere strength? that the tongue of man may be tickled? and his palat pleas'd in the morning? let

thy pretty Nephew here, goe ſearch and ſee.

VRS. What new Roarer is this?

MOO. O Lord! doe you not know him, Miſtris, 'tis mad *Arthur* of *Bradley*, that makes the Orations. Braue Maſter, old *Arthur* of *Bradley*, how doe you? welcome to the *Fayre*, when ſhall wee heare you againe, to handle your matters? with your backe againe a Booth, ha? I ha' bin one o' your little diſciples, i' my dayes!

IVS. Let me drinke, boy, with my loue, thy Aunt, here; that I may be eloquent: but of thy beſt, leſt it be bitter in my mouth, and my words fall foule on the *Fayre*.

VRS. Why doſt thou not fetch him drinke? and offer him to ſit?

MOO. Is't Ale, or Beere? Maſter *Arthur*?

IVS. Thy beſt, pretty ſtripling, thy beſt; the ſame thy Doue drinketh, and thou draweſt on holy daies.

VRS. Bring him a ſixe penny bottle of Ale; they ſay, a fooles handſell is lucky.

IVS. Bring both, child. Ale for *Arthur*, and Beere for *Bradley*. Ale for thine Aunt, boy. My diſguiſe takes to the very wiſh, and reach of it. I ſhall by the benefit of this, diſcouer enough, and more: and yet get off with the reputation of what I would be. A certaine midling thing, betweene a foole and a madman.

ACT. II. SCENE. III.

KNOCKHVM. {*to them.*

VVHat! my little leane *Vrſla*! my ſhee-Beare! art thou aline yet? with thy litter of pigges, to grunt out another *Bartholmew Fayre*? ha!

VRS. Yes, and to amble afoote, when the *Fayre is done*, to heare you groane out of a cart, vp the heauy hill.

KNO. Of Holbourne, *Vrſla*, meanſt thou ſo? for what? for what, pretty *Vrſ*?

VRS. For cutting halfe-penny purſes: or ſtealing little penny dogges, out o' the *Fayre*.

KNO. O! good words, good words *Vrſ*.

IVS. Another ſpeciall enormitie. A cutpurſe of the ſword! the boote, and the feather! thoſe are his marks.

VRS. You are one of thoſe horſleaches, that gaue out I was dead, in Turne-bull ſtreete, of a ſurfet of botle ale, and tripes?

KNO. No, 'twas better meat *Vrs*: cowes vdders, cowes vdders!

VRS. Well, I shall be meet with your mumbling mouth one day.

KNO. What? thou'lt poyson mee with a neust in a bottle of Ale, will't thou? or a spider in a tobacco-pipe, *Vrs*? Come, there's no malice in these fat folkes, I neuer feare thee, and I can scape thy leane *Moonecalfe* heere. Let's drinke it out, good *Vrs*, and no vapours!

IVS. Dost thou heare, boy? (there's for thy Ale, and the remnant for thee) speake in thy faith of a faucet, now; is this goodly person before vs here, this vapours, a knight of the knife?

MOO. What meane you by that, Master *Arthur*?

IVS. I meane a child of the horne-thumb, a babe of booty, boy; a cutpurse.

MOO. O Lord, Sir! far from it. This is Master *Dan. Knockhum*: *Iordane* the Ranger of Turnebull. He is a horse-courser, Sir.

IVS. Thy dainty dame, though, call'd him cutpurse.

MOO. Like enough, Sir, shee'll doe forty such things in an houre (an you listen to her) for her recreation, if the toy take her i'the greasie kerchiefe: it makes her fat you see. Shee battens with it.

IVS. Here might I ha' beene deceiu'd, now: and ha' put a fooles blot vpon my selfe, if I had not play'd an after game o' discretion.

Vrsla comes in againe dropping.

KNO. Alas poore *Vrs*, this's an ill season for thee.

VRS. Hang your selfe, Hacney-man.

KNO. How? how? *Vrs*, vapours! motion breede vapours?

VRS. Vapours? Neuer tuske, nor twirle your dibble, good *Iordane*, I know what you'll take to a very drop. Though you be Captaine o'the Roarers, and fight well at the case of pis-pots, you shall not fright me with your Lyon-chap, Sir, nor your tuskes, you angry? you are hungry: come, a pigs head will stop your mouth, and stay your stomacke, at all times.

KNO. Thou art such another mad merry *Vrs* still! Troth I doe make conscience of vexing thee, now i'the dog-daies, this hot weather, for feare of foundring thee i'the bodie, and melting down a *Piller* of the *Fayre*. Pray thee take thy chayre againe, and keepe state; and let's haue a fresh bottle of Ale, and a pipe of tabacco; and no vapours. I'le ha' this belly o'thine taken vp, and thy grasse scour'd, wench; looke! heere's *Ezechiel Edgworth*; a fine boy of his inches, as any is i'the *Fayre*! has still money in his purse, and will pay all, with a kind heart; and good vapours.

ACT.

ACT. II. SCENE. IIII.

To them EDGVVORTH. NIGHTINGALE. *Corne-cutter. Tinder-box-man. Passengers.*

THat I will, indeede, willingly, Master *Knockhum*, fetch some Ale, and Tabacco.

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen? Maid: see a fine hobby horse for your young Master: cost you but a token a weeke his prouander.

COR. Ha' you any cornes 'iyour feete, and toes?

TIN. Buy a Mouse-trap, a Mouse-trap, or a Tormentor for a Flea.

TRA. Buy some Ginger-bread.

NIG. Ballads, Ballads! fine new ballads:
Heare for your loue, and buy for your money.
A delicate ballad o' the Ferret *and the* Coney.
A preseruatiue again' the Punques euill.
Another of Goose-greene-starch, *and the* Deuill.
A dozen of diuine points, *and the* Godly garters.
The Fairing of good councell, *of an ell and three quarters.* What is't you buy?
The *Wind-mill blowne downe by the witches fart!*
Or *Saint* George, *that O! did breake the* Dragons *heart!*

EDG. Master *Nightingale*, come hither, leaue your mart a little.

NIG. O my Secretary! what sayes my Secretarie?

IVS. Childe o'the bottles, what's he? what he?

MOO. A ciuill young Gentleman, Master *Arthur*, that keepes company with the Roarers, and disburses all, still. He has euer money in his purse; He payes for them; and they roare for him: one do's good offices for another. They call him the Secretary, but he serues no body. A great friend of the Ballad-mans they are neuer asunder.

IVS. What pitty 'tis, so ciuill a young man should haunt this debaucht company? here's the bane of the youth of our time apparant. A proper penman, I see't in his countenance, he has a good Clerks looke with him, and I warrant him a quicke hand.

MOO. A very quicke hand, Sir.

EDG. All the purses, and purchase, I giue you to day by conueyance

ueyance, bring hither to *Vrſla's* preſently. Heere we will meet at night in her lodge, and ſhare. Looke you chooſe good places, for your ſtanding i'the *Fayre*, when you ſing *Nightingale*.

This they whiſper, that Ouerdoo heares it not.

VRS. I, neere the fulleſt paſſages; and ſhift 'hem often.

EDG. And i'your ſinging, you muſt vſe your hawks eye nimbly, and flye the purſe to a marke, ſtill, where 'tis worne, and o'which ſide; that you may gi'me the ſigne with your beake, or hang your head that way i'the tune.

VRS. Enough, talke no more on't: your friendſhip (Maſters) is not now to beginne. Drinke your draught of Indenture, your ſup of Couenant, and away, the *Fayre* fils apace, company begins to come in, and I ha' ne'er a Pigge ready, yet.

KNO. Well ſaid! fill the cups, and light the tabacco: let's giue fire i'th' works, and noble vapours.

EDG. And ſhall we ha' ſmockes *Vrſla*, and good whimſies, ha?

VRS. Come, you are i'your bawdy vaine! the beſt the *Fayre* will afford, *Zekiel*, if Bawd *Whit* keepe his word; how doe the Pigges, *Moone-calfe*?

MOO. Very paſſionate, Miſtreſſe, on on'hem has wept out an eye. Maſter *Arthur* o'*Bradley* is melancholy, heere, no body talkes to him. Will you any tabacco Maſter *Arthur*?

IVS. No, boy, let my meditations alone.

MOO. He's ſtudying for an Oration, now.

IVS. If I can, with this daies trauell, and all my policy, but reſcue this youth, here out of the hands of the lewd man, and the ſtrange woman. I will ſit downe at night, and ſay with my friend *Ouid*, *Iamq; opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis, &c.*

KNO. Here *Zekiel*; here's a health to *Vrſla*, and a kind vapour, thou haſt money i'thy purſe ſtill; and ſtore! how doſt thou come by it? Pray thee vapour thy friends ſome in a courteous vapour.

EDG. Halfe I haue, Maſter *Dan. Knockhum*, is alwaies at your ſeruice,

IVS. Ha, ſweete nature! what Goſhawke would prey vpon ſuch a Lambe?

KNO. Let's ſee, what 'tis, *Zekiel*! count it, come, fill him to pledge mee.

ACT.

ACT. II. SCENE. V.

WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS. {to them.

VVEe are heere before 'hem, me thinkes.

QVAR. All the better, we shall see 'hem come in now.

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen, what is't you lacke? a fine Horse? a Lyon? a Bull? a Beare? a Dog, or a Cat? an excellent fine *Bartholmew*-bird? or an Instrument? what is't you lacke?

QVAR. S'lid! heere's *Orpheus* among the beasts, with his Fiddle, and all!

TRA. Will you buy any comfortable bread, Gentlemen?

QVAR. And *Ceres* selling her daughters picture, in Gingerworke!

WIN. That these people should be so ignorant to thinke vs chapmen for 'hem! doe wee looke as if wee would buy Gingerbread? or Hobby-horses?

QVAR. Why, they know no better ware then they haue, nor better customers then come. And our very being here makes vs fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would *Cokes* would come! there were a true customer for 'hem.

KNO. How much is't? thirty shillings? who's yonder! *Ned Winwife?* and *Tom Quarlous*, I thinke! yes, (gi' me it all) (gi' me it all) Master *Win-wife*! Master *Quarlous*! will you take a pipe of tabacco with vs? do not discredit me now, *Zekiel*.

WIN. Doe not see him! he is the roaring horse-courser, pray thee let's auoyd him: turne downe this way.

QVAR. S'lud, I'le see him, and roare with him, too, and hee roar'd as loud as *Neptune*, pray thee goe with me.

WIN. You may draw me to as likely an inconuenience, when you please, as this.

QVAR. Goe to then, come along, we ha' nothing to doe, man, but to see sights, now.

KNO. Welcome Master *Quarlous*, and Master *Winwife*! will you take any froth, and smoake with vs?

QVAR. Yes, Sir, but you'l pardon vs, if we knew not of so much familiarity betweene vs afore.

KNO. As what, Sir?

QVAR. To be so lightly inuited to smoake, and froth.

KNO. A good vapour! will you sit downe, Sir? this is old

Vrſla's manſion, how like you her bower? heere you may ha' your Punque, and your Pigge in ſtate, Sir, both piping hot.

QVAR. I had rather ha' my Punque, cold, Sir.

IVS. There's for me, Punque! and Pigge!

VRS. What *Mooncalfe?* you Rogue. *She calls within.*

MOO. By and by, the bottle is almoſt off Miſtreſſe, here Maſter *Arthur.*

VRS. I'le part you, and your play-fellow there, i'the garded coat, an' you ſunder not the ſooner.

KNO. Maſter *Win-wife*, you are proud (me thinkes) you doe not talke, nor drinke, are you proud?

WIN. Not of the company I am in, Sir, nor the place, I aſſure you.

KNO. You doe not except at the company! doe you? are you in vapours, Sir?

MOO. Nay, good Maſter *Dan: Knockhum*, reſpect my Miſtris Bower, as you call it; for the honour of our Booth, none o'your vapours, heere.

VRS. Why, you thinne leane Polcat you, and they haue a minde to be i'their vapours, muſt you hinder'hem? what did you know Vermine, if they would ha' loſt a cloake, or ſuch a triffle? muſt you be drawing the ayre of pacification heere? while I am tormented, within, i'the fire, you Weaſell? *She comes out with a fire-brand.*

MOO. Good Miſtreſſe, 'twas in the behalfe of your Booth's credit, that I ſpoke.

VRS. Why? would my Booth ha' broake, if they had fal'ne out in't? Sir? or would their heate ha' fir'd it? in, you Rogue, and wipe the pigges, and mend the fire, that they fall not, or I'le both baſte and roaſt you, till your eyes drop out, like 'hem. (Leaue the bottle behinde you, and be curſt a while.)

QVAR. Body o'the *Fayre!* what's this? mother o'the Bawds?

KNO. No, ſhe's mother o'the Pigs, Sir, mother o'the Pigs!

WIN. Mother o'the *Furies*, I thinke, by her firebrand.

QVAR. Nay, ſhee is too fat to be a *Fury*, ſure, ſome walking Sow of tallow!

WIN. An inſpir'd veſſell of Kitchin-ſtuffe! *She drinkes this while.*

QVAR. She'll make excellent geere for the Coach-makers, here in Smithfield, to anoynt wheeles and axell trees with.

VRS. I, I, Gameſters, mocke a plaine plumpe ſoft wench o' the Suburbs, doe, becauſe ſhe's iuicy and wholeſome: you muſt ha' your thinne pinch'd ware, pent vp i'the compaſſe of a dogge-collar, (or 'twill not do) that lookes like a long lac'd *Conger*, ſet vpright, and a greene feather, like fennell i'the loll on't.

KNO. Well ſaid *Vrs*, my good *Vrs*; to 'hem *Vrs*.

QVAR. Is ſhee your quagmire, *Dan: Knockhum?* is this your Bogge?

NIG. We ſhall haue a quarrel preſently.

KNO. How? Bog? Quagmire? foule vapours! hum'h!

QVAR. Yes, hee that would venture for't, I assure him, might sinke into her, and be drown'd a weeke, ere any friend hee had, could find where he were.

WIN. And then he would be a fort'night weighing vp againe.

QVAR. 'Twere like falling into a whole *Shire* of butter: they had need be a teeme of *Dutchmen*, should draw him out.

KNO. Answer 'hem, *Vrs*, where's thy *Bartholmew*-wit, now? *Vrs*, thy *Bartholmew*-wit?

VRS. Hang 'hem, rotten, roguy Cheaters, I hope to see 'hem plagu'd one day (pox'd they are already, I am sure) with leane play-house poultry, that has the boany rumpe, sticking out like the Ace of Spades, or the point of a Partizan, that euery rib of hem is like the tooth of a Saw: and will so grate 'hem with their hips, & shoulders, as (take 'hem altogether) they were as good lye with a hurdle.

QVAR. Out vpon her, how she drips! she's able to giue a man the sweating Sickneſſe, with looking on her.

VRS. Mary looke off, with a patch o'your face; and a dosen i'your breech, though they be o'scarlet, Sir. I ha' seene as fine outsides, as either o'yours, bring lowsie linings to the Brokers, ere now, twice a weeke?

QVAR. Doe you thinke there may be a fine new Cucking-stoole i'the *Fayre*, to be purchas'd? one large inough, I meane. I know there is a pond of capacity, for her.

VRS. For your mother, you Rascall, out you Rogue, you hedge bird, you Pimpe, you panniar-mans bastard, you.

QVAR. Ha, ha, ha.

VRS. Doe you sneere, you dogs-head, you *Trendle tayle*! you looke as you were begotten a'top of a Cart in harueſt-time, when the whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuffe after your brothers bitch, M^rs *Commodity*, that's the Liuory you weare, 'twill be out at the elbows, shortly. It's time you went to't, for the to'ther remnant.

KNO. Peace, *Vrs*, peace, *Vrs*, they'll kill the poore Whale, and make oyle of her. Pray thee goe in.

VRS. I'le see 'hem pox'd first, and pil'd, and double pil'd.

WIN. Let's away, her language growes greasier then her Pigs.

VRS. Dos't so, snotty nose? good Lord! are you sniueling? you were engendred on a she-begger, in a barne, when the bald Thrasher, your Sire, was scarce warme.

WIN. Pray thee, let's goe.

QVAR. No, faith: I'le stay the end of her, now: I know shee cannot last long; I finde by her *similes*, shee wanes a pace.

VRS. Do's shee so? I'le set you gone. Gi' mee my Pig-pan hither a little. I'le scald you hence, and you will not goe.

KNO. Gentlemen, these are very strange vapours! and very idle vapours! I assure you.

QVAR. You are a very serious asse, wee assure you.

KNO.

KNO. Humh! Asse? and serious? nay, then pardon mee my vapour, I haue a fooliſh vapour, Gentlemen: any man that doe's vapour me, the Asse, Maſter *Quarlous*——

QVAR. What then, Maſter *Iordan*?

KNO. I doe vapour him the lye.

QVAR. Faith, and to any man that vapours mee the lie, I doe vapour that.

KNO. Nay, then, vapours vpon vapours.

EDG. NIG. 'Ware the pan, the pan, the pan, ſhee comes with the pan, Gentlemen. God bleſſe the woman.

Vrſla comes in, with the ſcalding-pan. They fight. Shee falls with it.

VRS. Oh.

ERA. What's the matter?

IVS. Goodly woman!

MOO. Miſtreſſe!

VRS. Curſe of hell, that euer I ſaw theſe Feinds, oh! I ha' ſcalded my leg, my leg, my leg, my leg. I ha' loſt a limb in the ſeruice! run for ſome creame and ſallad oyle, quickly. Are you vnder-peering, you Baboun? rip off my hoſe, an' you be men, men, men.

MOO. Runne you for ſome creame, good mother *Ione*. I'le looke to your basket.

LEA. Beſt ſit vp i'your chaire, *Vrſla*. Helpe, Gentlemen.

KNO. Be of good cheere, *Vrs*, thou haſt hindred me the curry-ing of a couple of Stallions, here, that abus'd the good race-*Bawd* o'Smithfield; 'twas time for 'hem to goe.

NIG. I faith, when the panne came, they had made you runne elſe. (this had beene a fine time for purchaſe, if you had ven-tur'd.)

EDG. Not a whit, theſe fellowes were too fine to carry mo-ney.

KNO. *Nightingale*, get ſome helpe to carry her legge out o'the ayre; take off her ſhooes; body o'me, ſhe has the Mallanders, the ſcratches, the crowne ſcabbe, and the quitter bone, i'the to-ther legge.

VRS. Oh! the poxe, why doe you put me in minde o'my leg, thus, to make it prick, and ſhoot? would you ha' me i'the Hoſpi-tall, afore my time?

KNO. Patience, *Vrs*, take a good heart, 'tis but a bliſter, as big as a Windgall; I'le take it away with the white of an egge, a little honey, and hogs greaſe, ha' thy paſternes well rol'd, and thou ſhall't paſe againe by to morrow. I'le tend thy Booth, and looke to thy affaires, the while: thou ſhalt ſit i'thy chaire, and giue dire-ctions, and ſhine *Vrſa maior*.

ACT. II. SCENE. VI.

IVSTICE. EDGEWORTH. NIGHTINGALE. COKES. WASPE. Mistris OVERDOO. GRACE.

THese are the fruites of bottle-ale, and tabacco! the fome of the one, and the fumes of the other! Stay young man, and defpife not the wifedome of thefe few hayres, that are growne gray in care of thee.

EDG. *Nightingale*, ſtay a little. Indeede I'le heare ſome o' this!

COK. Come, *Numps*, come, where are you? welcome into the *Fayre*, Miſtris *Grace*.

EDG. S'light, hee will call company, you ſhall ſee, and put vs into doings preſently.

IVS. Thirſt not after that frothy liquor, Ale: for, who knowes, when hee openeth the ſtopple, what may be in the bottle? hath not a Snaile, a Spider, yea, a Neuft bin found there? thirſt not after it, youth: thirſt not after it.

COK. This is a braue fellow, *Numps*, let's heare him.

WAS. S'blood, how braue is he? in a garded coate? you were beſt trucke with him, e'en ſtrip, and trucke preſently, it will become you, why will you heare him, becauſe he is an Aſſe, and may be a kinnne to the *Cokeſes*?

COK. O, good *Numps*!

IVS. Neither doe thou luſt after that tawney weede, tabacco.

COK. Braue words!

IVS. Whoſe complexion is like the Indians that vents it!

COK. Are they not braue words, Siſter?

IVS. And who can tell, if, before the gathering, and making vp thereof, the *Alligarta* hath not piſs'd thereon?

WAS. 'Heart let 'hem be braue words, as braue as they will! and they were all the braue words in a Countrey, how then? will you away yet? ha' you inough on him? Miſtris *Grace*, come you away, I pray you, be not you acceſſary. If you doe loſe your Licence, or ſomewhat elſe, Sir, with liſtning to his fables: ſay, *Numps*, is a witch, with all my heart, doe, ſay ſo.

COK. Avoyd i' your ſattin doublet, *Numps*.

IVS. The creeping venome of which ſubtill ſerpent, as ſome late

late writers affirme; neither the cutting of the perrillous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting, or burning, can any way perſſway or, aſſwage.

COK. Good, i'faith! is't not Siſter?

IVS. Hence it is, that the lungs of the Tabacconiſt are rotted, the Liuer ſpotted, the braine ſmoak'd like the backſide of the Pig-womans Booth, here, and the whole body within, blacke, as her Pan, you ſaw e'en now, without.

COK. A fine ſimilitude, that, Sir! did you ſee the panne?

EDG. Yes, Sir.

IVS. Nay, the hole in the noſe heere, of ſome tabacco-takers, or the third noſtrill, (if I may ſo call it) which makes, that they can vent the tabacco out, like the Ace of clubs, or rather the Flower-de-lice, is cauſed from the tabacco, the meere tabacco! when the poore innocent pox, hauing nothing to doe there, is miſerably, and moſt vnconſcionably ſlander'd.

COK. Who would ha' miſt this, Siſter?

OVER. Not any body, but *Numps*.

COK. He do's not vnderſtand.

EDG. Nor you feele.

COK. What would you haue, Siſter, of a fellow that knowes nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old Fox in't? the beſt muſique i'the *Fayre*, will not moue a logge. *Hee picketh his purſe.*

EDG. In, to *Vrſla*, *Nightingale*, and carry her comfort: I ſee it told. This fellow was ſent to vs by fortune, for our firſt fairing.

IVS. But what ſpeake I of the diſeaſes of the body, children of the *Fayre*!

COK. That's to vs, Siſter. Braue i'faith!

IVS. Harke, O, you ſonnes and daughters of Smithfield! and heare what mallady it doth the minde: It cauſeth ſwearing, it cauſeth ſwaggering, it cauſeth ſnuffling, and ſnarling, and now and then a hurt.

OVE. He hath ſomething of Maſter *Ouerdoo*, mee thinkes, brother.

COK. So mee thought, Siſter, very much of my brother *Ouerdoo*: And 'tis, when he ſpeakes.

IVS. Looke into any Angle o'the towne, (the Streights, or the *Bermuda's*) where the quarrelling leſſon is read, and how doe they entertaine the time, but with bottle-ale, and tabacco? The Lecturer is o'one ſide, and his Pupils o'the other; But the ſeconds are ſtill bottle-ale, and tabacco, for which the Lecturer reads, and the Nouices pay. Thirty pound a weeke in bottle-ale! forty in tabacco! and ten more in Ale againe. Then for a ſute to drinke in, ſo much, and (that being ſlauer'd) ſo much for another ſute, and then a third ſute, and a fourth ſute! and ſtill the bottle-ale ſlauereth, and the tabacco ſtinketh!

WAS. Heart of a mad-man! are you rooted heere? well you

neuer away? what can any man finde out in this bawling fellow, to grow heere for? hee is a full handfull higher, sin'he heard him, will you fix heere? and set vp a Booth? Sir?

IVS. I will conclude briefely—

WAS. Hold your peace, you roaring Rascall, I'le runne my head i'your chaps else. You were best build a Booth, and entertaine him, make your Will, and you say the word, and him your heyre! heart, I neuer knew one taken with a mouth of a pecke, afore. By this light, I'le carry you away o' my backe, and you will not come.

He gets him vp on pick-packe.

COK. Stay *Numpes*, stay, set mee downe: I ha' lost my purse, *Numps*, O my purse! one o'my fine purses is gone.

OVER. Is't indeed, brother?

COK. I, as I am an honest man, would I were an errant Rogue, else! a plague of all roguy, damn'd cut-purses for me.

WAS. Blesse 'hem with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see! Now, as I am no Infidell, that I know of, I am glad on't. I I am, (here's my witnesse!) doe you see, Sir? I did not tell you of his fables, I? no, no, I am a dull malt-horse, I, I know nothing. Are you not iustly seru'd i'your conscience now? speake i'your conscience. Much good doe you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart againe.

EDG. This fellow is very charitable, would he had a purse too! but, I must not be too bold, all at a time.

COK. Nay, *Numps*, it is not my best purse.

WAS. Not your best! death! why should it be your worst? why should it be any, indeed, at all? answer me to that, gi' mee a reason from you, why it should be any?

COK. Nor my gold, *Numps*; I ha' that yet, looke heere else, Sister.

WAS. Why so, there's all the feeling he has!

OVER. I pray you, haue a better care of that, brother.

COK. Nay, so I will, I warrant you; let him catch this, that catch can. I would faine see him get this, looke you heere.

WAS. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so! Very good.

COK. I would ha' him come againe, now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good iest? I will put it iust where th'other was, and if we ha' good lucke, you shall see a delicate fine trap to catch the cutpurse, nibling.

EDG. Faith, and he'll trye ere you be out o'the *Fayre*.

COK. Come, Mistresse *Grace*, pre'thee be not melancholy for my mis-chance; sorrow wi'not keepe it, Sweet heart.

GRA. I doe not thinke on't, Sir.

COOK. 'Twas but a little scuruy white money, hang it: it may hang the cutpurse, one day. I ha' gold left to gi'thee a fayring, yet, as hard as the world goes: nothing angers me, but that no body heere, look'd like a cutpurse, vnlesse 'twere *Numps*.

WAS.

WAS. How? I? I looke like a cutpurse? death! your Sister's a cutpurse! and your mother and father, and all your kinne were cutpurses! And here is a Rogue is the baud o'the cutpurses, whom I will beat to begin with.

COK. *Numps, Numps.*

OVER. Good M^r *Humphrey.*

WAS. You are the *Patrico!* are you? the Patriarch of the cutpurses? you share, Sir, they say, let them share this with you. Are you i'your hot fit of preaching againe? I'le coole you.

IVS. Murther, murther, murther.

IVS. Hold thy hand, childe of wrath, and heyre of anger, make it not Childermasse day in thy fury, or the feast of the French *Bartholmew*, Parent of the of the Massacre.

They speake all together: and Waspe *beats the* Iustice.

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

WHIT. HAGGISE. BRISTLE. LEATHERHEAD. TRASH.

NAy, tish all gone, now! dish tish, phen tou vilt not be phitin call, Master Offisher, phat ish a man te better to lishen out noyshes for tee, & tou art in an oder 'orld, being very shuffishient noyshes and gallantsh too, one o'their brabblesh woud haue fed vsh all dish fortnight, but tou art so bushy about beggersh stil, tou hast no leshure to intend shentlemen, and't be.

HAG. Why, I told you, *Dauy Bristle.*

BRI. Come, come, you told mee a pudding, *Toby Haggise*; A matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing! you said, let's goe to *Vrsla's*, indeede; but then you met the man with the monsters,

sters, and I could not get you from him. An old foole, not leaue seeing yet?

HAG. Why, who would ha' thought any body would ha' quarrell'd so earely? or that the ale o'the *Fayre* would ha' beene vp so soone.

WHI. Phy? phat a clocke toest tou tinke it ish, man?

HAG. I cannot tell.

WHI. Tou art a vishe vatchman, i'te meane teeme.

HAG. Why? should the watch goe by the clocke, or the clock by the watch, I pray?

BRI. One should goe by another, if they did well.

WHI. Tou art right now! phen didst tou euer know, or heare of a shuffishient vatchman, but he did tell the clocke, phat bushinesse soeuer he had?

BRI. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient watchman knowes what a clocke it is.

WHI. Shleeping, or vaking! ash well as te clocke himshelse, or te lack dat shtrikes him!

BRI. Let's enquire of Master *Leatherhead*, or *Ione Trash* heere. Master *Leatherhead*, doe you heare, Master *Leatherhead*?

WHI. If it be a Ledderhead, tish a very tick Ledderhead, tat sho mush noish vill not peirsh him.

LEA. I haue a little businesse now, good friends doe not trouble me.

WHI. Phat? becausse o'ty wrought neet cap, and ty phelvet sherkin, Man? phy? I haue sheene tee in ty Ledder sherkin, ere now, Mashter o'de hobby-Horses, as bushy and as stately as tou sheem'st to be.

TRA. Why, what an' you haue, Captaine *whit*? hee has his choyce of Ierkins, you may see by that, and his caps too, I assure you, when hee pleases to be either sicke, or imploy'd.

LEA. God a mercy *Ione*, answer for me.

WHI. Away, be not sheen i'my company, here be shentlemen, and men of vorship.

ACT. III. SCENE. II.

QVARLOVS. WHIT. WIN-VVIFE. BVSY. IOHN. PVRE-CRAFT. WIN. KNOKHVM. MOON-CALFE. VRSLA.

VVEe had wonderfull ill lucke, to misse this prologue o'the purse, but the best is, we shall haue fiue *Acts* of him ere night: hee'le be spectacle enough! I'le answer for't.

WHI.

WHI. O Creesh! Duke *Quarlous*, how dosht tou? tou dosht not know me, I feare? I am te vishesht man, but lustish *Ouerdoo*, in all *Bartholmew Fayre*, now. Gi' me tweluepence from tee, I vill help tee to a vife vorth forty marks for't, and't be.

QVAR. Away, Rogue, Pimpe away.

WHI. And shee shall shew tee as fine cut o'rke fort't in her shmock too, as tou canst vishe i'faith; vilt tou haue her, vorshipfull *Vin vife*? I vill helpe tee to her, heere, be an't be, in te pig-quarter, gi'me ty twelpence from tee,

WIN-W. Why, there's twelpence, pray thee wilt thou be gone.

WHI, Tou art a vorthy man, and a vorshipfull man still.

QVAR. Get you gone, Rascall.

WHI. I doe meane it, man. Prinsh *Quarlous* if tou hasht need on me, tou shalt finde me heere, at *Vrsla's*, I vill see phat ale, and punque ish i'te pigshty, for tee, blesse ty good vorship.

QVAR. Looke! who comes heere! *Iohn Little-wit*!

WIN-W. And his wife, and my widdow, her mother: the whole family.

QVAR. 'Slight, you must gi'hem all fairings, now!

WIN-W. Not I, I'le not see 'hem,

QVAR. They are going a feasting. What Schole-master's that is with 'hem?

WIN-W. That's my Riuall, I beleeue, the Baker!

BVS. So, walke on in the middle way, fore-right, turne neyther to the right hand, nor to the left: let not your eyes be drawne aside with vanity, nor your eare with noyses.

QVAR. O, I know him by that start!

LEA. What do you lack? what do you buy, pretty Mistris! a fine Hobby-Horse, to make your sonne a Tilter? a Drum to make him a Souldier? a Fiddle, to make him a Reueller? What is't you lack? Little Dogs for your Daughters! or Babies, male, or female?

BVS. Look not toward them, harken not: the place is *Smithfield*, or the field of Smiths, the Groue of Hobbi-horses and trinkets, the wares are the wares of diuels. And the whole *Fayre* is the shop of *Satan*! They are hooks, and baites, very baites, that are hung out on euery side, to catch you, and to hold you as it were, by the gills, and by the nostrills, as the Fisher doth: therefore, you must not looke, nor turne toward them— The Heathen man could stop his eares with wax, against the harlot o' the sea: Doe you the like, with your fingers against the bells of the Beast.

WIN-W. What flashes comes from him!

QVAR. O, he has those of his ouen! a notable hot Baker 'twas, when hee ply'd the peele: hee is leading his flocke into the *Fayre*, now.

WIN-W. Rather driuing 'hem to the Pens: for he will let 'hem looke vpon nothing.

KNO. Gentlewomen, the weather's hot! whither walke you?

Little-wit *is gazing at the signe; which is the Pigs-head with a large writing vnder it.*

Haue a care o'your fine veluet caps, the *Fayre* is dusty. Take a sweet delicate Booth, with boughs, here, i'the way, and coole your selues i'the shade: you and your friends. The best pig and bottle-ale i'the *Fayre*, Sir. Old *Vrsla* is Cooke, there you may read: the pigges head speakes it. Poore soule, shee has had a *Sringhalt*, the *Maryhinchco*: but shee's prettily amended.

WHI. A delicate show-pig, little Mistris, with shweet sauce, and crackling, like de bay-leafe i'de fire, la! Tou shalt ha'de cleane side o'de table-clot and di glass vash'd with phatersh of Dame *Annesh Cleare*.

IOH. This's fine, verily, here be the best pigs: and shee doe's roast 'hem as well as euer she did; the Pigs head sayes.

KNO. Excellent, excellent, Mistris, with fire o' *Iuniper* and *Rosemary* branches! The Oracle of the Pigs head, that, Sir.

PVR. Sonne, were you not warn'd of the vanity of the eye? haue you forgot the wholesome admonition, so soone?

IOH. Good mother, how shall we finde a pigge, if we doe not looke about for't? will it run off o'the spit, into our mouths thinke you? as in *Lubberland*? and cry, *we, we?*

Busy *sents after it like a Hound.*

BVS. No, but your mother, religiously wise, conceiueth it may offer it selfe, by other meanes, to the sense, as by way of steeme, which I thinke it doth, here in this place (Huh, huh) yes, it doth. and it were a sinne of obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline, or resist the good titillation of the famelick sense, which is the smell. Therefore be bold (huh, huh, huh) follow the sent. Enter the Tents of the vncleane, for once, and satisfie your wiues frailty. Let your fraile wife be satisfied: your zealous mother, and my suffering selfe, will also be satisfied.

IOH. Come, *Win*, as good winny here, as goe farther, and see nothing.

BVS. Wee scape so much of the other vanities, by our earely entring.

PVR. It is an ædifying consideration.

WIN. This is scuruy, that wee must come into the *Fayre*, and not looke on't.

IOH. *Win*, haue patience, *Win*, I'le tell you more anon.

KNO. *Moone-calfe*; entertaine within there, the best pig i'the Booth; a Porklike pig. These are *Banbury-bloods*, o'the sincere stud, come a pigge-hunting. *Whit*, wait *Whit*, looke to your charge.

BVS. A pigge prepare, presently, let a pigge be prepared to vs.

MOO. S'light, who be these?

VRS. Is this the good seruice, *Iordan*, you'ld doe me?

KNO. Why, *Vrs?* why, *Vrs?* thou'lt ha' vapours i'thy legge againe presently, pray thee go in, 't may turne to the scratches else.

VRS.

VRS. Hang your vapours, they are ſtale, and ſtinke like you, are theſe the gueſts o'the game, you promis'd to fill my pit withall, to day?

KNO. I, what aile they *Vrs?*

VRS. Aile they? they are all ſippers, ſippers o'the City, they looke as they would not drinke off two penn'orth of bottle-ale amongſt 'hem.

MOO. A body may read that i'their ſmall printed ruffes.

KNO. Away, thou art a foole, *Vrs*, and thy *Moone-calfe* too, i'your ignorant vapours, now? hence, good gueſts, I ſay right hypocrites, good gluttons. In, and ſet a couple o'pigs o'the board, and halfe a dozen of the biggeſt bottles afore 'hem, and call *Whit*, I doe not loue to heare Innocents abus'd: Fine ambling hypocrites! and a ſtone-puritane, with a ſorrell head, and beard, good mouth'd gluttons: two to a pigge, away.

VRS. Are you ſure they are ſuch?

KNO. O'the right breed, thou ſhalt try 'hem by the teeth, *Vrs*, where's this *Whit?*

WHI. *Behold, man and ſee, what a worthy man am ee?*
With the fury of my ſword, and the ſhaking of my beard,
I will make ten thouſand men afeard.

KNO. Well ſaid, braue *Whit*, in, and feare the ale out o'the bottles, into the bellies of the brethren, and the ſiſters drinke to the cauſe, and pure vapours.

QVAR. My Roarer is turn'd Tapſter, mee thinks. Now were a fine time for thee, *Win-wife*, to lay aboard thy widdow, thou'lt neuer be Maſter of a better ſeaſon, or place; ſhee that will venture her ſelfe into the *Fayre*, and a pig-boxe, will admit any aſſault, be aſſur'd of that.

WIN. I loue not enterpriſes of that ſuddenneſſe, though.

QVAR. I'le warrant thee, then, no wife out o'the widdowes Hundred: if I had but as much Title to her, as to haue breath'd once on that ſtreight ſtomacher of hers, I would now aſſure my ſelfe to carrry her, yet, ere ſhe went out of *Smithfield*. Or ſhe ſhould carry me, which were the fitter ſight, I confeſſe. But you are a modeſt vndertaker, by circumſtances, and degrees; come, 'tis Diſeaſe in thee, not Iudgement, I ſhould offer at all together. Looke, here's the poore foole, againe, that was ſtung by the waſpe, ere while.

ACT. III. SCENE. III.

IVSTICE. WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS.

I will make no more orations, ſhall draw on theſe tragicall concluſions. And I begin now to thinke, that by a ſpice of collaterall Iuſtice, *Adam Ouerdoo*, deſeru'd this beating; for I the ſaid *Adam*, was one cauſe (a by-cauſe) why the purſe was loſt: and my wiues brothers purſe too, which they know not of yet. But I ſhall make very good mirth with it, at ſupper, (that will be the ſport) and put my little friend, Mr *Humphrey Waſp's* choler quite out of countenance. When, ſitting at the vpper end o'my Table, as I vſe, & drinking to my brother *Cokes*, and Mrs. *Alice Ouerdoo*, as I wil, my wife, for their good affectiō to old *Bradley*, I deliuer to'hem, it was I, that was cudgell'd, and ſhew 'hem the marks. To ſee what bad euents may peepe out o'the taile of good purpoſes! the care I had of that ciuil yong man, I tooke fancy to this morning, (and haue not left it yet) drew me to that exhortation, which drew the company, indeeede, which drew the cut-purſe; which drew the money; which drew my brother *Cokes* his loſſe; which drew on *Waſp's* anger; which drew on my beating: a pretty gradation! And they ſhall ha' it i'their diſh, i'faith, at night for fruit: I loue to be merry at my Table. I had thought once, at one ſpeciall blow he ga' me, to haue reuealed my ſelfe? but then (I thank thee fortitude) I remembred that a wiſe man (and who is euer ſo great a part, o'the Commonwealth in himſelfe) for no particular diſaſter ought to abandon a publike good deſigne. The husbandman ought not for one vnthankful yeer, to forſake the plough; The Shepheard ought not, for one ſcabb'd ſheep, to throw by his tar-boxe; The Pilot ought not for one leake i'the poope, to quit the Helme; Nor the Alderman ought not for one cuſterd more, at a meale, to giue vp his cloake; The Conſtable ought not to breake his ſtaffe, and forſweare the watch, for one roaring night; Nor the Piper o'the Pariſh (*Vt paruis componere magna ſolebam*) to put vp his pipes, for one rainy Sunday. Theſe are certaine knocking concluſions; out of which, I am reſolu'd, come what come can, come beating, come impriſonment, come infamy, come baniſhment, nay, come the rack, come the hurdle, (welcome all) I will not diſcouer who I am, till my due time; and yet ſtill, all ſhall be, as I ſaid euer, in Iuſtice name, and the King's, and for the Common-wealth.

WIN.

WIN. What doe's he talke to himselfe, and act so seriously? poore foole!

QVAR. No matter what. Here's fresher argument, intend that.

ACT. III. SCENE. IIIJ.

COKES. LEATHERHEAD. WASPE. Mistresse OVERDOO. WIN-VVIFE. QVARLOVS. TRASH. GRACE.

COme, Mistresse *Grace*, come Sister, heere's more fine sights, yet i'faith. Gods'lid where's *Numps*?

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen? what is't you buy? fine Rattles! Drummes? Babies? little Dogges? and Birds for Ladies? What doe you lacke?

COK. Good honest *Numpes*, keepe afore, I am so afraid thou'lt lose somewhat: my heart was at my mouth, when I mist thee.

WAS. You were best buy a whip i'your hand to driue me.

COK. Nay, doe not mistake, *Numps*, thou art so apt to mistake: I would but watch the goods. Looke you now, the treble fiddle, was e'en almost like to be lost.

WAS. Pray you take heede you lose not your selfe: your best way, were e'en get vp, and ride for more surety. Buy a tokens worth of great pinnes, to fasten your selfe to my shoulder.

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen? fine purses, pouches, pincases, pipes? What is't you lacke? a paire o'smithes to wake you i'the morning? or a fine whistling bird?

COK. *Numps*, here be finer things then any we ha' bought by oddes! and more delicate horses, a great deale! good *Numpes*, stay, and come hither.

WAS. Will you scourse with him? you are in *Smithfield*, you may fit your selfe with a fine easy-going street-nag, for your saddle again' *Michaelmasse-terme*, doe, has he ne'er a little odde cart for you, to make a Carroch on, i'the countrey, with foure pyed hobbyhorses? why the meazills, should you stand heere, with your traine, cheaping of Dogges, Birds, and Babies? you ha' no children to bestow 'hem on? ha' you?

COK. No, but again' I ha' children, *Numps*, that's all one.

WAS. Do, do, do, do; how many shall you haue, think you? an' I were as you, I'ld buy for all my Tenants, too, they are a kind o'ciuill Sauages, that wil part with their children for rattles, pipes, and kniues. You were best buy a hatchet, or two, & truck with 'hem.

COK. Good *Numps*, hold that little tongue o'thine, and saue it a labour. I am resolute *Bat*, thou know'st.

WAS. A resolute foole, you are, I know, and a very sufficient Coxcombe; with all my heart; nay you haue it, Sir, and you be angry, turd i'your teeth, twice: (if I said it not once afore) and much good doe you.

WIN. Was there euer such a selfe-affliction? and so impertinent?

QVAR. Alas! his care will goe neere to cracke him, let's in, and comfort him.

WAS. Would I had beene set i'the ground, all but the head on me, and had my braines bowl'd at, or thresh'd out, when first I vnderwent this plague of a charge!

QVAR. How now, *Numps*! almost tir'd i'your Protectorship? ouerparted? ouerparted?

WAS. Why, I cannot tell, Sir, it may be I am, dos't grieue you?

QVAR. No, I sweare dos't not, *Numps*: to satisfie you.

WAS. *Numps?* S'blood, you are fine and familiar! how long ha' wee bin acquainted, I pray you?

QVAR. I thinke it may be remembred, *Numps*, that? 'twas since morning sure.

WAS. Why, I hope I know't well enough, Sir, I did not aske to be told.

QVAR. No? why then?

WAS. It's no matter why, you see with your eyes, now, what I said to you to day? you'll beleeue me another time?

QVAR. Are you remouing the *Fayre, Numps?*

WAS. A pretty question! and a very ciuill one! yes faith, I ha' my lading you see; or shall haue anon, you may know whose beast I am, by my burthen. If the pannier-mans Iacke were euer better knowne by his loynes of mutton, I'le be flead, and feede dogs for him, when his time comes.

WIN. How melancholi' Mistresse *Grace* is yonder! pray thee let's goe enter our selues in *Grace*, with her.

COK, Those sixe horses, friend I'le haue—

WAS. How!

COK. And the three Iewes trumps; and halfe a dozen o'Birds, and that Drum, (I haue one Drumme already) and your Smiths; I like that deuice o'your smiths, very pretty well, and foure Halberts—and (le'me see) that fine painted great Lady, and her three women for state, I'le haue.

WAS. No, the shop; buy the whole shop, it will be best, the shop, the shop!

LEA. If his worship please.

WAS. Yes, and keepe it during the *Fayre*, Bobchin.

COK. Peace, *Numps*, friend, doe not meddle with him, an'

you

you be wiſe, and would ſhew your head aboue board: hee will ſting thorow your wrought night-cap, beleeue me. A ſet of theſe Violines, I would buy too, for a delicate young noiſe I haue i'the countrey, that are euery one a ſize leſſe then another, iuſt like your fiddles. I would faine haue a fine young Maſque at my marriage, now I thinke on't: but I doe want ſuch a number o'things. And *Numps* will not helpe me now, and I dare not ſpeake to him.

TRA. Will your worſhip buy any ginger-bread, very good bread, comfortable bread?

COK. Ginger-bread! yes, let's ſee.

He runnes to her ſhop.

WAS. There's the tother ſprindge?

LEA. Is this well, goody *Ione*? to interrupt my market? in the midſt? and call away my cuſtomers? can you anſwer this, at the *Piepouldres*?

TRA. Why? if his Maſter-ſhip haue a minde to buy, I hope my ware lies as open as another's; I may ſhew my ware, as well as you yours.

COK. Hold your peace; I'le content you both: I'le buy vp his ſhop, and thy basket.

WAS. Will you i'faith?

LEA. Why ſhould you put him from it, friend?

WAS. Cry you mercy! you'ld be ſold too, would you? what's the price on you? Ierkin, and all as you ſtand? ha' you any qualities?

TRA. Yes, good-man angry-man, you ſhall finde he has qualities, if you cheapen him.

WAS. Gods ſo, you ha' the ſelling of him! what are they? will they be bought for loue, or money?

TRA. No indeed, Sir.

WAS. For what then? victualls?

TRA. He ſcornes victuals, Sir, he has bread and butter at home, thanks be to God! and yet he will do more for a good meale, if the toy take him i'the belly, mary then they muſt not ſet him at lower end; if they do, he'll goe away, though he faſt. But put him a top o'the Table, where his place is, and hee'll doe you ſorry fine things. Hee has not been ſent for, and ſought out for nothing, at your great citty-ſuppers, to put downe *Coriat*, and *Cokeley*, and bin laught at for his labour; he'll play you all the Puppets i'the towne ouer, and the Players, euery company, and his owne company too; he ſpares no body!

COK. I'faith?

TRA. Hee was the firſt, Sir, that euer baited the fellow i'the beare's skin, an't like your worſhip: no dog euer came neer him, ſince. And for fine motions!

COK. Is hee good at thoſe too? can hee ſet out a Maſque trow?

TRA. O Lord, Maſter! ſought to farre, and neere, for his inuentions:

uentions: and hee engroſſes all, hee makes all the Puppets i'the *Fayre*.

COK. Do'ſt thou (in troth) old-veluet Ierkin? giue mee thy hand.

TRA. Nay, Sir, you ſhall ſee him in his veluet Ierkin, and a ſcarfe, too, at night, when you heare him interpret Maſter *Littlewit's* Motion.

COK. Speake no more, but ſhut vp ſhop preſently, friend. I'le buy both it, and thee too, to carry downe with me, and her hamper, beſide. Thy ſhop ſhall furniſh out the Maſque, and hers the Banquet: I cannot goe leſſe, to ſet out any thing with credit. what's the price, at a word, o'thy whole ſhop, caſe, and all as it ſtands?

LEA. Sir, it ſtands me in ſixe and twenty ſhillings ſeuen pence, halfe-peny, beſides three ſhillings for my ground.

COK. Well, thirty ſhillings will doe all, then! And what comes yours too?

TRA. Foure ſhillings, and eleauen pence, Sir, ground, and all, an't like your worſhip.

COK. Yes, it do's like my worſhip very well, poore woman, that's fiue ſhillings more, what a Maſque ſhall I furniſh out, for forty ſhillings? (twenty pound ſcotſh) and a Banquet of Ginger-bread? there's a ſtately thing! *Numps*? Siſter? and my wedding gloues too? (that I neuer thought on afore.) All my wedding gloues, Ginger-bread? O me! what a deuice will there be? to make 'hem eate their fingers ends! and delicate Brooches for the Bride-men! and all! and then I'le ha' this poeſie put to 'hem: *For the beſt grace*, meaning Miſtreſſe *Grace*, my wedding poeſie.

GRA. I am beholden to you, Sir, and to your *Bartholmew*-wit.

WAS. You doe not meane this, doe you? is this your firſt purchaſe?

COK. Yes faith, and I doe not thinke, *Numpes*, but thou'lt ſay, it was the wiſeſt Act, that euer I did in my wardſhip.

WAS. Like inough! I ſhall ſay any thing. I!

ACT.

ACT. III. SCENE. V.

IVSTICE. EDGVVORTH. NIGHTINGALE.

I Cannot beget a *Proiect*, with all my politicall braine, yet; my *Proiect* is how to fetch off this proper young man, from his debaucht company: I haue followed him all the *Fayre* ouer, and still I finde him with this songster: And I begin shrewdly to suspect their familiarity; and the young man of a terrible taint, *Poetry!* with which idle disease, if he be infected, there's no hope of him, in a state-course. *Actum est*, of him for a common-wealths-man: if hee goe to't in *Rime*, once.

EDG. Yonder he is buying o'Ginger-bread: set in quickly, before he part with too much on his money.

NIG. *My masters and friends, and good people, draw neere, &c.*

He runs to the Ballad man.

COK. Ballads! harke, harke! pray thee, fellow, stay a little, good *Numpes*, looke to the goods. What Ballads hast thou? let me see, let me see my selfe.

WAS. Why so! hee's flowne to another lime-bush, there he will flutter as long more; till hee ha' ne'r a feather left. Is there a vexation like this, Gentlemen? will you beleeue mee now, hereafter? shall I haue credit with you?

QVAR. Yes faith, shalt thou, *Numps*, and thou art worthy on't, for thou sweatest for't. I neuer saw a young Pimpe errant, and his Squire better match'd.

WIN-W. Faith, the sister comes after 'hem, well, too.

GRA. Nay, if you saw the Iustice her husband, my Guardian, you were fitted for the Messe, hee is such a wise one his way—

WIN-W. I wonder, wee see him not heere.

GRA. O! hee is too serious for this place, and yet better sport then then the other three, I assure you, Gentlemen: where ere he is, though't be o'the Bench.

COK. How dost thou call it! A caueat against cutpurses! a good iest, i'faith, I would faine see that *Dæmon*, your Cutpurse, you talke of, that delicate handed Diuell; they say he walkes hereabout; I would see him walke, now. Looke you sister, here, here, let him come, sister, and welcome. Ballad-man, do's any cutpurses haunt hereabout? pray thee raise me one or two: beginne and shew me one.

He shew's his purse boastingly.

NIG. Sir, this is a spell against 'hem, spicke and span new, and 'tis made as 'twere in mine owne person, and I sing it in mine owne

uentions: and hee engroſſes all, hee makes all the Puppets i'the *Fayre*.

COK. Do'ſt thou (in troth) old velvet Ierkin? giue mee thy hand.

TRA. Nay, Sir, you ſhall ſee him in his velvet Ierkin, and a ſcarfe, too, at night, when you heare him interpret Maſter *Littlewit's* Motion.

COK. Speake no more, but ſhut vp ſhop preſently, friend. I'le buy both it, and thee too, to carry downe with me, and her hamper, beſide. Thy ſhop ſhall furniſh out the Maſque, and hers the Banquet: I cannot goe leſſe, to ſet out any thing with credit. what's the price, at a word, o'thy whole ſhop, caſe, and all as it ſtands?

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GRA. I am beholden to you, Sir, and to your *Bartholmew-wit*.

WAS. You doe not meane this, doe you? is this your firſt purchaſe?

COK. Yes faith, and I doe not thinke, *Numpes*, but thou'lt ſay, it was the wiſeſt Act, that euer I did in my wardſhip.

WAS. Like inough! I ſhall ſay any thing. I!

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EDG. Yonder he is buying o'Ginger-bread: ſet in quickly, before he part with too much on his money.

NIG. *My maſters and friends, and good people, draw neere, &c.*

He runs to the Ballad man.

COK. Ballads! harke, harke! pray thee, fellow, ſtay a little, good *Numpes*, looke to the goods. What Ballads haſt thou? let me ſee, let me ſee my ſelfe.

WAS. Why ſo! hee's flowne to another lime-buſh, there he will flutter as long more; till hee ha' ne'r a feather left. Is there a vexation like this, Gentlemen? will you beleeue mee now, hereafter? ſhall I haue credit with you?

QVAR. Yes faith, ſhalt thou, *Numps*, and thou art worthy on't, for thou ſweateſt for't. I neuer ſaw a young Pimpe errant, and his Squire better match'd.

WIN-W. Faith, the ſiſter comes after 'hem, well, too.

GRA. Nay, if you ſaw the Iuſtice her husband, my Guardian, you were fitted for the Meſſe, hee is ſuch a wiſe one his way—

WIN-W. I wonder, wee ſee him not heere.

GRA. O! hee is too ſerious for this place, and yet better ſport then then the other three, I aſſure you, Gentlemen: where ere he is, though't be o'the Bench.

COK. How doſt thou call it! A caueat againſt cutpurſes! a good ieſt, i'faith, I would faine ſee that *Dæmon*, your Cutpurſe, you talke of, that delicate handed Diuell; they ſay he walkes hereabout; I would ſee him walke, now. Looke you ſiſter, here, here, let him come, ſiſter, and welcome. Ballad-man, do's any cutpurſes haunt hereabout? pray thee raiſe me one or two: beginne and ſhew me one.

He ſhow's his purſe boaſtingly.

NIG. Sir, this is a ſpell againſt 'hem, ſpicke and ſpan new, and 'tis made as 'twere in mine owne perſon, and I ſing it in mine owne

defence. But 'twill coſt a penny alone, if you buy it.

COK. No matter for the price, thou doſt not know me, I ſee, I am an odd *Bartholmew*.

OVE. Ha'ſt a fine picture, Brother?

COK. O Siſter, doe you remember the ballads ouer the Nurſery-chimney at home o' my owne paſting vp, there be braue pictures. Other manner of pictures, than theſe, friend.

WAS. Yet theſe will ſerue to picke the pictures out o' your pockets, you ſhall ſee.

COK. So, I heard 'hem ſay. Pray thee mind him not, fellow: hee'll haue an oare in euery thing.

NIG. It was intended Sir, as if a purſe ſhould chance to be cut in my preſence, now, I may be blameleſſe, though: as by the ſequell, will more plainely appeare.

COK. We ſhall find that i'the matter. Pray thee begin.

NIG. To the tune of *Paggingtons Pound*, Sir.

COK. *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la.* Nay, I'll put thee in tune, and all! mine owne country dance! Pray thee begin.

NIG. It is a gentle admonition, you muſt know, Sir, both to the purſe-cutter, and the purſe-bearer.

COK. Not a word more, out o'the tune, an' thou lou'ſt mee: *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la.* Come, when?

NIG. *My maſters and friends, and good people draw neere,*
And looke to your purſes, for that I doe ſay;

COK. Ha, ha, this chimes! good counſell at firſt daſh.

NIG. *And though little money, in them you doe beare.*
It coſt more to get, then to loſe in a day. [COK. Good!
You oft haue beene told,
Both the young and the old; } COK. Well ſaid! hee were to blame that wold not i'faith.
And bidden beware of the cutpurſe ſo bold:
Then if you take heed not, free me from the curſe,
Who both giue you warning, for and, the cutpurſe.
Youth, youth, thou hadſt better bin ſtaru'd by thy Nurſe,
Then liue to be hanged for cutting a purſe.

COK. Good i'faith, how ſay you, *Numps?* Is there any harme i'this?

NIG. *It hath bin vpbrayded to men of my trade,* } COK. The more coxcõbes they that did it, I wuſſe.
That oftẽ times we are the cauſe of this crime.
Alacke and for pitty, why ſhould it be ſaid?
As if they regarded or places, or time.
Examples haue been
Of ſome that were ſeen,
In Weſtminſter Hall, yea the pleaders between, } COK. Goda mercy for that! why ſhould they be more free indeede?
Then why ſhould the Iudges be free from this curſe,
More then my poore ſelfe, for cutting the purſe?
Youth, youth, thou hadſt better bin ſtaru'd by thy Nurſe,
Then liue to be hanged for cutting a purſe.

COK.

COK. That againe, good Ballad-man, that againe. O rare! I would faine rubbe mine elbow now, but I dare not pull out my hand. On, I pray thee, hee that made this ballad, shall be *Poet* to my *Masque*.

He sings the burden with him.

NIG. *At Worc'ter 'tis knowne well, and euen i' the layle,*
A Knight of good worship did there shew his face,
Against the foule sinners, in zeale for to rayle,
And lost (ipso facto) his purse in the place. } COK. Is it impossible?
Nay, once from the Seat
Of Iudgement so great,
A Iudge there did lose a faire pouch of veluete. [COK. I'faith?
O Lord for thy mercy, how wicked or worse,
Are those that so venture their necks for a purse! Youth, youth, &c.

COK. *Youth, youth, &c.*? pray thee stay a little, friend, yet o'thy conscience, *Numps*, speake, is there any harme i' this?

WAS. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, lesse you had grace to follow it.

IVS. It doth discouer enormitie, I'le marke it more: I ha' not lik'd a paltry piece of poetry, so well a good while.

COK. *Youth, youth, &c!* where's this youth, now? A man must call vpon him, for his owne good, and yet hee will not appeare: looke here, here's for him; handy-dandy, which hand will he haue? On, I pray thee, with the rest, I doe heare of him, but I cannot see him, this Master *Youth*, the cutpurse.

Hee shewes his purse.

NIG. *At Playes and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,*
'Tis daily their practice such booty to make:
Yea, vnder the Gallowes, at Executions,
They sticke not the Stare-abouts *purses to take.*
Nay one without grace,
at a better place, } COK. That was a fine fellow! I would haue him, now.
At Court, *& in* Christmas, *before the Kings face,*
Alacke then for pitty must I beare the curse,
That onely belongs to the cunning cutpurse?

COK. But where's their cunning, now, when they should vse it? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you. *Youth, youth, thou hadst better, &c.* The Rat-catchers charme, are all fooles and Asses to this! A poxe on 'hem, that they will not come! that a man should haue such a desire to a thing, and want it.

QVAR. 'Fore God, I'ld giue halfe the *Fayre*, and 'twere mine, for a cutpurse for him, to saue his longing.

Hee shewes his purse againe.

COK. Looke you Sister, heere, heere, where is't now? which pocket is't in? for a wager?

WAS. I beseech you leaue your wagers, and let him end his matter, an't may be.

COK. O, are you ædified *Numps*?

IVS. Indeed hee do's interrupt him, too much: There *Numps* spoke to purpose.

againe.

COK. Sister, I am an Asse, I cannot keepe my purse: on, on; I pray thee, friend.

WINW. Will you see sport? looke, there's a fellow gathers vp to him, marke.

Edgworth gets vp to him, and rubs him in the eare with a straw twice to draw his hand out of his pocket.

NIG. *But O, you vile nation of cutpurses all,*
Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,
And know that you ought not, by honest mens fall,
Aduance your owne fortunes, to die aboue ground,
And though you goe gay,
In silkes as you may,
It is not the high way to heauen, (as they say)
Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse:
And kisse not the Gallowes for cutting a purse.
Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin steru'd by thy Nurse,
Then liue to be hanged for cutting a purse.

QVA. Good, 'i faith! o' he has lighted on the wrõg pocket.

WINW. He has it, 'fore God hee is a braue fellow; pitty hee should be detected.

ALL An excellent ballad! an excellent ballad!

EDG. Friend, let mee ha' the first, let mee ha' the first, I pray you.

COK. Pardon mee, Sir. First come, first seru'd; and I'le buy the whole bundle too.

WIN. That conueyance was better then all, did you see't? he has giuen the purse to the ballad-singer.

QVAR. Has hee?

EDG. Sir, I cry you mercy; I'le not hinder the poore mans profit: pray you mistake me not.

COK. Sir, I take you for an honest Gentleman; if that be mistaking, I met you to day afore: ha! humh! O God! my purse is gone, my purse, my purse, &c.

WAS. Come, doe not make a stirre, and cry your selfe an Asse, thorow the *Fayre* afore your time.

COK. Why, hast thou it, *Numpes?* good *Numpes*, how came you by it? I mar'le!

WAS. I pray you seeke some other gamster, to play the foole with: you may lose it time enough, for all your *Fayre*-wit.

COK. By this good hand, gloue and all, I ha' lost it already, if thou hast it not: feele else, and Mistris *Grace's* handkercher, too, out o'the tother pocket.

WAS. Why, 'tis well; very well, exceeding pretty, and well.

EDG. Are you sure you ha' lost it, Sir?

COK. O God! yes; as I am an honest man, I had it but e'en now, at *youth, youth.*

NIG. I hope you suspect not me, Sir.

EDG. Thee? that were a iest indeede! Dost thou thinke the Gentleman is foolish? where hadst thou hands, I pray thee? Away Asse, away.

IVS. I shall be beaten againe, if I be spi'd.

EDG. Sir, I suspect an odde fellow, yonder, is stealing away.

OVE. Brother, it is the preaching fellow! you shall suspect him. He was at your tother purse, you know! Nay, stay, Sir, and view the worke you ha' done, an' you be benefic'd at the Gallowes, and preach there, thanke your owne handy-worke.

COK. Sir, you shall take no pride in your preferment: you shall be silenc'd quickly.

IVS. What doe you meane? sweet buds of gentility.

COK. To ha' my peneworths out on you: Bud. No lesse then two purses a day, serue you? I thought you a simple fellow, when my man *Numpes* beate you, i'the morning, and pittied you——

OVE. So did I, I'll besworne, brother; but now I see hee is a lewd, and pernicious Enormity: (as Master *Ouerdoo* calls him.)

IVS. Mine owne words turn'd vpon mee, like swords.

COK. Cannot a man's purse be at quiet for you, i'the Masters pocket, but you must intice it forth, and debauch it?

WAS. Sir, Sir, keepe your debauch, and your fine *Bartholmew*-termes to your selfe; and make as much on'hem as you please. But gi'me this from you, i'the meane time: I beseech you, see if I can looke to this.

Wasp takes the Licence from him.

COK. Why, *Numps?*

WAS. Why? because you are an Asse, Sir, there's a reason the shortest way, and you will needs ha' it; now you ha' got the tricke of losing, you'ld lose your breech, an't 'twere loose. I know you, Sir, come, deliuer, you'll goe and cracke the vermine, you breed now, will you? 'tis very fine, will you ha' the truth on't? they are such retchlesse flies as you are, that blow cutpurses abroad in euery corner; your foolish hauing of money, makes 'hem. An' there were no wiser then I, Sir, the trade shoud lye open for you, Sir, it should i'faith, Sir. I would teach your wit to come to your head, Sir, as well as your land to come into your hand, I assure you, Sir.

WIN. Alacke, good *Numps*.

WAS. Nay, Gentlemen, neuer pitty mee, I am not worth it: Lord send me at home once, to *Harrow* o'the *Hill* againe, if I trauell any more, call me *Coriat*; withall my heart.

QVAR. Stay, Sir, I must haue a word with you in priuate. Doe you heare?

EDG. With me, Sir? what's your pleasure? good Sir.

QVAR. Doe not deny it. You are a cutpurse, Sir, this Gentleman here, and I, saw you, nor doe we meane to detect you (though we can sufficiently informe our selues, toward the danger of concealing you) but you must doe vs a piece of seruice.

EDG. Good Gentlemen; doe not vndoe me; I am a ciuill young man, and but a beginner, indeed.

QVAR. Sir, your beginning shall bring on your ending, for vs.

We are no Catchpoles nor Constables. That you are to vndertake, is this; you saw the old fellow, with the blacke boxe, here?

EDG. The little old Gouernour, Sir?

QVAR. That same: I see, you haue flowne him to a marke already. I would ha' you get away that boxe from him, and bring it vs.

EDG. Would you ha' the boxe and all, Sir? or onely that, that is in't? I'le get you that, and leaue him the boxe, to play with still: (which will be the harder o'the two) because I would gaine your worships good opinion of me.

WIN-W. He sayes well, 'tis the greater Mastry, and 'twill make the more sport when 'tis mist.

EDG. I, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on the sport.

QVAR. But looke you doe it now, sirrah, and keepe your word: or—

EDG. Sir, if euer I breake my word, with a Gentleman, may I neuer read word at my need. Where shall I find you?

QVAR. Some-where i'the *Fayre*, heereabouts. Dispatch it quickly. I would faine see the carefull foole deluded! of all Beasts, I loue the serious Asse. He that takes paines to be one, and playes the foole, with the greatest diligence that can be.

GRA. Then you would not chose, Sir, but loue my Guardian, Iustice *Ouerdoo*, who is answerable to that description, in euery haire of him.

QVAR. So I haue heard. But how came you, Mistis *Welborne*, to be his Ward? or haue relation to him, at first?

GRA. Faith, through a common calamity, he bought me, Sir; and now he will marry me to his wiues brother, this wise Gentleman, that you see, or else I must pay value o'my land

QVAR. S'lid, is there no deuice of disparagement? or so? talke with some crafty fellow, some picklocke o'the Law! Would I had studied a yeere longer i'the Innes of Court, and 't had beene but i'your case.

WIN-W. I Master *Quarlous*, are you proffering?

GRA. You'ld bring but little ayde, Sir.

WIN-W. (I'le looke to you 'ifaith, Gamster.) An vnfortunate foolish *Tribe* you are falne into, Lady, I wonder you can endure 'hem.

GRA. Sir, they that cannot worke their fetters off; must weare 'hem.

WINW. You see what care they haue on you, to leaue you thus.

GRA. Faith the same they haue of themselues, Sir. I cannot greatly complaine, if this were all the plea I had against 'hem.

WIN. 'Tis true! but will you please to withdraw with vs, a little, and make them thinke, they haue lost you. I hope our manners ha' beene such hitherto, and our language, as will giue

you

you no cauſe, to doubt your ſelfe, in our company.

GRA. Sir, I will giue my ſelfe, no cauſe; I am ſo ſecure of mine owne manners, as I ſuſpect not yours.

QVAR. Looke where *Iohn Little-wit* comes.

WIN-W. Away, I'le not be ſeene, by him.

QVAR. No, you were not beſt, hee'ld tell his mother, the widdow.

WIN-W. Heart, what doe you meane?

QVAR. Cry you mercy, is the winde there? muſt not the widdow be nam'd?

ACT. III SCENE. VI.

IOHN. WIN. TRASH. LEATHERHEAD. KNOCKHVM. BVSY. PVRECRAFT.

DOe you heare *Win*, *Win*?

WIN. What ſay you, *Iohn*?

IOH. While they are paying the reckoning, *Win*, I'll tell you a thing *Win*, wee ſhall neuer ſee any ſights i'the *Fayre*, *Win*, except you long ſtill, *Win*, good *Win*, ſweet *Win*, long to ſee ſome Hobby-horſes, and ſome Drummes, and Rattles, and Dogs, and fine deuices, *Win*. The Bull with the fiue legs, *Win*; and the great Hog: now you ha' begun with Pigge, you may long for any thing, *Win*, and ſo for my Motion, *Win*.

WIN. But we ſha'not eat o'the Bull, and the Hogge, *Iohn*, how ſhall I long then?

IOH. O yes! *Win*: you may long to ſee, as well as to taſte, *Win*: how did the Pothecarie's wife, *Win*, that long'd to ſee the Anatomy, *Win*? or the Lady, *Win*, that deſir'd to ſpit i'the great Lawyers mouth, after an eloquent pleading? I aſſure you they long'd, *VVin*, good *Win*, goe in, and long.

TRA. I think we are rid of our new cuſtomer, brother *Leatherhead*, wee ſhall heare no more of him. *They plot to be gone.*

LEA. All the better, let's packe vp all, and be gone, before he finde vs.

TRA. Stay a little, yonder comes a company: it may be wee may take ſome more money.

KNO. Sir, I will take your counſell, and cut my haire, and leaue vapours: I ſee, that Tabacco, and Bottle-Ale, and Pig, and *Whit*, and very *Vrſla*, her ſelfe, is all vanity.

BVS. Onely Pigge was not comprehended in my admonition, the

the reſt were. For long haire, it is an Enſigne of pride, a ban ner, and the world is full of thoſe banners, very full of Banner s. And, bottle-ale is a drinke of Sathan's, a diet-drinke of Sathan s, deuiſed to puffe vs vp, and make vs ſwell in this latter age of vanity, as the ſmoake of tabacco, to keepe vs in miſt and error: But the fleſhly woman, (which you call *Vrſla*) is aboue all to be auoyded, hauing the marks vpon her, of the three enemies of Man, the World, as being in the *Faire*; the Deuill, as being in the fire; and and the Fleſh, as being her ſelfe.

PVR. Brother *Zeale-of-the-land*! what ſhall we doe? my daughter *Win-the-fight*, is falne into her fit of longing againe.

BVS. For more pig? there is no more, is there?

PVR. To ſee ſome ſights, i' the *Faire*.

BVS. Siſter, let her fly the impurity of the place, ſwiftly, leſt ſhee partake of the pitch thereof. Thou art the ſeate of the Beaſt, O *Smithfield*, and I will leaue thee. Idolatry peepeth out on euery ſide of thee.

KNO. An excellent right Hypocrite! now his belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking, the Iade. A very good vapour! I'll in, and ioy *Vrſla*, with telling, how her pigge works, two and a halfe he eate to his ſhare. And he has drunke a pailefull. He eates with his eyes, as well as his teeth.

LEA. What doe you lack, Gentlemen? What is't you buy? Rattles, Drumms, Babies. ——

BVS. Peace, with thy Apocryphall wares, thou prophane Publican: thy *Bells*, thy *Dragons*, and thy *Tobie's Dogges*. Thy Hobby-horſe is an Idoll, a very Idoll, a feirce and rancke Idoll: And thou, the *Nabuchadnezzar*, the proud *Nabuchadnezzar* of the *Faire*, that ſet'ſt it vp, for children to fall downe to, and worſhip.

LEA. Cry you mercy, Sir, will you buy a fiddle to fill vp your noiſe.

IOH. Looke *Win*. doe, looke a Gods name, and ſaue your longing. Here be fine ſights.

PVR. I child, ſo you hate 'hem, as our Brother *Zeale* do's, you may looke on 'hem.

LEA. Or what do you ſay, to a Drumme. Sir?

BVS. It is the broken belly of the Beaſt, and thy Bellowes there are his lungs, and theſe Pipes are his throate, thoſe Feathers are of his taile, and thy Rattles, the gnaſhing of his teeth.

TRA. And what's my ginger-bread? I pray you.

BVS. The prouander that pricks him vp. Hence with thy baſket of Popery, thy neſt of Images: and whole legend of ginger-worke.

LEA. Sir if you be not quiet, the quicklier, I'll ha' you clapp'd fairely by the heeles, for diſturbing the *Faire*.

BVS. The ſinne of the *Faire* prouokes me, I cannot bee ſilent.

PVR. Good brother *Zeale*!

LEA-

LEA. Sir, I'll make you ſilent, beleeue it.

IOH. Il'd giue a ſhilling, you could i'faith, friend.

LEA. Sir, giue me your ſhilling, I'll giue you my ſhop, if I do not, and I'll leaue it in pawne with you, i'the meane time.

IOH. A match i'faith, but do it quickly, then.

BVS. Hinder me not, woman. I was mou'd in ſpirit, to bee here, this day, in this *Faire*, this wicked, and foule *Faire*; and fitter may it be called a foule, then a *Faire*: To proteſt againſt the abuſes of it, the foule abuſes of it, in regard of the afflicted Saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandize of *Babylon* againe, & the peeping of *Popery* vpon the ſtals, here, here, in the high places. See you not *Goldylocks*, the purple ſtrumpet, there? in her yellow gowne, and greene ſleeues? the prophane pipes, the tinckling timbrells? A ſhop of reliques!

He ſpeakes to the widdow.

IOH. Pray you forbeare, I am put in truſt with 'hem.

BVS. And this Idolatrous Groue of Images, this flasket of Idols! which I will pull downe——

Ouerthrows the ginger-bread.

(TRA. O my ware, my ware, God bleſſe it.)

BVS. In my zeale, and glory to be thus exercis'd.

LEA. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his zeale, wee cannot ſell a whiſtle, for him, in tune. Stop his noyſe, firſt!

BVS. Thou canſt not: 'tis a ſanctified noiſe. I will make a loud and moſt ſtrong noiſe, till I haue daunted the prophane enemy. And for this cauſe.——

Leather-head *enters with officers*

LEA. Sir, heer's no man afraid of you, or your cauſe. You ſhall ſweare it, i'the ſtocks, Sir.

BVS. I will thruſt my ſelfe into the ſtocks, vpon the pikes of the Land.

LEA. Carry him away.

PVR. What doe you meane, wicked men?

BVS. Let them alone; I feare them not.

IOH. Was not this ſhilling well ventur'd, *Win*? for our liberty? Now we may goe play, and ſee ouer the *Fayre*, where we liſt our ſelues; my mother is gone after him, and let her ee'n go, and looſe vs.

WIN. Yes *Iohn*, but I know not what to doe.

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dripping pan, or an old kettle, or ſomething. The poore greaſie ſoule loues you, *Win*, and after we'll viſit the *Fayre* all ouer, *Win*, and, ſee my Puppet play, *Win*, you know it's a fine matter, *Win*.

LEA. Let's away, I counſell'd you to packe vp afore, *Ione*.

TRA. A poxe of his *Bedlem* purity. Hee has ſpoyl'd halfe my ware: but the beſt is, wee loſe nothing, if wee miſſe our firſt Merchant.

LEA. It ſhall be hard for him to finde, or know vs, when we are tranſlated, *Ione*.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. I.

TROVBLE-ALL. BRISTLE. HAGGISE, COKES. IVSTICE. POCHER, BVSY. PVRECRAFT.

MY Maſters, I doe make no doubt, but you are officers.

BRI. What then, Sir?

TRO. And the Kings louing, and obedient ſubiects.

BRI. Obedient, friend? take heede what you ſpeake, I aduiſe you: *Oliuer Briſtle* aduiſes you. His louing ſubiects, we grant you: but not his obedient, at this time, by your leaue, wee know our ſelues, a little better then ſo, wee are to command, Sr. and ſuch as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient ſubiects, going to the ſtocks, and wee'll make you ſuch another, if you talke.

TRO. You are all wiſe enough i' your places, I know.

BRI. If you know it, Sir, why doe you bring it in queſtion?

He goes away againe.

TRO. I queſtion nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you haue warrant, for what you doe, and ſo, quit you, and ſo, multiply you.

HAG. What's hee? bring him vp to the ſtocks there. Why bring you him not vp?

TRO.

TRO. If you haue Iuſtice *Ouerdoo's* warrant, 'tis well: you are ſafe; that is the warrant of warrants. I'le not giue this button, for any mans warrant elſe. *comes again.*

BRI. Like enough, Sir, but let me tell you, an' you play away your buttons, thus, you will want 'hem ere night, for any ſtore I ſee about you: you might keepe 'hem, and ſaue pinnes, I wuſſe. *goes away.*

IVS. What ſhould hee be, that doth ſo eſteeme, and aduance my warrant? he ſeemes a ſober and diſcreet perſon! it is a comfort to a good conſcience, to be follow'd with a good fame, in his ſufferings. The world will haue a pretty taſt by this, how I can beare aduerſity: and it will beget a kind of reuerence, toward me, hereafter, euen from mine enemies, when they ſhall ſee I carry my calamity nobly, and that it doth neither breake mee, nor bend mee.

HAG. Come, Sir, heere's a place for you to preach in. Will you put in your legge? *They put him in the ſtocks.*

IVS. That I will, cheerefully.

BRI. O' my conſcience a Seminary! hee kiſſes the ſtockes.

COK. Well my Maſters, I'le leaue him with you; now I ſee him beſtow'd, I'le goe looke for my goods, and *Numps.*

HAG. You may, Sir, I warrant you; where's the tother Bawler? fetch him too, you ſhall find 'hem both faſt enough.

IVS. In the mid'ſt of this tumult, I will yet be the *Author* of mine owne reſt, and not minding their fury, ſit in the ſtockes, in that calme, as ſhall be able to trouble a *Triumph.*

TRO. Doe you aſſure me vpon your words? may I vndertake for you, if I be ask'd the queſtion; that you haue this warrant? *comes again.*

HAG. What's this fellow, for Gods ſake?

TRO. Doe but ſhew me *Adam Ouerdoo*, and I am ſatisfied. *goes out.*

BRI. Hee is a fellow that is diſtracted, they ſay; one *Troubleall* hee was an officer in the Court of *Pie-poulders*, here laſt yeere, and put out on his place by Iuſtice *Ouerdoo.*

IVS. Ha!

BRI. Vpon which, he tooke an idle conceipt, and's runne mad vpon't. So that euer ſince, hee will doe nothing, but by Iuſtice *Ouerdoo's* warrant, he will not eate a cruſt, nor drinke a little, nor make him in his apparell, ready. His wife, Sir reuerence, cannot get him make his water, or ſhift his ſhirt, without his warrant.

IVS. If this be true, this is my greateſt diſaſter! how am I bound to ſatisfie this poore man, that is of ſo good a nature to mee, out of his wits! where there is no roome left for diſſembling. *comes in.*

TRO. If you cannot ſhew me *Adam Ouerdoo*, I am in doubt of you: I am afraid you cannot anſwere it. *goes againe.*

HAG. Before me, Neighbour *Briſtle* (and now I thinke on't better) Iuſtice *Ouerdoo*, is a very parantory perſon.

BRI. O! are you aduis'd of that? and a ſeuere Iuſticer, by your leaue.

IVS. Doe I heare ill o'that side, too?

BRI. He will sit as vpright o'the bench, an' you marke him, as a candle i'the socket, and giue light to the whole Court in euery businesse.

HAG. But he will burne blew, and swell like a bile (God blesse vs) an' he be angry.

BRI. I, and hee will be angry too, when his list, that's more: and when hee is angry, be it right or wrong; hee has the Law on's side, euer. I marke that too.

IVS. I will be more tender hereafter. I see compassion may become a *Iustice*, though it be a weaknesse, I confesse; and neerer a vice, then a vertue.

They take the Iustice out.

HAG. Well, take him out o' the stocks againe, wee'll goe a sure way to worke, wee'll ha' the Ace of hearts of our side, if we can.

POC. Come, bring him away to his fellow, there. Master *Busy*, we shall rule your legges, I hope, though wee cannot rule your tongue.

BVS. No, Minister of darkenesse, no, thou canst not rule my tongue, my tongue it is mine own, and with it I will both knocke, and mocke downe your *Bartholmew*-abhominations, till you be made a hissing to the neighbour Parishes, round about.

HAG. Let him alone, we haue deuis'd better vpon't.

PVR. And shall he not into the stocks then?

BRI. No, Mistresse, wee'll haue 'hem both to *Iustice Ouerdoo*, and let him doe ouer 'hem as is fitting. Then I, and my gossip *Haggis*, and my beadle *Pother* are discharg'd.

PVR. O, I thanke you, blessed, honest men!

BRI. Nay, neuer thank vs, but thank this mad-man that comes heere, hee put it in our heads.

PVR. Is hee mad? Now *heauen* increase his madnesse, and blesse it, and thanke it, Sir, your poore hand-maide thanks you.

Comes a-gaine.

TRO. Haue you a warrant? an' you haue a warrant, shew it.

PVR. Yes, I haue a warrant out of the word, to giue thankes for remouing any scorne intended to the brethren.

TRO. It is Iustice *Ouerdoo's* warrant, that I looke for, if you haue not that, keepe your word, I'le keepe mine. Quit yee, and multiply yee.

ACT.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. II.

EDGVVORTH. TROVBLE-ALL. NIGHTINGALE. COKES. COSTARDMONGER.

COme away *Nightingale*, I pray thee.

TRO. Whither goe you? where's your warrant?

EDG. Warrant, for what, Sir?

TRO. For what you goe about, you know how fit it is, an' you haue no warrant, bleſſe you, I'le pray for you, that's all I can doe. *Goes out.*

EDG. What meanes hee?

NIG. A mad-man that haunts the *Fayre*, doe you not know him? it's maruell hee has not more followers, after his ragged heeles.

EDG. Beſhrew him, he ſtartled me: I thought he had knowne of our plot. Guilt's a terrible thing! ha' you prepar'd the Coſtard-monger?

NIG. Yes, and agreed for his basket of peares; hee is at the corner here, ready. And your Priſe, he comes downe, ſailing, that way, all alone; without his Protector: hee is rid of him, it ſeemes.

EDG. I, I know; I ſhould ha' follow'd his Protector-ſhip for a feat I am to doe vpon him: But this offer'd it ſelfe, ſo i'the way, I could not let it ſcape: heere he comes, whiſtle, be this ſport call'd *Dorring the Dottrell.* Nightingale *whiſtles*

NIG. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c.

COK. By this light, I cannot finde my ginger-bread-Wife, nor my Hobby-horſe-man in all the *Fayre*, now; to ha' my money a-gaine. And I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more, doe you heare, friend, you that whiſtle; what tune is that, you whiſtle?

NIG. A new tune, I am practiſing, Sir.

COK. Doſt thou know where I dwell, I pray thee? nay, on with thy tune, I ha' no ſuch haſt, for an anſwer: I'le practiſe with thee.

COS. Buy any peares, very fine peares, peares fine.

COK. Gods ſo! a muſſe, a muſſe, a muſſe, a muſſe. Nightingale *ſets his foote afore him, and he falls with his basket.*

COS. Good Gentleman, my ware, my ware, I am a poore man. Good Sir, my ware.

Cokes falls a scrambling whileſt they runne away with his things.

NIG. Let me hold your ſword, Sir, it troubles you.

COK. Doe, and my cloake, an'thou wilt; and my hat, too.

EDG. A delicate great boy! me thinks, he out-ſcrambles 'hem all. I cannot perſwade my ſelfe, but he goes to grammer-ſchole yet; and playes the trewant, to day.

NIG. Would he had another purſe to cut, *Zekiel*.

EDG. Purſe? a man might cut out his kidneys, I thinke; and he neuer feele 'hem, he is ſo earneſt at the ſport.

NIG. His ſoule is halfe way out on's body, at the game.

EDG. Away, *Nightingale!* that way.

COK. I thinke I am furniſh'd for Catherine peares, for one vnder-meale: gi'me my cloake.

COS. Good Gentleman, giue me my ware.

He runs out.

COK. Where's the fellow, I ga' my cloake to? my cloake? and my hat? ha! Gods'lid, is he gone? thieues, thieues, helpe me to cry, Gentlemen.

EDG. Away, Coſtermonger, come to vs to *Vrſla's*. Talke of him to haue a ſoule? 'heart, if hee haue any more then a thing giuen him in ſtead of ſalt, onely to keepe him from ſtinking, I'le be hang'd afore my time, preſently, where ſhould it be trow? in his blood; hee has not ſo much to'ard it in his whole body, as will maintaine a good Flea; And if hee take this courſe, he will not ha' ſo much land left, as to reare a Calfe within this twelue month. Was there euer greene Plouer ſo pull'd! That his little Ouerſeer had beene heere now, and beene but tall enough, to ſee him ſteale peares, in exchange, for his beauer-hat, and his cloake thus? I muſt goe finde him out, next, for his blacke boxe, and his Patent (it ſeemes) hee has of his place; which I thinke the Gentleman would haue a reuerſion of; that ſpoke to me for it ſo earneſtly.

He comes againe.

COK. Would I might loſe my doublet, and hoſe, too; as I am an honeſt man, and neuer ſtirre, if I thinke there be any thing, but thieuing, and cooz'ning, i'this whole *Fayre*. *Bartholmew-fayre*, quoth he; an' euer any *Bartholmew* had that lucke in't, that I haue had, I'le be martyr'd for him, and in *Smithfield*, too. I ha' paid for my peares, a rot on 'hem, I'le keepe 'hem no longer; you were choake-peares to mee; I had bin better ha' gone to mum chance for you, I wuſſe. Me thinks the *Fayre* ſhould not haue vs'd me thus, and 'twere but for my names ſake, I would not ha' vs'd a dog o'the name, ſo. O, *Numps* will triumph, now! Friend, doe you know who I am? or where I lye? I doe not my ſelfe, I'll beſworne. Doe but carry me home, and I'le pleaſe thee, I ha' money enough there, I ha' loſt my ſelfe, and my cloake and my hat; and my fine ſword, and my ſiſter, and *Numps*, and Miſtris *Grace*, (a Gentlewoman that I ſhould ha' marryed) and a cut-worke handkercher, ſhee ga' mee, and two purſes to day. And my bargaine o'Hobby-horſes and Ginger-bread, which grieues me worſt of all.

throwes away his peares.

Trouble-all comes again.

TRO. By whoſe warrant, Sir, haue you done all this?

COK. Warrant? thou art a wiſe fellow, indeed, as if a man need a warrant to loſe any thing, with.

TRO. Yes, Iuſtice *Ouerdo's* warrant, a man may get, and loſe with, I'le ſtand to't.

COK. Iuſtice *Ouerdoo*? Doſt thou know him? I lye there, hee is my brother in Law, hee marryed my ſiſter: pray thee ſhew me the way, doſt thou know the houſe?

TRO. Sir, ſhew mee your warrant, I know nothing without a warrant, pardon me.

COK. Why, I warrant thee, come along: thou ſhalt ſee, I haue wrought pillowes there, and cambricke ſheetes, and ſweete bags, too. Pray thee guide me to the houſe.

TRO. Sir, I'le tell you; goe you thither your ſelfe, firſt, alone; tell your worſhipfull brother your minde: and but bring me three lines of his hand, or his Clerkes, with *Adam Ouerdoo*, vnderneath; here I'le ſtay you, Ile obey you, and I'le guide you preſently.

COK. S'lid, this is an Aſſe, I ha' found him, poxe vpon mee, what doe I talking to ſuch a dull foole; farewell, you are a very Coxcomb, doe you heare?

TRO. I thinke, I am, if Iuſtice *Ouerdoo* ſigne to it, I am, and ſo wee are all, hee'll quit vs all, multiply vs all.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. IIJ.

GRACE. QVARLOVS. WIN-WIFE. TROVBLE-ALL. EDGVVORTH.

They enter with their ſwords drawne.

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GRA. If you both loue mee, as you pretend, your owne reaſon will tell you, but one can enioy me; and to that point, there leads a directer line, then by my infamy, which muſt follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I haue profeſt it to you ingenuouſly, that rather then to be yoak'd with this Bridegroome is appointed me, I would take vp any husband, almoſt vpon any truſt. Though Subtilty would ſay to me, (I know) hee is a foole, and has an eſtate, and I might gouerne him, and enioy a friend, beſide. But theſe are not my aymes, I muſt haue a husband I muſt loue, or I cannot liue with him. I ſhall ill make one of theſe politique wiues!

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WIN-W.

WIN-W. Why, if you can like either of vs, Lady, say, which is he, and the other shall sweare instantly to desist.

QVA. Content, I accord to that willingly.

GRA. Sure you thinke me a woman of an extreme levity, Gentlemen, or a strange fancy, that (meeting you by chance in such a place, as this, both at one instant, and not yet of two hours acquaintance, neither of you deseruing afore the other, of me) I should so forsake my modesty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to say, This is he, and name him.

QVA. Why, wherefore should you not? What should hinder you?

GRA. If you would not giue it to my modesty, allow it yet to my wit; giue me so much of woman, and cunning, as not to betray my selfe impertinently. How can I iudge of you, so farre as to a choyse, without knowing you more? you are both equall, and alike to mee, yet: and so indifferently affected by mee, as each of you might be the man, if the other were away. For you are reasonable creatures, you haue vnderstanding, and discourse. And if fate send me an vnderstanding husband, I haue no feare at all, but mine owne manners shall make him a good one.

QVAR. Would I were put forth to making for you, then.

GRA. It may be you are, you know not what's toward you: will you consent to a motion of mine, Gentlemen?

WINW. What euer it be, we'll presume reasonablenesse, comming from you.

QVAR. And fitnesse, too.

GRA. I saw one of you buy a paire of tables, e'en now.

WIN-W. Yes, heere they be, and maiden ones too, vnwritten in.

GRA. The fitter for what they may be imployed in. You shall write either of you, heere, a word, or a name, what you like best; but of two, or three syllables at most: and the next person that comes this way (because *Destiny* has a high hand in businesse of this nature) I'le demand, which of the two words, he, or she doth approue; and according to that sentence, fixe my resolution, and affection, without change.

QVAR. Agreed, my word is conceiued already.

WIN-W. And mine shall not be long creating after.

GRA. But you shall promise, Gentlemen, not to be curious to know, which of you it is, taken; but giue me leaue to conceale that till you haue brought me, either home, or where I may safely tender my selfe.

WIN-W Why that's but equall.

QVAR. Wee are pleas'd.

GRA. Because I will bind both your indeauours to work together, friendly, and ioyntly, each to the others fortune, and haue my selfe fitted with some meanes, to make him that is forsaken, a part of amends.

QVAR.

QVAR. Theſe conditions are very curteous. Well my word is out of the *Arcadia*, then: *Argalus*.

WIN-W. And mine out of the play, *Palemon*.

TRO. Haue you any warrant for this, Gentlemen? Trouble-all *comes again.*

QVAR. WIN-W. Ha!

TRO. There muſt be a warrant had, beleeue it.

WIN-W. For what?

TRO. Fot whatſoeuer it is, any thing indeede, no matter what.

QVA. S'light, here's a fine ragged Prophet, dropt downe 'ithe nicke!

TRO. Heauen quit you, Gentlemen.

QVA. Nay, ſtay a little, good Lady, put him to the queſtion.

GRA. You are content, then?

WIN-W. QVAR. Yes yes.

GRA. Sir, heere are two names written——

TRO. Is *Iudice Ouerdoo*, one?

GRA. How, Sir? I pray you read 'hem to your ſelfe, it is for a wager betweene theſe Gentlemen, and with a ſtroake or any difference, marke which you approue beſt.

TRO. They may be both worſhipfull names for ought I know, Miſtreſſe, but *Adam Ouerdoo* had beene worth three of 'hem, I aſſure you, in this place, that's in plaine engliſh.

GRA. This man amazes mee! I pray you, like one of 'hem, Sir,

TRO. I doe like him there, that has the beſt warrant, Miſtreſſe, to ſaue your longing, and (multiply him) It may be this. But I am I ſtill for *Iuſtice Ouerdoo*, that's my conſcience. And quit you.

WIN-W. Is't done, Lady?

GRA. I, and ſtrangely, as euer I ſaw! What fellow is this trow?

QVA. No matter what, a Fortune-teller wee ha' made him. Which is't, which is't.

GRA. Nay, did you not promiſe, not to enquire?

QVA. S'lid, I forgot that, pray you pardon mee. Looke, here's our *Mercury* come: The Licence arriues i'the fineſt time, too! 'tis but ſcraping out *Cokes* his name, and 'tis done.

WIN-W. How now lime-twig? haſt thou touch'd.

EDG. Not yet, Sir, except you would goe with mee, and ſee't, it's not worth ſpeaking on. The act is nothing, without a witneſſe. Yonder he is, your man with the boxe falne into the fineſt company, and ſo tranſported with vapours, they ha' got in a Northren Clothier, and one *Puppy*, a Weſterne man, that's come to wraſtle before my Lord *Maior*, anone, and Captaine *Whit*, and one *Val Cutting*, that helpes Captaine *Iordan* to roare, a circling boy: with whom your *Numps*, is ſo taken, that you may ſtrip him of his cloathes, if you will. I'le vndertake to geld him for you; if you had but a Surgeon, ready, to ſeare him. And Miſtreſſe *Iuſtice*,

there, is the goodeſt woman! ſhee do's ſo loue 'hem all ouer, in termes of Iuſtice, and the Stile of authority, with her hood vpright—that I beſeech you come away Gentlemen, andſee't.

QVAR. S'light, I would not loſe it for the *Fayre*, what'll you doe, *Ned?*

WIN-W. Why, ſtay heere about for you, Miſtreſſe *Welborne* muſt not be ſeene.

QVA. Doe ſo, and find out a Prieſt i'the meane time, I'le bring the Licenſe. Lead, which way is't?

EDG. Here, Sir, you are o'the backeſide o'the Booth already, you may heare the noiſe.

ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. IV.

KNOCKHVM. NORDERN. PVPPY. CVTTING. WHIT. EDGVVORTH. QVARLOVS. OVERDOO. WASPE. BRISTLE.

VVHit, bid *Vall Cutting* continue the vapours for a lift, *Whit*, for a liſt.

NOR. Il'e ne mare, Il'e ne mare, the eale's too meeghty.

KNO. How now! my *Galloway* Nag, the ſtaggers? ha! *Whit*, gi'him a ſlit i'the fore-head. Cheare vp, man, a needle, and threed to ſtitch his eares. I'ld cure him now an'I had it, with a little butter, and garlike, long-pepper, and graines. Where's my horne? I'le gi'him a maſh, preſently, ſhall take away this dizzineſſe.

PVP. Why, where are you zurs? doe you vlinch, and leaue vs i'the zuds, now?

NOR. I'le ne mare, I'is e'en as vull as a Paipers bag, by my troth, I.

PVP. Doe my Northerne cloth zhrinke i'the wetting? ha?

KNO. Why, well ſaid, old Flea-bitten, thou'lt neuer tyre, I ſee.

They fall to their vapours, againe.

CVT. No, Sir, but he may tire, if it pleaſe him.

WHI. Who told dee ſho? that he vuld neuer teer, man?

CVT. No matter who told him ſo, ſo long as he knowes.

KNO. Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.

EDG. They are at it ſtil, Sir, this they call vapours.

WHI. He ſhall not pardon dee, Captaine, dou ſhalt not be pardon'd. Pre'de ſhweete heart doe not pardon him.

CVT. S'light, I'le pardon him, an'I liſt, whoſoeuer ſaies nay to't.

QVA.

QVAR. Where's *Numps?* I misse him.

WAS. Why, I say nay to't.

QVAR. O there he is!

KNO. To what doe you say nay, Sir?

WAS. To any thing, whatsoeuer it is, so long as I do not like it.

WHI. Pardon me, little man, dou musht like it a little.

CVT. No, hee must not like it at all, Sir, there you are i'the wrong.

WHI. I tinke I be, he musht not like it, indeede.

CVT. Nay, then he both must, and will like it, Sir, for all you.

KNO. If he haue reason, he may like it, Sir.

WHI. By no meansh Captaine, vpon reason, he may like nothing vpon reason.

WAS. I haue no reason, nor I will heare of no reason, nor I will looke for no reason, and he is an Asse, that either knowes any, or lookes for't from me.

CVT. Yes, in some sense you may haue reason, Sir.

WAS. I, in some sense, I care not if I grant you.

WHI. Pardon mee, thou ougsht to grant him nothing, in no shensh, if dou doe loue dy shelfe, angry man.

WAS. Why then, I doe grant him nothing; and I haue no sense.

CVT. 'Tis true, thou hast no sense indeed.

WAS. S'lid, but I haue sense, now I thinke on't better, and I will grant him any thing, doe you see?

KNO. He is i'the right, and do's vtter a sufficient vapour.

CVT. Nay, it is no sufficient vapour, neither, I deny that.

KNO. Then it is a sweet vapour.

CVT. It may be a sweet vapour.

WAS. Nay, it is no sweet vapour, neither, Sir, it stinkes, and I'le stand to't.

WHI. Yes, I tinke it dosh shtinke, Captaine. All vapour dosh shtinke.

WAS. Nay, then it do's not stinke, Sir, and it shall not stinke.

CVT. By your leaue, it may, Sir.

WAS. I, by my leaue, it may stinke, I know that.

WHI. Pardon me, thou knoweshtnothing, it cannot by thy leaue, angry man.

WAS. How can it not?

KNO. Nay, neuer question him, for he is i'the right.

WHI. Yesh, I am i'de right, I confesh it, so ish de little man too.

WAS. I'le haue nothing confest, that concernes mee. I am not i'the right, nor neuer was i'the right, nor neuer will be i'the right, while I am in my right minde,

CVT. Minde? why, heere's no man mindes you, Sir, nor any thing else.

Here they continue their game of vapours, *which is* non sense. *Euery man to oppose the last man that spoke: whether it concern'd him, or no.*

They drinke againe.

PVP. Vreind, will you mind this that wee doe?

QVA. Call you this vapours? this is such beltching of quarrell, as I neuer heard. Will you minde your businesse, Sir?

EDG. You shall see, Sir.

NOR. I'le ne maire, my waimb warkes too mickle with this aureadу.

EDG. Will you take that, Master *Wasp*, that no body should minde you?

WAS. Why? what ha' you to doe? is't any matter to you?

EDG. No, but me thinks you should not be vnminded, though,

WAS. Nor, I wu'not be, now I thinke on't, doe you heare, new acquaintance, do's no man mind me, say you?

CVT. Yes, Sir, euery man heere mindes you, but how?

WAS. Nay, I care as little how, as you doe, that was not my question.

WHI. No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned man, and I am a valiant man, i'faith la, tou shalt speake for mee, and I vill fight for tee.

KNO. Fight for him, *Whit*? A grosse vapour, hee can fight for himselfe.

WAS. It may be I can, but it may be, I wu' not, how then?

CVT. Why, then you may chuse.

WAS. Why, and I'le chuse whether I'le chuse or no.

KNO. I thinke you may, and 'tis true; and I allow it for a resolute vapour.

WAS. Nay, then, I doe thinke you doe not thinke, and it is no resolute vapour.

CVT. Yes, in some sort he may allow you.

KNO. In no sort, Sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the vapour.

WAS. He mistakes nothing, Sir, in no sort.

WHI. Yes, I pre dee now, let him mistake.

WAS. A turd i'your teeth, neuer pre dee mee, for I will haue nothing mistaken.

They fall by the eares.

KNO. Turd, ha turd? a noysome vapour, strike *Whit*.

OVE. Why, Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I charge you vpon my authority, conserue the peace. In the Kings name, and my Husbands, put vp your weapons, I shall be driuen to commit you my selfe, else.

QVA. Ha, ha, ha.

WAS. Why doe you laugh, Sir?

QVA. Sir, you'll allow mee my christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

CVT. In some sort you may, and in some sort you may not, Sir.

KNO. Nay in some sort, Sir, hee may neither laugh, nor hope, in this company.

WAS.

WAS. Yes, then he may both laugh, and hope in any sort, an't please him.

QVA. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please mee exceedingly.

WAS. No exceeding neither, Sir.

KNO. No, that vapour is too lofty.

QVA. Gentlemen, I doe not play well at your game of vapours, I am not very good at it, but——

He drawes a circle on the ground.

CVT. Doe you heare, Sir? I would speake with you in circle?

QVA. In circle, Sir? what would you with me in circle?

CVT. Can you lend me a Piece, a *Iacobus*? in circle?

QVA. S'lid, your circle will proue more costly then your vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

CVT. Your beard's not well turn'd vp, Sir.

QVA. How Rascall? are you playing with my beard? I'le breake circle with you.

They draw all, and fight.

PVP. NOR. Gentlemen, Gentlemen!

KNO. Gather vp, *Whit*, gather vp, *Whit*, good vapours.

OVE. What meane you? are you Rebells? Gentlemen? shall I send out a *Serieant* at *Armes*, or a Writ o'Rebellion, against you? I'le commit you vpon my woman-hood, for a Riot, vpon my Iustice-hood, if you persist.

WAS. Vpon your Iustice-hood? Mary shite o'your hood, you'll commit? Spoke like a true Iustice of peace's wife, indeed, and a fine female Lawyer! turd i'your teeth for a fee, now.

OVER. Why, *Numps*, in Master *Ouerdoo's* name, I charge you.

WAS. Good Mistresse *Vnderdoo* hold your tongne.

OVER. Alas! poore *Numps*.

WAS. Alas! and why alas from you, I beseech you? or why poore *Numps*, goody *Rich*? am I come to be pitied by your tuft taffata now? why Mistresse, I knew *Adam*, the Clerke, your husband, when he was *Adam* Scriuener, and writ for two pence a sheet, as high as he beares his head now, or you your hood, Dame. What are you, Sir?

The watch comes in.

BRI. Wee be men, and no Infidells; what is the matter, here, and the noyses? can you tell?

WAS. Heart, what ha' you to doe? cannot a man quarrell in quietnesse? but hee must be put out on't by you? what are you?

BRI. Why, wee be his Maiesties Watch, Sir.

WAS. Watch? S'blood, you are a sweet watch, indeede. A body would thinke, and you watch'd well a nights, you should be contented to sleepe at this time a day. Get you to your fleas, and your flocke-beds, you Rogues, your kennells, and lye downe close.

BRI. Downe? yes, we will downe, I warrant you, downe with him in his Maiesties name, downe, downe with him, and carry him away, to the pigeon-holes.

OVE. I thanke you honeſt friends, in the behalfe o'the Crowne, and the peace, and in Maſter *Ouerdoo's* name, for ſuppreſſing enormities.

WHI. Stay, *Briſtle*, heere iſh a noder braſh o'drunkards, but very quiet, ſpeciall drunkards, will pay dee, fiue ſhillings very well. Take 'hem to dee, in de graiſh o' God: one of hem do's change cloth, for Ale in the *Fayre*, here, te toder iſh a ſtrong man, a mighty man, my Lord Mayors man, and a wraſtler. Hee has wraſtled ſo long with the bottle, heere, that the man with the beard, haſh almoſht ſtreeke vp biſh heelſh.

BRI. S'lid, the Clerke o'the Market, has beene to cry him all the *Fayre* ouer, here, for my Lords ſeruice.

WHI. Tere he iſh, pre de taik him henſh, and make ty beſt on him. How now woman o' ſhilke, vat ailſh ty ſhweet faiſh? art tou melancholy?

OVE. A little diſtemper'd with theſe enormities; ſhall I intreat a curteſie of you, Captaine?

WHI. Intreat a hundred, veluet voman, I vill doe it, ſhpeake out.

OVE. I cannot with modeſty ſpeake it out, but—

WHI. I vill doe it, and more, and more, for dee. What *Vrſla*, and't be bitch, and't be baud and't be!

VRS. How now Raſcall? what roare you for? old Pimpe.

WHI. Heere, put vp de cloakes *Vrſh*; de purchaſe, pre dee now, ſhweet *Vrſh*, help dis good braue voman, to a *Iordan*, and't be.

VRS. S'lid call your Captaine *Iordan* to her, can you not?

WHI. Nay, pre dee leaue dy conſheits, and bring the veluet woman to de—

VRS. I bring her, hang her: heart muſt I find a common pot for euery punque i'your purlews?

WHI. O good voordſh, *Vrſh*, it iſh a gueſt o'veluet, i'fait la.

VRS. Let her ſell her hood, and buy a ſponge, with a poxe to her, my veſſell, employed Sir. I haue but one, and 'tis the bottome of an old bottle. An honeſt Proctor, and his wife, are at it, within, if ſhee'll ſtay her time, ſo.

WHI. As ſoone aſh tou canſht ſhwet *Vrſh*. Of a valiant man I tinke I am the patientſh man i'the world, or in all *Smithfield*.

KNO. How now *whit*? cloſe vapours, ſtealing your leaps? couering in corners, ha?

WHI. No fait, Captaine, dough tou beeſht a viſhe man, dy vit is a mile hence, now. I vas procuring a ſhmall courteſie, for a woman of faſhion here.

OVE. Yes, Captaine, though I am Iuſtice of peace's wife, I doe loue Men of warre, and the Sonnes of the ſword, when they come before my husband.

KNO. Say'ſt thou ſo Filly? thou ſhalt haue a leape preſently, I'le horſe thee my ſelfe, elſe.

VRS.

VRS. Come, will you bring her in now? and let her talke her turne?

WHI. Gramercy good *Vrſh*, I tanke dee.

OVER. Maſter *Ouerdoo* ſhall thanke her.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. V.

IOHN. WIN. VRSLA. KNOCKHVM. WHIT. OVERDOO. ALES.

Good Ga'mere *Vrs*; *Win*, and I, are exceedingly beholden to you, and to Captaine *Iordan*, and Captaine *Whit*. *Win*, I'le be bold to leaue you, i'this good company, *Win*: for halfe an houre, or ſo *Win*, while I goe, and ſee how my matter goes forward, and if the Puppets be perfect: and then I'le come & fetch you, *Win*.

WIN. Will you leaue me alone with two men, *Iohn*?

IOH. I, they are honeſt Gentlmen *Win*, Captaine *Iordan*, and Captaine *Whit*, they'll vſe you very ciuilly, *Win*, God b'w'you, *Win*.

VRS. What's her husband gone?

KNO. On his falſe, gallop, *Vrs*, away.

VRS. An' you be right *Bartholmew*-birds, now ſhew your ſelues ſo: we are vndone for want of fowle i'the *Fayre*, here. Here will be *Zekiell Edgworth*, and three or foure gallants, with him at night, and I ha' neither Plouer nor Quaile for 'hem: perſwade this betweene you two, to become a Bird o'the game, while I worke the veluet woman, within, (as you call her.)

KNO. I conceiue thee, *Vrs*! goe thy waies, doeſt thou heare, *Whit*? is't not pitty, my delicate darke cheſtnut here, with the fine leane head, large fore-head, round eyes, euen mouth, ſharpe eares, long necke, thinne creſt, cloſe withers, plaine backe, deepe ſides, ſhort fillets, and full flankes: with a round belly, a plumpe buttocke, large thighes, knit knees, ſtreight legges, ſhort paſternes, ſmooth hooſes, and ſhort heeles; ſhould lead a dull honeſt womans life, that might liue the life of a Lady?

WHI. Yes, by my fait, and trot, it is, Captaine: de honeſht womans liſe is a ſcuruy dull life, indeed, la.

WIN. How, Sir? is an honeſt womans life a ſcuruy life?

WHI. Yes fait, ſhweet heart, beleeue him, de leeſe of a Bondwoman! but if dou vilt harken to me, I vill make tee a free-woman, and a Lady: dou ſhalt liue like a Lady, as te Captaine ſaiſh.

KNO. I, and be honeſt too ſometimes: haue her wiers, and her

her tires, her greene gownes, and veluet petticoates.

WHI. I, and ride to *Ware* and *Rumford* i'dy Coash, shee de Players, be in loue vit 'hem; sup vit gallantsh, be drunke, and cost de noting.

KNO. Braue vapours!

WHI. And lye by twenty on'hem, if dou pleash shweet heart.

WIN. What, and be honest still, that were fine sport.

WHI. Tish common, shweet heart, tou may'st doe it by my hand: it shall be iustified to ty husbands faish, now: tou shalt be as honesht as the skinne betweene his hornsh, la!

KNO. Yes, and weare a dressing, top, and top-gallant, to compare with ere a husband on 'hem all, for a fore-top: it is the vapour of spirit in the wife, to cuckold, now adaies; as it is the vapour of fashion, in the husband, not to suspect. Your prying cat-eyed-citizen, is an abominable vapour.

WIN. Lord, what a foole haue I beene!

WHI. Mend then, and doe euery ting like a Lady, heereafter, neuer know ty husband, from another man.

KNO. Nor any one man from another, but i'the darke.

WHI. I, and then it ish no dishgrash to know any man.

VRS. Helpe, helpe here.

KNO. How now? what vapour's there?

VRS. O, you are a sweet *Ranger*! and looke well to your walks. Yonder is your *Punque* of Turnbull, Ramping *Ales*, has falne vpon the poore Gentlewoman within, and pull'd her hood ouer her eares, and her hayre through it.

Alice *enters, beating the Iustice's wife.*

OVE. Helpe, helpe, i'the Kings name.

ALE. A mischiefe on you, they are such as you are, that vndoe vs, and take our trade from vs, with your tuft-taffata hanches.

KNO. How now *Alice*!

ALE. The poore common whores can ha' no traffique, for the priuy rich ones; your caps and hoods of veluet, call away our customers, and lick the fat from vs.

VRS. Peace you foule ramping Iade, you—

ALE. Od's foote, you Bawd in greace, are you talking?

KNO. VVhy, *Alice*, I say.

ALE. Thou Sow of *Smithfield*, thou.

VRS. Thou tripe of *Turnebull*,

KNO. Cat-a-mountaine-vapours! ha!

VRS. You know where you were taw'd lately, both lash'd, and slash'd you were in *Bridewell*.

ALE. I, by the same token, you rid that weeke, and broake out the bottome o'the Cart, Night-tub.

KNO. VVhy, Lyon face! ha! doe you know who I am? shall I teare ruffe, slit wastcoat, make ragges of petticoat? ha! goe to, vanish, for feare of vapours. *Whit*, a kick, *Whit*, in the parting vapour. Come braue woman, take a good heart, thou shalt be a Lady, too.

VVHI.

WHI. Yes fait, dey shal all both be Ladies, and write Madame. I vill do't my selfe for dem. *Doe*, is the vord, and D is the middle letter of *Madame*, *DD*, put 'hem together, and make deeds, without which, all words are alike, la.

KNO. 'Tis true, *Vrsla*, take 'hem in, open thy wardrope, and fit 'hem to their calling. Greene-gownes, Crimson-petticoats, green women! my Lord Maiors green women! guests o'the Game, true bred. I'le prouide you a Coach, to take the ayre, in.

VVIN. But doe you thinke you can get one?

KNO. O, they are as common as wheelebarrowes, where there are great dunghills. Euery Pettifoggers wife, has 'hem, for first he buyes a Coach, that he may marry, and then hee marries that hee may be made Cuckold in't: For if their wiues ride not to their Cuckolding, they doe 'hem no credit. Hide, and be hidden; ride, and be ridden, sayes the vapour of experience.

ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. VI.

TROBLE-ALL. KNOCKHVM. VVHIT. QVARLOVS. EDGVVORTH. BRISTLE. WASPE. HAGGISE. IVSTICE. BVSY. PVRE-CRAFT.

BY what warrant do's it say so?

KNO. Ha! mad child o'the *Pye-pouldres*, art thou there? fill vs a fresh kan, *Vrs*, wee may drinke together.

TRO. I may not drinke without a warrant, Captaine.

KNO. S'lood, thou'll not stale without a warant, shortly. *Whit*, Giue mee pen, inke and paper. I'l draw him a warrant presently.

TRO. It must be *Iustice Ouerdoe's*?

KNO. I know, man, Fetch the drinke, *Whit*.

VVHI. I pre dee now, be very briefe, Captaine; for de new Ladies stay for dee.

KNO. O, as briefe as can be, here 'tis already. *Adam Ouerdoe*.

TRO. VVhy, now, I'le pledge you, Captaine.

KNO. Drinke it off. I'll come to thee, anone, againe.

QVA. Well, Sir. You are now discharg'd: beware of being spi'd, hereafter. Quarlous *to the Cut-purse*.

EDG. Sir, will it please you, enter in here, at *Vrsla's*; and take

part of a silken gowne, a velvet petticoate, or a wrought smocke; I am promis'd such: and I can spare any Gentleman a moity.

QVA. Keepe it for your companions in beastlinesse, I am none of 'hem, Sir. If I had not already forgiuen you a greater trespasse, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners, to whom you made your offers. But goe your wayes, talke not to me, the hangman is onely fit to discourse with you; the hand of Beadle is too mercifull a punishment for your Trade of life. I am sorry I employ'd this fellow; for he thinks me such: *Facinus quos inquinat, aquat.* But, it was for sport. And would I make it serious, the getting of this Licence is nothing to me, without other circumstances concurre. I do thinke how impertinently I labour, if the word bee not mine, that the ragged fellow mark'd: And what aduantage I haue giuen *Ned Win-wife* in this time now, of working her, though it be mine. Hee'll go neare to forme to her what a debauch'd Rascall I am, and fright her out of all good conceipt of me: I should doe so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope is in her temper, yet; and it must needs bee next to despaire, that is grounded on any part of a woman's discretion. I would giue by my troth, now, all I could spare (to my cloathes, and my sword) to meete my tatter'd *sooth-sayer* againe, who was my iudge i'the question, to know certainly whose word he has damn'd or sau'd. For, till then, I liue but vnder a *Repreiue*. I must seeke him. Who be these?

Ent. Waspe with the officers.

WAS. Sir, you are a welsh Cuckold, and a prating Runt, and no Constable.

BRI. You say very well. Come put in his legge in the middle roundell, and let him hole there.

WAS. You stinke of leeks, *Metheglyn*, and cheese. You Rogue.

BRI. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the stocks in the meane time? if you haue a minde to stinke too; your breeches sit close enough to your bumm. Sit you merry, Sir.

QVA. How now, *Numps?*

WAS. It is no matter, how; pray you looke off.

QVA. Nay I'll not offend you, *Numps*. I thought you had sate there to be seen.

WAS. And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your businesse, an' you haue any.

QVA. Cry you mercy, *Numps*. Do's your leg lie high enough?

BRI. How now, neighbour *Haggise*, what sayes *Iustice Ouerdo's* worship, to the other offenders?

HAG. Why, hee sayes iust nothing, what should hee say? Or where should he say? He is not to be found, Man. He ha' not been seen i'the *Fayre*, here, all this liue-long day, neuer since seuen a clocke i'the morning. His Clearks know not what to thinke on't. There is no Court of *Pie-poulders* yet. Heere they be return'd.

BRI. What shall be done with 'hem, then? in your discretion?

HAG.

HAG. I thinke wee were beſt put 'hem in the ſtocks, in diſcretion (there they will be ſafe in diſcretion) for the valour of an houre, or ſuch a thing, till his worſhip come.

As they open the ſtockes, Waſpe puts his ſhooe on his hand, and ſlips it in for his legge.

BRI. It is but a hole matter, if wee doe, Neighbour *Haggiſe*, come, Sir, heere is company for you, heaue vp the ſtocks.

WAS. I ſhall put a tricke vpon your welſh diligence, perhaps.

BRI. Put in your legge, Sir.

QVA. What, *Rabby Buſy*! is hee come?

They bring Buſy, *and put him in.*

BVS. I doe obey thee, the Lyon may roare, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus ſeparated from the *heathen* of the land, and put a part in the ſtocks, for the holy cauſe.

WAS. What are you, Sir?

BVS. One that reioyceth in his affliction, and ſitteth here to propheſie, the deſtruction of *Fayres* and *May-games*, *Wakes*, and *Whitſon-ales*, and doth ſigh and groane for the reformation, of theſe abuſes.

WAS. And doe you ſigh, and groane too, or reioyce in your affliction?

IVS. I doe not feele it, I doe not thinke of it, it is a thing without mee: *Adam*, thou art aboue theſe battries, theſe contumelies. *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as thy friend *Horace* ſaies; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*. And therefore as another friend of thine ſaies, (I thinke it be thy friend *Perſius*) *Non te quaſieris extra.*

QVA. What's heere! a Stoick i'the ſtocks? the Foole is turn'd *Philoſopher.*

BVS. Friend, I will leaue to communicate my ſpirit with you, if I heare any more of thoſe ſuperſtitious reliques, thoſe liſts of Latin, the very rags of *Rome*, and patches of *Poperie.*

He goes out.

WAS. Nay, an' you begin to quarrel, Gentlemen, I'll leaue you. I ha' paid for quarrelling too lately: looke you, a deuice, but ſhifting in a hand for a foot. God b'w'you.

BVS. Wilt thou then leaue thy brethren in tribulation?

WAS. For this once, Sir.

BVS. Thou art a halting *Neutrall* ſtay him there, ſtop him: that will not endure the heat of perſecution.

BRI. How now, what's the matter?

BVS. Hee is fled, he is fled, and dares not ſit it out.

BRI. What, has he made an eſcape, which way? follow, neighbour *Haggiſe.*

PVR. O me! in the ſtocks! haue the wicked preuail'd?

BVS. Peace religious ſiſter, it is my calling, comfort your ſelfe, an extraordinary calling, and done for my better ſtanding, my ſurer ſtanding, hereafter.

The mad-man enters.

TRO. By whoſe warrant, by whoſe warrant, this?

QVA. O, here's my man! dropt in, I look'd for.

IVS. Ha!

PVR. O good Sir, they haue ſet the faithfull, here to be wonder'd at; and prouided holes, for the holy of the land.

TRO. Had they warrant for it? ſhew'd they *Iuſtice Ouerdoo's* hand? if they had no warrant, they ſhall anſwer it.

BRI. Sure you did not locke the ſtocks ſufficiently, neighbour *Toby*!

HAG. No! ſee if you can lock 'hem better.

BRI. They are very ſufficiently lock'd, and truely, yet ſome thing is in the mater.

TRO. True, your warrant is the matter that is in queſtion, by what warrant?

BRI. Mad man, hold your peace, I will put you in his roome elſe, in the very ſame hole, doe you ſee?

QVA. How! is hee a mad-man!

TRO. Shew me *Iuſtice Ouerdoo's* warrant. I obey you.

HAG. You are a mad foole, hold your tongue.

Shewes his Kanne. TRO. In *Iuſtice Ouerdoo's* name, I drinke to you, and here's my warrant.

IVS. Alas poore wretch! how it earnes my heart for him!

QVA. If hee be mad, it is in vaine to queſtion him, I'le try though, friend: there was a Gentlewoman, ſhew'd you two names, ſome houre ſince, *Argalus* and *Palemon*, to marke in a booke, which of 'hem was it you mark'd?

TRO. I marke no name, but *Adam Ouerdoo*, that is the name of names, hee onely is the ſufficient Magiſtrate; and that name I reuerence, ſhew it mee.

QVA. This fellowes madde indeede: I am further off, now, then afore.

IVS. I ſhall not breath in peace, till I haue made him ſome amends.

QVA. Well, I will make another vſe of him, is come in my head: I haue a neſt of beards in my Truncke, one ſome thing like his.

The watchmen come back againe. BRI. This mad foole has made mee that I know not whether I I haue lock'd the ſtocks or no, I thinke I lock'd 'hem.

TRO. Take *Adam Ouerdoo* in your minde, and feare nothing.

The madman fights with 'hem, and they leaue open the ſtocks. BRI. S'lid, madneſſe it ſelfe, hold thy peace, and take that.

TRO. Strikeſt thou without a warrant? take thou that.

BVS. Wee are deliuered by miracle; fellow in fetters, let vs not refuſe the meanes, this madneſſe was of the ſpirit: The malice of the enemy hath mock'd it ſelfe.

PVR. Mad doe they call him! the world is mad in error, but hee is mad in truth: I loue him o'the ſudden, (the cunning man ſayd all true) and ſhall loue him more, and more. How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth! O, that I might be his yoake-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many ſhould wee draw to mad-

madneſſe in truth, with vs!

BRI. How now! all ſcap'd? where's the *woman*? it is witchcraft! Her veluet hat is a witch, o' my conſcience, or my key! t'one. The mad-man was a Diuell, and I am an Aſſe; ſo bleſſe me, my place, and mine office.

The watch miſſing them are affrighted.

ACT. V. SCENE. I.

LANTHORNE. FILCHER. SHARKVVEL.

WEll, Lucke and Saint *Bartholmew*; out with the ſigne of our inuention, in the name of *Wit*, and do you beat the Drum, the while; All the fowle i'the *Fayre*, I meane, all the dirt in *Smithfield*, (that's one of Maſter *Littlewit's Carwhitchets* now) will be throwne at our Banner to day, if the matter do's not pleaſe the people. O the *Motions*, that I *Lanthorne Leatherhead* haue giuen light to, i' my time, ſince my Maſter *Pod* dyed! *Ieruſalem* was a ſtately thing; and ſo was *Niniue*, and the citty of *Norwich*, and *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*; with the riſing o'the prentiſes; and pulling downe the bawdy houſes there, vpon *Shroue-Tueſday*; but the *Gunpowder-plot*, there was a get-penny! I haue preſented that to an eighteene, or twenty pence audience, nine times in an afternoone. Your home-borne proiects proue euer the beſt, they are ſo eaſie, and familiar, they put too much learning i'their things now o'dayes: and that I feare will be the ſpoile o'this. *Little-wit?* I ſay, *Mickle-wit*! if not too mickle! looke to your gathering there, good man *Filcher*.

Pod *was a Maſter of motions before him.*

FIL. I warrant you, Sir.

LAN. And there come any Gentlefolks, take two pence a piece, *Sharkwell*.

SHA. I warrant you, Sir, three pence, an'we can.

ACT. V. SCENE. II.

IVSTICE. WIN-WIFE. GRACE. QVARLOVS. PVRE-CRAFT.

The Iustice comes in like a Porter.

THis later diſguiſe, I haue borrow'd of a Porter, ſhall carry me out to all my great and good ends; which how euer interrupted, were neuer deſtroyed in me: neither is the houre of my ſeuerity yet come, to reueale my ſelfe, wherein cloud-like, I will breake out in raine, and haile, lightning, and thunder, vpon the head of enormity. Two maine works I haue to proſecute: firſt, one is to inuent ſome ſatisfaction for the poore, kinde wretch, who is out of his wits for my ſake, and yonder I ſee him comming, I will walke aſide, and proiect for it.

WIN. I wonder where *Tom Quarlous* is, that hee returnes not, it may be he is ſtrucke in here to ſeeke vs.

GRA. See, heere's our mad-man againe.

Quarlous in the habit of the mad-man is miſtaken by Mrs Pure-craft.

QVA. I haue made my ſelfe as like him, as his gowne, and cap will giue me leaue.

PVR. Sir, I loue you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

WIN-W. How! my widdow in loue with a mad-man?

PVR. Verily, I can be as mad in ſpirit, as you.

He deſires to ſee the booke of Miſtreſſe Grace.

QVA. By whoſe warrant? leaue your canting. Gentlewoman, haue I found you? (ſaue yee, quit yee, and multiply yee) where's your booke? 'twas a ſufficient name I mark'd, let me ſee't, be not afraid to ſhew't me.

GRA. What would you with it, Sir?

QVA. Marke it againe, and againe, at your ſeruice.

GRA. Heere it is, Sir, this was it you mark'd.

QVA. *Palemon?* fare you well, fare you well.

WIN-W. How, *Palemon!*

GRA. Yes faith, hee has diſcouer'd it to you, now, and therefore 'twere vaine to diſguiſe it longer, I am yours, Sir, by the benefit of your fortune.

WIN-W. And you haue him Miſtreſſe, beleeue it, that ſhall neuer giue you cauſe to repent her benefit, but make you rather to thinke that in this choyce, ſhe had both her eyes.

GRA. I deſire to put it to no danger of proteſtation.

QVA. *Palemon*, the word, and *Win-wife* the man?

PVR.

PVR. Good Sir, vouchsafe a yoakefellow in your madnesse, shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw with you, in truth.

QVA. Away, you are a heard of hypocriticall proud Ignorants, rather wilde, then mad. Fitter for woods, and the society of beasts then houses, and the congregation of men. You are the second part of the society of *Canters*, Outlawes to order and *Discipline*, and the onely priuiledg'd *Church-robbers* of *Christendome*. Let me alone. *Palemon*, the word, and *Winwife* the man?

PVR. I must vncouer my selfe vnto him, or I shall neuer enioy him, for all the *cunning mens* promises. Good Sir, heare mee, I am worth sixe thousand pound, my loue to you, is become my racke, I'll tell you all, and the truth: since you hate the hyporisie of the party-coloured brother-hood. These seuen yeeres, I haue beene a wilfull holy widdow, onely to draw feasts, and gifts from my intangled suitors: I am also by office, an assisting *sister* of the *Deacons*, and a deuourer, in stead of a distributer of the alms. I am a speciall maker of marriages for our decayed *Brethren*, with our rich *widdowes*; for a third part of their wealth, when they are marryed, for the releise of the poore *elect*: as also our poore handsome yong Virgins, with our wealthy Batchelors, or Widdowers; to make them steale from their husbands, when I haue confirmed them in the faith, and got all put into their custodies. And if I ha' not my bargaine, they may sooner turne a scolding drab, in to a silent *Minister*, then make me leaue pronouncing *reprobation*, and *damnation* vnto them. Our elder, *Zeale-of-the-land*, would haue had me, but I know him to be the capitall Knaue of the land, making himselfe rich, by being made *Feoffee* in trust to deceased *Brethren*, and coozning their *heyres*, by swearing the absolute gift of their inheritance. And thus hauing eas'd my conscience, and vtter'd my heart, with the tongue of my loue: enioy all my deceits together. I beseech you. I should not haue reuealed this to you, but that in time I thinke you are mad, and I hope you'll thinke mee so too, Sir?

QVA. Stand aside, I'le answer you, presently. Why should not I marry this sixe thousand pound, now I thinke on't? and a good trade too, that shee has beside, ha? The tother wench, *Winwife*, is sure of; there's no expectation for me there! here I may make my selfe some sauer, yet, if shee continue mad, there's the question. It is money that I want, why should I not marry the money, when 'tis offer'd mee? I haue a *License* and all, it is but razing out one name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a man's fortune! I am resolu'd! I were truly mad, an' I would not! well, come your wayes, follow mee, an' you will be mad, I'll shew you a warrant!

He considers with himselfe of it.

He takes her along with him.

PVR. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

IVS. Sir, let mee speake with you.

The Iustice calls him.

QVA.

QVA. By whose warrant?

IVS. The warrant that you tender, and respect so; *Iustice Ouerdoo's!* I am the man, friend *Trouble-all*, though thus disguis'd (as the carefull *Magistrate* ought) for the good of the Republique, in the *Fayre*, and the weeding out of enormity. Doe you want a house or meat, or drinke, or cloathes? speake whatsoeuer it is, it shall be supplyed you, what want you?

QVA. Nothing but your *warrant*.

IVS. My *warrant*? for what?

QVA. To be gone, Sir.

IVS. Nay, I pray thee stay, I am serious, and haue not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee; thinke what may doe thee good.

QVA. Your hand and seale, will doe me a great deale of good; nothing else in the whole *Fayre*, that I know.

IVS. If it were to any end, thou should'st haue it willingly.

QVA. Why, it will satisfie me, that's end enough, to looke on; an' you will not gi' it mee, let me goe.

The Iustice *goes out.*

IVS. Alas! thou shalt ha' it presently: I'll but step into the Scriueners, hereby, and bring it. Doe not go away.

and returns.

QVA. Why, this mad mans shape, will proue a very fortunate one, I thinke! can a ragged robe produce these effects? if this be the wise Iustice, and he bring mee his hand, I shall goe neere to make some vse on't. Hee is come already!

Hee vrgeth Mistresse Purecraft.

IVS. Looke thee! heere is my hand and seale, *Adam Ouerdoo*, if there be any thing to be written, aboue in the paper, that thou want'st now, or at any time hereafter; thinke on't; it is my deed, I deliuer it so, can your friend write?

QVA. Her hand for a *witnesse*, and all is well.

IVS. With all my heart.

QVA. Why should not I ha' the conscience, to make this a bond of a thousand pound? now, or what I would else?

IVS. Looke you, there it is; and I deliuer it as my deede againe.

He takes her in with him.

QVA. Let vs now proceed in madnesse.

IVS. Well, my conscience is much eas'd; I ha' done my part, though it doth him no good, yet *Adam* hath offer'd satisfaction! The sting is remoued from hence: poore man, he is much alter'd with his affliction, it has brought him low! Now, for my other worke, reducing the young man (I haue follow'd so long in loue) from the brinke of his bane, to the center of safety. Here, or in some such like vaine place, I shall be sure to finde him. I will waite the good time.

ACT.

ACT. V. SCENE. IIJ.

COKES. SHAKRVVEL. IVSTICE. FILCHER. IOHN. LANTERNE.

HOw now? what's here to doe? friend, art thou the *Master* of the *Monuments*?

SHA. 'Tis a *Motion*, an't please your worship.

IVS. My phantasticall brother in Law, Master *Bartholmew Cokes*!

COK. A *Motion*, what's that? The ancient moderne history of *Hero*, and *Leander*, otherwise called *The Touchstone of true Loue*, with as true a tryall of friendship, betweene *Damon*, and *Pithias*, two faithfull friends o'the Banksides? pretty i'faith, what's the meaning on't? is't an *Enterlude*? or what is't?

Hee reads the Bill.

FIL. Yes Sir, please you come neere, wee'll take your money within.

COK. Backe with these children; they doe so follow mee vp and downe.

The boyes o'the Fayre *follow him.*

IOH. By your leaue, friend.

FIL. You must pay, Sir, an' you goe in.

IOH. Who, I? I perceiue thou know'st not mee: call the Master o'the *Motion*.

SHA. What, doe you not know the *Author*, fellow *Filcher*? you must take no money of him; he must come in *gratis*: Mr. *Littlewit* is a voluntary; he is the *Author*.

IOH. Peace, speake not too lowd, I would not haue any notice taken, that I am the *Author*, till wee see how it passes.

COK. Master *Littlewit*, how do'st thou?

IOH. Master *Coke*! you are exceeding well met: what, in your doublet, and hose, without a cloake, or a hat?

COK. I would I might neuer stirre, as I am an honest man, and by that fire; I haue lost all i'the *Fayre*, and all my acquaintance too; did'st thou meet any body that I know, Master *Littlewit*? my man *Numps*, or my sister *Ouerdoo*, or Mistresse *Grace*? pray thee Master *Littlewit*, lend mee some money to see the *Interlude*, here. I'le pay thee againe, as I am a Gentleman. If thou'lt but carry mee home, I haue money enough there.

IOH. O, Sir, you shall command it, what, will a crowne serue you?

COK. I think it well, what do we pay for comming in, fellowes?

FIL. Two pence, Sir.

COK. Two pence? there's twelue pence, friend; Nay, I am a *Gallant*, as simple as I looke now; if you see mee with my man about me, and my *Artillery*, againe.

IOH. Your man was i'the Stocks, ee'n now, Sir.

COK. Who, *Numps?*

IOH. Yes faith.

COK. For what i'faith, I am glad o'that; remember to tell me on't anone; I haue enough, now! What manner of matter is this, M^r. *Littlewit*? What kind of *Actors* ha' you? Are they good *Actors?*

IOH. Pretty youthes, Sir, all children both old and yong, heer's the Master of 'hem——

Leatherhead whispers to Littlewit.

(LAN. Call me not *Leatherhead*, but *Lanterne*.)

IOH. Master *Lanterne*, that giues light to the businesse,

COK. In good time, Sir, I would faine see 'hem, I would be glad drinke with the young company; which is the Tiring-house?

LAN. Troth, Sir, our Tiring-house is somewhat little, we are but beginners, yet, pray pardon vs; you cannot goe vpright in't.

COK. No? not now my hat is off? what would you haue done with me, if you had had me, feather, and all, as I was once to day? Ha' you none of your pretty impudent boyes, now; to bring stooles, fill Tabacco, fetch Ale, and beg money, as they haue at other houses? let me see some o'your *Actors*.

IOH. Shew him 'hem, shew him 'hem. Master *Lanterne*, this is a Gentleman, that is a fauorer of the quality.

IVS. I, the fauouring of this licencious quality, is the consumption of many a young Gentleman; a pernicious enormity.

He brings them out in a basket.

COK. What, doe they liue in baskets?

LEA. They doe lye in a basket, Sir, they are o'the small *Players*.

COK. These be *Players minors*, indeed. Doe you call these *Players?*

LAN. They are *Actors*, Sir, and as good as any, none disprais'd, for dumb shows: indeed, I am the mouth of 'hem all!

COK. Thy mouth will hold 'hem all. I thinke, one *Taylor*, would goe neere to beat all this company, with a hand bound behinde him.

IOH. I, and eate 'hem all, too, an' they were in cake-bread.

COK. I thanke you for that, Master *Littlewit*, a good iest! which is your *Burbage* now?

LAN. What meane you by that, Sir?

COK. Your best *Actor*. Your *Field?*

IOH. Good ifaith! you are euen with me, Sir.

LAN. This is he, that acts young *Leander*, Sir. He is extreamly belou'd of the womenkind, they doe so affect his action, the

green

greene gamesters, that come here, and this is louely *Hero*; this with the beard, *Damon*; and this pretty *Pythias*: this is the ghost of King *Dionysius* in the habit of a scriuener: as you shall see anone, at large.

COK. Well they are a ciuill company, I like 'hem for that; they offer not to sleere, nor geere, nor breake iests, as the great *players* doe: And then, there goes not so much charge to the feasting of 'hem, or making 'hem drunke, as to the other, by reason of their littlenesse. Doe they vse to play perfect? Are they neuer flustered?

LAN. No, Sir, I thanke my industry, and policy for it; they are as well gouern'd a company, though I say it——And here is young *Leander*, is as proper an *Actor* of his inches; and shakes his head like an hostler.

COK But doe you play it according to the printed booke? I haue read that.

LAN. By no meanes, Sir.

COK. No? How then?

LAN. A better way, Sir, that is too learned, and poeticall for our audience; what doe they know what *Hellespont* is? Guilty of true loues blood? or what *Abidos* is? or the other *Sestos* height? These are Marlowes words

COK. Th'art i'the right, I doe not know my selfe.

LAN. No, I haue entreated Master *Littlewit*, to take a little paines to reduce it to a more familiar straine for our people.

COK: How, I pray thee, good Mr *Littlewit*.

IOH. It pleases him to make a matter of it, Sir. But there is no such matter I assure you: I haue onely made it a little easie, and *moderne* for the times, Sir, that's all; As, for the *Hellespont* I imagine our *Thames* here; and then *Leander*, I make a Diers sonne, about *Puddle-wharfe*: and *Hero* a wench o' the *Banke-side*, who going ouer one morning, to old fish-street; *Leander* spies her land at *Trigstayres*, and falls in loue with her: Now do I introduce *Cupid*, hauing *Metamorphos'd* himselfe into a Drawer, and he strikes *Hero* in loue with a pint of *Sherry*, and other pretty passages there are, o' the friendship, that will delight you, Sir, and please you of Iudgement.

COK. I'll be sworne they shall; I am in loue with the *Actors* already, and I'le be allyed to them presently. (They respect gentlemen, these fellowes) *Hero* shall be my fayring: But, which of my fayrings? (Let me see) i'faith, my *fiddle*! and *Leander* my *fiddle-sticke*: Then *Damon*, my *Drum*; and *Pythias*, my *Pipe* and the ghost of *Dionysius*, my *hobby-horse*. All fitted.

ACT. V. SCENE. IV.

To them WIN-WIFE. GRACE. KNOCKHVM. WHITT. EDGVVORTH. VVIN. *Miſtris* OVERDOO. *And to them* VVASPE.

LOoke yonder's your *Cokes* gotten in among his play-fellowes; I thought we could not miſſe him, at ſuch a Spectacle.

GRA. Let him alone, he is ſo buſie, he will neuer ſpie vs.

LEA. Nay, good Sir.

Cokes is handling the Puppets.

COK. I warrant thee, I will not hurt her, fellow; what doſt think me vnciuill? I pray thee be not iealous: I am toward a wife.

IOH. Well good Maſter *Lanterne*, make ready to begin, that I may fetch my wife, and looke you be perfect, you vndoe me elſe, i'my reputation.

LAN. I warrant you Sir, doe not you breed too great an expectation of it, among your friends: that's the onely hurter of theſe things.

IOH. No, no, no.

COK. I'll ſtay here, and ſee; pray thee let me ſee.

WIN-VV. How diligent and troubleſome he is!

GRA. The place becomes him, me thinkes.

IVS. My ward, Miſtreſſe *Grace* in the company of a ſtranger? I doubt I ſhall be compell'd to diſcouer my ſelfe, before my time!

The doore-kepers ſpeake.

FIL. Two pence a piece Gentlemen, an excellent Motion.

KNO. Shall we haue fine fire-works, and good vapours!

SHA. Yes Captaine, and water-works, too.

WHI. I pree dee, take a care o'dy ſhmall Lady, there, *Edgworth*, I will looke to diſh tall Lady my ſelfe.

LAN. Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen.

They bring Miſtris Ouerdoo a chayre.

WHI. Predee, Maſhter o'de *Monſheer ſh*, helpe a very ſicke Lady, here, to a chayre, to ſhit in.

LAN. Preſently, Sir.

By Edgeworth.

WHI. Good fait now, *Vrſla's* Ale, and Aqua-vitæ iſh to blame for't; ſhit downe ſhweet heart, ſhit downe, and ſhleep a little.

EDG. Madame, you are very welcom hither.

KNO. Yes, and you ſhall ſee very good vapours.

IVS. Here is my care come! I like to ſee him in ſo good company; and yet I wonder that perſons of ſuch faſhion, ſhould reſort hither!

EDG.

EDG. This is a very priuate house, *Madame*.

LAN. Will it please your Ladiship sit, *Madame*?

The Cutpurse courts Mistresse Littlewit.

WIN. Yes good-man. They doe so all to be *Madame* mee, I thinke they thinke me a very Lady!

EDG. What else *Madame*?

WIN. Must I put off my masque to him?

EDG. O, by no meanes.

WIN. How should my husband know mee, then?

KNO. Husband? an idle vapour; he must not know you, nor you him; there's the true vapour.

IVS. Yea, I will obserue more of this: is this a *Lady*, friend?

WHI. I, and dat is anoder *Lady*, shweet heart; if dou hasht a minde to 'hem giue me twelue pence from tee, and dou shalt haue eder-oder on 'hem!

IVS. I? This will prooue my chiefest enormity: I will follow this.

EDG, Is not this a finer life, *Lady*, then to be clogg'd with a husband?

WIN. Yes, a great deale. When will they beginne, trow? in the name o'the *Motion*?

EDG. By and by *Madame*, they stay but for company.

KNO. Doe you heare, *Puppet*-Master, these are tedious vapours; when begin you?

LAN. We stay but for Master *Littlewit*, the *Author*, who is gone for his wife; and we begin presently.

WIN. That's I, that's I.

EDG. That was you, *Lady*; but now you are no such poore thing.

KNO. Hang the *Authors* wife, a running vapour! here be *Ladies*, will stay for nere a *Delia* o'hem all.

WHI. But heare mee now, heere ish one o'de *Ladish*, a shleep, stay till shee but vake man.

WAS. How now friends? what's heere to doe?

The doore-keepers againe.

FIL. Two pence a piece, Sir, the best *Motion*, in the *Fayre*.

WAS. I beleeue you lye; if you doe, I'll haue my money againe, and beat you.

WIN. *Numps* is come!

WAS. Did you see a Master of mine, come in here, a tall yong Squire of *Harrow* o'the *Hill*; Master *Bartholmew Cokes*?

FIL. I thinke there be such a one, within.

WAS. Looke hee be, you were best: but it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I ha' beene at the *Eagle*, and the blacke *Wolfe*, and the *Bull* with the fiue legges, and two pizzles; (hee was a Calfe at *Vxbridge Fayre*, two yeeres agone) And at the *dogges* that daunce the *Morrice*, and the *Hare* o' the *Taber*; and mist him at all these! Sure this must needs be some fine sight, that holds him so, if it haue him.

COK. Come, come, are you readie now?

LAN. Presently, Sir.

WAS. Hoyday, hee's at worke in his Dublet, and hose; doe you heare, Sir? are you imploy'd? that you are bare-headed, and so busie?

COK. Hold your peace, *Numpes*; you ha' beene i'the stocks, I heare.

WAS. Do's he know that? nay, then the date of my *Authority* is out; I must thinke no longer to raigne, my gouernment is at an end. He that will correct another, must want fault himselfe.

WIN-W. Sententious *Numpes*! I neuer heard so much from him, before.

LAN. Sure, Master *Littlewit* will not come; please you take your place, Sir, wee'll beginne.

COK. I pray thee doe, mine eares long to be at it; and my eyes too. O *Numpes*, i'the stocks, *Numps*? where's your sword, *Numps*?

WAS. I pray intend your game, Sir, let mee alone.

COK. Well, then we are quit for all. Come, sit downe, *Numps*; I'le interpret to thee: did you see Mistresse *Grace*? it's no matter, neither, now, I thinke on't, tell me anon.

WIN-VV. A great deale of loue, and care hee expresses.

GRA. Alas! would you haue him expresse more then hee has? that were tyranny.

COK. Peace, ho; now, now.

LAN. *Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,*
Behold our chiefe Actor, amorous Leander.
With a great deale of cloth lap'd about him like a Scarfe,
For he yet serues his father, a Dyer at Puddle *wharfe,*
VVhich place wee'll make bold with, to call our Abidus,
As the Banke-side is our Sestos, *and let it not be deny'd vs.*
Now, as hee is beating, to make the Dye take the fuller,
Who chances to come by, but faire Hero, *in a Sculler;*
And seeing Leanders *naked legge, and goodly calfe,*
Cast at him, from the boat, a Sheepes eye, and a halfe.
Now she is landed, and the Sculler come backe;
By and by, you shall see what Leander *doth lacke.*

PVP. L. *Cole, Cole, old Cole.*

LAN. *That's the Scullers name without controle.*

PVP. L. *Cole, Cole, I say, Cole.*

LAN. Wee doe heare you.

PVP. L. *Old Cole.*

LAN. *Old Cole? is the Dyer turn'd Collier? how doe you sell?*

PVP. L. *A pox o' you manners, kisse my hole here and smell.*

LAN. *Kisse your hole and smell? there's manners indeed.*

PVP. L. *VVhy, Cole, I say Cole.*

LAN. *It's the Sculler you need!*

PVP. L. *I, and be hang'd.*

LAN. *Be hang'd; looke you yonder,*
Old Cole, *you must go hang with Master* Leander.

PVP. C. *Where is he?*

PVP. L. *Here, Cole, what fayrest of Fayers,*
was that fare, that thou landedst but now a Trigsstayres?

COK. What was that, fellow? Pray thee tell me, I scarse vnderstand 'hem.

LAN. Leander *do's aske, Sir, what fayrest of Fayers,*
Was the fare thhe landed, but now, at Trigsstayers?

PVP. C. *It is lonely* Hero.

PVP. L. Nero?

PVP. C. *No,* Hero.

LAN. *It is* Hero.
Of the Bankside, he saith, to tell you truth with out erring,
Is come ouer into Fish-street to eat some fresh herring.
Leander *sayes no more, but as fast as he can,*
Gets on all his best cloathes; and will after to the Swan.

COK. Most admirable good, is't not?

LAN. Stay, *Sculler.*

PVP. C. *What say you?*

LAN. *You must stay for* Leander,
and carry him to the wench.

PVP. C. *You Rogue, I am no Pandar.*

COK. He sayes he is no *Pandar.* 'Tis a fine language; I vnderstand it, now.

LAN. *Are you no Pandar, Goodman* Cole? *heer's no man sayes you are,*
You'll grow a hot Cole, it seemes, pray you stay for your fare.

PVP. C. *Will hee come away?*

LAN. *What doe you say?*

PVP. C. *I'de ha' him come away.*

LEA. *Would you ha'* Leander *come away? why 'pray' Sir, stay.*
You are angry, Goodman Cole; *I beleeue the faire Mayd*
Came ouer w' you a' trust: tell vs Sculler, are you paid.

PVP. C. *Yes Goodman Hogrubber, o' Picks-hatch.*

LAV: *How, Hogrubber, o' Picks-hatch?*

PVP. C. *I Hogrubber o' Picks-hatch. Take you that.*

The Puppet *strikes him ouer the pate*

LAN. *O, my head!*

PVP. C. *Harme watch, harme catch.*

COK. Harme watch, harme catch, he sayes: verygood i' faith, the Sculler had like to ha' knock'd you, sirrah.

LAN. Yes, but that his fare call'd him away.

PVP. L. *Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row, row.*

LAN. *You are knauishly loaden, Sculler, take heed where you goe.*

PVP. C. *Knaue i' your face, Goodman Rogue.*

PVP. L *Row, row, row, row, row, row.*

COK. Hee said knaue i' your face, friend.

LAN.

LAN. I Sir, I heard him. But there's no talking to these watermen, they will ha' the last word

COK. God's my life! I am not allied to the Sculler, yet; hee shall be *Dauphin* my boy. But my Fiddle-sticke do's fiddle in and out too much; I pray thee speake to him, on't: tell him, I would haue him tarry in my sight, more.

LAN. I Pray you be content; you'll haue enough on him, Sir.
Now gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,
but that you haue heard of a little god of loue, call'd Cupid.
Who out of kindnes to Leander, *hearing he but saw her,*
this present day and houre, doth turne himselfe to a Drawer.
And because, he would haue their first meeting to be merry,
he strikes Hero *in loue to him, with a pint of Sherry.*
Which he tells her, from amorous Leander *is sent her,*
who after him, into the roome of Hero, *doth venter.*

PVP. Leander *goes into Mistris* Hero's *room*

PVP. Io: *A pint of sacke, score a pint of sacke, i' the* Conney.

COK. Sack? you said but ee'n now it should be *Sherry*.

PVP. Io: *Why so it is; sherry, sherry, sherry.*

COK. *Sherry, sherry, sherry.* By my troth he makes me merry. I must haue a name for *Cupid*, too. Let me see, thou mightst helpe me now, an' thou wouldest, *Numps*, at a dead lift, but thou art dreaming o' the stocks, still! Do not thinke on't, I haue forgot it: 'tis but a nine dayes wonder, man; let it not trouble thee.

WAS. I would the stocks were about your necke, Sir; conditionI hung by the heeles in them, till the wonder were off from you, with all my heart.

COK. Well said resolute *Numps*: but hearke you friend, where is the friendship, all this while, betweene my Drum, *Damon*; and my Pipe, *Pythias*?

LAN. You shall see by and by, Sir?

COK. You thinke my Hobby-horse is forgotten, too; no, I'll see 'hem all enact before I go; I shall not know which to loue best, else

KNO. This Gallant has interrupting vapours, troublesome vapours, *Whitt*, puffe with him.

WHIT. No, I pre dee, Captaine, let him alone. Hee is a Child i' faith, la'.

LAN. *Now gentles, to the freinds, who in number, are two,*
and lodg'd in that Ale-house, in which faire Hero *do's doe.*
Damon *(for some kindnesse done him the last weeke)*
is come faire Hero, *in Fish-streete, this morning to seeke:*
Pythias *do's smell the knauery of the meeting,*
and how you shall see their true friendly greeting.

PVP. Pi. *You whore-masterly Slaue, you*

COK. Whore-masterly slaue, you! very friendly, & familiar, that.

PVP. Da. *Whore-master i' thy face,*
Thou hast lien with her thy selfe, i'll proue't i' this place.

COK. *Damon* sayes *Pythias* has lien with her, himselfe, hee'll proue't in this place.

LAN.

LAN. *They are Whore-masters both, Sir, that's a plaine case.*
PVP. Pi. *You lye, like a Rogue.*
LAN. *Doe I ly, like a Rogue?*
PVP. Pi. *A Pimpe, and a Scabbe.*
LAN. *A Pimpe, and a Scabbe?*
I say betweene you, you haue both but one Drabbe.
PVP. Da. *You lye againe.*
LAN. *Doe I lye againe?*
PVP. Da. *Like a Rogue againe.*
LAN. *Like a Rogue againe?*
PVP. Pi. *And you are a Pimpe, againe.*
COK. And you are a *Pimpe* againe, he sayes.
PVP. Da. *And a Scabbe, againe.*
COK. And a Scabbe againe, he sayes.
LAN. *And I say againe, you are both whore-masters againe,* *They fight.*
and you haue both but one Drabbe againe.
PVP. Da Pi. *Do'st thou, do'st thou, do'st thou?*
AN. *What, both at once?*
PVP. P. *Downe with him,* Damon
PVP. D. *Pinke his guts,* Pythias:
LAN. What, so *malicious?*
will ye murder me, Masters both, i' mine owne house?
COK. Ho! well acted my *Drum,* well acted my *Pipe,* well acted still.
WAS. Well acted, with all my heart.
LAN. *Hld, hold your hands*
COK. I, both your hands, for my sake! for you ha' both done well.
PVP. D. *Gramercy pure* Pythias.
PVP. P. *Gramercy, Deare* Damon.
COK. Gramercy to you both, my *Pipe,* and my *drum.*
PVP. P. D. *Come now wee'll together to breakfast to* Hero.
LAN. *'Tis well, you can now go to breakfast to* Hero,
you haue giuen mmy breakfast, with a hone *and* honero.
COK. How is't friend, ha' they hurt thee?
LAN. O no!
Betweene you and I Sir, we doe but make show.
Thus Gentles you perceiue, without any deniall,
'twixt Damon *and* Pythias *here, friendships true tryall.*
Though hourely they quarrell thus, and roare each with other,
they fight you no more, then do's brother with brother.
But friendly together, at the next man they meet,
they let fly their anger as here you might see't.
COK. Well, we haue seen't, and thou hast felt it, whatsoeuer thou sayest, what's next? what's next?
LEA. *This while young* Leander, *with faire* Hero *is drinking,*
and Hero *growne drunke, to any mans thinking!*
Yet was it not three pints of Sherry could slaw her.

till Cupid *distinguish'd like* Ionas *the* Drawer,
From vnder his apron, where his lechery lurkes,
put loue in her Sacke. Now marke how it workes.

PVP. *H. O* Leander Leander, *my deare my deare* Leander,
Ile for euer be thy goose, so thou'lt be my gander.

COK. Excellently well said, *Fiddle*, shee'll euer be his goose, so hee'll be her gander: was't not so?

LAN. Yes, Sir, but marke his answer, now.

PVP. L. *And sweetest of geese, before I goe to bed,*
I'll swimme o're the Thames, *my goose, thee to tread.*

COK. Braue! he will swimme o're the *Thames*, and tread his goose, too night, he sayes.

LAN. I, peace, Sir, the'll be angry, if they heare you eauesdropping, now they are setting their match.

PVP. *L. But lest the Thames should be dark, my goose, my deare friend,*
let thy window be prouided of a candles end.

PVP. *H. Feare not my gander, I protest, I should handle*
my matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle.

PVP. *L. Well then, looke to't, and kisse me to boote.*

LAN. *Now, heere come the friends againe,* Pythias, *and* Damon,
and vnder their clokes, they haue of Bacon, a gammon.

Damon *and* Pythias *enter.*

PVP. *P. Drawer, fill some wine heere.*

LAN. How, some wine there?
there's company already, Sir, pray forbeare!

PVP. *D. 'Tis* Hero.

LAN. *Yes, but shee will not be taken,*
after sucke, and fresh herring, with your Dunmow-*bacon.*

PVP. *P You lye, it's* Westfabian.

LAN. *Westphalian* you should say.

PVP. *D. If you hold not your peace, you are a Coxcombe, I would say.*

Leander *and* Hero *are kissing.*

PVP. *What's here? what's here? kisse, kisse, vpon kisse.*

LAN. *I, Wherefore should they not? what harme is in this?*
'tis Mistresse Hero.

PVP. *D. Mistresse* Hero's *a whore.*

LAN. *Is shee a whore? keepe you quiet, or Sir Knaue out of doore.*

PVP. *D. Knaue out of doore?*

PVP. *H. Yes, Knaue, out of doore.*

Heere the Puppets quarrell and fall together by the eares.

PVP. *D. Whore out of doore.*

PVP. *H. I say, Knaue, out of doore.*

PVP. *D. I say, whore, out of doore.*

PVP. *P. Yea, so say I too.*

PVP. *H. Kisse the whore o'the arse.*

LAN. *Now you ha' something to doe:*
you must kisse her o' the arse shee sayes.

PVP. *D. P. So we will, so we will.*

PVP. *H. O my hanches, O my hanches, hold, hold.*

LAN. *Stand'st thou still?*

Leander, *where art thou? ſtand'ſt thou ſtill like a ſot,*
and not offer'ſt to breake both their heads with a pot?
See who's at thine elbow, there! Puppet Ionas *and* Cupid.
PVP. I. *Vpon'hem* Leander, *be not ſo ſtupid.* *They fight.*
PVP. L. *You Goat-bearded ſlaue!*
PVP. D. *You whore-maſter Knaue.*
PVP. L. *Thou art a whore-maſter.*
PVP. I. *Whore-maſters all.*
LAN. *See,* Cupid *with a word has tane vp the brawle.*
KNO. Theſe be fine vapours!
COK. By this good day they fight brauely! doe they not, *Numps?*
WAS. Yes, they lack'd but you to be their ſecond, all this while.
LAN. *This tragicall encounter, falling out thus to buſie vs,*
It raiſes vp the ghoſt of their friend Dionyſius:
Not like a Monarch, but the Maſter of a Schoole,
in a Scriueners furr'd gowne, which ſhewes he is no foole.
for therein he hath wit enough to keepe himſelfe warme.
O Damon *he cries, and* Pythias; *what harme,*
Hath poore Dionyſius *done you in his graue,*
That after his death, you ſhould fall out thus, and raue,
And call amorous Leander *whore-maſter Knaue?*
PVP. D. *I cannot, I will not, I promiſe you endure it.*

ACT. V. SCENE. V.

To them BVSY.

BVS. Downe with *Dagon*, downe with *Dagon*; 'tis I, will no longer endure your prophanations.
LAN. What meane you, Sir?
BVS. I wil remoue *Dagon* there, I ſay, that *Idoll*, that heatheniſh *Idoll*, that remaines (as I may ſay) a beame, a very beame, not a beame of the *Sunne*, nor a beame of the *Moone*, nor a beame of a ballance, neither a houſe-beame, nor a Weauers beame, but a beame in the eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very great beame, an exceeding great beame; ſuch as are your *Stage-players*, *Rimers*, and *Morriſe-dancers*, who haue walked hand in hand, in contempt of the *Brethren*, and the *Cauſe*; and beene borne out by inſtruments, of no meane countenance.
LAN. Sir, I preſent nothing, but what is licens'd by authority.
BAS. Thou art all *licenſe*, euen *licentiouſneſſe* it ſelfe, *Shimei!*
LAN. I haue the Maſter of the *Reuell's* hand for't, Sir.

BVS. The Master of *Rebells* hand, thou hast; *Satan's*! hold thy peace, thy scurrility shut vp thy mouth, thy profession is damnable, and in pleading for it, thou dost plead for *Baal*. I haue long opened my mouth wide, and gaped, I haue gaped as the oyster for the tide, after thy destruction: but cannot compasse it by sute, or dispute; so thar I looke for a bickering, ere long, and then a battell.

KNO. Good *Banbury-vapours*.

COK. Friend, you'ld haue an ill match on't, if you bicker with him here, though he be no man o'the fist, hee has friends that will goe to cuffes for him, *Numps*, will not you take our side?

EDG. Sir, it shall not need, in my minde, he offers him a fairer course, to end it by disputation! hast thou nothing to say for thy selfe, in defence of thy quality?

LAN. Faith, Sir, I am not well studied in these controuersies, betweene the hypocrites and vs. But here's one of my *Motion*, *Puppet Donisius* shall vndertake him, and I'le venture the cause on't.

COK. Who? my Hobby-horse? will he dispute with him?

LAN. Yes, Sir, and make a Hobby-Asse of him, I hope.

COK. That's excellent! indeed he lookes like the best scholler of'hem all. Come, Sir, you must be as good as your word, now.

BVS. I will not feare to make my spirit, and gifts knowne! assist me zeale, fill me, fill me, hat is, make me full.

WIN-W. What a desperate, prophane wretch is this! is there any Ignorance, or impudence like his? to call his zeale to fill him against a *Puppet*?

QVA. I know no fitter match, then a *Puppet* to commit with an Hypocrite!

BVS. First, I say vnto thee, Idoll, thou hast no *Calling*.

PVP. D. *You lie, I am call'd* Dionisius.

LAN. The *Motion* sayes you lie, he is call'd *Dionisius* ithe matter, and to that *calling* he answers.

BVS. I meane no *vocation*, *Idoll*, no present lawfull *Calling*.

PVP. D. *Is yours a lawfull Calling*?

LAN. The *Motion* asketh, if yours be a lawfull *Calling*?

BVS. Yes, mine is of the Spirit.

PVP. *D. Then* Idoll *is a lawfull* Calling.

LAN. He saies, then *Idoll* is a lawfull *Calling*! for you call'd him *Idoll*, and your *Calling* is of the spirit.

COK. Well disputed, Hobby-horse!

BVS. Take not part with the wicked young Gallant. He neyghcth and hinneyeth, all is but hinnying Sophistry. I call him *Idoll* againe. Yet, I say, his *Calling*, his Profession is prophane, it is prophane, *Idoll*.

PVP. D. *It is not prophane!*

LAN. It is not prophane, he sayes.

BVS. It is prophane.

PVP. *It is not prophane.*

BVS.

BVS. It is prophane.

PVP. *It is not prophane.*

LAN Well said, confute him with *not*, still. You cannot beare him downe with your base noyse, Sir.

BVS. Nor he me, with his treble creeking, though he creeke like the chariot wheeles of *Satan*; I am zealous for the *Cause*—

LAN. As a dog for a bone.

BVS. And I say, it is prophane, as being the Page of *Pride*, and the waiting woman of *vanity*.

PVP. D. *Tea? what say you to your Tire-women, then?*

LAN. Good.

PVP. *Or feather-makers i' the* Fryers, *that are o' your faction of faith? Are not they with their perrukes, and their puffes, their fannes, and their huffes, as much Pages of* Pride, *and waiters vpon* vanity? *what say you? what say you? what say you?*

BVS. I will not answer for them.

PVP. *Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a* Bugle-maker *a lawfull* Calling? *or the* Confect-makers? *such you haue there: or your French* Fashioner? *you'ld haue all the sinne within your selues, would you not? would you not?*

BVS. No, *Dagon.*

PVS. *What then,* Dagonet? *is a Puppet worse then these?*

BVS. Yes, and my maine argument against you, is, that you are an *abomination*: for the Male, among you, putteth on the apparell of the *Female*, and the *Female* of the *Male.*

PVP. *You lye, you lye, you lye abominably.*

COK. Good, by my troth, he has giuen him the lye thrice.

PVP. *It is your old stale argument against the Players, but it will not hold against the Puppets; for we haue neyther* Male *nor* Female *amongst vs. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblinde zeale as thou art!*

The Puppet takes vp his garment.

EDG. By my faith, there he has answer'd you, friend; by playne demonstration.

PVP. *Nay, I'le proue, against ere a* Rabbin *of' hem all, that my standing is as lawfull as his; that I speak by inspiration, as well as he; that I haue as little to doe with learning as he; and doe scorne her helps as much as he.*

BVS, I am confuted, the *Cause* hath failed me.

PVS. *Then be conuerted, be conuerted.*

LAN. Be conuerted, I pray you, and let the Play goe on!

BVS. Let it goe on. For I am changed, and will become a beholder with you!

COK. That's braue i' faith, thou hast carryed it away, Hobby-horse, on with the Play!

IVS. Stay, now do I forbid, I *Adam Ouerdoo*! sit still, I charge you.

The Iustice discouers himselfe.

COK. What, my Brother i' law!

GRA. My wise Guardian!

EDG. *Iustice Ouerdoo!*

IVS. It is time, to take Enormity by the fore head, and brand it; for, I haue diſcouer'd enough.

ACT. V. SCENE. VI.

To them, QVARLOVS. (*like the Mad-man*) PVRECRAFT. (*a while after*) IOHN. *to them* TROVBLE-ALL. VRSLA. NIGHTIGALE.

QVAR. Nay, come Miſtreſſe Bride. You muſt doe as I doe, now. You muſt be mad with mee, in truth. I haue heere *Iuſtice Ouerdoo* for it.

IVS. Peace good *Trouble-all*; come hither, and you ſhall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your friend too, you alſo, young man ſhall be my care, ſtand there.

To the Cut-purſe, and Miſtreſſe Litwit.

EDG. Now, mercy vpon mee.

The reſt are ſtealing away.

KNO. Would we were away, *Whit*, theſe are dangerous vapours, beſt fall off with our birds, for feare o'the Cage.

IVS. Stay, is not my name your terror?

WHI. Yeſh faith man, and it iſh ſot tat, we would be gone man.

IOH. O Gentlemen! did you not ſee a wife of mine? I ha' loſt my little wife, as I ſhall be truſted: my little pretty *Win*, I left her at the great woman's houſe in truſt yonder, the Pig-womans, with Captaine *Iordan*, and Captaine *Whit*, very good men, and I cannot heare of her. Poore foole, I feare ſhee's ſtepp'd aſide. Mother, did you not ſee *Win*?

IVS. If this graue Matron be your mother, Sir, ſtand by her, *Et digito compeſce labellum*, I may perhaps ſpring a wife for you, anone. Brother *Bartholmew*, I am ſadly ſorry, to ſee you ſo lightly giuen, and ſuch a *Diſciple* of enormity: with your graue Gouernour *Humphrey*: but ſtand you both there, in the middle place; I will reprehend you in your courſe. Miſtreſſe *Grace*, let me reſcue you out of the hands of the ſtranger.

WIN-W. Pardon me, Sir, I am a kinſman of hers.

IVS. Are you ſo? of what name, Sir?

WIN-W. *Winwife*, Sir:

IVS. Maſter *Winwife*? I hope you haue won no wife of her, Sir. If you haue, I will examine the poſſibility of it, at fit leaſure. Now, to my enormities: looke vpon mee, O *London*! and ſee mee, O *Smithfield*; The *example of Iuſtice*, and *Mirror of Magiſtrates*: the true top of formality, and ſcourge of enormity. Harken vnto my

labours,

labours, and but obserue my *discoueries*; and compare *Hercules* with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or *Columbus*; *Magellan*; or our countrey man *Drake* of later times: stand forth you weedes of enormity, and spread. First, *Rabbi Busy*, thou *superlunaticall* hypocrite, next, thou other extremity, thou prophane professor of *Puppetry*, little better then *Poetry*: then thou strong Debaucher, and Seducer of youth; witnesse this easie and honest young man: now thou *Esquire* of Dames, *Madams*, and twelue-penny *Ladies*: now my greene *Madame* her selfe, of the price. Let mee vnmasque your *Ladiship*.

To Busy, *To* Lantern, *To the horse coursер, and Cutpurse. Then Cap.* Whit, *and Mistresse* Littlewit.

IOH. O my wife, my wife, my wife!

IVS. Is she your wife? *Redde te Harpocratem*!

TRO. By your leaue, stand by my Masters, be vncouer'd.

Enter Trouble-all.

VRS. O stay him, stay him, helpe to cry, *Nightingale*; my pan, my panne.

IVS. What's the matter?

NIG. Hee has stolne gammar *Vrsla's* panne.

TRO. Yes, and I feare no man but *Iustice Ouerdoo*.

IVS. *Vrsla*? where is she? O the Sow of enormity, this! welcome, stand you there, you Songster, there.

To Vrsla, *and* Nightingale.

VRS. An' please your worship, I am in no fault: A Gentleman stripp'd him in my Booth, and borrow'd his gown, and his hat; and hee ranne away with my goods, here, for it.

IVS. Then this is the true mad-man, and you are the enormity!

To Quarlous.

QVA. You are i'the right, I am mad, but from the gowne outward.

IVS. Stand you there.

QVA. Where you please, Sir.

OVER O lend me a bason, I am sicke, I am sicke; where's Mr. *Ouerdoo*? *Bridget*, call hither my *Adam*.

Mistresse Ouerdoo *is sicke; and her husband is silenc'd.*

IVS. How?

WHI. Dy very owne wife, i'fait, worshipfull *Adam*.

OVER. Will not my *Adam* come at mee? shall I see him no more then?

QVA. Sir, why doe you not goe on with the enormity? are you oppress't with it? I'le helpe you: harke you Sir; i'your care, your *Innocent young man*, you haue tane such care of, all this day, is a *Cutpurse*; that hath got all your brother *Cokes* his things, and help'd you to your beating, and the stocks; if you haue a minde to hang him now, and shew him your *Magistrates* wit, you may: but I should think it were better, recouering the goods, and to saue your estimation in him. I thank you Sr. for the gift of your *Ward*, Mrs. *Grace*: look you, here is your hand & seale, by the way, Mr. *Win-wife* giue you ioy, you are *Palemon*, you are possest o'the Gentlewoman, but she must pay me value, here's warrant for it. And honest mad-man, there's thy gowne, and cap againe; I thanke thee for my wife. Nay, I can be mad, sweet heart, when I please, still; neuer feare me:

To the widdow.

And

And carefull *Numps*, where's he? I thanke him for my licence.

Waspe *miſſeth the Licence.*

WAS. How!

QVA. 'Tis true, *Numps*.

WAS. I'll be hang'd then.

QVA. Loke i'your boxe, *Numps*, nay, Sir, ſtand not you fixt here, like a ſtake in *Finsbury* to be ſhot at, or the whipping poſt i'the *Fayre*, but get your wife out o'the ayre, it wil make her worſe elſe; and remember you are but *Adam*, Fleſh, and blood! you haue your frailty, forget your other name of *Ouerdoo*, and inuite vs all to ſupper. There you and I will compare our *diſcoueries*; and drowne the memory of all enormity in your bigg'ſt bowle at home.

COK. How now, *Numps*, ha' you loſt it? I warrant, 'twas when thou wert i'the ſtocks: why doſt not ſpeake?

WAS. I will neuer ſpeak while I liue, againe, for ought I know.

IVS. Nay, *Humphrey*, if I be patient, you muſt be ſo too; this pleaſant conceited Gentleman hath wrought vpon my iudgement, and preuail'd: I pray you take care of your ſicke friend, Miſtreſſe *Alice*, and my good friends all——

QVA. And no enormities.

IVS. I inuite you home, with mee to my houſe, to ſupper: I will haue none feare to go along, for my intents are *Ad correctionem, non ad deſtructionem; Ad edificandum, non ad diruendum:* ſo lead on.

COK. Yes, and bring the *Actors* along, wee'll ha'the reſt o'the *Play* at home.

The end.

The EPILOGVE.

YOur Maieſty *hath ſeene the* Play, *and you*
can beſt allow it from your eare, and view.
You know the ſcope of Writers, *and what ſtore,*
of leaue *is giuen them, if they take not more,*
And turne it into licence: *you can tell*
if we haue vs'd that leaue *you gaue vs, well:*
Or whether wee to rage, *or* licence *breake,*
or be prophane, *or make* prophane *men ſpeake?*
This is your power to iudge (great Sir) and not
the enuy of a few. Which if wee haue got,
Wee value leſſe what their diſlike can bring,
if it ſo happy be, t'haue pleas'd the King.

THE STAPLE OF NEWES.

A COMEDIE ACTED IN THE YEARE, 1625.

BY HIS MAIESTIES SERVANTS.

The Author BEN: IONSON.

HOR. *in* ART. POET.

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ:
Aut simul & iucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.

LONDON,
Printed by *I. B.* for ROBERT ALLOT, and are to be sold at the signe of the *Beare*, in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1631.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

PENI-BOY. *the Sonne, the heire and Suiter.*
PENI-BOY. *the Father. the Canter.*
PENI-BOY. *the Vncle. The Vsurer.*
CYMBAL. *Master of the Staple, and prime Ieerer.*
FITTON. *Emissary Court, and Ieerer.*
ALMANACH *Doctor in Physick, and Ieerer.*
SHVN-FIELD. *Sea-captaine, and Ieerer.*
MADRIGAL. *Poetaster, and Ieerer.*
PICKLOCK. *Man o' law, and* Emissary Westminster.
PYED-MANTLE. *Pursiuant at armes, and Heraldet.*
REGISTER. *Of the* Staple, *or* Office.
NATHANEEL. *First Clerke of the* Office.
THO: BARBR. *Second Clerke of the* Office.

PECVNIA. *Infanta of the* Mynes.
MORTGAGE. *Her* Nurse.
STATVTE. *First* Woman.
BAND. *Second* Woman.
VVAXE. *Chambermaid.*

BROKER. *Secretary, and Gentleman vsher to her* Grace.
LICK-FINGER. *A Master* Cooke, *and parcell* Poet.
FASHIONER. *The* Taylor *of the times.*

LINENER. HABERDASHER.
SHOOMAKER. SPVRRIER.

CVSTOMERS. { *Male and Female.*
PORTER. DOGGES. II.

The SCENE. *London.*

THE INDVCTION.

The PROLOGVE enters.

After him, Gossip MIRTH. Gos. TATLE. Gos. EXPECTATION. and Gossip CENSVRE. 4. Gentlewomen LADY-like attyred.

PROLOGVE.

For your owne sake, not ours——

MIRTH. *Come Gostip, be not asham'd. The Play is the* Staple *of* Newes, *and you are the* Mistresse, *and* Lady *of* Tatle, *let's ha' your opinion of it: Do you heare Gentleman? what are you? Gentleman-vsher to the Play? pray you helpe vs to some stooles here.*

PROLOGVE. *Where? o' the* Stage, Ladies?

MIRTH. *Yes, o' the* Stage; *wee are persons of* quality, *I assure you, and women of* fashion; *and come to see, and to be seene: My Gossip* Tatle *here, and Gosip* Expectation, *and my Gosip* Censure, *and I am* Mirth, *the daughter of* Christmas, *and spirit of* Shrouetide. *They say,* It's merry when Gossips meet, *I hope your Play will be a merry one!*

PROLOGVE. *Or you will make it such,* Ladies. *Bring a forme here, but what will the* Noblemen *thinke, or the graue* Wits *here, to see you seated on the bench thus?*

MIRTH. *Why, what should they thinke? but that they had Mothers, as we had, and those Mothers had Gosips (if their children were christned) as we are, and such as had a longing to see Playes, and sit vpon them, as wee doe, and arraigne both them, and their* Poëts.

PROLOGVE. *O! Is that your purpose? Why,* Mrs. Mirth, *and* Madame Tatle, *enioy your delights freely.*

TATLE. *Looke your* Newes *be new, and fresh,* Mr. Prologue, *and vntainted, I shall find them else, if they be stale, or flye-blowne, quickly!*

PROLOGVE. *Wee aske no fauour from you, onely wee would entreate of* Madame Expectation——

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MIRTH. *Why, what should they thinke? but that they had Mothers, as we had, and those Mothers had Gossips (if their children were christned) as we are, and such as had a longing to see Playes, and sit vpon them, as wee doe, and arraigne both them, and their* Poëts.

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PROLOGVE. *Wee aske no fauour from you, onely wee would entreate of* Madame Expectation——

EXPECTATION. *What,* Mr. Prologue?

PROLOGVE. *That your* Ladi-ſhip *would expect no more then you vnderſtand.*

EXPECTATION. *Sir, I can expect enough!*

PROLOGVE. *I feare too much,* Lady, *and teach others to do the like?*

EXPECTATION. *I can doe that too, if I haue cauſe.*

PROLOGVE. *Cry you mercy,* you neuer did wrong, but with iuſt cauſe. *What's this,* Lady?

MIRTH. Curioſity, *my* Lady Cenſure.

PROLOGVE. *O* Curioſity! *you come to ſee, who weares the new ſute to day? whoſe clothes are beſt penn'd, what euer the part be? which* Actor *has the beſt legge and foote? what* King *playes without cuffes? and his* Queene *without gloues? who rides poſt in ſtockings? and daunces in bootes?*

CENSVRE. *Yes, and which amorous* Prince *makes loue in drinke, or doe's ouer-act prodigiouſly in beaten ſatten, and, hauing got the tricke on't, will be* monſtrous *ſtill, in deſpight of* Counſell!

The Tire-men enter to mend the lights.

BOOK-HOLDER. *Mend your lights, Gentlemen.* Maſter Prologue, *beginne.*

TATLE. *Ay me!*

EXPECTATION, *Who's that?*

PROLOGVE. *Nay, ſtart not* Ladies, *theſe carry no fire-workes to fright you, but a Torch i' their hands, to giue light to the buſineſſe. The truth is, there are a ſet of gameſters within, in trauell of a thing call'd a Play, and would faine be deliuer'd of it: and they haue intreated me to be their Man-*Midwife, *the* Prologue; *for they are like to haue a hard labour on't.*

TATLE. *Then the* Poet *has abus'd himſelfe, like an Aſſe, as hee is.*

MIRTH. *No, his* Actors *will abuſe him enough, or I am deceiu'd. Yonder he is within (I was i' the Tiring-houſe a while to ſee the* Actors *dreſt) rowling himſelfe vp and downe like a tun, i' the midſt of 'hem, and ſpurges, neuer did veſſel of wort, or wine worke ſo! His ſweating put me in minde of a good Shrouing diſh (and I beleeue would be taken vp for a ſeruice of ſtate ſomewhere, an't were knowne) a ſtew'd* Poet! *He doth ſit like an vnbrac'd Drum with one of his heads beaten out: For, that you muſt note, a* Poet *hath two heads, as a Drum has, one for making, the other repeating, and his repeating head is all to pieces: they may gather it vp i' the tiring-houſe; for hee hath torne the booke in a* Poeticall *fury, and put himſelfe to ſilence in dead* Sacke, *which, were there no other vexation, were ſufficient to make him the moſt miſerable* Embleme *of patience.*

CENSVRE. *The* Prologue, *peace.*

THE

THE PROLOGVE FOR THE STAGE.

FOr your owne ſakes, not his, he bad me ſay,
Would you were come to heare, not ſee a Play.
Though we his *Actors* muſt prouide for thoſe,
Who are our gueſts, here, in the way of ſhowes,
The maker hath not ſo; he'ld haue you wiſe,
Much rather by your eares, then by your eyes:
And prayes you'll not preiudge his Play for ill,
Becauſe you marke it not, and ſit not ſtill;
But haue a longing to ſalute, or talke
With ſuch a female, and from her to walke
With your diſcourſe, to what is done, and where,
How, and by whom, in all the towne; but here.
Alas! what is it to his Scene, to know
How many Coaches in *Hide-parke* did ſhow
Laſt ſpring, what fare to day at *Medleyes* was,
If *Dunſtan*, or the *Phœnix* beſt wine has?
They are things—But yet, the Stage might ſtand as wel,
If it did neither heare theſe things, nor tell.
Great noble wits, be good vnto your ſelues,
And make a difference 'twixt Poetique elues,
And Poets: All that dable in the inke,
And defile quills, are not thoſe few, can thinke,
Conceiue, expreſſe, and ſteere the ſoules of men,
As with a rudder, round thus, with their pen.
He muſt be one that can inſtruct your youth,
And keepe your *Acme* in the ſtate of truth,
Muſt enterprize this worke, marke but his wayes,
What flight he makes, how new; And then he ſayes,
If that not like you, that he ſends to night,
'Tis you haue left to iudge, not hee to write.

EXPECTATION. *What,* Mr. Prologue?

PROLOGVE. *That your* Ladi-ship *would expect no more then you vnderstand.*

EXPECTATION. *Sir, I can expect enough!*

PROLOGVE. *I feare too much,* Lady, *and teach others to do the like?*

EXPECTATION. *I can doe that too, if I haue cause.*

PROLOGVE. *Cry you mercy,* you neuer did wrong, but with iust cause. *What's this,* Lady?

MIRTH. Curiosity, *my* Lady Censure.

PROLOGVE. *O* Curiosity! *you come to see, who weares the new sute to day? whose clothes are best penn'd, what euer the part be? which* Actor *has the best legge and foote? what* King *playes without cuffes? and his* Queene *without gloues? who rides post in stockings? and daunces in bootes?*

CENSVRE. *Yes, and which amorous* Prince *makes loue in drinke, or doe's ouer-act prodigiously in beaten satten, and, hauing got the tricke on't, will be* monstrous *still, in despight of* Counsell!

The Tiremen enter to mend the lights.

BOOK-HOLDER. *Mend your lights, Gentlemen.* Master Prologue, *beginne.*

TATLE. *Ay me!*

EXPECTATION, *Who's that?*

PROLOGVE. *Nay, start not* Ladies, *these carry no fire-workes to fright you, but a Torch i' their hands, to giue light to the businesse. The truth is, there are a set of gamesters within, in trauell of a thing call'd a Play, and would faine be deliuer'd of it: and they haue intreated me to be their Man-*Midwife, *the* Prologue; *for they are like to haue a hard labour on't.*

TATLE. *Then the* Poet *has abus'd himselfe, like an Asse, as hee is.*

MIRTH. *No, his* Actors *will abuse him enough, or I am deceiu'd. Yonder he is within (I was i' the Tiring-house a while to see the* Actors *dresse) rowling himselfe vp and downe like a tun, i' the midst of 'hem, and spurges, neuer did vessel of wort, or wine worke so! His sweating put me in minde of a good Shrouing dish (and I beleeue would be taken vp for a seruice of state somewhere, an't were knowne) a stew'd* Poet! *He doth sit like an vnbrac'd Drum with one of his heads beaten out: For, that you must note, a* Poet *hath two heads, as a Drum has, one for making, the other repeating, and his repeating head is all to pieces: they may gather it vp i' the tiring-house; for hee hath torne the booke in a* Poeticall *fury, and put himselfe to silence in dead* Sacke, *which, were there no other vexation, were sufficient to make him the most miserable* Embleme *of patience.*

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THE PROLOGVE FOR THE COVRT:

A Worke not ſmelling of the Lampe, to night,
But fitted for your Maieſties diſport,
And writ to the Meridian of your Court,
VVee bring; and hope it may produce delight:
The rather, being offered, as a Rite
To Schollers, that can iudge, and faire report
The ſenſe they heare, aboue the vulgar ſort
Of Nut-crackers, that onely come for ſight.
Wherein, although our Title, Sir, be Newes.
Wee yet aduenture, here, to tell you none;
But ſhew you common follies, and ſo knowne,
That though they are not truths, th'innocent Muſe
Hath made ſo like, as Phant'ſie could them ſtate,
Or Poetry, without ſcandall, imitate.

THE STAPLE OF NEWES.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

PENI-BOY. IV. LETHER-LEGGE.

GRamercie *Letherleg:* Get me the Spurrier,
And thou haſt fitted me. LET. I'll do't preſently.
P. IV. Look to me, wit, and look to my wit, Land,
That is, looke on me, and with all thine eyes,
Male, Female, yea, *Hermaphroditicke* eyes,
And thoſe bring all your helpes, and perſpicills,
To ſee me at beſt aduantage, and augment
My forme as I come forth, for I doe feele
I will be one, worth looking after, ſhortly.
Now, by and by, that's ſhortly. * 't ſtrikes! One, two,
Three, foure, fiue, ſix. Inough, inough, deare watch,
Thy pulſe hath beate inough. Now ſleepe, and reſt;
Would thou couldſt make the time to doe ſo too:
I'll winde thee vp no more. The houre is come
So long expected! There, there, * drop my wardſhip,
My pupill age, and vaſſalage together.
And Liberty, come throw thy ſelfe about me,
In a rich ſuite, cloake, hat, and band, for now
I'le ſue out no mans Liuery, but miny owne,
I ſtand on my owne feete, ſo much a yeere,
Right, round, and ſound, the Lord of mine owne ground,
And (to ryme to it) threeſcore thouſand Pound!
*Not come? Not yet? Taylor thou art a vermine,
Worſe then the ſame thou proſecut'ſt, and prick'ſt
In ſubtill ſeame—— (Go too, I ſay no more)

Thus

* *His Shooe-maker has pull'd on a new payre of bootes; and hee walks in his Gowne, waſtcoate, and trouſes, expecting his* Taylor.

* *He drawes foorth his watch, and ſets it on the Table.*

* *He throws off his gowne*

* *He goes to the doore, and lookes.*

Thus to retard my longings : on the day
I doe write man, to beat thee. One and twenty,
Since the clock ſtrooke, compleat! and thou wilt feele it
Thou fooliſh *Animall*! I could pitty him,
(An' I were not heartily angry with him now)
For this one peece of folly he beares about him,
To dare to tempt the Furie of an heyre,
T' aboue two thouſand a yeere; yet hope his cuſtome!
Well, *Mr. Faſhioner*, theres ſome muſt breake——
A head, for this your breaking. Are you come, Sir,

ACT. II. SCENE. IJ.

FASHIONER. PENIBOY. THOMAS BARBER. HABERDASHER.

GOd giue your worſhip ioy. P. Iv. What? of your ſtaying?
And leauing me to ſtalke here in my trowſes,
Like a tame *Her'n-ſew* for you? FAS. I but waited
Below, till the clocke ſtrooke. P. Iv. Why, if you had come
Before a quarter, would it ſo haue hurt you,
In reputation, to haue wayted here?
FAS. No, but your worſhip might haue pleaded nonage,
If you had got 'hem on, ere I could make
Iuſt *Affidauit* of the time. P. Iv. That ieſt
Has gain'd thy pardon, thou had'ſt liu'd, condemn'd
To thine owne hell elſe, neuer to haue wrought
Stitch more for me, or any *Peniboy*,
I could haue hindred thee: but now thou art mine.
For one and twenty yeeres, or for three liues,
Chuſe which thou wilt, I'll make thee a *Copy-holder*,
He ſayes his ſute. And thy firſt *Bill* vnqueſtion'd. Helpe me on.
FAS. Preſently, Sir, I am bound vnto your worſhip. (ſtome.
P. Iv. Thou ſhalt be, when I haue ſeal'd thee a *Leaſe* of my Cu-
FAS. Your wor^pp. *Barbar* is without. P. In. Who? *Thom*?
Come in *Thom*: ſet thy things vpon the Boord
And ſpread thy clothes, lay all forth *in procinctu*,
And tell's what newes? THO. O Sir, a ſtaple of newes!
Or the *New Staple*, which you pleaſe. P. Iv. What's that?
FAS. An *Office*, Sir, a braue young *Office* ſet vp.
I had forgot to tell your worſhip. P. Iv. For what?
THO. To enter all the *Newes*, Sir, o' the time,

FAS.

FAS. And vent it as occasion serues! A place
Of huge commerce it will be! P.IV. Pray thee peace,
I cannot abide a talking Taylor: let *Thom*
(He's a Barber) by his place relate it,
What is't, an *Office*, *Thom*? THO. Newly erected
Here in the house, almost on the same floore,
Where all the newes of all sorts shall be brought,
And there be examin'd, and then registred,
And so be issu'd vnder the Seale of the *Office*,
As *Staple Newes*; no other newes be currant.
P.IV. 'Fore me, thou speak'st of a braue busines, *Thom*.
FAS. Nay, if you knew the brain that hatch'd it Sr—
P.IV. I know thee wel inough: giue him a loaf, *Thom*—
Quiet his mouth, that Ouen will be venting else.
Proceed— THO. He tels you true Sr. Mr *Cymbal*,
Is Master of the *Office*, he proiected it,
Hee lies here i'the house: and the great roomes
He has taken for the *Office*, and set vp
His Deskes and *Classes*, Tables and his Shelues,
FAS. He's my Customer, and a *Wit* Sir, too.
But, h'has braue wits vnder him— THO. Yes, foure *Emissaries*,
P.IV. *Emissaries*? stay, there's a fine new word, *Thom*!
'Pray God it signifie any thing, what are *Emissaries*?
THO. Men imploy'd outward, that are sent abroad
To fetch in the commodity. FAS. From all regions
Where the best newes are made. THO. Or vented forth.
FAS. By way of exchange, or trade. P.IV. Nay, thou wilt speak—
FAS. My share Sr. there's enough for both. P.IV. Goe on then,
Speake all thou canst: me thinkes, the ordinaries
Should helpe them much. FAS. Sir, they haue ordinaries,
And extraordinaries, as many changes,
And variations, as there are points i'the compasse.
THO. But the 4. Cardinall Quarters— P.IV. I, those *Thom*—
THO. The *Court*, Sir, *Pauls*, *Exchange*, and *Westminster-hall*.
P.IV. Who is the Chiefe? which hath preceedencie?
THO. The gouernour o'the *Staple*, Master *Cymball*.
He is the Chiefe; and after him the *Emissaries*:
First *Emissary Court*, one Master *Fitton*,
He's a Ieerer too. P.IV. What's that? FAS. A *Wit*.
THO. Or halfe a *Wit*, some of them are *Halfe-wits*,
Two to a *Wit*, there are a set of 'hem.
Then Master *Ambler*, *Emissary Paules*,
A fine pac'd gentleman, as you shall see, walke
The middle Ile: And then my *Froy Hans Buz*,
A *Dutch-man*; he's *Emissary Exhange*. (No,
FAS. I had thought Mr. *Burst* the Marchant had had it. THO.
He has a rupture, hee has sprung a leake,

Hee giues the Taylor *leaue to talke.*

Emissarie Westminster's vndispos'd of yet;
Then the *Examiner*, *Register*, and two *Clerkes*,
They mannage all at home, and sort, and file,
And seale the newes, and issue them. P. Iv. *Thom*, deare *Thom*.
What may my meanes doe for thee, aske, and haue it,
I'd faine be doing some good. It is my *birth-day*.
And I'd doe it betimes, I feele a grudging
Of bounty, and I would not long lye fallow.
I pray thee thinke, and speake, or wish for something.
THO. I would I had but one o' the *Clerkes* places,
I'this *Newes Office*,. P. Iv. Thou shalt haue it, *Thom*,
If siluer, or gold will fetch it; what's the rate?
At what is't set i'the Mercat? THO. Fiftie pound, Sir.
P. Iv. An't were a hundred, *Thom*, thou shalt not want it.
The Taylor *leapes, and embraceth him.* FAS. O Noble Master! P. Iv. How now *Æsops* Asse!
Because I play with *Thom*, must I needes runne
Into your rude embraces? stand you still, Sir;
Clownes fawnings, are a horses salutations.
How do'st thou like my suite, *Thom*? THO. Mr. *Fashioner*
Has hit your measures, Sir, h'has moulded you,
And made you, as they say. FAS. No, no, not I,
I am an Asse, old *Æsops* Asse. P. Iv. Nay, *Fashioner*,
I can doe thee a good turne too, be not musty,
Though thou hast moulded me, as little *Thom* sayes,
He drawes out his pockets, (I thinke thou hast put me in mouldy pockets.) FAS. As good,
Right *Spanish* perfume, the *Lady Estifania's*,
They cost twelue pound a payre. P. Iv. Thy bill will say so.
I pray thee tell me, *Fashioner*, what Authors
Thou read'st to helpe thy inuention? *Italian* prints?
Or *Arras* hangings? They are Taylors *Libraries*.
FAS. I scorne such helps. P. Iv. O, though thou art a silk-worme!
And deal'st in sattins and veluets, and rich plushes,
Thou canst not spin all formes out of thy selfe;
They are quite other things: I thinke this suite
Has made me wittier, then I was. FAS. Belieue it Sir,
That clothes doe much vpon the wit, as weather
Do's on the braine; and thence comes your prouerbe;
The *Taylor makes the man*: I speake by experience
Of my owne Customers. I haue had Gallants,
Both Court and Countrey, would ha' fool'd you vp
In a new suite, with the best wits, in being,
And kept their speed, as long as their clothes lasted
Han'some, and neate; but then as they grew out
At the elbowes againe, or had a staine, or spot,
They haue sunke most wretchedly. P. Iv. What thou report'st,
Is but the common calamity, and seene daily;
And therefore you 'haue another answering prouerbe:

A broken sleeue keepes the arme backe, FAS. 'Tis true, Sir.
And thence wee say, that such a one playes at *peepe-arme*.
P.IV. Doe you so? it is wittily sayd. I wonder, Gentlemen,
And men of meanes will not maintaine themselues
Fresher in wit, I meane in clothes, to the highest.
For hee that's out o' clothes, is out o'fashion,
And out of fashion, is out of countenance,
And out o' countenance, is out o' Wit.
Is not Rogue *Haberdasher* come? HAB. Yes, here, Sir. *They are all about him, busie.*
I ha' beene without this halfe houre. P.IV. Giue me my hat.
Put on my Girdle. Rascall, sits my Ruffe well? (same hat
LIN. In print. P.IV. Slaue. LIN. See your selfe. P.IV. Is this
O'the blocke passant? Doe not answer mee,
I cannot stay for an answer. I doe feele
The powers of *one* and *twenty*, like a Tide
Flow in vpon mee, and perceiue an Heyre,
Can Coniure vp all spirits in all circles,
Rogue, Rascall, Slaue, giue tradesmen their true names,
And they appeare to 'hem presently. LIN. For profit.
P.IV. Come, cast my cloake about me, I'll goe see,
This *Office Them*, and be trimm'd afterwards.
I'll put thee in possession, my prime worke!
Gods so: my Spurrier! put 'hem on boy, quickly, *His* Spurrier *comes in.*
I'had like to ha lost my Spurres with too much speed.

ACT. I. SCENE. III.

PENI-BOY, Canter. *to them singing.*

Good morning to my Ioy, *My iolly* Peni-boy!
The Lord, and the Prince of plenty!
I come to see what riches, Thou beares't in thy breeches,
The first of thy one and twenty:
What, doe thy pockets gingle? Or shall wee neede to mingle
Our strength both of foote, and horses!
These fellows looke so eager, As if they would beleaguer
An Heyre in the midst of his forces!
I hope they be no Serieants! *That hang vpon thy margents.*
This Rogue has the Ioule of a Iaylor!
P.IV. *O* Founder, *no such matter, My* Spurrier, *and my* Hatter, *The young* Peny-bo *answers them.*
My Linnen-man, *and my* Taylor.
Thou should'st haue beene brought in too, *Shoomaker,*

If the time had beene longer, and *Thom Barber.*
How do'ſt thou like my company, old *Canter*?
Doe I not muſter a braue troupe? all *Bill-men*?
Preſent your Armes, before my *Founder* here,
This is my *Founder*, this ſame learned *Canter*!
He brought me the firſt newes of my fathers death,
He takes the bils, and puts them vp in his pockets. I thanke him, and euer ſince, I call him *Founder*,
Worſhip him, boyes, I'll read onely the ſummes. (bleſſe him.
And paſſe 'hem ſtreight. SHO. Now Ale. REST. And ſtrong Ale
P. IV. Gods ſo, ſome Ale, and Sugar for my *Founder*!
Good Bills, ſufficient Bills, theſe Bills may paſſe.
P. CA. I do not like thoſe paper-ſquibs, good Maſter.
They may vndoe your ſtore, I meane, of Credit,
And fire your *Arſenall*, if caſe you doe not
In time make good thoſe *outerworkes*, your *pockets*,
And take a *Garriſon* in of ſome *two hundred*,
To beat theſe *Pyoners* off, that carry a *Mine*
Would blow you vp, at laſt. Secure your *Caſamates*,
Here Maſter *Picklocke*, Sir, your man o' Law,
And learn'd Atturney, has ſent you a Bag of *munition*. (hem.
P. IV. What is't? P. CA. Three hundred pieces. P. IV. I'll diſpatch
P. CA. Do, I would haue your ſtrengths lin'd, and perfum'd
With Gold, as well as Amber. P. IV. God a mercy,
He payes all. Come, *Ad ſoluendum*, boyes! there, there, and there, &c.
I looke on nothing but *Totalis*. P. CA. See!
The difference 'twixt the couetous, and the prodigall!
„The Couetous man neuer has money! and
„The Prodigall will haue none ſhortly! P. IV. Ha,
What ſaies my *Founder*? I thanke you, I thanke you Sirs.
ALL. God bleſſe your worſhip, and your worſhips *Chanter*.
P CA. I ſay 't is nobly done, to cheriſh Shop-keepers,
And pay their Bills, without examining thus.
P. IV. Alas! they haue had a pittifull hard time on't,
A long vacation, from their coozening.
Poore Raſcalls, I doe doe it out of charity.
I would aduance their trade againe, and haue them
Haſte to be rich, ſweare, and forſweare wealthily,
What doe you ſtay for, Sirrah? SPV. To my boxe Sir,
P. IV. Your boxe, why, there's an *angel*, if my Spurres
He giues the Spurrier, to his boxe. Be not right *Rippon*. SPV. Giue me neuer a penny
If I ſtrike not thorow your bounty with the Rowells.
P. IV. Do'ſt thou want any money *Founder*? P. CA. Who, Sr. I,
Did I not tell you I was bred i' the *Mines*,
Vnder Sir *Beuis Bullion*. P. IV. That is true,
I quite forgot, you *Myne-men* want no money,
Your ſtreets are pau'd with 't: there, the molten ſiluer
Runns out like creame, on cakes of gold. P. CA. And Rubies

Doe

Doe grow like Strawberries. P. Iv. 'Twere braue being there!
Come *Thom*, we'll go to the *Office* now. P. Ca. What *Office*?
P. Iv. *Newes Office*, the *New Staple*; thou ſhalt goe too,
'Tis here i'the houſe, on the ſame floore, *Thom.* ſayes,
Come, *Founder*, let vs trade in Ale, and nutmegges.

ACT. I. SCENE. IIII.

REGISTER. CLERKE. VVOMAN.

VVHat, are thoſe Desks fit now? ſet forth the Table,
The Carpet and the Chayre: where are the *Newes*
That were examin'd laſt? ha' you fil'd them vp?
CLE. Not yet, I had no time. REG. Are thoſe newes regiſtred,
That *Emiſſary Buz* ſent in laſt night?
Of *Spinola, and his Egges*? CLE. Yes Sir, and fil'd.
REG. What are you now vpon? CLE. That our new *Emiſſary*
Weſtminſter, gaue vs, of the *Golden Heyre*.
REG. Diſpatch, that's newes indeed, and of importance.
What would you haue good woman? WO. I would haue Sir,
A *groatſworth* of any *Newes*, I care not what,
To carry downe this *Saturday*, to our *Vicar*.
REG. O! You are a Butterwoman, aske *Nathaniel*
The *clerke*, there. CLE. Sir, I tell her, ſhe muſt ſtay
Till *Emiſſary Exchange*, or *Pauls* ſend in,
And then I'll fit her. REG. Doe good woman, haue patience,
It is not now, as when the *Captaine* liu'd.
CLE. You'll blaſt the reputation of the *Office*,
Now i'the Bud, if you diſpatch theſe *Groats*,
So ſoone: let them attend in name of policie.

A countrey-woman waites there.

ACT. I. SCENE. V.

PENIBOY. CYMBAL. FITTON. THO: BARBER. CANTER.

IN troth they are dainty roomes; what place is this?
CYM. This is the outer roome, where my *Clerkes* sit,
And keepe their sides, the *Register* i'the midst,
The *Examiner*, he sits priuate there, within,
And here I haue my seuerall *Rowles*, and *Fyles*
Of *Newes* by the *Alphabet*, and all put vp
Vnder their heads. P. IV. But those, too, subdiuided?
CYM. Into *Authenticall*, and *Apocryphall*.
FIT. Or *Newes* of doubtfull credit, as *Barbers newes*.
CYM. And *Taylors Newes*, *Porters*, and *Watermens newes*,
FIT. Whereto, beside the *Coranti*, and *Gazetti*.
CYM. I haue the *Newes* of the season. FIT. As *vacation newes*, *Terme-newes*, and *Christmas-newes*. CIM. And *newes* o' the *faction*.
FIT. As the *Reformed newes*, *Protestant newes*,
CYM. And *Pontificiall newes*, of all which seuerall,
The *Day-bookes*, *Characters*, *Precedents* are kept.
Together with the names of speciall friends——
FIT. And men of *Correspondence* i'the *Countrey*——
CYM. Yes, of all ranks, and all Religions.——
FIT. *Factors*, and *Agents*—— CYM. *Liegers*, that lie out
Through all the Shires o'the kingdome. P. IV. This is fine!
And beares a braue relation! but what sayes
Mercurius Britannicus to this?
CYM. O Sir, he gaines by't halfe in halfe. FIT. Nay more
I'll stand to't. For, where he was wont to get
In, hungry *Captaines*, obscure *Statesmen*. CYM. Fellowes
To drinke with him in a darke roome in a Tauerne,
And eat a Sawsage. FIT. We ha' seen't, CYM. As saine,
To keepe so many *politique pennes*
Going, to feed the presse. FIT. And dish out newes,
Were't true, or false. CYM. Now all that charge is sau'd
The publique *Chronicler*. FIT. How, doe you call him there?
CYM. And *gentle Reader*. FIT. He that has the maidenhead
Of all the *bookes*. CYM. Yes, *dedicated to him*,
FIT. Or rather *prostituted*. P. IV. You are right, Sir.
CYM. No more shall be abus'd, nor countrey-*Parsons*

O'

O' the *Inquisition*, nor busie *Iustices*,
Trouble the *peace*, and both torment themselues,
And their poore ign'rant Neighbours with enquiries
After the many, and most innocent *Monsters*,
That neuer came i'th' Counties they were charg'd with.
P. Iv. Why, me thinkes Sir, if the honest common people
Will be abus'd, why should not they ha' their pleasure,
In the believing Lyes, are made for them;
As you i'th' *Office*, making them your selues?
FIT. O Sir! it is the printing we oppose.
CYM. We not forbid that any *Newes*, be made,
But that 't be printed; for when *Newes* is printed,
It leaues Sir to be *Newes*. while 'tis but written —
FIT. Though it be ne're so false, it runnes *Newes* still.
P. Iv. See diuers mens opinions! vnto some,
The very printing of them, makes them *Newes*;
That ha' not the heart to beleeue any thing,
But what they see in print. FIT. I, that's an Error
Ha's abus'd many; but we shall reforme it,
As many things beside (we haue a hope)
Are crept among the *popular abuses*.
CYM. Nor shall the *Stationer* cheat vpon the Time,
By buttering ouer againe— FIT. once, in Seuen Yeares,
As the age doates— CYM. And growes forgetfull o' them,
His *antiquated Pamphlets*, with new dates.
But all shall come from the *Mint*. FIT. Fresh and new stamp'd,
CYM. With the *Office-Seale*, *Staple Commoditie*.
FIT. And if a man will assure his *Newes*, he may;
Two-pence a Sheet he shall be warranted,
And haue a *policie* for't. P. Iv. Sir, I admire
The method o' your place; all things within't
Are so digested, fitted, and compos'd,
As it shewes *Wit* had married *Order*. FIT. Sir.
CYM. The best wee could to inuite the Times. FIT. It ha's
Cost sweat, and freesing. CYM. And some broken sleepes
Before it came to this. P. Iv. I easily thinke it.
FIT. But now it ha's the shape— CYM. And is come forth.
P. Iv. A most polite neat thing! with all the limbs,
As sense can tast! CYM. It is Sir, though I say it,
As well-begotten a busines, and as fairely
Helpt to the World. P. Iv. You must be a Mid-wife Sir!
Or els the sonne of a Mid-wife! (pray you pardon me)
Haue helpt it forth so happily! what *Newes* ha' you?
Newes o' this morning? I would faine heare some
Fresh, from the forge (as new as day, as they say.)
CYM. And such we haue Sir. REG. Shew him the last *Rowle*,
Of *Emissary West-minster's*, The *Heire*.

P. Iv.

Peny reioyceth, that he is in.

P. Iv. Come nearer, *Thom:* Cla. There is a braue yong *Heire*
Is come of age this morning, Mr. *Peny-boy*. P. Iv. That's I!
Cla. His Father dy'd on this day seuenth-night. P. Iv. True!
Cla. At sixe o'the Clocke i'the morning, iust a weeke
Ere he was *One and Twenty*. P. Iv. I am here, *Thom!*
Proceed, I pray thee. Cla. An old *Canting Begger*
Brought him first *Newes*, whom he has entertain'd,
To follow him, since. P. Iv. Why, you shall see him! *Founder*,
Come in; no *Follower*, but *Companion*,
I pray thee put him in, Friend. There's an *Angell*——
Thou do'st not know, hee's a wise old Fellow,
Though he seeme patch'd thus, and made vp o' peeces.
Founder, we are in, here, in, i'the *Newes-Office!*
In this dayes *Rowle*, already! I doe muse
How you came by vs Sir's! Cym. One Master *Pick-locke*
A Lawyer, that hath purchas'd here a place,
This morning, of an *Emissary* vnder me.
Fit. *Emissarie Westminster*. Cym. Gaue it into th' *Office*,
Fit. For his *Essay*, his peece. P. Iv. My man o' Law!
Hee's my Attorney, and Sollicitour too!
A fine *pragmaticke!* what's his place worth?
Cym. A *Nemo-scit*, Sir. Fit. 'Tis as *Newes* come, in,
Cym. And as they are issued. I haue the iust *moeytie*
For my part: then the other *moeytie*
Is parted into seuen. The foure *Emissaries*;
Whereof my Cozen *Fitton* here's for *Court*,
Ambler for *Pauls*, and *Buz* for the *Exchange*,
Picklocke, for *Westminster*, with the *Examiner*,
And *Register*, they haue full parts: and then one part
Is vnder-parted to a couple of *Clarkes*;
And there's the iust diuision of the profits!
P. Iv. Ha' you those *Clarks* Sir. Cym. There is one Desk empty,
But it has many Suitors. P. Iv. Sir, may I
Present one more and carry it, if his parts
Or Gifts, (which you will, call 'hem) Cym. Be sufficient Sir.
P. Iv. What are your present *Clarkes* habilities?
How is he qualified? Cym: A decay'd *Stationer*
He was, but knowes *Newes* well, can sort and ranke 'hem.
Fit. And for a need can make 'hem. Cym. True *Paules* bred,
I'the *Church-yard*. P. Iv. And this at the West-dore,
O'th other side, hee's my Barber *Thom*,
A pretty Scholler, and a *Master of Arts*,
Was made, or went out *Master of Arts* in a throng,
At the *Vniuersitie*; as before, one *Christmas*,
He got into a *Masque* at *Court*, by his wit,
And the good meanes of his *Cythern*, holding vp thus
For one o'the *Musique*, Hee's a nimble Fellow!

Call in the Canter. *Hee gines the Clerke.*

Tels Thom: *of it.*

And

And alike skil'd in euery *liberall Science*,
As hauing certaine ſnaps of all, a neat,
Quick-vaine, in forging *Newes* too. I doe loue him,
And promis'd him a good turne, and I would doe it:
Whats your price? the value? CYM. *Fifty pounds*, Sr.
P. IV. Get in *Thom*, take poſſeſſion, I inſtall thee;
Here, tell your money; giue thee ioy, good *Thom*;
And let me heare from thee euery minute of *Newes*,
While the *New Staple* ſtands, or the *Office* laſts,
Which I doe wiſh, may ne're be leſſe for thy ſake.
CLA. The *Emiſſaries*, Sir, would ſpeake with you,
And Maſter *Fitton*, they haue brought in *Newes*,
Three *Bale* together. CYM. Sr, you are welcome, here.
FIT. So is your creature. CYM. Buſineſſe calls vs off, Sir,
That may concerne the *Office*. P. IV. Keepe me faire, Sir,
Still i'your *Staple*, I am here your friend,
On the ſame flooer. FIT. We ſhall be your ſeruants.
P. IV. How doſt thou like it, *Founder*? P. CA. All is well,
But that your man o' law me thinks appeares not
In his due time. O! Here comes Maſters worſhip.

Hee buyes Thom a Clerkes place.

They take leaue of Peny-boy, and Canter.

ACT. I. SCENE. VI.

PICKLOCK. PENI-BOY. IV. P. CANTER.

HOw do's the *Heyre*, bright Maſter *Peniboy*?
Is hee awake yet in his *One and Twenty*?
Why, this is better farre, then to weare Cypreſſe,
Dull ſmutting gloues, or melancholy blacks,
And haue a payre of twelue-peny broad ribbands
Laid out like Labells. P. IV. I ſhould ha' made ſhift
To haue laught as heartily in my mourners hood,
As in this Suite, if it had pleas'd my father
To haue beene buried, with the Trumpeters:
PIC. *The Heralds of Armes*, you meane. P. IV. I meane,
All noyſe, that is ſuperfluous! PIC. All that idle pompe,
And vanity of a Tombe-ſtone, your wiſe father
Did, by his will, preuent. Your worſhip had——
P. IV. A louing and obedient father of him,
I know it: a right, kinde-natur'd man,
To dye ſoopportunely. PIC. And to ſettle
All things ſo well, compounded for your ward ſhip

The weeke afore, and left your ſtate entyre
Without any charge vpon't. P. Iv. I muſt needes ſay,
I loſt an *Officer* of him, a good *Bayliffe*,
And I ſhall want him; but all peace be with him,
I will not wiſh him aliue, againe; not I,
For all my Fortune; giue your worſhip ioy
O'your new place, your *Emiſſary-ſhip*,
I'the *Newes Office*. Pic. Know you, why I bought it Sr?
P. Iv. Not I. Pic. To worke for you, and carry a myne
Againſt the Maſter of it, Maſter *Cymball*;
Who hath a plot vpon a Gentlewoman,
Was once deſign'd for you, Sir. P. Iv. Me? Pic. Your father,
Old Maſter *Peni-boy*, of happy memory,
And wiſdome too, as any i'the *County*,
Carefull to finde out a fit match for you,
In his owne life time (but hee was preuented)
Left it in writing in a *Schedule* here,
To be annexed to his *Will*; that you,
His onely Sonne, vpon his charge, and bleſſing,
Should take due notice of a Gentlewoman,
Soiourning with your vncle, *Rieher Peni-boy*.
P. Iv. A *Corniſh* Gentlewoman, I doe know her,
Miſtreſſe, *Pecunia doe-all*. Pic. A great *Lady*,
Indeede ſhee is, and not of mortall race,
Infanta of the *Mines*; her Graces Grandfather,
Was *Duke*, and Couſin to the *King* of *Ophyr*,
The *Subterranean*, let that paſſe. Her name is,
Or rather, her three names are (for ſuch ſhee is)
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, A great Princeſſe,
Of mighty power, though ſhee liue in priuate
With a contracted family! Her *Secretary*——
P. Ca. Who is her Gentleman-vſher too. Pic. One *Broker*,
And then two Gentlewomen; Miſtreſſe *Statute*,
And Miſtreſſe *Band*, with *Waxe* the Chambermaide,
And Mother *Mortgage*, the old Nurſe, two Groomes,
Pawne, and his fellow; you haue not many to bribe, Sir.
The worke is feizible, and th'approches eaſie,
By your owne kindred. Now, Sir, *Cymball* thinkes,
The Maſter here, and gouernor o'the *Staple*,
By his fine arts, and pompe of his great place
To draw her! He concludes, ſhee is a woman!
And that ſo ſoone as ſh' heares of the *New Office*,
Shee'll come to viſit it, as they all haue longings
After new ſights, and motions! But your bounty,
Perſon, and brauery muſt atchieue her. P. Ca. Shee is
The talke o'the time! th'aduenture o'the age!
Pic. You cannot put your ſelfe vpon an action

Of

Of more importance. P. CA. All the world are ſuiters to her.
PIC. All ſorts of men, and all profeſſions!
P. CA. You ſhall haue ſtall-fed *Doctors*, cram'd *Diuines*
Make loue to her, and with thoſe ſtudied
And perfum'd flatteries, as no tome can ſtinke
More elegant, then where they are. PIC. Well chanted
Old *Canter* thou ſingſt true. P. CA. And (by your leaue)
Good *Maſters worſhip*, ſome of your veluet coate
Make corpulent curt'ſies to her, till they cracke for't.
PIC. There's *Doctor Almanack* wooes her, one of the Ieerers,
A fine Phyſitian. P. CA. Your Sea-captaine, *Shun-field*,
Giues out hee'll goe vpon the *Cannon* for her.
PIC. Though his lowd mouthing get him little credit,
P. CA. Young Maſter *Pyed-mantle*, the fine *Herrald*
Profeſſes to deriue her through all ages,
From all the *Kings*, and *Queenes*, that euer were.
PIC. And Maſter *Madrigall*, the crowned *Poet*
Of theſe our times, doth offer at her praiſes
As faire as any, when it ſhall pleaſe *Apollo*,
That wit and rime may meete both in one ſubiect.
P. CA. And you to beare her from all theſe, it will be——
PIC. A work of fame. P. CA. Of honor. PIC. Celebration.
P. CA. Worthy your name. PIC. The *Peni-boyes* to liue in't,
P. CA. It is an action you were built for, Sir,
PIC. And none but you can doe it. P. IV. I'll vndertake it,
P. CA. And carry it. P. IV. Feare me not, for ſince I came
Of mature age, I haue had a certaine itch
In my right eye, this corner, here, doe you ſee?
To doe ſome worke, and worthy of a *Chronicle*.

The firſt Intermeane after the firſt *Act*.

MIRTH. *How now Goſſip! how doe's the Play pleaſe you?*
CENSVRE. *Very ſcurrily, me thinks, and ſufficiently naught.*
EXPECTATION. *As a body would wiſh: here's nothing but a young* Prodigall, *come of age, who makes much of the* Barber, *buyes him a place in a* new Office, *i'the ayre, I know not where, and his man o' Law to follow him, with the* Begger *to boote, and they two helpe him to a wife.*
MIRTH. *I, ſhee is a proper piece! that ſuch creatures can broke for.*
TATLE. *I cannot abide that naſty fellow, the* Begger, *if hee had beene a* Court-Begger *in good clothes; a* Begger *in veluet, as they ſay, I could haue endur'd him.*
MIRTH. *Or a* begging ſcholler *in blacke, or one of theſe beggerly* Poets, *goſſip, that would hang vpon a young heyre like a horſeleech.*

EXPEC. *Or a thred-bare* Doctor *of* Physicke, *a poore* Quackesaluer.

CENSVRE. *Or a* Sea-captaine, *halfe sterv'd.*

MIRTH. *I, these were tolerable* Beggers, Beggers *of fashion! you shall see some such anon!*

TATLE. *I would faine see the* Foole, *gossip, the* Foole *is the finest man i'the company, they say, and has all the wit: Hee is the very* Iustice *o'*Peace *o'the Play, and can cemmit whom hee will, and what hee will, errour, absurdity, as the toy takes him, and no man say, blacke is his eye, but laugh at him.*

MIRTH. *But they ha' no* Foole *i' this Play, I am afraid, gossip.*

TATLE. *It's a wise Play, then.*

EXPECTATION. *They are all fooles, the rather, in that.*

CENSVRE. *Like enough.*

TATLE. *My husband,* (Timothy Tatle, *God rest his poore soule*) *was wont to say, there was no Play without a* Foole, *and a* Diuell *in't; he was for the* Diuell *still, God blesse him. The* Diuell *for his money, would hee say, I would faine see the* Diuell. *And why would you so faine see the* Diuell? *would I say. Because hee has hornes, wife, and may be a cuckold, as well as a* Diuell, *hee would answer: You are e'en such another, husband, quoth I. Was the* Diuell *euer married? where doe you read, the* Diuell *was euer so honorable to commit* Matrimony; *The Play will tell vs, that, sayes hee, wee'll goe see't to morrow, the* Diuell is an Asse. *Hee is an errant learn'd man, that made it, and can write, they say, and I am fouly deceiu'd, but hee can read too.*

MIRTH. *I remember it gossip, I went with you, by the same token,* Mrs. Trouble Truth *diswaded vs, and told vs, hee was a prophane* Poet, *and all his Playes had* Diuels *in them. That he kept schole vpo'the* Stage, *could coniure there, aboue the* Schole *of* Westminster, *and* Doctor Lamb *too: not a Play he made, but had a* Diuell *in it. And that he would learne vs all to make our husbands Cuckolds at Playes: by another token, that a young married wife i'the cempany, said, shee could finde in her heart to steale thither, and see a little o'the vanity through her masque, and come practice at home.*

TATLE. *O, it was,* Mistresse—

MIRTH. *Nay, Gossip, I name no body. It may be 'twas my selfe.*

EXPECTATION. *But was the* Diuell *a proper man, Gossip?*

MIRTH. *As fine a gentleman, of his inches, as euer I saw trusted to the* Stage, *or any where else: and lou'd the common wealth, as well as ere a* Patriot *of' hem all: hee would carry away the* Vice *on his backe, quicke to* Hell, *in euery Play where he came, and reforme abuses.*

EXPECTATION. *There was the* Diuell *of* Edmonton, *no such man, I warrant you.*

CENSVRE. *The* Coniurer *coosen'd him with a candles end, hee was an Asse.*

MIRTH. *But there was one* Smug, *a Smith, would haue made a horse laugh, and broke his halter, as they say.*

TATLE. *O, but the poore man had got a shrewd mischance, one day.*

EXPEC-

EXPECTATION. *How, Gossip?*

TATLE. *He had drest a Rogue lade i' the morning, that had the Staggers, and had got such a spice of 'hem himselfe, by noone, as they would not away all the Play time, doe what hee could, for his heart.*

MIRTH. *'Twas his part, Gossip, he was to be drunke, by his part.*

TATLE. *Say you so, I vnderstood not so much.*

EXPECTA. *Would wee had such an other part, and such a man in this play, I feare 'twill be an excellent dull thing.*

CENSVRE. *Expect, intend it.*

ACT. II. SCENE. I.

PENI-BOY. Sen. PECVNIA. MORTGAGE. STATVTE. BAND. BROKER.

YOur *Grace* is sad me thinks, and melancholy!
You doe not looke vpon me with that face,
As you were wont, my Goddesse, bright *Pecunia*:
Although your *Grace* be falne, of *two i' the hundred*,
In vulgar estimation; yet am I,
You *Graces* seruant still: and teach this body,
To bend, and these my aged knees to buckle,
In adoration, and iust worship of you.
Indeed, I doe confesse, I haue no shape
To make a minion of, but I'm your *Martyr*,
Your *Graces Martyr*. I can heare the Rogues,
As I doe walke the streetes, whisper, and point,
There goes old *Peni-boy*, the slaue of money,
Rich *Peni-boy*, *Lady Pecunia's* drudge,
A sordid Rascall, one that neuer made
Good meale in his sleep, but sells the acates are sent him,
Fish, Fowle, and venison, and preserues himselfe,
Like an old hoary Rat, with mouldy pye-crust.

This I doe heare, reioycing, I can ſuffer
This, and much more, for your good *Graces* ſake.
PEC. Why do you ſo my Guardian? I not bid you,
Cannot my *Grace* be gotten, and held too,
Without your ſelfe-tormentings, and your watches,
Your macerating of your body thus
With cares, and ſcantings of your dyet, and reſt?
P. SE. O, no, your ſeruices, my *Princely Lady*,
Cannot with too much zeale of *rites* be done,
They are ſo ſacred. PEC. But my Reputation,
May ſuffer, and the worſhip of my family,
When by ſo ſeruile meanes they both are ſought.
P. SE. You are a noble, young, free, gracious *Lady*,
And would be euery bodies, in your bounty,
But you muſt not be ſo. They are a few
That know your merit, *Lady*, and can valew't.
Your ſelfe ſcarce vnderſtands your proper powers.
They are *all-mighty*, and that wee your ſeruants,
That haue the honour here to ſtand ſo neere you,
Know; and can vſe too. All this *Nether-world*
Is yours, you command it, and doe ſway it,
The honour of it, and the honeſty,
The reputation, I, and the religion,
(I was about to ſay, and had not err'd)
Is Queene *Pecunia's*. For that ſtile is yours,
If mortals knew your *Grace*, or their owne good.
MOR. Pleaſe your *Grace* to retire. BAN. I feare your *Grace*
Hath ta'ne too much of the ſharpe ayre. PEC. O no!
I could endure to take a great deale more
(And with my conſtitution, were it left)
Vnto my choice, what thinke you of it, *Statute*?
STA. A little now and then does well, and keepes
Your *Grace* in your complexion. BAN. And true temper.
MOR. But too much *Madame*, may encreaſe cold rheumes,
Nouriſh catarrhes, greene ſickneſſes, and agues,
And put you in conſumption. P. SE. Beſt to take
Aduice of your graue women, Noble *Madame*,
They know the ſtate o'your body, and ha'ſtudied
Your *Graces* health. BAN. And honour. Here'll be viſitants,
Or Suitors by and by; and 'tis not fit
They find you here. STA. 'Twill make your *Grace* too cheape
To giue them audience preſently. MOR. Leaue your *Secretary*,
To anſwer them. PEC. Waite you here, *Broker*. BRO. I ſhal *Madame*.
And doe your *Graces* truſts with diligence.

ACT.

ACT. II. SCENE. II.

PYED-MANTLE. BROKER. PENI-BOY. SEN.

WHat luck's this? I am come an inch too late,
Doe you heare Sir? Is your worship o'the family
Vnto the *Lady Pecunia*? BRO. I serue her *Grace*, Sir,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the *Infanta*.
PYE. Has she all those *Titles*, and her *Grace* besides,
I must correct that ignorance and ouer-sight,
Before I doe present. Sir, I haue drawne
A *Pedigree* for her *Grace*, though yet a Nouice
In that so noble study. BRO. A *Herald* at *Armes*?
PYE. No Sir, a *Pursuant*, my name is *Pyed-mantle*.
BRO. Good Master *Pyed-mantle*. PYE. I haue deduc'd her.—
BRO. From all the *Spanish Mines* in the *West-Indies*,
I hope: for she comes that way by her mother,
But, by her Grand-mother, she's *Dutches* of *Mines*.
PYE. From mans creation I haue brought her. BRO. No further?
Before Sr, long before, you haue done nothing else,
Your *Mines* were before *Adam*, search your *Office*,
Rowle *fiue* and *twenty*, you will finde it so,
I see you are but a Nouice, Master *Pyed-mantle*:
If you had not told mee so. PYE. Sir, an *apprentise*
In *armoiry*. I haue read the *Elements*,
And *Accidence*, and all the leading bookes,
And I haue, now, vpon me a great ambition,
How to be brought to her *Grace*, to kisse her hands.
BRO. Why, if you haue acquaintance with Mistresse *Statute*,
Or Mistresse *Band*, my *Ladies Gentlewomen*,
They can induce you. One is a *Iudges* Daughter,
But somewhat stately; th'other Mistresse *Band*,
Her father's but a *Scriuener*, but shee can
Almost as much with my *Lady*, as the other,
Especially, if *Rose Waxe* the Chambermaid
Be willing. Doe you not know her, Sir, neither?
PYE. No in troth Sir. BRO. She's a good plyant wench,
And easie to be wrought, Sir, but the Nurse
Old mother *Mortgage*, if you haue a *Tenement*,
Or such a morsell? though shee haue no teeth,

Shee loues a ſweet meat, any thing that melts
In her warme gummes, ſhe could command it for you
On ſuch a trifle, a toy. Sir, you may ſee,
How for your loue, and this ſo pure complexion,
(A perfect *Sanguine*) I ha' ventur'd thus,
The ſtraining of a ward, opening a doore
Into the ſecrets of our family:
PYE. I pray you let mee know, Sir, vnto whom
I am ſo much beholden; but your name.
BRO. My name is *Broker*, I am *Secretary*,
And *Vſher*, to her *Grace*. PYE. Good Maſter *Broker*!
BRO. Good Mr. *Pyed-mantle*. PYE. Why? you could do me,
If you would, now, this fauour of your ſelfe.
BRO. Truely, I thinke I could: but if I would,
I hardly ſhould, without, or Miſtreſſe *Band*,
Or Miſtreſſe *Statute*, pleaſe to appeare in it.
Or the good Nurſe I told you of, Miſtreſſe *Mortgage*.
We know our places here, wee mingle not
One in anothers ſphere, but all moue orderly,
In our owne orbes; yet wee are all *Concentricks*.
PYE. Well, Sir, I'll waite a better ſeaſon. BRO. Doe,
And ſtudy the right meanes, get Miſtreſſe *Band*
To vrge on your behalfe, or little *Waxe*.
PYE. I haue a hope, Sir, that I may, by chance,
Light on her *Grace*, as ſhe's taking the ayre:
BRO. That ayre of hope, has blaſted many an ayrie
Of Caſtrills like your ſelfe: Good Maſter *Pyed-mantle*,
P. SE. Well ſaid, Maſter *Secretary*, I ſtood behinde
And heard thee all. I honor thy diſpatches.
If they be rude, vntrained it our method
And haue not ſtudied the rule, diſmiſſe 'hem quickly,
Where's *Lickfinger* my Cooke? that vnctuous raſcall?
Hee'll neuer keepe his houre, that veſſell of kitchinſtuffe!

Broker *makes a mouth at him. He ietres him againe. Old* Peny-boy *leaps*

ACT.

ACT. II. SCENE. IIJ.

BROKER. PENY-BOY. SE. LICK-FINGER.

HEere hee is come, Sir. P. SE. Pox vpon him kidney;
Alwaies too late! LIC. To wish 'hem you, I confesse,
That ha'them already. P. SE. What? LIC. The pox! P. SE. The
The plague, and all diseases light on him, (piles,
Knowes not to keepe his word. I'ld keepe my word sure!
I hate that man that will not keepe his word,
When did I breake my word? LIC. Or I, till now?
And 'tis but halfe an houre. P. SE. Halfe a yeere:
To mee that stands vpon a minute of time.
I am a iust man, I loue still to be iust.
LIC. Why? you thinke I can runne like light-foot *Ralph*,
Or keep a wheele-barrow, with a sayle in towne here,
To whirle me to you: I haue lost two stone
Of suet i'the seruice posting hither,
You might haue followed me like a watering-pot,
And seene the knots I made along the street;
My face dropt like the skimmer in a fritter panne,
And my whole body, is yet (to say the truth)
A rosted pound of butter, with grated bread in 't! *He sweepes his face.*
P. SE. Belieue you, he that list. You stay'd of purpose,
To haue my venison stinke, and my fowle mortify'd,
That you might ha''hem---LIC. A shilling or two cheaper,
That's your iealousie. P. SE. Perhaps it is.
Will you goe in, and view, and value all?
Yonder is venison sent mee! fowle! and fish!
In such abundance! I am sicke to see it!
I wonder what they meane! I ha' told 'hem of it!
To burthen a weake stomacke! and prouoke
A dying appetite! thrust a sinne vpon me
I ne'r was guilty of! nothing but gluttony!
Grosse gluttony! that will vndoe this Land!
LIC. And bating two i'the hundred. P. SE. I, that same's
A crying sinne, a fearefull damn'd deuice,
Eats vp the poore, deuoures 'hem---LIC. Sir, take heed
What you giue out. P. SE. Against your graue great *Solons?*
Numæ Pompilij, they that made that *Law?*

To take away the poore's inheritance?
It was their portion: I will ſtand to't.
And they haue rob'd 'hem of it, plainly rob'd 'hem,
I ſtill am a iuſt man, I tell the truth.
When moneies went at Ten i'the hundred, I,
And ſuch as I, the ſeruants of *Pecunia*,
Could ſpare the poore *two* out of *ten*, and did it,
How ſay you, *Broker*? (LIC. Ask your *Eccho*) BRO. You did it.
P. SE. I am for Iuſtice, when did I leaue Iuſtice?
We knew 'twas theirs, they'had right and *Title* to't.
Now---LIC. You can ſpare 'hem nothing. P. SE. Very little,
LIC. As good as nothing. P. SE. They haue bound our hands
With their wiſe ſolemne act, ſhortned our armes.
LIC. Beware thoſe worſhipfull eares, Sir, be not ſhortned,
And you play Crop i'the fleete, if you vſe this licence.
P. SE. What licence, Knaue? Informer? LIC. I am *Lickfinger*,
Your Cooke. P. SE. A ſaucy *Iacke* you are, that's once;
VVhat ſaid I, *Broker*? BRO. Nothing that I heard, Sir.
LIC. I know his gift, hee can be deafe when he liſt.
P. SE. Ha' you prouided me my buſhell of egges?
I did beſpeake? I doe not care how ſtale,
Or ſtincking that they be; let 'hem be rotten:
For ammunition here to pelt the boyes,
That breake my windowes? LIC. Yes Sir, I ha' ſpar'd 'hem
Out of the cuſtard politique for you, the Maiors.
P. SE. 'Tis well, goe in, take hence all that exceſſe,
Make what you can of it, your beſt: and when
I haue friends, that I inuite at home, prouide mee
Such, ſuch, and ſuch a diſh, as I beſpeake;
One at a time, no ſuperfluitie.
Or if you haue it not, returne mee money;
You know my waies. LIC. They are a little crooked.
P. SE. How knaue? LIC. Becauſe you do indent. P. SE. 'Tis true, Sir,
I do indent you ſhall returne me money.
LIC. Rather then meat, I know it: you are iuſt ſtill.
P. SE. I loue it ſtill. And therefore if you ſpend
The red-Deere pyes i'your houſe, or ſell 'hem forth, Sir,
Caſt ſo, that I may haue their coffins all,
Return'd here, and pil'd vp: I would be thought
To keepe ſome kind of houſe. LIC. By the mouldie ſignes?
P. SE. And then remember meat for my two dogs:
Fat flaps of mutton; kidneyes; rumps of veale;
Good plentious ſcraps; my maid ſhall eat the reliques.
LIC. VVhen you & your dogs haue din'd. A ſweet reuerſion.
P. SE. VVho's here? my *Courtier*? and my little *Doctor*?
My *Maſter-Maſter*? and what Plouer's that
They haue brought to pull? BRO. I know not, ſome green Plouer.

I'le

I'le find him out. P. SE. Doe, for I know the reſt,
They are the *Ieerers*, mocking, flouting *Iackes*.

ACT. II. SCENE. IV.

FITTON. PENI-BOY. SR. ALMANACH. SHVNFIELD. MADRIGAL. LICH-FINGER. BROKER.

HOw now old *Money-Bawd*? w'are come—P. IV. To *ieere* me,
As you were wont, I know you. ALM. No, to giue thee
Some good ſecurity, and ſee *Pecunia*.
P. SE. What is't? FIT. Our ſelues.
ALM. Wee'l be one bound for another.
FIT. This noble *Doctor* here. ALM. This worthy *Courtier*.
FIT. This *Man o' war*, he was our *Muſter-Maſter*.
ALM. But a *Sea-Captaine* now, braue *Captaine Shun-field*. *He holds vp his noſe.*
SHVN. You ſnuffe the ayre now, as the ſcent diſpleas'd you?
FIT. Thou needſt not feare him man; his credit is ſound,
ALM. And ſeaſon'd too, ſince he tooke ſalt at Sea.
P. SE. I doe not loue pickl'd ſecurity;
Would I had one good *Freſh-man* in for all;
For truth is, you three ſtinke. SHV. You are a Rogue,
P. SE. I thinke I am, but I will lend no money
On that ſecurity, *Captaine*. ALM. Here's a Gentleman,
A *Freſh-man* i' the world, one Maſter *Madrigall*.
FIT. Of an vntainted credit; what ſay you to him? *Madrigall ſteps aſide with Broker.*
SHV. Hee's gone me thinkes, where is he? *Madrigall?*
P. SE. H' has an odde ſinging name, is he an Heyre?
FIT. An Heyre to a faire fortune, ALM. And full hopes:
A dainty *Scholler*, and a pretty *Poët*!
P. SE. Y'aue ſaid enough. I ha' no money, Gentlemen,
An' he goe to't in ryme once, not a penny. *He ſnuffes againe.*
SHV. Why, hee's of yeares, though he haue little beard.
P. SE. His beard has time to grow. I haue no money:
Let him ſtill dable in *Poetry*. No *Pecunia*
Is to be ſeene. ALM. Come, thou lou'ſt to be coſtiue
Still i' thy curt'ſie; but I haue a pill,
A golden pill to purge away this melancholly.
SHV. Tis nothing but his keeping o' the houſe here,
With his two drowſie doggs. FIT. A drench of ſacke
At a good tauerne, and a fine freſh pullet,

Would cure him. LIC. Nothing but a yong Haire in white-broth,
I know his diet better then the *Doctor*.
SHV. What *Lick-finger*? mine old host of *Ram-Alley*?
You ha' some meat here. ALM. Some dosser of Fish
Or Fowle to fetch of. FIT. An odde bargaine of Venison,
To driue. P. SE. Will you goe in, knaue? LIC. I must needs,
You see who driues me, gentlemen. ALM. Not the *diuell*.
FIT. Hee may be in time, hee is his *Agent*, now.
P. SE. You are all cogging *Iacks*, a Couy o' wits,
The leerers, that still call together at meales;
Or rather an Airy, for you are birds of prey:
Peny-boy *thrusts him in.* And flie at all, nothing's too bigge or high for you.
And are so truely fear'd, but not belou'd
One of another: as no one dares breake
Company from the rest, lest they should fall,
Vpon him absent. ALM. O! the onely *Oracle*
That euer peept, or spake out of a dublet.
SHV. How the rogue stinks, worse then a Fishmonger sleeues!
FIT. Or Curriers hands! SHV. And such a perboil'd visage!
FIT. His face lookes like a Diers apron, iust!
ALM. A sodden head, and his whole braine a possit curd!
P. SE. I, now you leere, leere on; I haue no money.
ALM. I wonder what religion hee's of!
FIT. No certaine *species* sure, A kinde of mule!
That's halfe an *Ethnicke*, halfe a *Christian*!
P. Se. I haue no monie, gentlemen. SHV. This stocke.
He has no sense of any vertue, honour,
Gentrie or *merit*. P. Se. You say very right,
My *meritorious Captaine*, (as I take it!)
Merit will keepe no house, nor pay no house rent.
Will Mistresse *Merit* goe to mercat, thinke you?
Set on the pot, or feed the family?
Will *Gentry* cleare with the Butcher? or the Baker?
Fetch in a Phessant, or a brace of Partridges,
From good-wife *Poulter*, for my *Ladies* supper. (tho',
FIT. See! this pure rogue! P. Se. This rogue has money
My worshipfull braue *Courtier* has no money.
No, nor my valiant *Captaine*. SHV. Hang you rascall.
P. Se. Nor you, my learned *Doctor*. I lou'd you
Whil you did hold your practice, and kill tripe wiues.
And kept you to your vrinall; but since your thombes
Haue greas'd the *Ephemerides*, casting figures,
And turning ouer for your Candle-rents,
Aud your twelue houses in the *Zodiacke*:
With your *Almutens*, *Alma cantaras*,
Troth you shall cant alone for *Peny-boy*.
SHV. I told you what we should find him, a meere Bawd.

FIT.

FIT. A rogue, a cheater. P. Se. What you please, gentlemen,
I am of that humble nature and condition,
Neuer to minde your worships, or take notice
Of what you throw away, thus. I keepe house here
Like a lame Cobler, neuer out of doores,
With my two dogs, my friends; and (as you say)
Driue a quicke pretty trade; still. I get money:
And as for Titles, be they *Rogue*, or *Rascall*,
Or what your worships fancy, let 'hem passe
As transitory things; they're mine to day,
And yours to morrow. ALM. Hang thee dog. SHV. Thou curre.
P. Se. You see how I doe blush, and am asham'd
Of these large attributes? yet you haue no money.
ALM. Well wolfe, *Hyæna*, you old pockie rascall,
You will ha' the *Hernia* fall downe againe
Into your *Scrotum*, and I shall be sent for.
I will remember then, that; and your *Fistula*
In ano, I cur'd you of. P. Se. Thanke your dog-leech craft.
They were 'holesome piles, afore you meddl'd with 'hem.
ALM. What an vngratefull wretch is this? SHV. Hee minds
A curtesie no more, then *London*-bridge,
What Arch was mended last. FIT. Hee neuer thinkes.
More then a logge, of any grace at Court,
A man may doe him: or that such a *Lord*
Reach't him his hand. P. Se. O yes! if grace would strike
The brewers Tally, or my good *Lords* hand,
Would quit the scores. But Sir, they will not doe it.
Here's a piece, my good *Lord* piece, doth all. *He shewes a piece.*
Goes to the Butchers, fetches in a muton,
Then to the Bakers, brings in bread, makes fires,
Gets wine, and does more reall Curtesies,
Then all my *Lords*, I know: My sweet *Lord* peece!
You are my *Lord*, the rest are cogging *Iacks*,
Vnder the *Rose*. SHV. Rogue, I could beat you now,
P. Se. True *Captaine*, if you durst beat any other.
I should belieue you, but indeed you are hungry;
You are not angry *Captaine*, if I know you
Aright; good *Captaine*. No, *Pecunia*,
Is to be seene, though Mistresse *Band* would speake,
Or little Blushet-*Waxe*, be ne'r so easie,
I'll stop mine eares with her, against the *Syrens*,
Court, and *Philosophy*. God be wi you, Gentlemen,
Prouide you better names. *Pecunia* is for you.
FIT. What a damn'd *Harpy* it is? where's *Madrigall*? *Madrigall returnes.*
Is he sneek'd hence. SHV. Here he comes with *Broker*,
Pecunia's Secretary. ALM. He may doe some good
With him perhaps. Where ha' you beene *Madrigall*?

MAD. Aboue with my *Ladies* women, reading verſes.
FIT. That was a fauour. Good morrow, Maſter *Secretary*.
SHV. Good morrow, Maſter *Vſher*. ALM. Sir, by both
Your worſhipfull *Titles*, and your name Mas *Broker*.
Good morrow. MAD. I did aske him if hee were
Amphibion Broker. SHV. Why? ALM. A creature of two natures,
Becauſe hee has two *Offices*. BRO. You may ieere,
You ha' the wits, young Gentlemen. But your hope
Of *Helicon*, will neuer carry it, heere,
With our fat family; we ha' the dulleſt,
Moſt unboar'd Eares for verſe amongſt our females.
I grieu'd you read ſo long, Sir, old Nurſe *Mortgage*,
Shee ſnoar'd i' the Chaire, and *Statute* (if you mark'd her)
Fell faſt a ſleepe, and Miſtreſſe *Band*, ſhee nodded,
But not with any conſent to what you read.
They muſt haue ſomwhat elſe to chinke, then rymes.
If you could make an *Epitaph* on your Land,
(Imagine it on departure) ſuch a *Poem*
Would wake 'hem, and bring *Waxe* to her true temper.
MAD. I faith Sir, and I will try. BRO. 'Tis but earth,
Fit to make brickes and tyles of. SHV. Pocks vpon't
'Tis but for pots, or pipkins at the beſt.
If it would keepe vs in good tabacco pipes,
BRO. 'Twere worth keeping. FIT. Or in *porc' lane* diſhes
There were ſome hope. ALM. But this is a hungry ſoile,
And muſt be helpt. FIT. Who would hold any Land
To haue the trouble to marle it. SHV. Not a gentleman.
BRO. Let clownes and hyndes affect it, that loue ploughes,
And carts, and harrowes, and are buſie ſtill,
In vexing the dull element. ALM. Our ſweete *Songſter*
Shall rarifie t into ayre. FIT. And you Mas. *Broker*
Shall haue a feeling. BRO. So it ſupple, Sir,
The nerues. MAD. O! it ſhall be palpable,
Make thee runne thorow a hoope, or a thombe-ring,
The noſe of a tabacco pipe, and draw
Thy ductile bones out, like a knitting needle,
To ſerue my ſubtill turnes. BRO. I ſhall obey, Sir,
And run a thred, like an houre-glaſſe. P. SE. Where is *Broker*?
Are not theſe flies gone yet? pray quit my houſe,
I'le ſmoake you out elſe. FIT. O! the Prodigall!
Will you be at ſo much charge with vs, and loſſe?
MAD. I haue heard you ha' offered Sir, to lock vp ſmoake,
And cauke your windores, ſpar up all your doores,
Thinking to keepe it a cloſe priſoner wi' you,
And wept, when it went out, Sir, at your chimney.
FIT. And yet his eyes were dryer then a pummiſe.
SHV. A wretched raſcall, that will binde about

The noſe of his bellowes, leſt the wind get out
When hee's abroad. ALM. Sweepes downe no cobwebs here,
But ſells 'hem for cut-fingers. And the ſpiders,
As creatures rear'd of duſt, and coſt him nothing,
To fat old *Ladies* monkeyes. FIT. Hee has offer'd
To gather vp ſpilt water, and preſerue
Each haire falls from him to ſtop balls with all.
SHV. A ſlaue, and an Idolater to *Pecunia*!
P.SE. You all haue happy memories, Gentlemen,
In rocking my poore cradle. I remember too,
When you had lands, and credit, worſhip, friends,
I, and could giue ſecurity: now, you haue none,
Or will haue none right ſhortly. This can time,
And the viciſſitude of things. I haue
All theſe. and money too, and doe poſſeſſe 'hem,
And am right heartily glad of all our memories,
And both the changes. FIT. Let vs leaue the viper.
P.SE. Hee's glad he is rid of his torture, and ſo ſoone.
Broker, come hither, vp, and tell your *Lady*,
Shee muſt be readie preſently, and *Statute*,
Band, *Mortgage*, *VVax*. My prodigall young kinſman
Will ſtreight be here to ſee her; 'top of our houſe,
The flouriſhing, and flanting *Peny-boy*.
Wee were but three of vs in all the world,
My brother *Francis*, whom they call'd *Franck Peny-boy*,
Father to this: hee's dead. This *Peny-boy*,
Is now the heire! I, Richer *Peny-boy*,
Not *Richard*, but old *Harry Peny-boy*,
And (to make rime) cloſe, wary *Peny-boy*
I ſhall haue all at laſt, my hopes doe tell me.
Goe, ſee all ready; and where my dogs haue falted,
Remoue it with a broome, and ſweeten all
VVith a ſlice of iuniper, not too much, but ſparing,
VVe may be faultie our ſelues elſe, and turne prodigall,
In entertaining of the *Prodigall*.
Here hee is! and with him---what! a *Clapper Dudgeon*!
That's a good ſigne; to haue the begger follow him,
So neere at his firſt entry into fortune.

ACT. II. SCENE. V.

PENY-BOY. IV. PENI-BOY. SEN. PICLOCK. CANTER. BROKER. PECVNIA. STATVTE. BAND. WAX. MORTGAGE. *bid in the ſtudy.*

HOw now old Vncle? I am come to ſee thee.
And the braue *Lady*, here, the daughter of *Ophir*,
They ſay thou keepſt. P. SE. Sweet Nephew, if ſhe were
The daughter o' the *Sunne*, ſhee's at your ſeruice,
Aud ſo am I, and the whole family,
Worſhipfull Nephew. P. IV. Sai'ſt thou ſo, deare Vncle?
Welcome my friends then: Here is, *Domine Picklocke:*
My *man* o' *Law*, ſollicits all my cauſes.
Followes my buſineſſe, makes, and compounds my quarrells,
Betweene my tenants and mee, ſowes all my ſtrifes,
And reapes them too, troubles the country for mee,
And vexes any neighbour, that I pleaſe.
P. SE. But with commiſſion? P. IV. Vnder my hand & ſeale.
P. Se. A worſhipfull place! PIC. I thanke his worſhip for it.
P. SE. But what is this old Gentleman? P. CA. A Rogue,
A very *Canter*, I Sir, one that *maunds*
Vpon the *Pad*, wee ſhould be brothers though:
For you are neere as wretched as my ſelfe,
You dare not vſe your money, and I haue none.
P. SE. Not vſe my money, cogging *Iacke*, who vſes it
At better rates? lets it for more i' the hundred,
Then I doe, Sirrah? P. IV. Be not angry vncle.
P. SE. What? to diſgrace me, with my *Queene?* as if
I did not know her valew. P. CA. Sir, I meant
Young Peny-boy is angry. You durſt not to enioy it. P. SE. Hold your peace,
You are a *Iacke*. P. SE. Vncle, he ſhall be a *Iohn*,
And, you goe to that, as good a man as you are.
An' I can make him ſo, a better man,
Perhaps I will too. Come, let vs goe. P. SE. Nay, kinſman,
My worſhipfull kinſman, and the top of our houſe,
Doe not your penitent vncle that affront,
For a raſh word, to leaue his ioyfull threſhold,
Before you ſee the *Lady* that you long for.
The *Venus* of the time, and ſtate, *Pecunia!*
I doe perceiue, your bounty loues the man,

For

For ſome concealed vertue, that he hides
Vnder thoſe rags. P. CA. I owe my happineſſe to him,
The waiting on his worſhip, ſince I brought him
The happy *Newes*, welcome to all young heires.
P. IV. Thou didſt indeed, for which I thanke thee yet;
Your *Fortunate Princeſſe*, Vncle, is long a comming.
P. CA. She is not rigg'd, Sir, ſetting forth ſome *Lady*;
Will coſt as much as furniſhing a Fleete,
Here ſhe's come at laſt, and like a Galley
Guilt i'the prow. P. IV. Is this *Pecunia*?
P. SE. Vouchſafe my toward kinſman, gracious *Madame*,
The fauour of your hand. PEC. Nay, of my lips, Sir,
To him. P. IV. She kiſſes like a mortall creature,
Almighty Madame, I haue long'd to ſee you.
PEC. And I haue my deſire, Sir, to behold
That youth, and ſhape, which in my dreames and wakes,
I haue ſo oft contemplated, and felt
Warme in my veynes, and natiue as my blood.
When I was told of your arriuall here,
I felt my heart beat, as it would leape out,
In ſpeach; and all my face it was a flame,
But how it came to paſſe I doe not know.
P. IV. O! beauty loues to be more proud then nature,
That made you bluſh. I cannot ſatisfie
My curious eyes, by which alone I am happy,
In my beholding you. P. CA. They paſſe the complement
Prettily well. PIC. I, he does kiſſe her, I like him.
P. IV. My paſſion was cleare contrary, and doubtfull,
I ſhooke for feare, and yet I danc'd for ioy,
I had ſuch motions as the Sunne-beames make
Againſt a wall, or playing on a water,
Or trembling vapour of a boyling pot----
P. SE. That's not ſo good, it ſhould ha'bin a *Crucible*,
With molten mettall, ſhe had vnderſtood it.
P. IV. I cannot talke, but I can loue you, *Madame*.
Are theſe your Gentlewomen? I loue them too.
And which is miſtreſſe *Statute*? Miſtreſſe *Band*?
They all kiſſe cloſe, the laſt ſtucke to my lips.
BRO. It was my *Ladies* Chamber-maid, ſoft-*Waxe*.
P. IV. Soft lips ſhe has, I am ſure on't. Mother *Mortgage*,
I'll owe a kiſſe, till ſhe be yonger, *Statute*,
Sweet Miſtreſſe *Band*, and honey, little *VVaxe*,
We muſt be better acquainted. STA. We are but ſeruants, Sir.
BAND. But whom her *Grace* is ſo content to grace,
We ſhall obſerue. WAX. Aand with all fit reſpect.
MOR. In our poore places. WAX. Being her *Graces* ſhadowes.
P. IV. A fine well-ſpoken family. What's thy name?

The ſtudy is open'd where ſhe ſit in ſtate. Shee kiſſeth him.

He kiſſeth her.

He doubles the complement to them all.

BRO. *Broker.* P.IV. Me thinks my vncle ſho uld not need thee;
Who is a crafty Knaue, enough, beleeue it.
Art thou her *Graces* Steward? BRO. No, her Vſher, Sir.
P.IV. What, o'the Hall? thou haſt a ſweeping face,
Thy beard is like a broome. BRO. No barren chin, Sir,
I am no *Eunuch*, though a Gentleman-Vſher.
P.IV. Thou ſhalt goe with vs. Vncle, I muſt haue
My *Princeſſe* forth to day. P.SE. Whither you pleaſe, Sir,
You ſhall command her. PEC. I will doe all grace
To my new ſeruant. P.SE. Thanks vnto your bounty;
He is my Nephew, and my Chiefe, the Point,
Tip, Top, and Tuft of all our family!
But, Sir, condition'd alwaies, you returne
Statute, and *Band* home, with my ſweet, ſoft *Waxe*,
And my good Nurſe, here, *Mortgage*. P.IV. O! what elſe?
P.SE. By *Broker*. P.IV. Do not feare. P.SE. She ſhall go wi' (you,
Whither you pleaſe, Sir, any where. P.CA. I ſee
A *Money-Bawd*, is lightly a *Fleſh-Bawd*, too.
PIC. Are you aduis'd? Now o'my faith, this *Canter*
Would make a good graue *Burgeſſe* in ſome Barne. (Sir.
P.IV. Come, thou ſhalt go with vs, vncle. P.CA. By no means,
P.IV. We'll haue both Sack, and Fidlers. P.SE. I'll not draw
That charge vpon your worſhip. P.CA. He ſpeakes modeſtly,
And like an Vncle; P.SE. But *Mas Broker*, here,
He ſhall attend you, Nephew; her *Graces* Vſher,
And what you fancy to beſtow on him,
Be not too lauiſh, vſe a temperate bounty,
I'll take it to my ſelfe. P.IV. I will be princely,
While I poſſeſſe my *Princeſſe*, my *Pecunia*. (lodging.
P.SE. Where is't you eat? P.IV. Hard by, at *Picklocks*
Old *Lickfinger's* the Cooke, here in *Ram-Alley*.
P.SE. He has good cheare; perhaps I'll come and ſee you.
P.CAN. O, fie! an Alley, and a Cooks-ſhop, groſſe,
'T will ſauour, Sir, moſt rankly of 'hem both.
Let your meat rather follow you, to a tauerne.
PIC. A tauern's as vnfit too, for a *Princeſſe*.
P.CA. No, I haue knowne a *Princeſſe*, and a great one,
Come forth of a tauerne. PIC. Not goe in, Sir, though.
P.CA. She muſt goe in, if ſhe came forth: the bleſſed
Pokahontas (as the *Hiſtorian* calls her
And great Kings daughters of *Virginia*)
Hath bin in womb of a tauerne; and beſides,
Your naſty Vncle will ſpoyle all your mirth,
And be as noyſome. PIC. That's true. P.CA. No 'faith,
Dine in *Apollo* with *Pecunia*,
At braue *Duke Wadloos*, haue your friends about you,
And make a day on't. P.IV. Content 'ifaith:

Old Peny-boy *thankes her, but makes his condition.*

The Canter *takes him aſide, and perſwades him,*

Our

Our meat ſhall be brought thither. *Simon* the King,
Will bid vs welcome. PIC. Patron, I haue a ſuite.
P. IV. What's that? PIC. That you will carry the *Infanta*,
To ſee the *Staple*', her *Grace* will be a grace,
To all the members of it. P. IV. I will doe it:
And haue her *Armes* ſet vp there, with her *Titles*,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the *Infanta*.
And in *Apollo*. Come (ſweete *Princeſſe*) goe.
P. SE. *Broker*, be careful of your charge. BRO. I warrant you.

The ſecond Intermeane after the ſecond *Act*.

CENSVRE. *Why, this is duller and duller! intolerable! ſcuruy! neither* Diuel *nor* Foole *in this Play! pray God, ſome on vs be not a* witch, *Goſſip, to foreſpeake the matter thus.*

MIRTH. *I feare we are all ſuch, and we were old enough: But we are not all old enough to make one* witch. *How like you the* Vice *i' the Play.*

EXPECTATION. *Which is he?*

MIR. *Three or foure: old* Couetouſneſſe, *the ſordid* Peny-boy, *the* Money-bawd, *who is a fleſh-bawd too, they ſay.*

TATLE. *But here is neuer a* Fiend *to carry him away. Beſides, he has neuer a wooden dagger! I'ld not giue a ruſh for a* Vice, *that has not a wooden dagger to ſnap at euery body he meetes.*

MIRTH. *That was the old way, Goſſip, when* Iniquity *came in like* Hokos Pokos, *in a Iuglers ierkin, with falſe skirts. like the* Knaue *of* Clubs! *but now they are attir'd like men and women o' the time, the* Vices, *male and female!* Prodigality *like a young heyre, and his* Miſtreſſe Money (*whoſe fauours he ſcatters like counters*) *prank't vp like a prime* Lady, *the* Infanta *of the* Mines.

CEN. *I, therein they abuſe an honorable* Princeſſe, *it is thought.*

MIRTH. *By whom is it ſo thought? or where lies the abuſe?*

CEN. *Plaine in the ſtiling her* Infanta, *and giuing her three names.*

MIRTH. *Take heed, it lie not in the vice of your interpretation: what haue* Aurelia, Clara, Pecunia *to do with any perſon? do they any more, but expreſſe the property of* Money, *which is the daughter of earth, and drawne out of the Mines? Is there nothing to be call'd* Infanta, *but what is ſubiect to exception? Why not the* Infanta *of the Beggers?* or Infanta *o' the Gipſies? as well as* King *of Beggers, and* King *of Gipſies?*

CEN. *Well, and there were no wiſer then I, I would ſow him in a ſack, and ſend him by ſea to his* Princeſſe.

MIRT. *Faith, and hee heard you* Cenſure, *he would goe neere to ſticke the Aſſes eares to your high dreſſing, and perhaps to all ours for harkening to you.*

TATLE. *By'r* Lady *but he should not to mine, I would harken, and harken, and censure, if I saw cause, for th'other* Princesse *sake* Pokahontas, *surnam'd the blessed, whom hee has abus'd indeed (and I doe censure him, and will censure him) to say she came foorth of a Tauerne, was said like a paltry* Poet.

MIRTH. *That's but one Gossips opinion, and my Gossip* Tatle's *too! but what saies* Expectation, *here, she sits sullen and silent.*

EXP. *Troth I expect their* Office, *their great* Office! *the Staple, what it will be! they haue talk't on't, but wee see't not open yet; would* Butter *would come in, and spread it-selfe a little to vs.*

MIRTH. *Or the butter-box,* Buz, *the* Emissary.

TATLE. *When it is churn'd, and dish't, we shall heare of it.*

EXP. *If it be fresh and sweet butter; but say it be sower and wheyish.*

MIR. *Then it is worth nothing, meere pot-*butter, *fit to be spent in* suppositories, *or greasing coach-wheeles, stale stinking butter, and such I feare it is, by the being barrell'd vp so long.*

EXPECTATION. *Or ranke* Irish *butter.*

CEN. *Haue patience Gossips, say that contrary to our expectations it proue right, seasonable, salt butter.*

MIR. *Or to the time of yeer, in* Lent, *delicate* Almond *butter! I haue a sweet tooth yet, and I will hope the best; and sit downe as quiet, and calme as butter; looke as smooth, and soft as butter; be merry, and melt like butter; laugh and be fat like butter: so butter answer my expectation, and be not mad butter; If it be: It shall both* Iuly *and* December *see.*
I say no more, But---- Dixi.

TO THE READERS.

IN this following *Act*, the *Office* is open'd, and shew'n to the *Prodigall*, and his *Princesse Pecunia*, wherein the *allegory*, and purpose of the *Author* hath hitherto beene wholly mistaken, and so sinister an interpretation beene made, as if the soules of most of the *Spectators* had liu'd in the eyes and eares of these ridiculous Gossips that tattle betweene the *Acts*. But hee prayes you thus to mend it. To consider the *Newes* here vented, to be none of his *Newes*, or any reasonable mans; but *Newes* made like the times *Newes*, (a weekly cheat to draw mony) and could not be fitter reprehended, then in raising this ridiculous *Office* of the *Staple*, wherin the age may see her owne folly, or hunger and thirst after publish'd pamphlets of *Newes*, set out euery Saturday, but made all at home, & no syllable of truth in them: then which there cannot be a greater disease in nature, or a fouler scorne put vpon the times. And so apprehending it, you shall doe the *Author*, and your owne iudgement a courtesie, and perceiue the tricke of alluring money to the *Office*, and there cooz'ning the people. If you haue the truth, rest quiet, and consider that

Ficta, voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris.

ACT.

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

FITTON. CYMBAL, *to them* PICKLOCKE.
REGISTER. CLERKE. THO: BARBER.

YOu hunt vpon a wrong ſcent ſtill, and thinke
The ayre of things will carry 'hem, but it muſt
Be reaſon and proportion, not fine ſounds,
My couſin *Cymball*, muſt get you this *Lady*.
You haue entertain'd a petty-fogger here,
Picklocke, with truſt of an *Emiſſaries* place,
And he is, all, for the young *Prodigall*,
You ſee he has left vs. CYM. Come, you doe not know him,
That ſpeake thus of him. He will haue a tricke,
To open vs a gap, by a trap-doore,
When they leaſt dreame on't. Here he comes. What newes?
PICK. Where is my brother *Buz*? my brother *Ambler*?
The *Regiſter*, *Examiner*, and the *Clerkes*?
Appeare, and let vs muſter all in pompe,
For here will be the rich *Infanta*, preſently,
To make her viſit. *Peny-boy* the heyre,
My Patron, has got leaue for her to play
With all her traine, of the old churle, her Guardian.
Now is your time to make all court vnto her;
That ſhe may firſt but know, then loue the place,
And ſhew it by her frequent viſits here:
And afterwards, get her to ſoiourne with you.
She will be weary of the *Prodigall*, quickly.
CYM. Excellent newes! FIT. And counſell of an *Oracle*!
CYM. How ſay you couſin *Fitton*? FIT. brother *Picklock*,
I ſhall adore thee, for this parcell of tidings,
It will cry vp the credit of our *Office*,
Eternally, and make our *Staple* immortall!
PICK. Looke your addreſſes, then, be faire and fit,

And entertaine her, and her creatures, too,
With all the *mignardiſe*, and quaint *Careſſes*,
You can put on 'hem. FIT. Thou ſeem'ſt, by thy language,
No leſſe a *Courtier*, then a *man* o' *Law*.
I muſt embrace thee. PIC. Tut, I am *Vertumnus*;
On euery change, or chance, vpon occaſion,
A true *Chamælion*, I can colour for't.
I moue vpon my axell, like a turne-pike.
Fit my face to the parties, and become
Streight, one of them. CYM. Sirs, vp, into your Desks,
And ſpread the rolls vpon the Table, ſo.
Is the *Examiner* ſet? REG. Yes, Sir. CYM. *Ambler*, and *Buz*,
Are both abroad, now. PIC. Wee'll ſuſtaine their parts.
No matter, let them ply the affayres without,
Let vs alone within, I like that well.
On with the cloake, and you with the *Staple* gowne,
And keep your ſtate, ſtoupe only to the *Infanta*;
We'll haue a flight at *Mortgage*, *Statute*, *Band*,
And hard, but we'll bring *Wax* vnto the retriue:
Each know his ſeuerall prouince, and diſcharge it.
FIT. I do admire this nimble ingine, *Picklock*. CYM. Cuz,
What did I ſay? FIT. You haue rectified my errour!

Fitton *puts on the office cloake, and* Cymbal *the gowne.*

Fitton *is brought about.*

ACT. III. SCENE. II.

PENI-BOY. IV. P. CANTER. PECVNIA. STATVTE. BAND. MORTGAGE. WAX. BROKER. CVSTOMERS.

BY your leaue, Gentlemen, what newes? good, good ſtill?
I' your new *Office*? *Princeſſe*, here's the *Staple*!
This is the Gouernor, kiſſe him, noble *Princeſſe*,
For my ſake. *Thom*, how is it honeſt *Thom*?
How does thy place, and thou? my Creature, *Princeſſe*?
This is my Creature, giue him your hand to kiſſe,
He was my Barber, now he writes *Clericus*!
I bought this place for him, and gaue it him.
P. CA. He ſhould haue ſpoke of that, Sir, and not you:
Two doe not doe one Office well. P. IV. 'Tis true,
But I am loth to loſe my curteſies.
P. CA. So are all they, that doe them, to vaine ends,

Hee tells Pecunia *of* Thom.

And

And yet you do loſe, when you pay you ſelues.
P. Iv. No more o' your ſentences, *Canter*, they are ſtale,
We come for *newes*, remember where you are.
I pray thee let my *Princeſſe* heare ſome *newes*,
Good Maſter *Cymbal*. Cym. What newes would ſhe heare?
Or of what kind, Sir? P. Iv. Any, any kind:
So it be *newes*, the neweſt that thou haſt,
Some *newes* of *State*, for a *Princeſſe*. Cym. Read from *Rome*, there.
Tho. They write, the *King* of *Spaine* is choſen *Pope*. P. Iv. How?
Tho. And *Emperor* too, the thirtieth of *February*.
P. Iv. Is the *Emperor* dead? Cym. No, but he has reſign'd,
And trailes a pike now, vnder *Tilly*. Fit. For pennance.
P. Iv. Theſe will beget ſtrange turnes in *Chriſtendome*!
Tho. And *Spinola* is made *Generall* of the *Ieſuits*.
P. Iv. Stranger! Fit, Sir, all are alike true, and certaine.
Cym. All the pretence to the fifth *Monarchy*,
Was held but vaine, vntill the *eccleſiaſtique*,
And *ſecular* powers, were vnited, thus,
Both in one perſon. Fit. 'T has bin long the ayme
Of the houſe of *Auſtria*. Cym. See but *Maximilian*.
His letters to the *Baron* of *Boutterſheim*,
Or *Scheiter-huyſſen*. Fit. No, of *Liechtenſtein*,
Lord Paul, I thinke. P. Iv. I haue heard of ſome ſuch thing.
Don Spinola made *Generall* of the *Ieſuits*!
A Prieſt! Cym. O, no, he is diſpenc'd with all,
And the whole *ſociety*, who doe now appeare
The onely Enginers of *Chriſtendome*.
P. Iv. They haue bin thought ſo long, and rightly too.
Fit. Witneſſe the Engine, that they haue preſented him,
To winde himſelfe with, vp, into the *Moone*:
And thence make all his diſcoueries! Cym. Read on,
Tho. And *Vittelleſco*, he that was laſt *Generall*,
Being now turn'd Cooke to the ſociety,
Has dreſt his excellence, ſuch a diſh of egges----
P. Iv. What potch'd? Tho. No, powder'd.
Cym. All the yolke is wilde fire,
As he ſhall need beleaguer no more townes,
But throw his *Egge* in. Fit. It ſhall cleare conſume,
Palace, and place; demoliſh and beare downe,
All ſtrengths before it! Cym. Neuer be extinguiſh'd!
Till all become one ruine! Fi. And from *Florence*,
Tho. They write was found in *Galileos* ſtudy,
A burning *Glaſſe* (which they haue ſent him too)
To fire any *Fleet* that's out at *Sea*----
Cym. By *Mooneſhine*, is't not ſo? Tho. Yes, Sir, i' the water.
P. Iv. His ſtrengths will be vnreſiſtable, if this hold!
Ha' you no *Newes* againſt him, on the contrary?

Newes from Rome.

Newes of the Emperor, *and* Tilly.

Newes of Spinola.

The fifth Monarchy, *vniting the* Eccleſiaſticke *and* Secular *power.*

A plot of the houſe of Auſtria.

More of Spinola.

His Egges.

Galilæo's *ſtudy.*

The burning glaſſe, by Moon-ſhine.

The Holanders Eele.

CLA. Yes, Sir, they write here, one *Cornelius-Son*,
Hath made the *Hollanders* an inuisible *Eele*,
To swimme the hauen at *Dunkirke*, and sinke all
The shipping there. P. IV. Why ha'not you this, *Thom*?
CYM. Because he keeps the *Pontificiall* side.

Peny-boy will haue him change sides:

P. IV. How, change sides, *Thom*. 'Twas neuer in my thought
To put thee vp against our selues. Come downe,
Quickly. CYM. Why, Sir? P. IV. I venter'd not my mony
Vpon those termes: If he may change; why so.
I'll ha him keepe his owne side, sure. FIT, Why, let him,
'Tis but writing so much ouer againe.
P. IV. For that I'll beare the charge: There's two Pieces, (Sir.
FIT. Come, do not stick with the gentleman. CYM. I'l take none
And yet he shall ha'the place. P. IV. They shall be ten, then,

though hee pay for it.

Vp, *Thom*: and th'*Office* shall take 'hem. Keep your side, *Thom*.
Know your owne side, doe not forsake your side, *Thom*.
CYM. Read. THO. They write here one *Cornelius-Son*,
Hath made the *Hollanders* an inuisible *Eele*,
To swimme the Hauen at *Dunkirke*, and sinke all you Sir.
The shipping there. P. IV. But how is't done? CYM. I'll shew
It is an *Antoma*, runnes vnder water,
With a snug nose, and has a nimble taile
Made like an *auger*, with which taile she wrigles
Betwixt the coasts of a Ship, and sinkes it streight. (you,
P. IV. Whence ha'you this *newes*. FIT. From a right hand I assure
The *Eele*-boats here, that lye before *Queen-Hyth*,
Came out of *Holland*. P. IV. A most braue deuice,
To murder their flat bottomes. FIT. I doe grant you:

Spinola's new proiect: an army in cork-shooes.

But what if *Spinola* haue a new *Proiect*:
To bring an army ouer in corke-shooes,
And land them, here, at *Harwich*? all his horse
Are shod with corke, and fourescore pieces of ordinance,
Mounted vpon cork-carriages, with bladders,
In stead of wheeles to runne the passage ouer
At a spring-tide. P. IV. Is't true? FIT. As true as the rest.
P. IV. He'll neuer leaue his engines: I would heare now
Some curious *newes*. CYM. As what? P. IV. *Magick*, or *Alchimy*
Or flying i'the ayre, I care not what.

Extraction of farts

CLA. They write from *Libtzig* (reuerence to your eares)
The Art of drawing farts out of dead bodies,
Is by the *Brotherhood* of the *Rosie Crosse*,
Produc'd vnto perfection, in so sweet
And rich a *tincture*----FIT. As there is no *Princesse*,
But may perfume her chamber with th'*extraction*.
P. IV. There's for you, *Princesse*. P. CA. What, a fart for her?
P. IV. I meane the *spirit*. P. CA. Beware how she resents it.

The perpetuall Motion.

P. IV. And what hast thou, *Thom*? THO. The perpetuall Motion,

Is

Is here found out by an Alewife in Saint *Katherines*,
At the ſigne o' the dancing Beares. P. Iv. What, from her tap?
I'll goe ſee that, or elſe I'll ſend old *Canter*.
He can make that diſcouery. P. Ca. Yes, in Ale.
P. Iv. Let me haue all this *Newes*, made vp, and ſeal'd.
Reg. The people preſſe vpon vs, pleaſe you, Sir,
Withdraw with your faire *Princeſſe*. There's a roome
Within, Sir, to retyre too. P. Iv. No, good *Regiſter*,
We'll ſtand it out here, and obſerue your *Office*;
What *Newes* it iſſues. Reg. 'Tis the houſe of *fame*, Sir,
Where both the curious, and the negligent;
The ſcrupulous, and careleſſe; wilde, and ſtay'd;
The idle, and laborious; all doe meet,
To taſt the *Cornucopiæ* of her rumors,
Which ſhe, the mother of ſport, pleaſeth to ſcatter
Among the vulgar: Baites, Sir, for the people!
And they will bite like fiſhes. P. Iv. Let's ſee't.
Dop. Ha' you in your prophane Shop, any *Newes*
O'the *Saints* at *Amſterdam*? Reg. Yes, how much would you?
Dop. Six peny worth. Reg. Lay your mony down, read, *Thomas*.
Tho. The *Saints* do write, they expect a Prophet, ſhortly,
The Prophet *Baal*, to be ſent ouer to them,
To calculate a *time*, and halfe a *time*,
And the whole *time*, according to *Naömetry*.
P. Iv. What's that? Tho. The meaſuring o'the *Temple*: a *Cabal*
Found out but lately, and ſet out by *Archie*,
Or ſome ſuch head, of whoſe long coat they haue heard,
And being black, deſire it. Dop. Peace be with them!
Reg. So there had need, for they are ſtill by the eares
One with another. Dop. It is their zeale. Reg. Moſt likely.
Dop. Haue you no other of that *ſpecies*? Reg. Yes,
But dearer, it will coſt you a ſhilling. Dop. Verily,
There is a nine-pence, I will ſhed no more.
Reg. Not; to the good o'the *Saints*? Dop. I am not ſure,
That, man is good. Reg. Read, from *Conſtantinople*,
Nine penny'orth. Tho. They giue out here, the *grand Signior*
Is certainely turn'd *Chriſtian*, and to cleare
The controuerſie 'twixt the *Pope* and him,
Which is the *Antichriſt*; he meanes to viſit
The *Church* at *Amſterdam*, this very Sommer,
And quit all marks o'the beaſt. Dop. Now ioyfull *tydings*.
Who brought in this? Which *Emiſſary*? Reg. *Buz*.
Your countrey-man. Dop. Now, bleſſed be the man,
And his whole *Family*, with the *Nation*.
Reg. Yes, for *Amboyna*, and the Iuſtice there!
This is a *Doper*, a ſhe *Anabaptiſt*!
Seale and deliuer her her *newes*, diſpatch.

The Regiſter *offers him a roome.*

The Office *call'd the houſe of fame.*

1. *Cu* *A ſhe* baptiſt.

Prophet Baal *expected in Holland.*

Archie *mourn'd then.*

The great Turk *turn'd* Chriſtian.

2. Cust.

C. 2. Ha'you any *newes* from the *Indies*? any mirac 1
Done in *Iapan*, by the *Iesuites*? or in *China*?

A Coloney of Cookes sent ouer to conuert the Canniballs.

CLA. No, but we heare of a *Colony* of cookes
To be set a shore o' the coast of *America*,
For the conuersion of the *Caniballs*,
And making them good, eating *Christians*.
Here comes the *Colonell* that vndertakes it.

3. Cust. *By* Colonel Lickfinger.

C. 2. Who? captaine *Lickfinger*? LIC. *Newes, newes* my boyes!
I am to furnish a great feast to day,
And I would haue what *newes* the *Office* affords.
CLA. We were venting some of you, of your *new project*,
REG. Afore 'twas paid for, you were somewhat too hasty.
P. IV. What *Lickfinger*! wilt thou conuert the *Caniballs*,
With spit and pan Diuinity? LIC. Sir, for that
I will not vrge, but for the fire and zeale
To the true cause; thus I haue vndertaken:
With two Lay-brethren, to my selfe, no more,
One o' the broach, th'other o'the boyler,
In one sixe months, and by plaine cookery,
No magick to't, but old *Iapvets* physicke,
The father of the *European* Arts,
To make such sauces for the Sauages,
And cookes their meats, with those inticing steemes,
As it would make our *Caniball-Christians*,
Forbeare the mutuall eating one another,
Which they doe doe, more cunningly, then the wilde
Anthropophagi; that snatch onely strangers,
Like my old Patrons dogs, there. P. IV. O, my Vncles!
Is dinner ready, *Lickfinger*? LIC. When you please, Sir.
I was bespeaking but a parcell of *newes*,
To strew out the long meale withall, but 't seemes
You are furnish'd here already. P. IV. O, not halfe!
LIC. What *Court-newes* is there? any *Proclamations*,
Or *Edicts* to come forth. THO. Yes, there is one.
That the *Kings Barber* has got, for aid of our trade:
Whereof there is a manifest decay.

To let long hayre runne to seed, to sow bald pates.

A *Precept* for the wearing of long haire,
To runne to seed, to sow bald pates withall,
And the preseruing fruitfull heads, and chins,
To help a mistery, almost antiquated.
Such as are bald and barren beyond hope,
Are to be separated, and set by
For *Vshers*, to old *Countesses*. LIC. And *Coachmen*.
To mount their boxes, reuerently, and driue,
Like *Lapwings*, with a shell vpo' their heads.
Thorow the streets. Ha' you no *Newes* o' the *Stage*?
They'll aske me abou *new Playes*, at dinner time.

And I should be as dumbe as a fish. THO. O! yes.
There is a *Legacy* left to the *Kings Players*,
Both for their various shifting of their *Scene*,
And dext'rous change o'their persons to all shapes,
And all disguises: by the right reuerend
Archbishop of *Spalato*. LIC. He is dead,
That plai'd him! THO. Then, h'has lost his share o' the *Legacy*.
LIC. What newes of *Gundomar*? THO. A second *Fistula*,
Or an *excoriation* (at the least)
For putting the poore *English-play*, was writ of him,
To such a sordid vse, as (is said) he did,
Of cleansing his *posterior's*. LIC. Iustice! Iustice!
THO. Since when, he liues condemn'd to his share, at *Bruxels*.
And there sits filing certaine politique hinges,
To hang the *States* on, h'has beau'd off the hookes. (nothing,
LIC. What must you haue for these? P. IV. Thou shalt pay
But reckon 'hem in i'the bill. There's twenty pieces,
Her *Grace* bestowes vpon the *Office*, *Thom*,
Write thou that downe for *Newes*. REG. We may well do't,
We haue not many such. P. IV. There's twenty more,
If you say so; my *Princesse* is a *Princesse*!
And put that too, vnder the *Office* Seale.
CYM. If it will please your *Grace* to soiourne here,
And take my roofe for couert, you shall know
The rites belonging to your blood, and birth,
Which few can apprehend: these sordid seruants,
Which rather are your keepers, then attendants,
Should not come neere your presence. I would haue
You waited on by *Ladies*, and your traine
Borne vp by persons of quality, and honour,
Your meat should be seru'd in with curious dances,
And set vpon the boord, with virgin hands,
Tun'd to their voices; not a dish remou'd,
But to the *Musicke*, nor a drop of wine,
Mixt, with his water, without *Harmony*,
PEC. You are a *Courtier*, Sir, or somewhat more;
That haue this tempting language! CYM. I'm your seruant,
Exellent *Princesse*, and would ha' you appeare
That, which you are. Come forth *State*, and wonder,
Of these our times, dazle the vulgar eyes.
And strike the people blind with admiration.
P. CAN. Why, that's the end of wealth! thrust riches outward,
And remaine beggers within: contemplate nothing
But the vile sordid things of time, place, money,
And let the noble, and the precious goe,
Vertue and honesty; hang 'hem; poore thinne membranes
Of honour; who respects them? O, the *Fates*!

Spalato's *Legacy to the* Players.

Gundomar's *vse of the game at* Chesse, *or* Play *so called.*

Hee giues 20. *pieces, to the* Office. *Doubles it.*

Cymbal *takes* Pecunia *aside, courts and woosher, to the* Office.

How hath all iuſt, true reputation fall'n,
Since money, this baſe money 'gan to haue any!
BAN. Pitty, the Gentleman is not immortall.
WAX. As he giues out, the place is, by deſcription.
FIT. A very *Paradiſe*, if you ſaw all, *Lady*.
WAX. I am the *Chamber-maid*, Sir, you miſtake,
My *Lady* may ſee all.
FIT. Sweet Miſtreſſe *Statute*, gentle Miſtreſſe *Band*,
And Mother *Mortgage*, doe but get her *Grace*
To ſoiourne here.—PIC. I thanke you gentle *Waxe*,
MOR. If it were a *Chattell*, I would try my credit.
PIC. So it is, for *terme* of *life*, we count it ſo.
STA. She meanes, *Inheritance* to *him*, and his *heyres*:
Or that he could aſſure a *State*, of *yeeres*:
I'll be his *Statute-Staple*, *Statute-Merchant*,
Or what he pleaſe. PIC. He can expect no more.
BAN. His couſin Alderman *Security*,
That he did talke of ſo, e'en now—STA. Who, is
The very broch o'the bench, gem o'the City.
BAN. He and his Deputy, but aſſure his life
For one *ſeuen yeeres*. STA. And ſee what we'll doe for him,
Vpon his *ſcarlet* motion. BAN. And old *Chaine*,
That drawes the city-eares. WAX. When he ſayes nothing,
But twirles it thus. STA. A mouing *Oratory*!
BAN. Dumb *Rethoricke*, and ſilent *eloquence*!
As the fine *Poet* ſaies! FIT. Come, they all ſcorne vs,
Doe you not ſee't? the *family* of ſcorne!
BRO. Doe not belieue him! gentle Maſter *Picklocke*,
They vnderſtood you not: the Gentlewomen,
They thought you would ha' my *Lady* ſoiourne, with you,
And you deſire but now and then, a viſit?
PIC. Yes, if ſhe pleas'd, Sir, it would much aduance
Vnto the *Office*, her continuall reſidence!
(I ſpeake but as a member) BRO. 'Tis inough.
I apprehend you. And it ſhall goe hard,
But I'll ſo worke, as ſome body ſhall worke her!
PIC. 'pray you change with our Maſter, but a word about it.
P. IV. Well, *Lickfinger*, ſee that our meat be ready,
Thou haſt *Newes* inough. LIC. Something of *Bethlem Gabor*,
And then I'm gone. THO. We heare he has deuis'd
A *Drumme*, to fill all *Chriſtendome* with the ſound:
But that he cannot drawe his forces neere it,
To march yet, for the violence of the noiſe.
And therefore he is faine by a deſigne,
To carry 'hem in the ayre, and at ſome diſtance,
Till he be married, then they ſhall appeare.
LIC. Or neuer; well, God b'wi'you (ſtay, who's here?)

Fitton *hath beene courting the waiting-women, this while, and is ieered by them.*

Daniel.

Bethlem Gabors *Drum.*

A little of the *Duke* of *Bauier*, and then——
CLA. H'has taken a gray habit, and is turn'd
The Churches *Millar*, grinds the catholique griſt
With euery wind: and *Tilly* takes the toll.
CVS. 4. Ha'you any *newes* o'the *Pageants* to ſend downe?
Into the ſeuerall *Counties*. All the countrey
Expected from the city moſt braue ſpeeches,
Now, at the Coronation. LIC. It expected
More then it vnderſtood: for, they ſtand mute,
Poore innocent dumb things; they are but wood.
As is the bench and blocks, they were wrought on, yet
If *May-day* come, and the *Sunne* ſhine, perhaps,
They'll ſing like *Memnons* Statue, and be vocall.
CVS. 5. Ha'you any *Foreſt-newes?* THO. None very wild, Sir,
Some tame there is, out o' the *Forreſt* of fooles,
A new *Parke* is a making there, to ſeuer
Cuckolds of *Antler*, from the Raſcalls. Such,
Whoſe wiues are dead, and haue ſince caſt their heads,
Shall remaine *Cuckolds-pollard*. LIC. I'll ha' that *newes*.
CVS. 1. And I. 2. And I. 3. And I. 4. And I. 5. And I.
CYM. Sir, I deſire to be excus'd; and, *Madame:*
I cannot leaue my *Office*, the firſt day.
My Couſin *Fitton* here, ſhall wait vpon you.
And *Emiſſary Picklocke*. P. IV. And *Thom: Clericus?*
CYM. I cannot ſpare him yet, but he ſhall follow you,
When they haue ordered the *Rolls*. Shut vp th'*Office*,
When you ha' done, till two a clocke.

The Duke of Bauier.

4. *Cuſt. The Pageants.*

5. *Cuſt. The new* Parke *in the* Forreſt *of* Fooles.

Peny-boy *would inuite the Maſter of the* Office

ACT. III. SCENE. III.

SHVNFIELD. ALMANACK. MADRIGAL. CLERKES.

BY your leaue, *Clerkes*,
Where ſhall we dine to day? doe you know? the Ieerers.
ALM. Where's my fellow *Fitton?* THO. New gone forth.
SHV. Cannot your *Office* tell vs, what braue fellowes
Doe eat together to day, in towne, and where?
THO. Yes, there's a Gentleman, the braue heire, yong *Peny-boy*.
Dines in *Apollo*. MAD. Come, let's thither then,
I ha' ſupt in *Apollo!* ALM. With the *Muſes?* MAD. No, (Sir:
But with two Gentlewomen, call'd, the *Graces*.
ALM. They' were euer three in *Poetry*. MAD. This was truth,

THO. Sir, Master *Fitton's* there too! SHV. All the better!
ALM. We may haue a ieere, perhaps. SHV. Yes, you'll drink,
(If there be any good meat) as much good wine now, (*Doctor.*
As would lay vp a *Dutch Ambassador.*
THO. If he dine there, he's sure to haue good meat,
For, *Lickfinger* prouides the dinner. ALM. Who?
The glory o'the Kitchin? that holds *Cookery*,
A trade from *Adam?* quotes his *broths*, and *sallads?*
And sweares he's not dead yet, but translated
In some *immortall crust*, the *past* of *Almonds?*
MAD. The same. He holds no man can be a *Poet*,
That is not a good *Cooke*, to know the palats,
And seuerall *tastes* o'the time. He drawes all *Arts*
Out of the *Kitchin*, but the *Art* of *Poetry*,
which he concludes the same with *Cookery.*
SHV. Tut, he maintaines more *heresies* then that.
He'll draw the *Magisterium* from a minc'd-pye,
And preferre Iellies, to your *Iulips*, *Doctor.*
ALM. I was at an *Olla Podrida* of his making,
Was a braue piece of *cookery!* at a funerall!
But opening the pot-lid, he made vs laugh,
who'had wept all day! and sent vs such a tickling
Into our nostrills, as the funerall feast
Had bin a wedding-dinner. SHV. Gi'him allowance,
And that but moderate, he will make a *Syren*
Sing i'the Kettle, send in an *Arion*,
In a braue broth, and of a watry greene,
Iust the Sea-colour, mounted on the backe
Of a growne *Cunger*, but, in such a posture,
As all the world would take him for a *Dolphin.*
MAD. Hee's a rare fellow, without question! but
He holds some *Paradoxes.* ALM. I, and *Pseudodoxes.*
Mary, for most, he's *Orthodox* i'the *Kitchin.*
MAD. And knowes the *Clergies* tast! ALM. I, and the *Layties!*
SHV. You thinke not o'your time, we'll come too late,
If we go not presently. MAD. Away then. SHV. Sirs,
You must get o'this *newes*, to store your *Office*,
Who dines and sups i' the towne? where, and *with whom?*
'Twill be beneficiall: when you are stor'd;
And as we like our fare, we shall reward you.
CLA. A hungry trade, 'twill be. THO. Much like *D. Humphries*;
But, now and then, as th'holesome prouerb saies,
'Twill *obsonare famem ambulando.*
CLA. Shut vp the *Office*: gentle brother *Thomas.*
THO. Brother, *Nathaniel*, I ha'the wine for you.
I hope to see vs, one day, *Emissaries.*
CLA. Why not? S'lid, I despaire not to be *Master!*

ACT.

ACT. III. SCENE. IV.

PENI-BOY. SE. BROKER. CYMBAL.

HOw now? I thinke I was borne vnder *Hercules ſtarre!*
Nothing but trouble and tumult to oppreſſe me?
Why come you backe? where is your charge? BRO. I ha' brought
A Gentleman to ſpeake with you? P. SE. To ſpeake with me?
You know 'tis death for me to ſpeake with any man.
What is he? ſet me a chaire. BRO. He's the *Maſter*
Of the great *Office*. P. SE. What? BRO. The *Staple of Newes*,
A mighty thing, they talke *Six thouſand* a yeere.
P. SE. Well bring your *ſixe* in. Where ha' you left *Pecunia*?
BRO. Sir, in *Apollo*, they are ſcarce ſet. P. SE. Bring *ſixe*.
BRO. Here is the Gentleman. P. SE. He muſt pardon me,
I cannot riſe, a diſeas'd man. CYM. By no meanes, Sir,
Reſpect your health, and eaſe. P. SE. It is no pride in me!
But paine, paine; what's your errand, Sir, to me?
Broker, returne to your charge, be *Argus*-eyed,
Awake, to the affaire you haue in hand,
Serue in *Apollo*, but take heed of *Bacchus*.
Goe on, Sir. CYM. I am come to ſpeake with you.
P. SE. 'Tis paine for me to ſpeake, a very death,
But I will heare you! CYM. Sir, you haue a *Lady*,
That ſoiournes with you. P. SE. Ha? I am ſomewhat ſhort
In my ſenſe too—CYM. *Pecunia*. P. SE. O' that ſide,
Very imperfect, on—CYM. Whom I would draw
Oftner to a poore *Office*, I am *Maſter* of—
P. SE. My hearing is very dead, you muſt ſpeake quicker.
CYM. Or, if it pleaſe you, Sir, to let her ſoiourne
In part with me; I haue a *moyety*
We will diuide, halfe of the profits. P. SE. Ha?
I heare you better now, how come they in?
Is it a certaine *buſineſſe*, or a caſuall?
For I am loth to ſeeke out doubtfull courſes,
Runne any hazardous paths, I loue ſtreight waies,
A iuſt, and vpright man! now all trade totters.
The trade of money, is fall'n, two i'the *hundred*.
That was a certaine trade, while th' age was thrifty,
And men good husbands, look'd vnto their ſtockes,
Had their mindes bounded; now the publike Riot
Proſtitutes all, ſcatters away in coaches,
In foot-mens coates, and waiting womens gownes,
They muſt haue veluet hanches (with a pox)

He is ſtarted with Broker's *comming back.*

He ſends Broker *backe.*

He pretends infirmity.

Now

Hee talkes vehemently and aloud.

Is mou'd more and more.

He is angry.

Bids him get out of his house.

Cymbal rails at him. He incerest him.

Now taken vp, and yet not pay the vſe;
Bate of the vſe? I am mad with this times manners.
CYM. You ſaid e'en now, it was death for you to ſpeake.
P. SE. I, but an anger, a iuſt anger, (as this is)
Puts life in man. Who can endure to ſee
The fury of mens gullets, and their groines?
What fires, what cookes, what kitckins might be ſpar'd?
What Stewes, Ponds, Parks, Coupes, Gárners, Magazines?
What veluets, tiſſues, ſcarfes, embroyderies?
And laces they might lacke? They couet things——
Superfluous ſtill; when it were much more honour
They could want neceſſary! What need hath Nature
Of ſiluer diſhes? or gold chamber-pots?
Of perfum'd napkins? or a numerous family,
To ſee her eate? Poore, and wiſe ſhe, requires
Meate onely; Hunger is not ambitious:
Say, that you were the *Emperour* of pleaſures,
The great *Dictator* of faſhions, for all *Europe*,
And had the pompe of all the *Courts*, and *Kingdomes*,
Laid forth vnto the ſhew? to make your ſelfe
Gaz'd, and admir'd at? You muſt goe to bed,
And take your naturall reſt: then, all this vaniſheth.
Your brauery was but ſhowen; 'twas not poſſeſt:
While it did boaſt it ſelfe, it was then periſhing. (ceſſe
CYM. This man has healthfull lungs. P. SE. All that ex-
Appear'd as little yours, as the *Spectators*.
It ſcarce fills vp the expectation
Of a few houres, that entertaines mens liues.
CYM. He has the *monopoly* of ſole-ſpeaking.
Why, good Sir? you talke all. P. SE. Why ſhould I not?
Is it not vnder mine owne roofe? my ſeeling? (not
CYM. But I came hete to talk with you. P.S. Why, an'I will
Talke with you, Sir? you are anſwer'd, who ſent for you?
CYM. No body ſent for me——P. SE. But you came, why then
Goe, as you came, heres no man holds you, There,
There lies your way, you ſee the doore. CYM. This's ſtrange!
P. Se. 'Tis my ciuility, when I doe not relliſh
The party, or his buſineſſe. Pray you be gone, Sir.
I'll ha' no venter in your *Ship*, the *Office*
Your *Barke* of *Six*, if 'twere *ſixteene*, good, Sir,
CYM. You are a rogue. P. SE. I thinke I am Sir, truly.
CYM. A Raſcall, and a *money-bawd*. P. SE. My ſurnames:
CYM. A wretched Raſcall! P. S. You will ouerflow——
And ſpill all. CYM. Caterpiller, moath,
Horſe-leach, and dung-worme——P. SE. Still you loſe your labor.
I am a broken veſſell, all runnes out:
A ſhrunke old *Dryfat*. Fare you well, good *Sixt*.

The third Intermeane after the third *Act.*

CENSVRE. *A notable tough Rascall! this old* Peny-boy! *right City-bred!*

MIRTH. *In* Siluer-*streete, the* Region *of* money, *a good seat for a Vsurer.*

TATLE. *He has rich ingredients in him, I warrant you, if they were extracted, a true receit to make an* Alderman, *an' he were well wrought vpon, according to* Art.

EXP. *I would faine see an* Alderman *in* chimia! *that is a treatise of* Aldermanity *truely written.*

CEN. *To shew how much it differs from* Vrbanity.

MIRTH. *I, or* humanity. *Either would appeare in this* Peny boy, *an' hee were rightly distill'd. But how like you the newes? you are gone from that.*

CEN. *O, they are monstrous! scuruy! and stale! and too exotick! ill cook'd! and ill dish'd!*

EXP. *They were as good, yet, as butter could make them!*

TAT. *In a word, they were beastly buttered! he shall neuer come o' my bread more, nor my in mouth, if I can helpe it. I haue had better newes from the bake-house, by ten thousand parts, in a morning: or the conduicts in* Westminister! *all the newes of* Tutle-*street, and both the* Alm'ries! *the two* Sanctuaries! *long, and round* Wool-staple! *with* Kings-*street, and* Chanon-*row to boot!*

MIRTH. *I, my Gossip* Tatle *knew what fine slips grew in* Gardiners-lane; *who kist the Butchers wife with the Cowes-breath; what matches were made in the* bowling-Alley, *and what bettes wonne and lost; how much grieft went to the* Mill *and what besides: who coniur'd in* Tutle-fields, *and how many? when they neuer came there. And which Boy rode vpon* Doctor Lambe, *in the likenesse of a roaring* Lyon, *that runne away with him in his teeth, and ha's not deuour'd him yet.*

TAT. *Why, I had it from my maid* Ioane Heare-say: *and shee had it from a* limbe o'the schoole, *shee saies, a little* limbe *of nine yeere old; who told her, the* Master *left out his coniuring booke one day, and hee found it, and so the* Fable *came about. But whether it were true, or no, we Gossips are bound to beleeue it, an't be once out, and a foot: how should wee entertaine the time else, or finde our selues in fashionable discourse, for all companies, if we do not credit all, and make more of it, in the reporting?*

CEN. *For my part, I beleeue it: and there were no wiser then I, I would haue ne'er a cunning* Schoole-Master *in* England. *I meane a* Cunning-Man, *a* Schoole-Master; *that is a* Coniurour, *or a* Poet, *or that had any acquaintance with a* Poet. *They make all their schollers* Play-boyes! *Is't not a fine sight, to see all our children made* Enterluders? *Doe wee pay our money for this? wee send them to learne their*

Grammar, *and their* Tetence, *and they learne their* play-books? *well, they talke, we shall haue no more Parliaments* (*God blesse vs*) *but an'mee haue, I hope,* Zeale-of-the-land Buzy, *and my Gossip,* Rabby Trouble-truth *will start vp, and see we shall haue painfull good Ministers to keepe Schoole, and* Catechise *our youth, and not teach 'hem to speake* Playes, *and Act* Fables *of falsenewes, in this manner, to the super-vexation of Towne and Country, with a wanion.*

ACT. IIII. SCENE. I.

PENY-BOY. IV. FITTON. SHVNFIELD. ALMANACK. MADRIGAL, CANTER. PICKLOCKE.

COme, Gentlemen, let's breath from *healths* a while.
This *Lickfinger* has made vs a good dinner,
For our *Pecunia*: what shal's doe with our selues,
While the women water? and the *Fidlers* eat?

FIT. Let's ieere a little. P.IV. Ieere? what's that? SHV. Ex-
ALM. We first begin with our selues, & then at you, (pect, Sr.
SHV. A game we vse. MAD. We ieere all kind of persons
We meete withall, of any rancke or quality,
And if we cannot ieere them, we ieere our selues.

P.CA. A pretty sweete society! and a gratefull!

PIC. 'Pray let's see some. SHV. Haue at you, then *Lawyer*.
They say, there was one of your coate in *Bet'lem*, lately,

ALM. I wonder all his *Clients* were not there.

MAD. They were the madder sort. PIC. Except, Sir, one
Like you, and he made verses. FIT. *Madrigall*,
A ieere. MAD. I know. SHV. But what did you doe, *Lawyer*?
When you made loue to Mistresse *Band*, at dinner.

MAD. Why? of an Aduocate, he grew the *Clyent*. (*nature*
P.IV. Well play'd, my *Poet*. MAD. And shew'd the *Law* of
Was there aboue the *Common-Law*. SHV. Quit, quit,

P.IV.

P. IV. Call you this ieering? I can play at this,
'Tis like a *Ball* at *Tennis*. FIT. Very like,
But we were not well in. ALM. 'Tis indeed, Sir.
When we doe ſpeake at volley, all the ill
We can one of another. SHV. As this morning,
(I would you had heard vs) of the Rogue your *Vnle*.
ALM That *Mony-bawd*. MAD. We call'd him a *Coat-card*
O'the laſt order. P. IV. What's that? a *Knaue*?
MAD. Some readings haue it ſo, *my manuſcript*
Doth ſpeake it, *Varlet*. P. CA. And your ſelfe a *Foole*
O'the firſt ranke, and one ſhall haue the leading
O'the right-hand file, vnder this braue Commander.
P. IV. What ſaiſt thou, *Canter*? P. CA. Sir, I ſay this is
A very wholeſome exerciſe, and comely.
Like Lepers, ſhewing one another their ſcabs.
Or flies feeding on vlcers. P. IV. What *Newes* Gentlemen?
Ha' you any newes for after dinner? me thinks
We ſhould not ſpend our time vnprofitably.
P. CA. They neuer lie, Sir, betweene meales, 'gainſt ſupper
You may haue a *Bale* or two brought in. FIT. This *Canter*,
Is an old enuious Knaue! ALM. A very Raſcall!
FIT. I ha' mark'd him all this meale, he has done nothing
But mocke, with ſcuruy faces, all wee ſaid.
ALM. A ſupercilious Rogue! he lookes as if
He were the *Patrico*—MAD. Or *Arch-prieſt* o'*Canters*,
SHV. Hee's ſome *primate metropolitan* Raſcall,
Our ſhot-clog makes ſo much of him. ALM The *Law*,
And he does gouerne him P. IV. What ſay you, Gentlemen?
FIT. We ſay, we wonder not, your man o' *Law*,
Should be ſo gracious wi' you; but how it comes,
This Rogue, this *Canter*! P. IV. O, good words. FIT. A fellow
That ſpeakes no language—ALM. But what gingling *Gipſies*,
And *Pedlers* trade in—FIT. And no honeſt *Chriſtian*
Can vnderſtand—P. CA. Why? by that argument,
You all are *Canters*, you, and you, and you,
All the whole world are *Canters*, I will proue it
In your *profeſſions*. P. IV. I would faine heare this,
But ſtay, my *Princeſſe* comes, prouide the while,
I'll call for't anone. How fares your *Grace*?

He ſpeakes to all the Ieerers.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. II.

LICKFINGER. PECVNIA. STATVTE. BAND. VVAXE. } *to them.*

Lickfinger *is challeng'd by* Madrigal *of an argument.*

I hope the fare was good. PEC. Yes, *Lickfinger*,
And we shall thanke you for't and reward you.
MAD. Nay, I'll not loſe my argument, *Lickfinger*;
Before theſe Gentlemen, I affirme,
The perfect, and true ſtraine of poetry,
Is rather to be giuen the quicke *Celler*,
Then the fat *Kitchin*. LIC. *Heretique*, I ſee
Thou art for the vaine *Oracle* of the *Botle*.
The hogſhead, *Triſmegiſtus*, is thy *Pegaſus*.
Thence flowes thy *Muſes* ſpring, from that hard hooſe:
Seduced *Poet*, I doe ſay to thee,
A Boyler, Range, and Dreſſer were the *Fountaines*,
Of all the knowledge in the *vniuerſe*.
And they 'are the *Kitchins*, where the *Maſter-Cooke*—
(Thou doſt not know the man, nor canſt thou know him,
Till thou haſt ſeru'd ſome yeeres in that deepe ſchoole,
That's both the *Nurſe* and *Mother* of the *Arts*,
And hear'ſt him read, interpret, and demonſtrate!)
A *Maſter-Cooke*! Why, he's the *man* o' men,
For a *Profeſſor*! he deſignes, he drawes,
He paints, he carues, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes *Citadels* of curious fowle and fiſh,
Some he *dri-diſhes*, ſome *motes* round with *broths*.
Mounts *marrowbones*, cuts *fifty angled cuſtards*,
Reares *bulwark* pies, and for his *outerworkes*
He raiſeth *Ramparts* of immortall *cruſt*;
And teacheth all the *Tacticks*, at one dinner:
What *Rankes*, what *Files*, to put his diſhes in;
The whole *Art Military*. Then he knowes,
The influence of the *Starres* vpon his meats,
And all their ſeaſons, tempers, qualities,
And ſo to fit his reliſhes, and ſauces,
He has *Nature* in a pot, 'boue all the *Chymiſts*,
Or airy brethren of the *Roſie-croſſe*.
He is an *Architect*, an *Inginer*,
A *Souldiour*, a *Phyſician*, a *Philoſopher*,
A generall *Mathematician*. MAD. It is granted.

LIC.

LIC. And that you may not doubt him, for a *Poet*——
ALM. This *fury* shewes, if there were nothing else!
And 'tis diuine! I shall for euer hereafter,
Admire the wisedome of a *Cooke!* BAN. And we, Sir!
P. IV. O, how my *Princesse* drawes me, with her lookes, *Peny-boy is courting his Princesse all the while.*
And hales me in, as eddies draw in boats,
Or strong *Charybdis* ships, that saile too neere
The shelues of *Loue!* The tydes of your two eyes!
Wind of your breath, are such as sucke in all,
That doe approach you! PEC. Who hath chang'd my seruant?
P. IV. Your selfe, who drinke my blood vp with your beames;
As doth the *Sunne*, the *Sea!* *Pecunia* shines
More in the world then he: and makes it *Spring*
Where e'r she fauours! 'please her but to show
Her melting wrests, or bare her yuorie hands,
She catches still! her smiles they are *Loue's* fetters!
Her brests his apples! her teats Stawberries!
Where *Cupid* (were he present now) would cry
Fare well my mothers milke, here's sweeter *Nectar!*
Helpe me to praise *Pecunia*, Gentlemen:
She's your *Princesse*, lend your wits, FIT. A *Lady*, *They all beginne the encomium of* Pecunia.
The *Graces* taught to moue! ALM. The *Houres* did nurse!
FIT. Whose lips are the instructions of all *Louers!*
ALM. Her eyes their lights, and riualls to the *Starres!*
FIT. A voyce, as if that *Harmony* still spake!
ALM. And polish'd skinne, whiter then *Venus* foote!
FIT. Young *Hebes* necke, or *Iunoe's* armes! ALM. A haire,
Large as the *Mornings*, and her breath as sweete,
As meddowes after raine, and but new mowne!
FIT. *Læda* might yeeld vnto her, for a face!
ALM. *Hermione* for brests! FIT. *Flora*, for cheekes! *She kisseth them.*
ALM. And *Helen* for a mouth! P. IV. Kisse, kisse 'hem, *Princesse.*
FIT. The pearle doth striue in whiteneſse, with her necke,
ALM. But loseth by it: here the *Snow* thawes Snow;
One frost resolues another! FIT. O, she has
A front too slippery to be look't vpon!
ALM. And glances that beguile the seers eyes! *Againe.*
P. IV. Kisse, kisse againe, what saies my *man o' warre?*
SHV. I say, she's more, then *Fame* can promise of her.
A *Theame*, that's ouercome with her owne matter!
Praise is strucke blind, and deafe, and dumbe with her!
Shee doth astonish *Commendation!*
P. IV. Well pumpt i'faith old *Sailor*: kisse him too: *She kisseth* Captaine Shunfield.
Though he be a slugge. What saies my *Poet-sucker!*
He's chewing his *Muses* cudde, I doe see by him.
MAD. I haue almost done, I want but e'ne to finish.
FIT. That's the 'ill luck of all his workes still. P. IV. What?

FIT. To beginne many works, but finish none;
P. IV. How does he do his Mistresse work? FIT. Imperfect.
ALM. I cannot thinke he finisheth that. P. IV. Let's heare.
MAD. It is a *Madrigall*, I affect that kind
Of *Poem*, much. P. IV. And thence you ha' the name.
FIT. It is his *Rose*. He can make nothing else
MAD. I made it to the *tune* the *Fidlers* play'd,
That we all lik'd so well. P. IV. Good, read it, read it.
MAD. The *Sunne* is father of all mettalls, you know,
Siluer, and gold. P. IV. I, leaue your *Prologues*, fay!

SONG.

MADRIGAL. *As bright as is the* Sunne *her Sire,*
Or Earth *her mother, in her best atyre,*
Or Mint, *the Mid-wife, with her fire,*
Comes forth her Grace! { P. IV. That *Mint* the
The splendour of the wealthiest Mines! { Midwife does well.
The stamp, and strength of all imperiall lines,
Both maiesty and beauty shines, { FIT. That's fairely
In her sweet face! { said of *Money.*
Looke how a Torch, of Taper light,
Or of that Torches flame, a Beacon bright; [P. IV. Good!
MAD. Now there, I want a line to finish, Sir.
P. IV. *Or of that Beacons fire, Moone-light:*
MAD. *So takes she place!* [FIT. 'Tis good.
And then I haue a *Saraband*——
She makes good cheare, she keepes full boards,
She holds a Faire of Knights, *and* Lords,
A Mercat of all Offices,
And Shops of honour, more or lesse:
According to Pecunia's Grace,
The Bride hath beauty, blood, and place,
The Bridegrome vertue, valour, wit,
And wisedome, as he stands for it.

He vrgeth her to kisse them all.

PIC. Call in the *Fidlers*. *Nicke*, the boy shall sing it,
Sweet *Princesse*, kisse him, kisse 'hem all, deare *Madame*,
And at the close, vouchsafe to call them *Cousins*.
PEC. Sweet *Cousin Madrigall*, and *Cousin Fitton*,
My *Cousin Shunfield*, and my learned *Cousin*.
P. CA. *Al-manach*, though they call him *Almanack*.
P. IV. Why, here's the *Prodigall* prostitutes his *Mistresse*!
P. IV. And *Picklocke*, he must be a kinsman too.
My *mano' Law* will teach vs all to winne,
And keepe our owne. Old *Founder*. P. CA. Nothing, I Sir?
I am a wretch, a begger. She the *fortunate*.

Can

Can want no kindred, wee, the *poore* know none.
FIT. Nor none ſhall know, by my conſent. ALM. Nor mine,
P.IV. Sing, boy, ſtand here. P.CA. Look, look, how all their *The boy ſings the ſong.*
Dance i'their heads (obſerue) ſcatter'd with luſt? (eyes
At ſight o' their braue *Idoll*! how they are tickl'd,
With a light ayre! the bawdy *Saraband*!
They are a kinde of dancing engines all!
And ſet, by nature, thus, to runne alone
To euery ſound! All things within, without them,
Moue, but their braine, and that ſtands ſtill! mere monſters
Here, in a chamber, of moſt ſubtill feet!
And make their legs in tune, paſſing the ſtreetes!
Theſe are the gallant ſpirits o'the age!
The miracles o'the time! that can cry vp
And downe mens wits! and ſet what rate on things
Their half-brain'd fancies pleaſe! Now pox vpon'hem.
See how ſolicitouſly he learnes the Iigge,
As if it were a myſtery of his faith!
SHV. A dainty ditty! FIT. O, hee's a dainty *Poet*!
When he ſets to't! P.IV. And a dainty *Scholler*! *They are all ſtruck with admiration.*
ALM. No, no great *ſcholler*, he writes like a *Gentleman*.
SHV. Pox o' your *Scholler*. P.CA. Pox o'your diſtinction!
As if a *Scholler* were no *Gentleman*.
With theſe, to write like a *Gentleman*, will in time
Become, all one, as to write like an *Aſſe*,
Theſe *Gentlemen*? theſe Raſcalls! I am ſicke
Of indignation at 'hem. P.IV. How doe you lik't, Sir?
FIT. 'Tis excellent! ALM. 'Twas excellently ſung!
FIT. A dainty *Ayre*! P.IV. What ſaies my *Lickfinger*?
LIC. I am telling Miſtreſſe *Band*, and Miſtreſſe *Statute*,
What a braue *Gentleman* you are, and *Waxe*, here!
How much 'twere better, that my *Ladies Grace*,
Would here take vp Sir, and keepe houſe with you.
P.IV. What ſay they? STA. We could conſent, S^r^, willingly.
BAND. I, if we knew her *Grace* had the leaſt liking.
WAX. We muſt obey her *Graces* will, and pleaſure.
P.IV. I thanke you, *Gentlewomen*, ply 'hem, *Lickfinger*.
Giue *mother Mortgage*, there—LIC. Her doze of Sacke.
I haue it for her, and her diſtance of *Hum*. *The Gallants are all about* Pennia.
PEC. Indeede therein, I muſt confeſſe, deare *Couſin*,
I am a moſt vnfortunate *Princeſſe*. ALM. And
You ſtill will be ſo, when your *Grace* may helpe it.
MAD. Who'ld lie in a roome, with a cloſe-ſtoole, and garlick?
And kennell with his dogges? that had a *Prince*
Like this young *Peny-boy*, to ſoiourne with?
SHV. He'll let you ha' your liberty—ALM. Goe forth,
Whither you pleaſe, and to what company—

MAD.

MAD. Scatter your selfe amongst vs—P.IV. Hope of *Parnassus*!
Thy *Ivy* shall not wither, nor thy *Bayes*,
Thou shalt be had into her *Graces* Cellar,
And there know Sacke, and Claret, all *December*,
Thy veine is rich, and we must cherish it.
Poets and Bees swarme now adaies, but yet
There are not those good Tauernes, for the one sort,
As there are Flowrie fields to feed the other.
Though Bees be pleas'd with dew, aske little *Waxe*
That brings the honey to her *Ladyes* hiue:
The *Poet* must haue wine. And he shall haue it.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. IIJ.

PENI-BOY. SE. PENY-BOY. IV. LICKFINGER. &c.

BRoker? what *Broker*? P.IV. Who's that? my Vncle!
P.SE. I am abus'd, where is my Knaue? my *Broker*?
LIC. Your *Broker* is laid out vpon a bench, yonder,
Sacke hath seaz'd on him, in the shape of sleepe.
PIC. Hee hath beene dead to vs almost this houre.
P.SE. This houre? P.CA. Why sigh you Sr? 'cause he's at rest?
P. SE. It breeds my vnrest. LIC. Will you take a cup
He strikes the Sacke out of his hand. And try if you can sleepe? P. SE. No, cogging *Iacke*,
Thou and thy cups too, perish. SHV. O, the Sacke!
MAD. The sacke, the sacke! P.CA. A *Madrigall* on Sacke!
PIC. Or rather an *Elegy*, for the Sacke is gone.
PEC. VVhy doe you this, Sir? spill the wine, and raue?
For *Brokers* sleeping? P.SE. VVhat through sleepe, and Sacke,
My trust is wrong'd: but I am still awake,
Hee would haue Pecunia *home. But shee refuseth. And her Traine.* To waite vpon your *Grace*, please you to quit
This strange lewd company, they are not for you.
PEC. No *Guardian*, I doe like them very well.
P. SE Your *Graces* pleasure be obseru'd, but you
Statute, and *Band*, and *Waxe*, will goe with me.
SAT. Truly we will not. BAN. VVe will stay, and wait here
Vpon her *Grace*, and this your *Noble Kinsman*.
P. SE. Noble? how noble! who hath made him noble?
P. IV. VVhy, my most noble money hath, or shall;
My *Princesse*, here. She that had you but kept,
And treated kindly, would haue made you *noble*,
And wise, too: nay, perhaps haue done that for you,
An *Act* of *Parliament* could not, made you *honest*.

The

The truth is, Vncle, that her *Grace* diſlikes
Her entertainment: ſpecially her lodging.
PEC. Nay, ſay her iaile. Neuer *vnfortunate Princeſſe*,
Was vs'd ſo by a Iaylor. Aske my women,
Band, you can tell, and *Statute*, how he has vs'd me,
Kept me cloſe priſoner, vnder twenty bolts——
STA. And forty padlocks——BAN. All malicious ingines
A wicked *Smith* could forge out of his yron:
As locks, and keyes, ſhacles, and manacles,
To torture a great *Lady*. STA. H'has abus'd
Your *Graces* body. PEC. No, he would ha' done,
That lay not in his power: he had the vſe
Of our bodies, *Band*, and *Waxe*, and ſometimes *Statutes*:
But once he would ha'ſmother'd me in a cheſt,
And ſtrangl'd me in leather, but that you
Came to my reſcue, then, and gaue mee ayre.
STA. For which he cramb'd vs vp in a cloſe boxe,
All three together, where we ſaw no *Sunne*
In one *ſixe moneths*. WAX. A cruell man he is!
BAN. H'has left my fellow *Waxe* out, i'the cold,
STA. Till ſhe was ſtiffe, as any froſt, and crumbl'd
Away to duſt, and almoſt loſt her forme.
WAX. Much adoe to recouer me. P. SE. Women Ieerers!
Haue you learn'd too, the ſubtill facultie?
Come, I'll ſhew you the way home, if drinke,
Or, too full diet haue diſguis'd you. BAN. Troth,
We haue not any mind, Sir, of returne——
STA. To be bound back to backe——BAN. And haue our legs
Turn'd in, or writh'd about——WAX. Or elſe diſplay'd——
STA. Be lodg'd with duſt and fleas, as we were wont——
BAN. And dyeted with dogs dung. P. SE. Why? you whores,
My bawds, my inſtruments, what ſhould I call you,
Man may thinke baſe inough for you? P. IV. Heare you, vncle.
I muſt not heare this of my *Princeſſe* ſeruants,
And in *Apollo*, in *Pecunia's* roome,
Goe, get you downe the ſtaires: Home, to your Kennell,
As ſwiftly as you can. Conſult your dogges,
The *Lares* of your family; or beleeue it,
The fury of a foote-man, and a drawer
Hangs ouer you. SHV. Cudgell, and pot doe threaten
A kinde of vengeance. MAD. Barbers are at hand.
ALM. Waſhing and ſhauing will enſue. FIT. The Pumpe
Is not farre off; If't were, the ſinke is neere:
Or a good Iordan. MAD. You haue now no *money*,
SHV. But are a Raſcall. P. SE. I am cheated, robb'd
Ieer'd by confederacy. FIT. No, you are kick'd
And vſed kindly, as you ſhould be. SHV. Spurn'd,

They all threaten,

And ſpurne him.

From all commerce of men, who are a curre.
ALM. A ſtinking dogge, in a dublet, with foule linnen.
MAD. A ſnarling Raſcall, hence. SHV. Out. P. SE. Wel, re-
I am coozen'd by my Couſin, and his whore! (member,
Bane o'theſe meetings in *Apollo*! LIC. Goe, Sir,
You will be toſt like *Block*, in a blanket elſe.
P. IV. Downe with him, *Lickfinger*. P. SE. Saucy *Iacke* away,
Pecunia is a whore. P. Iv. Play him downe, *Fidlers*,
And drown his noiſe. Who's this! FIT. O Maſter *Pyed-mantle*!

Kicks him, out.
Het exclaimes.
One of his Dogges.

ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. IV.

PYED-MANTLE. (*to them.*

BY your leaue, Gentlemen. FIT. Her *Graces Herald*,
ALM. No *Herald* yet, a *Heraldet*. P. Iv. What's that?
P. CA. A *Canter*. P. Iv. O, thou ſaid'ſt thou'dſt ſproue vs all
P. CA. Sir, here is one will proue himſelfe ſo, ſtreight, (ſo!
So ſhall the reſt, in time. PEC. My *Pedigree?*
I tell you, friend, he muſt be a good *Scholler*,
Can my *diſcent*. I am of *Princely* race,
And as good blood, as any is i'the mines,
Runnes through my veines. I am, euery *limb*, a *Princeſſe!*
Dutcheſſe o' *mynes*, was my great Grandmother.
And by the Fathers ſide, I come from *Sol*.
My Grand-father was *Duke* of *Or*, and match'd
In the blood-royall of *Ophyr*. PYE. Here's his *Coat*.
PEC. I know it, if I heare the *Blazon*. PYE. He beares
In a field *Azure*, a *Sunne* proper, *beamy*,
Twelue of the *ſecond*. P. CA. How farr's this from *canting?*
P. IV. Her *Grace* doth vnderſtand ti. P. CA. She can *cant*, Sr.
PEC. What be theſe? *Beſants?* PYE. Yes, an't pleaſe your *Grace*.
PEC. That is our *Coat* too, as we come from *Or*.
What *line's* this? PYE. The rich *mynes* of *Potoſi*.
The *Spaniſh mynes* i'the *Weſt-Indies*. PEC. This?
PYE. The *mynes* o' *Hungary*, this of *Barbary*.
PEC. But this, this little branch. PEC. The *Welſh-myne* that.
PEC. I ha' *Welſh-blood* in me too, blaze, Sir, that *Coat*.
PYE. She beares (an't pleaſe you) *Argent*, three *leckes vert*
In *Canton Or*, and *taſſel'd* of the firſt.
P. CA. Is not this *canting?* doe you vnderſtand him?
P. IV. Not I, but it ſounds well, and the whole thing
Is rarely painted, I will haue ſuch a ſcrowle,

Pyed-mantle brings the Lady Pecunia her pedigree.

What ere it coſt me. PEC. VVell, at better leaſure,
We'll take a view of it, and ſo reward you.
P.IV. Kiſſe him, ſweet *Princeſſe*, and ſtile him a *Couſin*. *She kiſſeth.*
PEC. I will, if you will haue it. *Couſin Pyed-mantle.*
P.IV. I loue all men of vertue, from my *Princeſſe*,
Vnto my *begger*, here, old *Canter*, on,
On to thy proofe, whom proue you the next *Canter*?
P.CA. The *Doctor* here, I will proceed with the *learned*.
VVhen he diſcourſeth of *diſſection*,
Or any point of *Anatomy*: that hee tells you,
Of *Vena caua*, and of *vena porta*,
The *Meſeraicks*, and the *Meſenterium*.
VVhat does hee elſe but *cant*? Or if he runne
To his Iudiciall *Aſtrologie*,
And trowle the *Trine*, the *Quartile* and the *Sextile*,
Platicke aſpect, and *Partile*, with his *Hyleg*
Or *Alchochoden*, *Cuſpes*, and *Horroſcope*.
Does not he *cant*? VVho here does vnderſtand him? (*Maſter*
ALM. This is no *Canter*, tho! P.CA. Or when my *Maſter*-
Talkes of his *Tacticks*, and his *Rankes*, and *Files*;
His *Bringers* vp, his *Leaders* on, and cries,
Faces about to the right hand, the *left*,
Now, *as you were*: then tells you of *Redoubts*,
Of *Cats*, and *Cortines*. Doth not he *cant*? P.IV. Yes, 'faith.
P.CA. My Eg-chind *Laureat*, here, when he comes forth
With *Dimeters*, and *Trimeters*, *Tetrameters*,
Pentameters, *Hexameters*, *Catalecticks*,
His *Hyper*, and his *Brachy-Catalecticks*,
His *Pyrrhichs*, *Epitrites*, and *Choriambicks*,
What is all this, but *canting*? MAD. A rare fellow!
SHV. Some begging *Scholler*! FIT. A decay'd *Doctor* at leaſt!
P.IV. Nay, I doe cheriſh vertue, though in rags.
P.CA. And you, *Mas Courtier*. P.IV. Now he treats of you,
Stand forth to him, faire. P.CA. With all yout *fly-blowne proiects*,
And lookes out of the *politicks*, your *ſhut-faces*,
And reſeru'd *Queſtions*, and *Anſwers* that you game with, As
Is't a *Cleare buſineſſe*? will *it mannage well*?
My name muſt not be vs'd elſe. Here, *'twill daſh*.
Your *buſineſſe has receiu'd a taint*, giue *off*,
I may *not proſtitute my ſelfe*. Tut, tut,
That little duſt I can blow off, at pleaſure.
Here's no ſuch mountaine, yet, *i'the whole worke!*
But a light purſe may leuell. I will *tyde*
This affayre for you; giue it *freight*, and *paſſage*.
And ſuch *mynt-phraſe*, as 'tis the worſt of *canting*,
By how much it affects the *ſenſe*, it has not. (him?
FIT. This is ſome other then he ſeemes! P.IV. How like you

FIT. This cannot be a *Canter!* P.IV. But he is, Sir,
And shall be still, and so shall you be too:
We'll all be *Canters*. Now, I thinke of it,
A noble *Whimsie's* come into my braine!
Canters-Colledge, *begun to be erected.* I'll build a *Colledge*, I, and my *Pecunia*,
And call it *Canters Colledge*, sounds it well?
ALM. Excellent! P.IV. And here stands my *Father Rector*,
And you *Professors*, you shall all *professe*
Something, and liue there, with her *Grace* and me,
Your *Founders*: I'll endow't with lands, and meanes,
And *Lickfinger* shall be my *Master-Cooke*.
What? is he gone? P.CA. And a *Professor*. P.IV. Yes.
P.CA. And read *Apicius de re culinaria*
To your braue *Doxie*, and you! P.IV. You, *Cousin Fitton*,
Shall (as a *Courtier*) read the *politicks*;
Doctor Al-manack, hee shall read *Astrology*,
Shunfield shall read the *Military Arts*.
That's Madrigall. P.CA. As caruing, and assaulting the cold custard.
P.IV. And *Horace* here, the *Art* of *Poetry*.
His *Lyricks*, and his *Madrigalls*, fine Songs,
Which we will haue at dinner, steept in claret,
And against supper, sowc't in sacke. MAD. In troth
A diuine *Whimsey*! SHV. And a worthy worke,
Fit for a *Chronicle*! P.IV. Is't not? SHV. To all ages.
P.IV. And *Pyed-mantle*, shall giue vs all our *Armes*,
But *Picklocke*, what wouldst thou be? Thou canst *cant* too.
PIC. In all the languages in *Westminster-Hall*,
Pleas, *Bench*, or *Chancery*. *Fee-Farme*, *Fee-Tayle*,
Tennant in dower, *At will*, For *Terme of life*,
By *Copy of Court Roll*, *Knights seruice*, *Homage*,
Fealty, *Escuage*, *Soccage*, or *Frank almoigne*,
Grand Sergeanty, or *Burgage*. P.IV. Thou appear'st,
καθ' ἑξοχὴν a *Canter*. Thou shalt read
All *Littletons tenures* to me, and indeed
All my Conueyances. PIC. And make 'hem too, Sir?
Keepe all your Courts, be Steward o'your lands,
Let all your Leases, keepe your Euidences,
But first, I must procure, and passe your *mort-maine*
You must haue licence from aboue, Sir. P.IV. Feare not,
Pecunia's friends shall doe it. P.CA. But I shall stop it.
Your worships louing, and *obedient father*,
Here his father discouers himselfe. Your painefull *Steward*, and lost *Officer*!
Who haue done this, to try how you would vse
Pecunia, when you had her: which since I see,
I will take home the *Lady*, to my charge,
And these her *seruants*, and leaue you my *Cloak*,
To trauell in to Beggers Bush! A Seate,

Is built already, furnish'd too, worth twentie
Of your imagin'd structures, *Canters Colledge.*
FIT. 'Tis his Father! MAD. Hee's aliue, me thinks.
ALM. I knew he was no Rogue! P. CA. Thou, *Prodigall,*
Was I so carefull for thee, to procure,
And plot wi' my *learn'd Counsell,* Master *Picklocke,*
This noble match for thee, and dost thou prostitute,
Scatter thy *Mistresse* fauours, throw away
Her bounties, as they were red-burning coales,
Too hot for thee to handle, on such rascalls?
Who are the scumme, and excrements of men?
If thou had'st fought out good, and vertuous persons
Of these professions: I'had lou'd thee, and them.
For these shall neuer haue that plea 'gainst me,
Or colour of aduantage, that I hate
Their callings, but their manners, and their vices.
A worthy *Courtier,* is the ornament,
Of a *Kings Palace,* his great *Masters* honour.
This is a moth, a rascall, a Court-rat,
That gnawes the common-wealth with broking suits,
And eating grieuances! So, a *true Souldier,*
He is his *Countryes strength,* his *Soueraignes safety,*
And to secure his peace, he makes himselfe.
The *beyre* of danger, nay the *subiect* of it,
And runnes those vertuous hazards, that this Scarre-crow
Cannot endure to heare of. SHY. You are pleasant, Sir.
P. CA. With you I dare be! Here is *Pyed-mantle,*
'Cause he's an *Asse,* doe not I loue a *Herald?*
Who is the pure *preseruer of descents,*
The keeper faire of all *Nobility,*
Without which all would runne into confusion?
Were he a *learned Herald,* I would tell him
He can giue *Armes,* and *markes,* he cannot *honour,*
No more then *money* can make *Noble:* It may
Giue place, and ranke, but it can giue no *Vertue.*
And he would thanke me, for this truth. This dog-Leach,
You stile him *Doctor,* 'cause he can compile
An *Almanack;* perhaps erect a *Scheme*
For my great *Madams* monkey: when 't has ta'ne
A glister, and bewrai'd the *Ephemerides.*
Doe I despise a learn'd *Physician?*
In calling him a *Quack-Saluer*? or blast
The *euer-liuing ghirlond,* alwaies greene
Of a good *Poet?* when I say his *wreath*
Is piec'd and patch'd of dirty witherd flowers?
Away, I am impatient of these vlcers,
(That I not call you worse) There is no sore,

Or Plague but you to infect the times. I abhorre
Your very scent. Come, *Lady*, since my *Prodigall*
Knew not to entertaine you to your worth,
I'll see if I haue learn'd, how to receiue you,
Hee points him to his patch'd cloake throwne off. With more respect to you, and your faire traine here.
Farewell my *Begger in velvet*, for to day,
To morrow you may put on that *graue Robe*,
And enter your great worke of *Canters Colledge*,
Your *worke* and *worthy of a Chronicle*,

The fourth Intermeane after the fourth *Act*.

TATLE. *Why? This was the worst of all! the* Catastrophe!

CEN. *The matter began to be good, but now: and he has spoyl'd it all, with his Begger there!*

MIRT. *A beggerly* Iacke *it is, I warrant him, and a kin to the* Poet.

TAT. *Like enough, for hee had the chiefest part in his play, if you marke it.*

EXP. *Absurdity on him, for a huge ouergrowne* Play-maker! *why should he make him liue againe, when they, and we all thought him dead? If he had left him to his ragges, there had beene an end of him.*

TAT. *I, but set a beggar on horse-backe, hee'll neuer tinne till hee be a gallop.*

CEN. *The young heyre grew a fine* Gentleman, *in this last Act!*

EXP. *So he did,* Gossip: *and kept the best company.*

CEN. *And feasted 'hem, and his* Mistresse!

TAT. *And shew'd her to 'hem all! was not iealous?*

MIRTH. *But very communicative, and liberall, and beganne to be* magnificent, *if the churle his father would haue let him alone.*

CEN. *It was spitefully done o' the* Poet, *to make the Chuffe take him off in his heighth, when he was going to doe all his braue deedes!*

EXP. *To found an* Academy!

TAT. *Erect a* Colledge!

EXP. *Plant his* Professors, *and water his* Lectures.

MIRTH. *With wine,* gossips, *as he meant to doe, and then to defraud his purposes?*

EXP. *Kill the hopes of so many towardly young spirits?*

TAT. *As the* Doctors?

CEN. *And the* Courtiers! *I protest, I was in loue with Master* Fitton. *He did weare all he had, from the hat-band, to the shoe-tye, so politically, and would stoop, and leere?*

MIRTH. *And lie so, in waite for a piece of wit, like a* Mouse-trap?

EXP. *Indeed* Gossip, *so would the little* Doctor, *all his behauiour was meere* gliſter! *o' my conſcience, hee would make any parties* phyſicke *i' the world worke, with his diſcourſe.*

MIR. *I wonder they would ſuffer it, a ſooliſh old fornicating* Father, *to raniſh away his ſonnes* Miſtreſſe.

CEN. *And all her women, at once, as hee did!*

TAT. *I would ha' flyen in his* gypſies *face i' faith.*

MIRTH. *It was a plaine piece of* politicall *inceſt, and worthy to be brought afore the* high Commiſſion *of wit. Suppoſe we were to cenſure him, you are the youngeſt voyce,* Goſſip Tatle, *beginne.*

TATLE. *Mary, I would ha' the old* conicatcher *coozen'd of all he has, i' the young heyres defence, by his learn'd Counſell,* Mr Picklocke!

CENSVRE. *I would rather the* Courtier *had found out ſome tricke to begge him, from his eſtate!*

EXP. *Or the* Captaine *had courage enough to beat him.*

CEN. *Or the fine* Madrigall-*man, in rime, to haue runne him out o' the Countrey, like an* Iriſh *rat.*

TAT. *No, I would haue Maſter* Pyed-mantle, *her* Graces Herald, *to pluck downe his* hatchments, *reuerſe his* coat-armour, *and nulliſie him for no* Gentleman.

EXP. *Nay, then let Maſter* Doctor *diſſect him, haue him open'd, and his tripes tranſlated to* Lickfinger, *to make a* probation diſh *of.*

CEN. TAT. *Agreed! Agreed!*

MIRTH. *Faith I would haue him flat diſinherited, by a decree of* Court, *bound to make reſtitution of the* Lady Pecunia, *and the vſe of her body to his* ſonne.

EXP. *And her traine, to the* Gentlemen.

CEN. *And both the* Poet, *and himſelfe, to aske them all forgiueneſſe!*

TAT. *And vs too.*

CEN. *In two large* ſheetes *of paper——*

EXP. *Or to ſtand in a* skin *of* parchment, (*which the* Court *pleaſe*)

CEN. *And thoſe fill'd with newes!*

MIRTH. *And dedicated to the ſuſtaining of the* Staple!

EXP. *Which their* Poet *hath let fall, moſt abruptly?*

MIRTH. Banckruptly, *indeede!*

CEN. *You ſay wittily,* Goſſip, *and therefore let a* proteſt *goe out againſt him.*

MIR. *A* mourniuall *of* proteſts; *or a* gleeke *at leaſt!*

EXP. *In all our names:*

CEN. *For a decay'd wit——*

EXP. *Broken——*

TAT. *Non-ſoluent——————*

CENSVRE. *And, for euer, forfet——————*

MIRTH. *To ſcorne, of* Mirth?

CEN. Cenſure!

EXP. Expectation!

TAT. Subſign'd. Tatle, *Stay, they come againe.*

ACT.

Or Plague but you to infect the times. I abhorre
Your very scent. Come, *Lady*, since my *Prodigall*
Knew not to entertaine you to your worth,
I'll see if I haue learn'd, how to receiue you,
With more respect to you, and your faire traine here.
Farewell my *Begger in velvet*, for to day,
To morrow you may put on that *graue Robe*,
And enter your great worke of *Canters Colledge*,
Your *worke* and *worthy of a Chronicle*,

Hee points him to his patch'd cloake throwne off.

The fourth Intermeane after the fourth *Act.*

TATLE. *Why? This was the worst of all! the* Catastrophe!

CEN. *The matter began to be good, but now: and he has spoyl'd it all, with his Begger there!*

MIRT. *A beggerly* Iacke *it is, I warrant him, and a kin to the* Poet.

TAT. *Like enough, for hee had the chiefest part in his play, if you marke it.*

EXP. *Absurdity on him, for a huge overgrowne* Play-maker! *why should he make him liue againe, when they, and we all thought him dead? If he had left him to his ragges, there had beene an end of him.*

TAT. *I, but set a beggar on horse-backe, hee'll neuer tinne till hee be a gallop.*

CEN. *The young heyre grew a fine* Gentleman, *in this last Act!*

EXP. *So he did,* Gossip: *and kept the best company.*

CEN. *And feasted 'hem, and his* Mistresse!

TAT. *And shew'd her to 'hem all! was not iealous!*

MIRTH. *But very communicative, and liberall, and beganne to be* magnificent, *if the churle his father would haue let him alone.*

CEN. *It was spitefully done o' the* Poet, *to make the Chuffe take him off in his heighth, when he was going to doe all his braue deedes!*

EXP. *To found an* Academy!

TAT. *Erect a* Colledge!

EXP. *Plant his* Professors, *and water his* Lectures.

MIRTH. *With wine,* gossips, *as he meant to doe, and then to defraud his purposes?*

EXP. *Kill the hopes of so many towardly young spirits?*

TAT. *As the* Doctors?

CEN. *And the* Courtiers! *I protest, I was in loue with* Master Fitton. *He did weare all he had, from the hat-band, to the shoe-tye, so politically, and would stoop, and leere?*

MIRTH. *And lie so, in waite for a piece of wit, like a* Mouse-trap?

EXP. *Indeed* Gossip, *so would the little* Doctor, *all his behauiour was meere* gliſter! *o' my conſcience, hee would make any parties* phyſicke *i' the world worke, with his diſcourſe.*

MIR. *I wonder they would ſuffer it, a fooliſh old fornicating* Father, *to raniſh away his ſonnes* Miſtreſſe.

CEN. *And all her women, at once, as hee did!*

TAT. *I would ha' ſlyen in his* gypſies *face i' faith.*

MIRTH. *It was a plaine piece of* politicall *inceſt, and worthy to be brought afore the* high Commiſſion *of wit. Suppoſe we were to cenſure him, you are the youngeſt voyce,* Gossip Tatle, *beginne.*

TATLE. *Mary, I would ha' the old* conicatcher *coozen'd of all he has, i' the young heyres defence, by his learn'd Counſell,* Mr Picklocke!

CENSVRE. *I would rather the* Courtier *had found out ſome tricke to begge him, from his eſtate!*

EXP. *Or the* Captaine *had courage enough to beat him.*

CEN. *Or the fine* Madrigall-*man, in rime, to haue runne him out o' the Countrey, like an* Iriſh *rat.*

TAT. *No, I would haue Maſter* Pyed-mantle, *her* Graces Herald, *to pluck downe his* hatchments, *reuerſe his* coat-armour, *and nulliſie him for no* Gentleman.

EXP. *Nay, then let Maſter* Doctor *diſſect him, haue him open'd, and his tripes tranſlated to* Lickfinger, *to make a* probation diſh *of.*

CEN. TAT. *Agreed! Agreed!*

MIRTH. *Faith I would haue him flat diſinherited, by a decree of* Court, *bound to make reſtitution of the* Lady Pecunia, *and the vſe of her body to his* ſonne.

EXP. *And her traine, to the* Gentlemen.

CEN. *And both the* Poet, *and himſelfe, to aske them all forgiueneſſe!*

TAT. *And vs too.*

CEN. *In two large* ſheetes *of paper——*

EXP. *Or to ſtand in a* skin *of* parchment, (*which the* Court *pleaſe*)

CEN. *And thoſe fill'd with newes!*

MIRTH. *And dedicated to the ſuſtaining of the* Staple!

EXP. *which their* Poet *hath let fall, moſt abruptly?*

MIRTH. Banckruptly, *indeede!*

CEN. *You ſay wittily,* Gossip, *and therefore let a* proteſt *goe out againſt him.*

MIR. *A* mourniuall *of* proteſts; *or a* gleeke *at leaſt!*

EXP. *In all our names:*

CEN. *For a decay'd wit——*

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CEN. Cenſure!

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ACT.

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To morrow you may put on that *graue Robe*,
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MIRT. *A beggerly* Iacke *it is, I warrant him, and a kin to the* Poet.

TAT. *Like enough, for hee had the chiefest part in his play, if you marke it.*

EXP. *Absurdity on him, for a huge ouergrowne* Play-maker! *why should he make him liue againe, when they, and we all thought him dead? If he had left him to his ragges, there had beene an end of him.*

TAT. *I, but set a beggar on horse-backe, hee'll neuer tinne till hee be a gallop.*

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EXP. *So he did,* Gossip: *and kept the best company.*

CEN. *And feasted 'hem, and his* Mistresse!

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MIRTH. *With wine,* gossips, *as he meant to doe, and then to defraud his purposes?*

EXP. *Kill the hopes of so many towardly young spirits?*

TAT. *As the* Doctors?

CEN. *And the* Courtiers! *I protest, I was in loue with Master* Fitton. *He did weare all he had, from the hat-band, to the shoe-tye, so politically, and would stoop, and leere?*

MIRTH. *And lie so, in waite for a piece of wit, like a* Mouse-trap?

EXP.

EXP. *Indeed* Gossip, *so would the little* Doctor, *all his behauiour was meere* glister! *o' my conscience, hee would make any parties* physicke *i' the world worke, with his discourse.*

MIR. *I wonder they would suffer it, a foolish old fornicating* Father, *to ranish away his sonnes* Mistresse.

CEN. *And all her women, at once, as hee did!*

TAT. *I would ha' flyen in his* gypsies *face i' faith.*

MIRTH. *It was a plaine piece of* politicall *incest, and worthy to be brought afore the* high Commission *of wit. Suppose we were to censure him, you are the youngest voyce,* Gossip Tatle, *beginne.*

TATLE. *Mary, I would ha' the old* conicatcher *coozen'd of all he has, i' the young heyres defence, by his learn'd Counsell,* Mr Picklocke!

CENSVRE. *I would rather the* Courtier *had found out some tricke to begge him, from his estate!*

EXP. *Or the* Captaine *had courage enough to beat him.*

CEN. *Or the fine* Madrigall-*man, in rime, to haue runne him out o' the Countrey, like an* Irish *rat.*

TAT. *No, I would haue Master* Pyed-mantle, *her* Graces Herald, *to pluck downe his* hatchments, *reuerse his* coat-armour, *and nullifie him for no* Gentleman.

EXP. *Nay, then let Master* Doctor *dissect him, haue him open'd, and his tripes translated to* Lickfinger, *to make a* probation dish *of.*

CEN. TAT. *Agreed! Agreed!*

MIRTH. *Faith I would haue him flat disinherited, by a decree of* Court, *bound to make restitution of the* Lady Pecunia, *and the vse of her body to his* sonne.

EXP. *And her traine, to the* Gentlemen.

CEN. *And both the* Poet, *and himselfe, to aske them all forgiuenesse!*

TAT. *And vs too.*

CEN. *In two large* sheetes *of paper——*

EXP. *Or to stand in a* skin *of* parchment, (*which the* Court *please*)

CEN. *And those fill'd with newes!*

MIRTH. *And dedicated to the sustaining of the* Staple!

EXP. *Which their* Poet *hath let fall, most abruptly?*

MIRTH. Banckruptly, *indeede!*

CEN. *You say wittily,* Gossip, *and therefore let a* protest *goe out against him.*

MIR. *A* mourniuall *of* protests; *or a* gleeke *at least!*

EXP. *In all our names:*

CEN. *For a decay'd wit——*

EXP. *Broken——*

TAT. *Non-soluent——————*

CENSVRE. *And, for euer, forfet——————*

MIRTH. *To scorne, of* Mirth?

CEN. Censure!

EXP. Expectation!

TAT. Subsign'd. Tatle, *Stay, they come againe.*

ACT.

ACT. V. SCENE. I.

PENY-BOY. IV. {*to him* THO. BARBER. {*after*, PICKLOCKE.

Hee comes out in the patcht cloak his father left him.

NAy, they are fit, as they had been made for me,
And I am now a thing, worth looking at!
The same, I said I would be in the morning.
No Rogue, at a *Comitia* of the *Canters*,
Did euer there become his *Parents Robes*
Better, then I do these: great foole! and begger!
Why doe not all that are of those *societies*,
Come forth, and gratulate mee one of theirs?
Me thinkes, I should be, on euery side, saluted,
Dauphin of *beggers*! *Prince* of *Prodigalls*!
That haue so fall'n vnder the eares, and eyes,
And tongues of all, the fable o'the time,
Matter of scorne, and marke of reprehension!
I now begin to see my vanity,
Shine in this *Glasse*, reflected by the *foile*!
Where is my Fashioner? my Feather-man?
My Linnener? Perfumer? Barber? all?
That tayle of Riot, follow'd me this morning?
Not one! but a darke solitude about mee,
Worthy my cloake, and patches; as I had
The *epidemicall* disease vpon mee:
And I'll sit downe with it. THO. My *Master*! *Maker*!
How doe you? Why doe you sit thus o'the ground, Sir?
Heare you the *newes*? P. IV. No, nor I care to heare none.
Would I could here sit still, and slip away
The other *one* and *twenty*, to haue this
Forgotten, and the day rac'd out, expung'd,
In euery *Ephemerides*, or *Almanack*.
Or if it must be in, that *Time* and *Nature*
Haue decree'd; still, let it be a day
Of tickling *Prodigalls*, about the gills;
Deluding gaping heires, loosing their loues,
And their discretions; falling from the fauours
Of their best friends, and parents; their owne hopes;

And entring the ſociety of *Canters*.
THO. A dolefull day it is, and diſmall times
Are come vpon vs: I am cleare vndone. (P. IV. Ha!
P. IV. How, *Thom*? THO. Why? broke! broke! wretchedly broke!
THO. Our *Staple* is all to pieces, quite diſſolu'd! P. IV. Ha!
THO. Shiuer'd, as in an earth-quake! heard you not
The cracke and ruines? we are all blowne vp!
Soone as they heard th' *Infanta* was got from them,
Whom they had ſo deuoured i'their hopes,
To be their *Patroneſſe*, and ſoiourne with 'hem;
Our *Emiſſaries*, *Regiſter*, *Examiner*,
Flew into vapor: our graue *Gouernour*
Into a ſubt'ler ayre; and is return'd
(As we doe heare) grand-*Captaine* of the *Ieerers*.
I, and my fellow melted into butter,
And ſpoyl'd our Inke, and ſo the *Office* vaniſh'd.
The laſt *hum* that it made, was, that your Father,
And *Picklocke* are fall'n out, the *man o' Law*.
P. IV. How? this awakes me from my lethargy.
THO. And a great ſuite, is like to be betweene 'hem,
Picklocke denies the *Feoſement*, and the *Truſt*,
(Your Father ſaies) he made of the whole eſtate,
Vnto him, as reſpecting his mortalitie,
When he firſt laid this late deuice, to try you.
P. IV. Has *Picklock* then a *truſt*? THO. I cannot tell,
Here comes the *worſhipfull*—PIC. What? my veluet-*beyre*,
Turn'd begger in minde, as robes? P. IV. You ſee what caſe,
Your, and my Fathers plots haue brought me to.
PIC. Your Fathers, you may ſay, indeed, not mine.
Hee's a hard hearted Gentleman! I am ſorie
To ſee his rigid reſolution!
That any man ſhould ſo put off affection,
And humane nature, to deſtroy his owne!
And triumph in a victory ſo cruell!
He's fall'n out with mee, for being yours,
And calls me Knaue, and Traytors to his *Truſt*,
Saies he will haue me throwne ouer the *Barre*—
P. IV. Ha'you deſeru'd it? PIC. O, good heauen knowes
My conſcience, and the ſilly latitude of it!
A narrow minded man! my thoughts doe dwell
All in a *Lane*, or line indeed; No turning,
Nor ſcarce obliquitie in them. I ſtill looke
Right forward to th'intent, and ſcope of that
Which he would go from now. P. IV. Had you a *Truſt*, then?
PIC. Sir, I had ſomewhat, will keepe you ſtill *Lord*
Of all the eſtate, (if I be honeſt) as
I hope I ſhall. My tender ſcrupulous breſt

Hee ſtarts vp at this.

Picklocke enters.

Will not permit me see the *heyre* defrauded,
And like an *Alyen*, thrust out of the blood,
The *Lawes* forbid that I should giue consent,
To such a ciuill slaughter of a Sonne.
P.Iv. Where is the deed? hast thou it with thee? Pic. No,
It is a thing of greater consequence,
Then to be borne about in a blacke boxe,
Like a *Low-countrey vorloffe*, or *Welsh-briefe*.
It is at *Lickfingers*, vnder locke and key.
P.Iv. O, fetch it hither. Pic. I haue bid him bring it,
That you might see it. P.Iv. Knowes he what brings?
Pic. No more then a Gardiners *Asse*, what roots he carries,
P.Iv. I was a sending my Father, like an *Asse*,
A penitent Epistle, but I am glad
I did not, now. Pic. Hang him, an austere grape,
That has no iuice, but what is veriuice in him.
P.Iv. I'll shew you my letter! Pic. Shew me a *defiance!*
If I can now commit Father, and Sonne,
And make my profits out of both. Commence
A suite with the *old man*, for his whole state,
And goe to *Law* with the Sonnes credit, vndoe
Both, both with their owne money, it were a piece
Worthy my night-cap, and the Gowne I weare,
A *Picklockes* name in *Law*. Where are you Sir?
What doe you doe so long? P.Iv. I cannot find
Where I haue laid it, but I haue laid it safe.
Pic No matter, Sir, trust you vnto my *Trust*,
'Tis that that shall secure you, an absolute deed!
And I confesse, it was in *Trust*, for you,
Lest any thing might haue hapned mortall to him:
But there must be a gratitude thought on,
And aid, Sir, for the charges of the suite,
Which will be great, 'gainst such a mighty man,
As is our Father, and a man possest
Of so much *Land*, *Pecunia* and her *friends*.
I am not able to wage *Law* with him,
Yet must maintaine the thing, as mine owne right,
Still for your good, and therefore must be bold
To vse your credit for monies. P.Iv. What thou wilt,
So wee be safe, and the *Trust* beare it. Pic. Feare not,
'Tis hee must pay arrerages in the end.
Wee'l milke him, and *Pecunia*, draw their creame downe,
Before he get the deed into his hands.
My name is *Picklocke*, but hee ll finde me a *Padlocke*.

Peny-boy *runnes out to fetch his letter.*

ACT. V. SCENE. II.

PENY-BOY. CAN. PENY-BOY. IV. PICKLOCK. THO. BARBAR.

HOw now? conferring wi'your *learned Counsell*,
Vpo' the Cheat? Are you o'the *plot* to coozen mee?
P.Iv. What *plot*? P.Se. Your *Counsell* knowes there, Mr *Picklock*,
Will you restore the *Trust* yet? Pic. Sir, take patience.
And memory vnto you, and bethinke you,
What *Trust*? where dost appeare? I haue your *Deed*,
Doth your *Deed* specifie any *Trust*? Is't not
A perfect *Act*? and absolute in *Law*?
Seal'd and deliuer'd before witnesses?
The *day* and *date*, emergent. P. Ca. But what conference?
What othes, and vowes preceded? Pic. I will tell you, Sir,
Since I am vrg'd of those, as I remember,
You told me you had got a growen estate,
By griping meanes, sinisterly. (P. Ca. How!) Pic. And were
Eu'n weary of it; if the *parties* liued,
From whom you had wrested it —(P. Ca. Ha!) Pic. You could (be glad,
To part with all, for satisfaction:
But since they had yeelded to humanity,
And that iust heauen had sent you, for a punishment
(You did acknowledge it) this riotous *heyre*,
That would bring all to beggery in the end,
And daily sow'd consumption, where he went—
P. Ca. You'old coozen both, then? your Confederate, too?
Pic. After a long, mature deliberation,
You could not thinke, where, better, how to place it—
P. Ca. Then on you, Rascall? Pic. What you please i'your (passion,
But with your reason, you will come about
And thinke a faithfull, and a frugall friend
To be preferr'd. P. Ca. Before a Sonne? Pic. A *Prodigall*,
A tubbe without a bottome, as you term'd him;
For which, I might returne you a vow, or two,
And seale it with an oath of thankfulnesse,
I not repent it, neither haue I cause, Yet— (dence
P. Ca. Fore-head of steele, and mouth of brasse! hath impu-
Polish'd so grosse a lie, and dar'st thou vent it?
Engine, compos'd of all mixt mettalls! hence,
I will not change a syllab, with thee, more,
Till I may meet thee, at a *Barre* in *Court*,

Before thy *Iudges*. PIC. Thither it must come,
Before I part with it, to you, or you, Sir. (though.
His Son entreats him. P. CA. I will not heare thee. P. IV. Sir, your eare to mee,
Not that I see through his perplexed plots,
And hidden ends, nor that my parts depend
Vpon the vnwinding this so knotted skeane,
Doe I beseech your patience. Vnto mee
He hath confest the *trust*. PIC. How? I confesse it?
P. IV. I thou, false man. P. SE. Stand vp to him, & confront him.
PIC. Where? when? to whom? P. IV. To me, euen now, and
Canst thou deny it? PIC. Can I eate, or drinke? (here,
Sleepe, wake, or dreame? arise, sit, goe, or stand?
Doe any thing that's naturall? P. IV. Yes, lye:
It seemes thou canst, and periure: that is naturall!
PIC. O me! what times are these! of frontlesse carriage!
An Egge o'the same nest! the Fathers Bird!
It runs in a blood, I see! P. IV. I'll stop your mouth.
PIC. With what? P. IV. With *truth*. PIC. With noise, I must
Where is your witnes? you can produce witnes? (haue witnes.
P. IV. As if my testimony were not *twenty*,
Balanc'd with thine? PIC. So say all *Prodigalls*,
Sicke of selfe-loue, but that's not *Law*, young *Scatter-good*.
I liue by *Law*. P. IV. Why? if thou hast a conscience,
That is a thousnd witnesses. PIC. No, *Court*,
Grants out a *Writ* of *Summons*, for the Conscience,
That I know, nor *Sub-pœna*, nor *Attachment*.
I must haue witnesse, and of your producing,
Ere this can come to hearing, and it must
Her produceth Thom. Be heard on oath, and witnesse. P. IV. Come forth, *Thom*,
Speake what thou heard'st, the truth, and the whole truth,
Aud nothing but the truth. What said this varlet?
PIC. A rat behind the hangings! THO. Sir, he said
It was a *Trust*! an *Act*, the which your Father
Had will to alter: but his tender brest
Would not permit to see the *heyre* defrauded;
And like an *alyen*, thrust out of the blood.
The *Lawes* forbid that he should giue consent
To such a ciuill slaughter of a Sonne——
P. IV. And talk'd of a gratuitie to be giuen,
And ayd vnto the charges of the suite,
Which he was to maintaine, in his owne name,
But for my vse, he said. P. CA. It is enough.
THO. And he would milke *Pecunia*, and draw downe
Her creame, before you got the *Trust*, againe.
P. CA. Your eares are in my pocket, Knaue, goe shake 'hem,
The little while you haue them. PIC. You doe trust
To your great purse. P. CA. I ha' you in a *purse-net*,

Good

Good Master *Picklocke*, wi' your worming braine,
And wrigling ingine-head of maintenance,
Which I shall see you hole with, very shortly.
A fine round head, when those two lugs are off,
To trundle through a *Pillory*. You are sure (more!
You heard him speake this? P.Iv. I, and more. THO. Much
PIC. I'll proue yours *maintenance*, and *combination*,
And sue you all. P.CA. Doe, doe, my gowned *Vulture*,
Crop in *Reuersion*: I shall see you coyted
Ouer the *Barre*, as Barge-men doe their billets.
PIC. This 'tis, when men repent of their good deeds,
And would ha'hem in againe—They are almost mad!
But I forgiue their *Lucida Internalla*.
O, *Lickfinger*? come hither. Where's my writing?

Pick-lock *spies* Lick-finger, *and askes him aside for the writing.*

ACT. V. SCENE. III.

LICKFINGER. (*to them.*

I sent it you, together with your keyes,
PIC. How? LIC. By the *Porter*, that came for it, from you,
And by the token, you had giu'n me the keyes,
And bad me bring it. PIC. And why did you not?
LIC. Why did you send a counter-mand? PIC. Who, I?
LIC. You, or some other you, you put in trust.
PIC. In *trust*? LIC. Your *Trust's* another selfe, you know,
And without *Trust*, and your *Trust*, how should he
Take notice of your keyes, or of my charge.
PIC. Know you the man? LIC. I know he was a *Porter*,
And a seal'd *Porter* for he bore the badge
On breast, I am sure. PIC. I am lost! a plot! I sent it!
LIC. Why! and I sent it by the man you sent
Whom else, I had not trusted. PIC. Plague o' your trust.
I am *trus's'd* vp among you. P.Iv. Or you may be.
PIC. In mine owne halter, I haue made the *Noose*.
P.Iv. What was it, *Lickfinger*? LIC. A *writing*, Sir,
He sent for't by a token, I was bringing it:
But that he sent a *Porter*, and hee seem'd
A man of decent carriage. P.CA. 'Twas good *fortune*!
To cheat the *Cheater*, was no *cheat*, but iustice,
Put off your ragges, and be your selfe againe,
This *Act* of piety, and good affection,
Hath partly reconcil'd me to you. P.Iv. Sir.

Picklocke *goes out.*

Young Peny-boy *discouers it, to his Father to be his plot of sending for it by the* Porter, *and that hee is in possession of the* Deed.

P.C. No vowes, no promiſes: too much proteſtation
Makes that ſuſpected oft, we would perſwade. (ſhould we?
Elder Penyboy *ſtartles at the newes.* Lic. Heare you the *Newes*? P. Iv. The *office* is downe, how
Lic. But of your *vncle*? P. Iv. No. Lic. He's runne mad, Sir.
P.Ca. How, *Lickfinger*? Lic. Stark ſtaring mad, your brother,
H'has almoſt kill'd his maid. P. Ca. Now, heauen forbid.
Lic. But that ſhe's Cat-liu'd, and Squirrill-limb'd,
With throwing bed-ſtaues at her: h'has ſet wide
His outer doores, and now keepes open houſe,
For all the paſſers by to ſee his iuſtice:
Firſt, he has apprehended his two dogges,
As being o'the plot to coozen him:
And there hee ſits like an old *worme of the peace*,
Wrap'd vp in furres at a ſquare table, ſcrewing,
Examining, and committing the poore curres,
To two old caſes of cloſe ſtooles, as priſons;
The one of which, he calls his *Lollard's* tower,
Th'other his *Blocke*-houſe, 'cauſe his two dogs names
Are *Blocke*, and *Lollard*. P. Iv. This would be braue matter
Vnto the Ieerers. P.Ca. I, If ſo the ſubiect
Were not ſo wretched. Lic. Sure, I met them all,
I thinke, vpon that queſt. P.Ca. 'Faith, like enough:
The vicious ſtill are ſwift to ſhew their natures.
I'll thither too, but with another ayme,
If all ſucceed well, and my *ſimples* take.

ACT. V. SCENE. IIIJ.

He is ſeene ſitting at his Table with papers before him.

PENI.BOY. SEN. PORTER.

Hee ſmells him.

WHere are the priſoners? Por. They are forth-comming, Sr,
Or comming forth at leaſt. P.Se. The Rogue is drunke,
Since I committed them to his charge. Come hither,
Neere me, yet neerer; breath vpon me. Wine!
Wine, o'my worſhip! ſacke! Canary ſacke!
Could not your *Badge* ha' bin drunke with fulſome Ale?
Or Beere? the *Porters* element? but ſacke!
Por. I am not drunke, we had, Sir, but one pynt,
An honeſt carrier, and my ſelfe. P. Se. Who paid for't?
Por. Sir, I did giue it him. P.Se. What? and ſpend ſixpence!
A *Frocke* ſpend ſixpence! ſixpence! Por. Once in a yeere, Sir,
P.Se. In ſeuen yeers, varlet! Know'ſt thou what thou haſt done?
What a conſumption thou haſt made of a *State*?

It

It might pleaſe heauen, (a luſty Knaue and young)
To let thee liue ſome *ſeuenty* yeeres longer,
Till thou art *foureſcore*, and *ten*; perhaps, a *hundred*.
Say *ſeuenty* yeeres; how many times *ſeuen* in *ſeuenty*?
Why, *ſeuen* times *ten*, is *ten* times *ſeuen*, marke me,
I will demonſtrate to thee on my fingers,
Six-pence in *ſeuen* yeere (vſe vpon vſe)
Growes in that firſt *ſeuen* yeere, to be a *twelue*-pence.
That, in the next, *two*-ſhillings: the third *foure*-ſhillings;
The fourth *ſeuen* yeere, *eight*-ſhillings; the fifth, *ſixteen*:
The ſixth, *two* and *thirty*; the ſeuenth, *three-pound foure*,
The eighth, *ſixe pound*, and *eyght*; the ninth, *twelue pound ſixteen*;
And the tenth *ſeuen*, *fiue* and *twenty pound*,
Twelue Shillings. This thou art fall'n from, by thy riot!
Should'ſt thou liue *ſeuenty* yeeres, by ſpending *ſix-pence*,
Once i'the *ſeuen*: but in a day to waſt it!
There is a *Summe* that *number* cannot reach!
Out o'my houſe, thou peſt o' prodigality!
Seed o' conſumption! hence, a wicked keeper
Is oft worſe then the priſoners. There's thy penny,
Foure tokens for thee. Out, away. My dogges,
May yet be innocent, and honeſt. If not,
I haue an entrapping *queſtion*, or two more,
To put vnto 'hem, a *croſſe Intergatory*,
And I ſhall catch 'hem; *Lollard*? Peace,
What whiſpring was that you had with *Mortgage*,
When you laſt lick'd her feet? The truth now. *Ha*?
Did you ſmell ſhee was going? Put downe that. *And not*,
Not to returne? You are ſilent. good. And, when
Leap'd you on *Statute*? *As ſhe went forth*? *Conſent*.
There was Conſent, as ſhee was going forth.
'Twould haue beene fitter at her comming home,
But you knew *that ſhe would not*? To your Tower,
You are cunning, are you? I will meet your craft.
Blocke, ſhew your face, leaue your careſſes, tell me,
And tell me truly, what affronts do you know
Were done *Pecunia*? that ſhe left my houſe?
None, ſay you ſo? *not that you know*? or *will know*?
I feare me, I ſhall find you an obſtinate *Curre*.
Why, did your fellow *Lollard* cry this morning?
'Cauſe Broker *kickt him*? why did *Broker* kicke him?
Becauſe he piſt againſt my Ladies *Gowne*?
Why, that was no affront? no? no diſtaſt?
You knew o' none. Yo'are a diſſembling *Tyke*,
To your hole, againe, your *Blocke*-houſe. *Lollard*, ariſe,
Where did you lift your legge vp, laſt? 'gainſt what?
Are you ſtruck Dummerer now? and whine for mercy?

Hee calls forth Lollard, *and examines him.*

He commits him againe.

Calls forth Blocke, *and examines him.*

Commits him.

Lollard *is call'd again.*

Whose Kirtle was't, you gnaw'd too? Mistresse *Bands*?
And Waxe's stockings? who did? *Blocke bescumber*
Statutes *white suite*? *wi' the parchment lace there*?
And Brokers *Sattin dublet*? all will out.
They had offence, offence enough to quit mee.
Blocke is summon'd the second time. Appeare *Blocke, fough*, 'tis manifest. He shewes it,
Should he for-sweare't, make all the *Affadauits*,
Against it, that he could afore the *Bench*,
And *twenty Iuries*; hee would be conuinc'd.
He beares an ayre about him, doth confesse it!
Hee is remanded. To prison againe, close prison. Not you *Lollard*,
You may enioy the liberty o'the house,
Lollard has the liberty of the house. And yet there is a quirke come in my head,
For which I must commit you too, and close,
Doe not repine, it will be better for you.

ACT. V. SCENE. II.

Enter the Ieerers. CYMBAL. FITTON. SHVNFIELD. ALMANACH. MADRIGAL. PENY-BOY. SEN. LICKFINGER.

THis is enough to make the dogs mad too,
Let's in vpon him. P.SE. How now? what's the matter?
Come you to force the prisoners? make a rescue?
FIT. We come to baile your dogs. P.SE. They are not baile-able,
They stand committed without *baile*, or *mainprise*,
Your baile cannot be taken. SHV. Then the truth is,
We come to vex you. ALM. Ieere you. MAD. Bate you rather.
CYM. A bated vserer will be good flesh.
FIT. And tender, we are told. P.SE. Who is the Butcher,
Amongst you, that is come to cut my throat?
SHV. You would dye a calues death faine: but 'tis an Oxes,
Is meant you. FIT. To be fairely knock'd o'the head.
SHV. With a good Ieere or two. P.SE. And from your iaw-bone,
Don Asinigo? CYM. *Shunfield*, a Ieere, you haue it.
SHV. I doe confesse a washing blow? but *Snarle*,
You that might play the third dogge, for your teeth,
You ha' no *money* now? FIT. No, nor no *Mortgage*.
ALM. Nor *Band*. MAD. Nor *Statute*. CYM. No, nor *blusher Wax*.
P.SE. Nor you no *Office*, as I take it. SHV. *Cymbal*,
A mighty Ieere. FIT. Pox o'these true ieasts, I say.

MAD.

MAD. He will turne the better ieerer. ALM. Let's vpon him,
And if we cannot ieere him downe in wit, (o' warre.
MAD. Let's do't in noyse. SHV. Content. MAD. Charge, man
ALM. Lay him, aboard. SHV. We'll gi' him a broad side, first.
FIT. Wher's your veniſon, now? CYM. Your red-Deer-pyes?
SHV. Wi' your bak'd Turkyes? ALM. and your Partridges?
MAD. Your Pheſſants, & fat Swans? P.SE. Like you, turn'd Geeſe.
MAD. But ſuch as will not keepe your Capitol? (in?
SHV. You were wont to ha' your Breams—ALM. And Trouts ſent
CYM. Fat Carps, and Salmons? FIT. I, and now, and then,
An Embleme, o' your ſelfe, an o're-growne Pyke?
P.SE. You are a Iack, Sir. FIT. You ha' made a ſhift
To ſwallow twenty ſuch poore Iacks ere now.
ALM. If he ſhould come to feed vpon poore-Iohn?
MAD. Or turne pure Iack-a-Lent after all this?
FIT. Tut, he'll liue like a Graſſhopper—MAD. On dew.
SHV. Or like a Beare, with licking his owne clawes.
CYM. I, If his dogs were away. ALM. He'll eat them, firſt,
While they are fat. FIT. Faith, and when they are gone,
Here's nothing to be ſeene beyond. CYM. Except
His kindred, Spiders, natiues o' the ſoyle.
ALM. Duſt, he will ha' enough here, to breed fleas.
MAD. But, by that time, he'll ha' no blood to reare 'hem.
SHV. He will be as thin as a lanterne, we ſhall ſee thorow him,
ALM. And his gut colon, fell his Inteſtina— (his ayd.
P.SE. Rogues, Raſcalls (*baw waw) FIT. He calls his dogs to
ALM. O! they but riſe at mention of his tripes.
CYM. Let them alone, they doe it not for him.
MAD. They barke, ſe defendendo. SHV. Or for cuſtome,
As commonly currres doe, one for another.
LIC. Arme, arme you, Gentlemen Ieerers, th'old Canter
Is comming in vpon you, with his forces,
The Gentleman, that was the Canter. SHV. Hence.
FIT. Away. CYM. What is he? ALM. ſtay not to ask queſtions.
FIT. Hee's a flame. SHV. A fornace. ALM. A conſumption,
Kills where hee goes. LIC. See! the whole Cony is ſcatter'd,
'Ware, 'ware the Hawkes. I loue to ſee him flye.

*His doggers barke.

They all run away.

ACT.

ACT. V. SCENE. VI.

PENY-BOY. CA. PENY-BOY. SE. PENI-BOY. IV. PECVNIA. TRAINE.

YOu see by this amazement, and distraction,
What your companions were, a poore, affrighted,
And guilty race of men, that dare to stand
No breath of truth: but conscious to themselues
Of their no-wit, or honesty, ranne routed
At euery *Pannicke* terror themselues bred.
Where else, as confident as sounding brasse,
Their tinckling *Captaine*, *Cymbal*, and the rest,
Dare put on any visor, to deride
The wretched: or with *buffon* licence, iest
At whatsoe'r is serious, if not sacred.

Peny-boy Se. *acknowledgeth his elder brother.*

P. Se. Who's this? my brother! and restor'd to life!
P. Ca Yes, and sent hither to restore your wits:
If your short madnesse, be not more then anger,
Conceiued for your losse! which I returne you.
See here, your *Mortgage*, *Statute*, *Band*, and *Waxe*,
Without your *Broker*, come to abide with you:
And vindicate the *Prodigall*, from stealing
Away the *Lady*. Nay, *Pecunia* herselfe,
Is come to free him fairely, and discharge
All ties, but those of *Loue*, vnto her person,
To vse her like a friend, not like a slaue,
Or like an *Idoll*. Superstition
Doth violate the Deity it worships:
No lesse then scorne doth. And beleeue it, *brother*
The vse of things is all, and not the *Store*;
Surfet, and fulnesse, haue kill'd more then *famine*.
The Sparrow, with his little plumage, flyes,
While the proud Peacocke, ouer-charg'd with pennes,
Is faine to sweepe the ground, with his growne traine,
And load of feathers. P. Se. Wise, and honour'd *brother*!
None but a *Brother*, and sent from the dead,
As you are to me, could haue altered me:
I thanke my *Destiny*, that is so gracious.
Are there no *paines*, no *Penalties* decreed

From whence you come, to vs that ſmother money,
In cheſts, and ſtrangle her in bagges. P. CA. O, mighty,
Intolerable fines, and mulcts impo'sd!
(Of which I come to warne you) forfeitures
Of whole eſtates, if they be knowne, and taken!
P. SE. I thanke you *Brother* for the light you haue giuen mee,
I will preuent 'hem all. Firſt free my dogges,
Leſt what I ha' done to them (and againſt *Law*)
Be a *Premunire*, for by *Magna Charta*
They could not be committed, as cloſe priſoners,
My learned *Counſell* tells me here, my *Cooke*.
And yet he ſhew'd me, the way, firſt. LIC. Who did? I?
I trench the liberty o' the ſubiects? P. CA. Peace,
Picklocke, your Gheſt, that *Stentor*, hath infected you,
Whom I haue ſafe enough in a wooden collar.
P. SE. Next, I reſtore theſe ſeruants to their *Ladie*,
With freedome, heart of cheare, and countenance;
It is their yeere, and day of *Iubilee*.
TRA. We thanke you, Sir. P. SE. And laſtly, to my *Nephew*,
I giue my houſe, goods, lands, all but my vices,
And thoſe I goe to cleanſe; kiſſing this *Lady*
Whom I doe giue him too, and ioyne their hands.
P. CA. If the Spectators will ioyne theirs, wee thanke 'hem.
P. IV. And wiſh they may, as I, enioy *Pecunia*.
PEC. And ſo *Pecunia* her ſelfe doth wiſh,
That ſhee may ſtill be ayde vnto their vſes,
Not ſlaue vnto their pleaſures, or a Tyrant
Oner their faire deſires; but teach them all
The golden meane: the *Prodigall* how to liue,
The *ſordid*, and the *couetous*, how to dye,
That with ſound mind; this ſafe frugality.

Her Traine thanks him.

THE END.

The Epilogue.

THus haue you ſeene the Makers double ſcope,
To profit, and delight; wherein our hope
Is, though the clout we doe not alwaies hit,
It will not be imputed to his wit:
A Tree ſo tri'd, and bent, as't will not ſtart.
Nor doth he often cracke a ſtring of Art,
Though there may other accidents as ſtrange
Happen, the weather of your lookes may change,
Or ſome high wind of miſ-conceit ariſe,
To cauſe an alteration in our Skyes;
If ſo, we'are ſorry that haue ſo miſ-ſpent
Our Time and Tackle, yet he'is confident,
And vow's the next faire day, hee'll haue vs ſhoot
The ſame match o're for him, if you'll come to't.

THE DIUELL IS AN ASSE:

A COMEDIE ACTED IN THE YEARE, 1616.

BY HIS MAIESTIES SERVANTS.

The Author BEN: IONSON.

HOR. *de* ART. POET.

Ficta voluptatis Causâ, sint proxima veris.

LONDON,
Printed by *I. B.* for ROBERT ALLOT, and are to be sold at the signe of the *Beare*, in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1631.

THE DIDELL

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

SATAN.	*The great diuell.*
PVG.	*The lesse diuell.*
INIQVITY.	*The Vice.*
FITZ-DOTTRELL.	*A Squire of* Norfolk.
Mistresse FRANCES.	*His wife.*
MEERE-CRAFT.	*The Projector.*
EVERILL.	*His champion.*
WITTIPOL.	*A young Gallant.*
MANLY.	*His friend.*
INGINE.	*A Broaker.*
TRAINES.	*The Projectors man.*
GVILT-HEAD.	*A Gold-smith.*
PLVTARCHVS.	*His sonne.*
Sir POVLE EITHER-SIDE.	*A Lawyer, and Iustice.*
Lady EITHER-SIDE.	*His wife.*
Lady TAILE-BVSH.	*The Lady Projectresse.*
PIT-FALL.	*Her woman.*
AMBLER.	*Her Gentleman vsher.*
SLEDGE.	*A Smith, the Constable.*
SHACKLES.	*Keeper of Newgate.*

SERIEANTS.

The Scene, LONDON.

The Prologue.

THe DIVELL *is an* Asse. *That is, to day,*
The name of what you are met for, a new Play.
Yet, Grandee's, would you were not come to grace
Our matter, with allowing vs no place.
Though you presume SATAN *a subtill thing,*
And may haue heard hee's worne in a thumbe-ring;
Doe not on these presumptions, force vs act,
In compasse of a cheese-trencher. This tract
Will ne'er admit our vice, *because of yours.*
Anone, who, worse then you, the fault endures
That your selues make? when you will thrust and spurne,
And knocke vs o'the elbowes, and bid, turne;
As if, when wee had spoke, wee must be gone,
Or, till wee speake, must all runne in, to one,
Like the young adders, at the old ones mouth?
Would wee could stand due North; *or had no* South,
If that offend: or were Muscouy *glasse,*
That you might looke our Scenes *through as they passe.*
We know not how to affect you. If you'll come
To see new Playes, pray you affoord vs roome,
And shew this, but the same face you haue done
Your deare delight, the Diuell *of* Edmunton. †
Or, if, for want of roome it must mis-carry,
'Twill be but Iustice, that your censure tarry,
Till you giue some. And when sixe times you ha' seen't,
If this Play *doe not like, the* Diuell *is in't.*

THE

† The Merry Devil of Edmonton was acted at the Globe about 1604, where they had ample space. This play was acted at Blackfriars, where was much less space.

THE DIVELL IS AN ASSE.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

DIVELL. PVG. INIQVITY.

HOh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, &c.
To earth? and, why to earth, thou ſoooliſh Spirit?
What wold'ſt thou do on earth? PVG. For that, great
As time ſhal work. I do but ask my mon'th. (Chiefe!
Which euery petty *pui'nee Diuell* has;
Within that terme, the Court of *Hell* will heare
Some thing, may gaine a longer grant, perhaps.
SAT. For what? the laming a poore Cow, or two?
Entring a Sow, to make her caſt her farrow?
Or croſſing of a Mercat-womans Mare,
Twixt this, and *Totnam*? theſe were wont to be
Your maine atchieuements, *Pug*, You haue ſome plot, now,
Vpon a tonning of Ale, to ſtale the yeſt,
Or keepe the churne ſo, that the butter come not;
Spight o'the houſewiues cord, or her hot ſpit?
Or ſome good Ribibe, about *Kentiſh* Towne,
Or *Hogſden*, you would hang now, for a witch,
Becauſe ſhee will not let you play round *Robbin*:
And you'll goe ſowre the Citizens Creame gainſt Sunday;
That ſhe may be accus'd for't, and condemn'd,
By a *Middleſex* Iury, to the ſatisfaction
Of their offended friends, the *Londiners* wiues
Whoſe teeth were ſet on edge with it? Fooliſh feind,
Stay your place, know your owne ſtrengths, and put not
Beyond the ſpheare of your actiuity.

You are too dull a Diuell to be trusted
Forth in those parts, *Pug*, vpon any affayre
That may concerne our name, on earth. It is not
Euery ones worke. The state of *Hell* must care
Whom it imployes, in point of reputation,
Heere about *London*. You would make, I thinke
An Agent, to be sent, for *Lancashire*,
Proper inough; or some parts of *Northumberland*,
So yo' had good instructions, *Pug*. PVG. O *Chiefe*!
You doe not know, deare *Chiefe*, what there is in mee.
Proue me but for a fortnight, for a weeke,
And lend mee but a *Vice*, to carry with mee,
To practice there-with any play-fellow,
And, you will see, there will come more vpon't,
Then you'll imagine, pretious *Chiefe*. SAT. What *Vice*?
What kind would'st th'haue it of? PVG. Why, any *Fraud*;
Or *Couetousnesse*; or Lady *Vanity*;
Or old *Iniquity*: I'll call him hither.
INI. What is he, calls vpon me, and would seeme to lack a *Vice*?
Ere his words be halfe spoken, I am with him in a trice;
Here, there, and euery where, as the Cat is with the mice:
True *vetus Iniquitas*. Lack'st thou Cards, friend, or Dice?
I will teach thée cheate, Child, to cog, lye, and swagger,
And euer and anon, to be drawing forth thy dagger:
To sweare by Gogs-nownes, like a lusty *Iuuentus*,
In a cloake to thy heele, and a hat like a pent-house.
Thy breeches of three fingers, and thy doublet all belly,
With a Wench that shall feede thee, with cock-stones and gelly.
PVG. Is it not excellent, *Chiefe*? how nimble he is!
INI. Child of hell, this is nothing! I will fetch thee a leape
From the top of *Pauls*-steeple, to the Standard in *Cheepe*:
And lead thee a daunce, through the streets without faile,
Like a needle of *Spaine*, with a thred at my tayle.
We will suruay the *Suburbs*, and make forth our sallyes,
Downe *Petticoate-lane*, and vp the *Smock-allies*,
To *Shoreditch*, *Whitechappell*, and so to Saint *Kathernes*.
To drinke with the *Dutch* there, and take forth their patternes:
From thence, wee will put in at *Custome-house* key there,
And see, how the Factors, and Prentizes play there,
False with their Masters; and gueld many a full packe,
To spend it in pies, at the *Dagger*, and the *Wool-sacke*.
PVG. Braue, braue, *Iniquity*! will not this doe, *Chiefe*?
INI. Nay, boy, I wil bring thee to the Bawds, and the Roysters,
At *Belins-gate*, feasting with claret-wine, and oysters,
From thence shoot the *Bridge*, childe, to the Cranes i' the *Vintry*,
And see, there the gimblets, how they make their entry!
Or, if thou hadst rather, to the *Strand* downe to fall,

'Gainst

'Gainſt the Lawyers come dabled from *Weſtminſter-hall*
And marke how they cling, with their clyents together,
Like Iuie to Oake; ſo Veluet to Leather: (dotard,
Ha, boy, I would ſhew thee. PVG. Rare, rare! DIV. Peace,
And thou more ignorant thing, that ſo admir'ſt.
Art thou the ſpirit thou ſeem'ſt? ſo poore? to chooſe
This, for a *Vice*, t'aduance the cauſe of *Hell*,
Now? as Vice ſtands this preſent yeere? Remember,
What number it is. *Six hundred* and *ſixteene*.
Had it but beene *fiue hundred*, though ſome *ſixty*
Aboue; that's *fifty* yeeres agone, and *ſix*,
(When euery great man had his *Vice* ſtand by him,
In his long coat, ſhaking his wooden dagger)
I could conſent, that, then this your graue choice
Might haue done that, with his Lord *Chiefe*, the which
Moſt of his chamber can doe now. But *Pug*,
As the times are, who is it, will receiue you?
What company will you goe to? or whom mix with?
Where canſt thou carry him? except to Tauernes?
To mount vp ona joynt-ſtoole, with a *Iewes*-trumpe,
To put downe *Cokeley*, and that muſt be to Citizens?
He ne're will be admitted, there, where *Vennor* comes.
Hee may perchance, in taile of a Sheriffes dinner,
Skip with a rime o'the Table, from *New-nothing*,
And take his *Almaine*-leape into a cuſtard,
Shall make my Lad *Maioreſſe*, and her ſiſters,
Laugh all their hoods ouer their ſhoulders. But,
This is not that will doe, they are other things
That are receiu'd now vpon earth, for Vices;
Stranger, and newer: and chang'd euery houre.
They ride 'hem like their horſes off their legges,
And here they come to *Hell*, whole legions of 'hem,
Euery weeke tyr'd. Wee, ſtill ſtriue to breed,
And reare 'hem vp new ones; but they doe not ſtand,
When they come there: they turne 'hem on our hands.
And it is fear'd they haue a ſtud o'their owne
Will put downe ours. Both our breed, and trade
VVill ſuddenly decay, if we preuent not.
Vnleſſe it be a *Vice* of quality,
Or faſhion, now, they take none from vs. Car-men
Are got into the yellow ſtarch, and Chimney-ſweepers
To their tabacco, and ſtrong-waters, *Hum*,
Meath, and *Obarni*. VVe muſt therefore ayme
At extraordinary ſubtill ones, now,
VVhen we doe ſend to keepe vs vp in credit.
Not old *Iniquities*. Get you e'ne backe, Sir,
To making of your rope of ſand againe.

You

You are not for the manners, nor the times:
They haue their *Vices*, there, most like to *Vertues*;
You cannnot know 'hem, apart, by any difference:
They weare the same cloth es, eate the same meate,
Sleepe i'the selfe-same beds, ride i'those coaches.
Or very like, foure horses in a coach,
As the best men and women. Tissue gownes,
Garters and roses, fourescore pound a paire,
Embroydred stockings, cut-worke smocks, and shirts,
More certaine marks of lechery, now, and pride,
Then ere they were of true nobility!
But *Pug*, since you doe burne with such desire
To doe the Common-wealth of Hell some seruice;
I am content, assuming of a body,
You goe to earth, and visit men, a day.
But you must take a body ready made, *Pug*,
I can create you none: nor shall you forme
Your selfe an aery one, but become subiect
To all impression of the flesh, you take,
So farre as humane frailty. So, this morning,
There is a handsome Cutpurse hang'd at *Tiborne*,
Whose spirit departed, you may enter his body:
For clothes imploy your credit, with the Hangman,
Or let our tribe of Brokers furnish you.
And, looke, how farre your subtilty can worke
Thorow those organs, with that body, spye
Amongst mankind, (you cannot there want vices,
And therefore the lesse need to carry 'hem wi'you)
But as you make your soone at nights relation,
And we shall find, it merits from the State,
You shall haue both trust from vs, and imployment.

PVG. Most gracious *Chiefe*! DIV. Onely, thus more I bind (you,
To serue the first man that you meete; and him.
I'le shew you, now: Obserue him. Yon' is hee,
You shall see, first, after your clothing. Follow him:
But once engag'd, there you must stay and fixe;
Not shift, vntill the midnights cocke doe crow.

He shewes Fitz-dottrel *to him, comming forth.*

PVG. Any conditions to be gone. DIV. Away, then.

ACT.

ACT. I. SCENE. II.

FITZ-DOTTRELL.

I, they doe now, name *Bretnor*, as before,
They talk'd of *Gresham*, and of Doctor *Foreman*,
Francklin, and *Fiske*, and *Sanory* (he was in too)
But there's not one of these, that euer could
Yet shew a man the *Diuell*, in true sort.
They haue their christalls, I doe know, and rings,
And virgin parchment, and their dead-mens sculls
Their rauens wings, their lights, and *pentacles*,
With *characters*; I ha' seene all these. But—
Would I might see the *Diuell*. I would giue
A hundred o' these pictures, to see him
Once out of picture. May I proue a cuckold,
(And that's the one maine mortall thing I feare)
If I beginne not, now, to thinke, the Painters
Haue onely made him. 'Slight, he would be seene,
One time or other else. He would not let
An ancient gentleman, of a good house,
As most are now in *England*, the *Fitz-dottrels*,
Runne wilde, and call vpon him thus in vaine,
As I ha' done this twelue mone'th. If he be not,
At all, why, are there Coniurers? If they be not,
Why, are there lawes against 'hem? The best artists
Of *Cambridge*, *Oxford*, *Middlesex*, and *London*,
Essex, and *Kent*, I haue had in pay to raise him,
These fifty weekes, and yet h'appeares not. 'Sdeath,
I shall suspect, they, can make circles onely
Shortly, and know but his hard names. They doe say,
H'will meet a man (of himselfe) that has a mind to him.
If hee would so, I haue a minde and a halfe for him:
He should not be long absent. Pray thee, come
I long for thee. An' I were with child by him,
And my wife, too; I could not more. Come, yet,
Good *Beelzebub*. Were hee a kinde diuell,
And had humanity in him, hee would come, but
To saue ones longing. I should vse him well,
I sweare, and with respect (would he would try mee)
Not, as the Conjurers doe, when they ha' rais'd him.
Get him in bonds, and send him post, on errands.

He expresses a longing to see the Diuell.

A thousand miles, it is prepostrous, that:
And I beleeue, is the true cause he comes not.
And hee has reason. Who would be engag'd,
That might liue freely, as he may doe? I sweare,
They are wrong all. The burn't child dreads the fire.
They doe not know to entertaine the *Diuell*.
I would so welcome him, obserue his diet,
Get him his chamber hung with *arras*, two of 'hem,
I' my own house; lend him my wiues wrought pillowes:
And as I am an honest man, I thinke,
If he had a minde to her, too; I should grant him,
To make our friend-ship perfect. So I would not
To euery man. If hee but heare me, now?
And should come to mee in a braue young shape,
And take me at my word? ha! Who is this?

ACT. I. SCENE. IIJ.

PVG. FITZ-DOTTRELL.

SIR, your good pardon, that I thus presume
Vpon your priuacy. I am borne a Gentleman,
A younger brother; but, in some disgrace,
Now, with my friends: and want some little meanes,
To keepe me vpright, while things be reconcil'd.
Please you, to let my seruice be of vse to you, Sir.

FIT. Seruice? 'fore hell, my heart was at my mouth,
Till I had view'd his shooes well: for, those roses
Were bigge inough to hide a clouen foote.
No, friend, my number's full. I haue one seruant,
Who is my all, indeed; and, from the broome
Vnto the brush: for, iust so farre, I trust him.
He is my Ward-robe man, my Cater, Cooke,
Butler, and Steward; lookes vnto my horse:
And helpes to watch my wife. H'has all the places,
That I can thinke on, from the garret downward,
E'en to the manger, and the curry-combe.

PVG. Sir, I shall put your worship to no charge,
More then my meate, and that bu very little,
I'le serue you for your loue. FIT. Ha? without wages?
I'le harken o'that eare, were I at leasure.
But now, I'm busie. 'Pr'y the, friend forbeare mee,

Hee lookes and surueys his feet: ouer and ouer.

An'

And thou hadst beene a *Diuell*, I should say
Somewhat more to thee. Thou dost hinder, now,
My meditations. PVG. Sir, I am a *Diuell*.
FIT. How! PVG. A true *Diuell*, Sr. FIT. Nay, now, you ly:
Vnder your fauour, friend, for, I'll not quarrell!
I look'd o'your feet, afore, you cannot coozen mee,
Your shoo's not clouen, sir, you are whole hoof'd. *He viewes his feete againe.*
PVG. Sir, that's a popular error, deceiues many:
But I am that, I tell you. FIT. What's your name? (deed, Sr.
PVG. My name is *Diuell*, Sr. FIT. Sai'st thou true. PVG. In-
FIT. 'Slid! there's some *amen* i'this! what countryman?
PVG. Of *Derby-shire*, Sr. about the *Peake*. FIT. That Hole
Belong'd to your Ancestors? PVG. Yes, *Diuells* arse, Sr.
FIT. I'll entertaine him for the name sake. Ha!
And turne away my tother man? and saue
Foure pound a yeere by that? there's lucke, and thrift too!
The very *Diuell* may come, heereafter, as well.
Friend, I receiue you: but (withall) I acquaine you,
Aforehand, if yo' offend mee, I must beat you.
It is a kinde of exercise, I vse.
And cannot be without. PVG. Yes, if I doe not
Offend, you can, sure. FIT. Faith, *Diuell*, very hardly:
I'll call you by your surname, 'cause I loue it.

ACT. I. SCENE. IIII.

INGINE. WITTIPOL. MANLY.
FITZDOTTRELL. PVG.

YOnder hee walkes, Sir, I'll goe lift him for you.
WIT. To him, good *Ingine*, raise him vp by degrees,
Gently, and hold him there too, you can doe it.
Shew your selfe now, a *Mathematicall* broker.
ING. I'll warrant you for halfe a piece. WIT. 'Tis done, Sr.
MAN. Is't possible there should be such a man?
WIT. You shall be your owne witnesse, I'll not labour
To tempt you past your faith. MAN. And is his wife
So very handsome, say you? WIT. I ha' not seene her,
Since I came home from trauell: and they say,
Shee is not alter'd. Then, before I went,
I saw her once; but so, as shee hath stuck
Still i'my view, no obiect hath remou'd her.

MAN. 'Tis a faire guest, Friend, beauty: and once lodg'd
Deepe in the eyes, shee hardly leaues the Inne.
How do's he keepe her? WIT. Very braue. Howeuer,
Himselfe be sordide, hee is sensuall that way.
In euery dressing, hee do's study her.
MAN. And furnish forth himselfe so from the *Brokers*?
WIT. Yes, that's a hyr'd suite, hee now has one,
To see the *Diuell* is an *Asse*, to day, in:
(This *Ingine* gets three or foure pound a weeke by him)
He dares not misse a new *Play*, or a *Feast*,
What rate soeuer clothes be at; and thinkes
Himselfe still new, in other mens old. MAN. But stay,
Do's he loue meat so? WIT. Faith he do's not hate it.
But that's not it. His belly and his palate
Would be compounded with for reason Mary,
A wit he has, of that strange credit with him,
'Gainst all mankinde; as it doth make him doe
Iust what it lists: it rauishes him forth,
Whither it please, to any assembly or place,
And would conclude him ruin'd, should hee scape
One publike meeting, out of the beliefe
He has of his owne great, and Catholike strengths,
In arguing, and discourse. It takes, I see:
H'has got the cloak vpon him. FIT. A faire garment,
By my faith, *Ingine!* ING. It was neuer made, Sir,
For three score pound, I assure you: 'Twill yeeld thirty.
The plush, Sir, cost three pound, ten shillings a yard!
And then the lace, and veluet. FIT. I shall, *Ingine*,
Be look'd at, prettily, in it! Art thou sure
The *Play* is play'd to day? ING. ô here's the bill, Sr.
I'had forgot to gi't you. FIT. Ha? the *Diuell!*
I will not lose you, Sirah! But, *Ingine*, thinke you,
The Gallant is so furious in his folly?
So mad vpon the matter, that hee'll part
With's cloake vpo'these termes? ING. Trust not your *Ingine*,
Breake me to pieces else, as you would doe
A rotten *Crane*, or an old rusty *Iacke*,
That has not one true wheele in him. Doe but talke with him.
FIT. I shall doe that, to satisfie you, *Ingine*,
And my selfe too. With your leaue, Gentlemen,
Which of you is it, is so meere Idolater
To my wiues beauty, and so very prodigall
Vnto my patience, that, for the short parlee?
Of one swift houres quarter, with my wife,
He will depart with (let mee see) this cloake here
The price of folly? Sir, are you the man?
WIT. I am that vent'rer, Sir. FIT. Good time! your name

Ingine hath won Fitz-dottrel, *to lay on the cloake.*

Hee giues him the Play-*bill.*

Hee turnes to Witti-pol.

Is

Is *Witty-pol*? WIT. The same, Sr. FIT. And 'tis told me,
Yo' haue trauell'd lately? WIT. That I haue, Sr. FIT. Truly,
Your trauells may haue alter'd your complexion;
But sure, your wit stood still. WIT. It may well be, Sir.
All heads ha'not like growth. FIT. The good mans grauity,
That left you land, your father, neuer taught you
These pleasant matches? WIT. No, nor can his mirth,
With whom I make 'hem, put me off. FIT. You are
Resolu'd then? WIT. Yes, Sr. FIT. Beauty is the *Saint*,
You'll sacrifice your selfe, into the shirt roo?
WIT. So I may still cloth, and keepe warme your wisdome?
FIT. You lade me Sr! WIT. I know what you will beare, Sr.
FIT. Well, to the point. 'Tis only, Sir, you say,
To speake vnto my wife? WIT. Only, to speake to her.
FIT. And in my presence? WIT. In your very presence.
FIT. And in my hearing? WIT. In your hearing: so,
You interrupt vs not. FIT. For the short space
You doe demand, the fourth part of an houre,
I thinke I shall, with some conuenient study,
And this good helpe to boot, bring my selfe to't.
WIT. I aske no more. FIT. Please you, walk to'ard my house,
Speake what you list; that time is yours: My right
I haue departed with. But, not beyond,
A minute, or a second, looke for. Length,
And drawing out, ma'aduance much, to these matches.
And I except all kissing. Kisses are
Silent petitions still with willing *Louers*.
WIT. *Louers*? How falls that o'your phantsie? FIT. Sir,
I doe know somewhat, I forbid all lip-worke.
WIT. I am not eager at forbidden dainties,
Who couets vnfit things, denies him selfe.
FIT. You say well, Sir, 'Twas prettily said, that same,
He do's, indeed. I'll haue no touches, therefore,
Nor takings by the armes, nor tender circles
Cast 'bout the wast, but all be done at distance.
Loue is brought vp with those soft *mignard* handlings;
His pulse lies in his palme: and I defend
All melting ioynts, and fingers, (that's my bargaine)
I doe defend 'hem; any thing like action.
But talke, Sir, what you will. Vse all the *Tropes*
And *Schemes*, that Prince *Quintilian* can afford you:
And much good do your *Rhetoriques* heart. You are welcome, Sir.
Ingine, God b'w'you. WIT. Sir, I must condition
To haue this Gentleman by, a witnesse. FIT. Well,
I am content, so he be silent. MAN. Yes, Sir.
FIT. Come *Diuell*, I'll make you roome, streight. But I'll shew you
First, to your Mistresse, who's no common one,

Hee shrugs himselfe vp in the cloake.

You must conceiue, that brings this gaine to see her.
I hope thou'st brought me good lucke. PVG. I shall do't, Sir.

ACT. I. SCENE. V.

WITTIPOL. MANLY.

Wittipol *knocks his friend o'the breast.*

I *Ngine*, you hope o'your halfe piece? 'Tis there, Sir.
Be gone. Friend *Manly*, who's within here? fixed?
MAN. I am directly in a fit of wonder
What'll be the issue of this conference!
WIT. For that, ne'r vex your selfe, till the euent.
How like yo'him? MAN. I would faine see more of him.
WIT. What thinke you of this? MAN. I am past degrees of (thinking.
Old *Africk*, and the new *America*,
With all their fruite of Monsters cannot shew
So iust a prodigie. WIT. Could you haue beleeu'd,
Without your sight, a minde so sordide inward,
Should be so specious, and layd forth abroad,
To all the shew, that euer shop, or ware was?
MAN. I beleeue any thing now, though I confesse
His *Vices* are the most extremities
I euer knew in nature. But, why loues hee
The *Diuell* so? WIT. O S^t! for hidden treasure,
Hee hopes to finde: and has propos'd himselfe
So infinite a Masse, as to recouer,
He cares not what he parts with, of the present,
To his men of Art, who are the race, may coyne him.
Promise gold-mountaines, and the couetous
Are still most prodigall. MAN. But ha' you faith,
That he will hold his bargaine? WIT. O deare, Sir!
He will not off on't. Feare him not. I know him.
One baseneſſe still accompanies another.
See! he is heere already, and his wife too.
MAN. A wondrous handsome creature, as I liue!

ACT. I. SCENE. VI.

FITZ-DOTTRELL. Mistresse FITZ-DOTTREL. WITTIPOL. MANLY.

COme wife, this is the Gentleman. Nay, blush not.
Mr. Fi. Why, what do you meane Sir? ha' you your reason?
I do not know, that I haue lent it forth (Fit. Wife,
To any one; at least, without a pawne, wife:
Or that I'haue eat or drunke the thing, of late,
That should corrupt it. Wherefore gentle wife,
Obey, it is thy vertue: hold no acts
Of disputation. Mr. Fi. Are you not enough
The talke, of feasts, and meetings, but you'll still
Make argument for fresh? Fit. Why, carefull wedlocke,
If I haue haue a longing to haue one tale more
Goe of mee, what is that to thee, deare heart?
Why shouldst thou enuy my delight? or crosse it?
By being solicitous, when it not concernes thee?
Mr. Fi. Yes, I haue share in this The scorne will fall
As bitterly on me, where both are laught at.
Fit. Laught at, sweet bird? is that the scruple? Come, come,
Thou art a *Niaise*. Which of your great houses,
(I will not meane at home, here, but abroad)
Your families in *France*, wife, send not forth
Something, within the seuen yeere, may be laught at?
I doe not say seuen moneths, nor seuen weekes,
Nor seuen daies, nor houres: but seuen yeere wife.
I giue 'hem time. Once, within seuen yeere,
I thinke they may doe something may be laught at.
In *France*, I keepe me there, still. Wherefore, wife,
Let them that list, laugh still, rather then weepe
For me; Heere is a cloake cost fifty pound, wife,
Which I can sell for thirty, when I ha' seene
All *London* in't, and *London* has seene mee.
To day, I goe to the *Black fryers Play-house*,
Sit i'the view, salute all my acquaintance,
Rise vp betweene the *Acts*, let fall my cloake,
Publish a handsome man, and a rich suite
(As that's a speciall end, why we goe thither,
All that pretend, to stand for't o'the *Stage*)

A Niaise is a young Hawke, sane crying out of the nest.

The

The Ladies aske who's that? (For, they doe come
To see vs, *Loue*, as wee doe to see them)
Now, I shall lose all this, for the false feare
Of being laught at? Yes, wusse. Let 'hem laugh, wife,
Let me haue such another cloake to morrow.
And let 'hem laugh againe, wife, and againe,
And then grow fat with laughing, and then fatter,
All my young Gallants, let 'hem bring their friends too:
Shall I forbid 'hem? No, let heauen forbid 'hem:
Or wit, if 't haue any charge on 'hem. Come, thy eare, wife,
Is all, I'll borrow of thee. Set your watch, Sir,
Thou, onely art to heare, not speake a word, *Doue*,
To ought he sayes. That I doe gi' you in precept,
No lesse then councell, on your wiue-hood, wife,
Not thongh he flatter you, or make court, or *Loue*,
(As you must looke for these) or say, he raile;
What ere his arts be, wife, I will haue thee
Delude 'hem with a trick, thy obstinate silence;
I know aduantages; and I loue to hit
These pragmaticke young men, at their owne weapons.
He disposes his wife to his place, and sets his watch. Is your watch ready? Here my saile beares, for you:
Tack toward him, sweet *Pinnace*, where's your watch?
WIT. I'le set it, Sir, with yours. Mrs. FI. I must obey.
MAN. Her modesty seemes to suffer with her beauty,
And so, as if his folly were away,
It were worth pitty. FIT. Now, th'are right, beginne, Sir.
But first, let me repeat the contract, briefely.
I am, Sir, to inioy this cloake, I stand in,
Freely, and as your gift; vpon condition
Hee repeats his contract againe. You may as freely, speake here to my spouse,
Your quarter of an houre alwaies keeping
The measur'd distance of your yard, or more,
From my said Spouse: and in my sight and hearing.
This is yont couenant? WIT. Yes, but you'll allow
For this time spent, now? FIT. Set 'hem so much backe.
WIT. I thinke, I shall not need it. FIT. Well, begin, Sir,
There is your bound, Sir. Not beyond that rush.
WIT. If you interrupt me, Sir, I shall discloake you.
Wittipol *beginnes.* The time I haue purchast, Lady, is but short;
And, therefore, if I imploy it thriftily,
I hope I stand the neerer to my pardon.
I am not here, to tell you, you are faire,
Or louely, or how well you dresse you, Lady,
I'll saue my selfe that eloquence of your glasse,
Which can speake these things better to you then I.
And 'tis a knowledge, wherein fooles may be
As wise as a *Court Parliament*. Nor come I,

With

With any preiudice, or doubt, that you
Should, to the notice of your owne worth, neede
Least reuelation. Shee's a ſimple woman,
Know's not her good: (who euer knowes her ill)
And at all caracts. That you are the wife,
To ſo much blaſted fleſh, as ſcarce hath ſoule,
In ſtead of ſa!t, to keepe it ſweete; I thinke,
Will aske no witneſſes, to proue. The cold
Sheetes that you lie in, with the watching candle,
That ſees, how dull to any thaw of beauty,
Pieces, and quarters, halfe, and whole nights, ſometimes,
The Diuell-giuen *Elfine* Squire, your husband,
Doth leaue you, quitting heere his proper circle,
For a much-worſe i'the walks of *Lincolnes Inne*,
Vnder the Elmes, t'expect the feind in vaine, there
Will confeſſe for you. FIT. I did looke for this geere.
WIT. And what a daughter of darkneſſe, he do's make you,
Lock'd vp from all ſociety, or obiect;
Your eye not let to looke vpon a face,
Vnder a Conjurers (or ſome mould for one,
Hollow, and leane like his) but, by great meanes,
As I now make; your owne too ſenſible ſufferings,
Without the extraordinary aydes,
Of ſpells, or ſpirits, may aſſure you, Lady.
For my part, I proteſt 'gainſt all ſuch practice,
I worke by no falſe arts, medicines, or charmes
To be ſaid forward and backward. FIT. No, I except:
WIT. Sir I ſhall eaſe you. FIT. Mum. WIT. Nor haue I
Vpon you, more then this: to tell you how *Loue* (ends, Lady,
Beauties good Angell, he that waits vpon her
At all occaſions, and no leſſe then *Fortune*,
Helps th'aduenturous, in mee makes that proffer,
Which neuer faire one was ſo fond, to loſe;
Who could but reach a hand forth to her freedome:
On the firſt ſight, I lou'd you: ſince which time,
Though I haue trauell'd, I haue beene in trauell
More for this ſecond bleſſing of your eyes
Which now I' haue purchas'd, then for all aymes elſe.
Thinke of it, Lady, be your minde as actiue,
As is your beauty: view your obiect well.
Examine both my faſhion, and my yeeres
Things, that are like, are ſoone familiar:
And Nature ioyes, ſtill in equality.
Let not the ſigne o'the husband fright you, Lady.
But ere your ſpring be gone, inioy it. Flowers,
Though faire, are oft but of one morning. Thinke,
All beauty doth not laſt vntill the *autumne*.

He offers to diſcloake him.

You grow old, while I tell you this. And such,
As cannot vse the present, are not wise.
If Loue and Fortune will take care of vs,
Why should our will be wanting? This is all.
Wha doe you answer, Lady? FIT. Now, the sport comes.
Shee stands mute. Let him still waite, waite, waite: while the watch goes,
And the time runs. Wife! WIT. How! not any word?
Nay, then, I taste a tricke in't. Worthy Lady,
I cannot be so false to mine owne thoughts
Of your presumed goodnesse, to conceiue
This, as your rudenesse, which I see's impos'd.
Yet, since your cautelous *Taylor*, here stands by you,
And yo'are deni'd the liberty o' the house,
Let me take warrant, Lady, from your silence,
(Which euer is interpreted consent)
To make your answer for you: which shall be
To as good purpose, as I can imagine,
And what I thinke you'ld speake. FIT. No, no, no, no.
He sets Mr. Manly, *his friend in her place.* WIT. I shall resume, Sr. MAN. Sir, what doe you meane?
WIT. One interruption more, Sir, and you goe
Into your hose and doublet, nothing saues you.
And therefore harken. This is for your wife. (friend.
MAN. You must play faire, Sr. WIT. Stand for mee, good
And speaks for her. Troth, Sir, tis more then true, that you haue vttred
Of my vnequall, and so sordide match heere,
With all the circumstances of my bondage.
I haue a husband, and a two-legg'd one,
But such a moon-ling, as no wit of man
Or roses can redeeme from being an Asse.
H'is growne too much, the story of mens mouthes,
To scape his lading: should I make't my study,
And lay all wayes, yea, call mankind to helpe,
To take his burden off, why, this one act
Of his, to let his wife out to be courted,
And, at a price, proclaimes his asinine nature
So lowd, as I am weary of my title to him.
But Sir, you seeme a Gentleman of vertue,
No lesse then blood; and one that euery way
Lookes as he were of too good quality,
To intrap a credulous woman, or betray her:
Since you haue payd thus deare, Sir, for a visit,
And made such venter, on your wit, and charge
Meerely to see mee, or at most to speake to mee,
I were too stupid; or (what's worse) ingrate
Not to returne your venter. Thinke, but how,
I may with safety doe it; I shall trust
My loue and honour to you, and presume,

You'll

You'll euer husband both, against this husband;
Who, if we chance to change his liberall eares,
To other ensignes, and with labour make
A new beast of him, as hee shall deserue,
Cannot complaine, hee is vnkindly dealth with.
This day hee is to goe to a new play, Sir.
From whence no feare, no, nor authority,
Scarcely the Kings command, Sir, will restraine him,
Now you haue fitted him with a Stage-garment,
For the meere names sake, were there nor hings else,
And many more such iourneyes, hee will make.
Which, if they now, or, any time heereafter,
Offer vs opportunity, you heare, Sir,
Who'll be as glad, and forward to imbrace,
Meete, and enioy it chearefully as you.
I humbly thanke you, Lady. FIT. Keepe your ground Sir.
WIT. Will you be lightned? FIT. Mum. WIT. And but I (am,
By the sad contract, thus to take my leaue of you
At this so enuious distance, I had taught
Our lips ere this, to seale the happy mixture
Made of our soules. But we must both, now, yeeld
To the neceſſity. Doe not thinke yet, Lady,
But I can kisse, and touch, and laugh, and whisper,
And doe those crowning court-ships too, for which
Day, and the publike haue allow'd no name
But, now, my bargaine binds me. 'Twere rude iniury,
T'importune more, or vrge a noble nature,
To what of it's owne bounty it is prone to:
Else, I should speake——But, Lady, I loue so well,
As I will hope, you'll doe so to. I haue done, Sir.
FIT. Well, then, I ha'won? WIT. Sir, And I may win, too.
FIT. O yes! no doubt on't. I'll take carefull order,
That shee shall hang forth ensignes at the window,
To tell you when I am absent. Or I'll keepe
Three or foure foote-men, ready still of purpose,
To runne and fetch you at her longings, Sir.
I'll goe bespeake me straight a guilt caroch,
For her and you to take the ayre in: yes,
Into *Hide-parke*, and thence into *Black-Fryers*,
Visit the painters, where you may see pictures,
And note the propereſt limbs, and how to make 'hem.
Or what doe you say vnto a middling Gossip?
To bring you aye together, at her lodging?
Vnder pretext of teaching o' my wife
Some rare receit of drawing *almond* milke? ha?
It shall be a part of my care. Good Sir, God b'w'you.
I ha' kept the contract, and the cloake is mine owne.

WIT. Why, much good do't you Sr; it may fall out,
That you ha' bought it deare, though I ha' not sold it.
FIT. A pretty riddle! Fare you well, good Sir.
He turnes his wife about. Wife, your face this way, looke on me: and thinke
Yo'haue had a wicked dreame, wife, and forget it.
MAN. This is the strangest motion I ere saw.
FIT. Now, wife, sits this faire cloake the worse vpon me,
For my great sufferings, or your little patience? ha?
They laugh, you thinke? Mrs. FI Why Sr. and you might see't.
What thought, they haue of you, may be soone collected
By the young Genlemans speache. FIT. Youug Gentleman?
Death! you are in loue with him, are you? could he not
Be nam'd the Gentleman, without the young?
Vp to your Cabbin againe. Mrs. FI My cage, yo' were best
To call it? FIT. Yes, sing there. You'ld faine be making
Blanck Manger with him at your mothers! I know you.
Goe get you vp. How now! what say you, *Diuell*?

ACT. I. SCENE. VII.

PVG. FITZDOTTREL. INGINE.

HEere is one *Ingine*, Sir, desires to speake with you.
FIT. I thought he brought some newes, of a broker! Well,
Let him come in, good *Diuell*: fetch him else.
O, my fine *Ingine*! what's th'affaire? more cheats?
ING. No Sir, the Wit, the Braine, the great *Proiector*,
I told you of, is newly come to towne.
FIT. Where, *Ingine*? ING. I ha' brought him (H'is without)
Ere hee pull'd off his boots, Sir, but so follow'd,
For businesses: FIT. But what is a *Proiector*?
I would conceiue. ING. Why, one Sir, that proiects
Wayes to enrich men, or to make 'hem great,
By suites, by marriages, by vndertakings:
According as hee sees they humour it.
FIT. Can hee not coniure at all? ING. I thinke he can, Sir.
(To tell you true) but, you doe know, of late,
The State hath tane such note of 'hem, and compell'd 'hem,
To enter such great bonds, they dare not practice.
FIT. 'Tis true, and I lie fallow for't, the while!
ING. O, Sir! you'll grow the richer for the rest.
FIT. I hope I shall: but *Ingine*, you doe talke
Somewhat too much, o'my courses. My Cloake-customer

Could

Could tell mee ſtrange particulars. ING. By my meanes?
FIT. How ſhould he haue'hem elſe? ING. You do not know, &,
What he has: and by what arts! A monei'd man, Sir,
And is as great with your *Almanack-Men*, as you are! (here:
FIT. That Gallant? ING. You make the other wait too long,
And hee is extreme punctuall. FIT. Is he a gallant?
ING. Sir, you ſhall ſee: He'is in his riding ſuit,
As hee comes now from Court. But heere him ſpeake:
Miniſter matter to him, and then tell mee.

ACT. IJ. SCENE. I.

MEER-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. INGINE. TRAINES. PVG.

SIr, money's a whore, a bawd, a drudge;
Fit to runne out on errands: Let her goe.
Via pecunia! when ſhe's runne and gone,
And fled and dead; then will I fetch her, againe,
With *Aqua-vitæ*, out of an old Hogs-head!
While there are lees of wine, or dregs of beere,
I'le neuer want her! Coyne her out of cobwebs,
Duſt, but I'll haue her! Raiſe wooll vpon egge-ſhells,
Sir, and make graſſe grow out o' marro-bones.
To make her come: (Commend mee to your Miſtreſſe, *To a waiter.*
Say, let the thouſand pound but be had ready,
And it is done) I would but ſee the creature
(Of fleſh, and blood) the man, the *prince*, indeed,
That could imploy ſo many millions
As I would help him to. FIT. How, talks he? millions?
MER. (I'll giue you an account of this to morrow.) *To another.*
Yes, I will talke no leſſe, and doe it too;
If they were *Myriades*: and without the *Diuell*,

By direct meanes, it shall be good in law. ING. Sir.
MER. Tell Mr. *Wood-cock*, I'll not faile to meet him
Vpon th' *Exchange* at night. Pray him to haue
The writings there, and wee'll dispatch it: Sir,
You are a Gentleman of a good presence,
A handsome man (I haue considered you)
As a fit stocke to graft honours vpon:
I haue a Proiect to make you a Duke, now.
That you must be one, within so many moneths,
As I set downe, out of true reason of state,
You sha' not auoyd it. But you must harken, then.
ING. Harken? why Sr, do you doubt his eares? Alas!
You doe not know Master *Fitz-dottrel*.
FIT. He do's not know me indeed. I thank you, *Ingine*,
For rectifying him. MER. Good! Why, *Ingine*, then
I'le tell it you. (I see you ha' credit, here,
And, that you can keepe counsell, I'll not question.)
Hee shall but be an vndertaker with mee,
In a most feasible bus'nesse. It shall cost him (nance;
Nothing. ING. Good, Sr. MER. Except he please, but's count'-
(That I will haue) t'appeare in't, to great men,
For which I'll make him one. Hee shall not draw
A string of's purse. I'll driue his pattent for him.
We'll take in Cittizens, Commoners, and Aldermen,
To beare the charge, and blow 'hem off againe,
Like so many dead flyes, when 'tis carryed.
The thing is for recouery of drown'd Land,
Whereof the Crown's to haue a moiety,
If it be owner; Else, the Crowne and Owners
To share that moyety: and the recouerers
T'enioy the tother moyety, for their charge.
ING. Throughout *England*? MER. Yes, which will arise
To eyghteene millions, seuen the first yeere:
I haue computed all, and made my suruay
Vnto an acre, I'll beginne at the Pan,
Not, at the skirts: as some ha' done, and lost,
All that they wrought, their timber-worke, their trench,
Their bankes all borne away, or else fill'd vp
By the next winter. Tut, they neuer went
The way: I'll haue it all. ING. A Gallant tract
Of land it is! MER. 'Twill yeeld a pound an acre.
Wee must let cheape, euer, at first. But Sir,
This lookes too large for you, I see. Come hither,
We'll haue a lesse. Here's a plain fellow, you see him,
Has his black bag of papers, there, in Buckram,
Wi'not be sold for th' Earledome of *Pancridge*: Draw,
Gi'me out one, by chance. Proiect; foure dogs skins?

Twelue

Twelue thousand pound! the very worſt, at firſt.
FIT. Pray you let's ſee't Sir. MER. 'Tis a toy, a trifle!
FIT. Trifle! 12. thouſand pound for dogs-skins? MER. Yes,
But, by my way of dreſſing, you muſt know, Sir,
And med'cining the leather, to a height
Of improu'd ware, like your *Borachio*
Of *Spaine*, Sir. I can fetch nine thouſand for't——
ING. Of the Kings glouer? MER. Yes, how heard you that?
ING. Sir, I doe know you can. MER. Within this houre:
And reſerue halfe my ſecret. Pluck another;
See if thou haſt a happier hand: I thought ſo,
The very next worſe to it! Bottle-ale.
Yet, this is two and twenty thouſand! Pr'y thee
Pull out another, two or three. FIT. Good, ſtay, friend,
By bottle-ale, two and twenty thouſand pound?
MER. Yes, Sir, it's caſt to penny-hal'penny-farthing,
O'the back-ſide, there you may ſee it, read,
I will not bate a *Harrington* o'the ſumme.
I'll winne it i'my water, and my malt,
My furnaces, and hanging o'my coppers,
The tonning, and the ſubtilty o' my yeſt;
And, then the earth of my bottles, which I dig,
Turne vp, and ſteepe, and worke, and neale, my ſelfe,
To a degree of *Porc'lane*. You will wonder,
At my proportions, what I will put vp
In ſeuen yeeres! for ſo long time, I aske
For my inuention. I will ſaue in cork,
In my mere ſtop'ling, 'boue three thouſand pound,
Within that terme: by googing of 'hem out
Iuſt to the ſize of my bottles, and not ſlicing.
There's infinite loſſe i'that. What haſt thou there?
O'making wine of raiſins: this is in hand, now,
ING. Is not that ſtrange, Sr, to make wine of raiſins?
MER. Yes, and as true a wine, as th'wines of *France*,
Or *Spaine*, or *Italy*, Looke of what grape
My raiſin is, that wine I'll render perfect,
As of the *muſcatell* grape, I'll render *muſcatell*;
Of the *Canary*, his; the *Claret*, his;
So of all kinds: and bate you of the prices,
Of wine, throughout the kingdome, halfe in halfe.
ING. But, how, Sr, if you raiſe the other commodity,
Rayſins? MER. Why, then I'll make it out of black-berries:
And it ſhall doe the ſame. 'Tis but more art,
And the charge leſſe. Take out another. FIT. No, good Sir.
Saue you the trouble, I'le not looke, nor heare
Of any, but your firſt, there; the *Drown'd land*:
If't will doe, as you ſay. MER. Sir, there's not place,

Hee pluckes out the 2. Bottle-ale.

Hee drawes out another. Raiſines.

To

To gi'you demonſtration of theſe things.
They are a little to ſubtle. But, I could ſhew you
Such a neceſſity in't, as you muſt be
But what you pleaſe: againſt the receiu'd hereſie,
That *England* beares no Dukes. Keepe you the land, Sr,
The greatneſſe of th'eſtate ſhall throw't vpon you.
If you like better turning it to money,
What may not you, Sr, purchaſe with that wealth?
Say, you ſhould part with two o'your millions,
To be the thing you would, who would not do't?
As I proteſt, I will, out of my diuident,
Lay, for ſome pretty principality,
In *Italy*, from the Church: Now, you perhaps,
Fancy the ſmoake of *England*, rather? But—
Ha' you no priuate roome, Sir, to draw to,
T'enlarge our ſelues more vpon. FIT. O yes, *Diuell*!
MER. Theſe, Sir, are buſ'neſſes, aske to be carryed
With caution, and in cloud. FIT. I apprehend,
They doe ſo, Sr. *Diuell*, which way is your Miſtreſſe?
PVG. Aboue, Sr. in her chamber. FIT. O that's well.
Then, this way, good, Sir. MER. I ſhall follow you; *Traines*,
Gi'mee the bag, and goe you preſently,
Commend my ſeruice to my Lady *Tail-buſh*.
Tell her I am come from Court this morning; ſay,
I' haue got our buſ'neſſe mou'd, and well: Intreat her,
That ſhee giue you the four-ſcore Angels, and ſee 'hem
Diſpos'd of to my Councel, Sir *Poul Eytherſide*.
Sometime, to day, I'll waite vpon her Ladiſhip,
With the relation. ING. Sir, of what diſpatch,
He is! Do you marke? MER. *Ingine*, when did you ſee
My couſin *Euer-ill*? keepes he ſtill your quarter?
I'the *Bermudas*? ING. Yes, Sir, he was writing
This morning, very hard. MER. Be not you knowne to him,
That I am come to Towne: I haue effected
A buſineſſe for him, but I would haue it take him,
Before he thinks for't. ING. Is it paſt? MER. Not yet.
'Tis well o'the way. ING. O Sir! your worſhip takes
Infinit paines. MER. I loue Friends, to be actiue:
A ſluggiſh nature puts off man, and kinde.
ING. And ſuch a bleſſing followes it. MER. I thanke
My fate. Pray you let's be priuate, Sir? FIT. In, here.
MER. Where none may interrupt vs. FIT. You heare, *Diuel*,
Lock the ſtreete-doores faſt, and let no one in
(Except they be this Gentlemans followers)
To trouble mee. Doe you marke? Yo'haue heard and ſeene
Something, to day; and, by it, you may gather
Your Miſtreſſe is a fruite, that's worth the ſtealing.

And

And therefore worth the watching. Be you ſure, now,
Yo' haue all your eyes about you; and let in
No lace-woman; nor bawd, that brings French-maſques,
And cut-works. See you? Nor old croanes, with wafers,
To conuey letters. Nor no youths, diſguis'd
Like country-wiues, with creame, and marrow-puddings.
Much knauery may be vented in a pudding,
Much bawdy intelligence: They'are ſhrewd ciphers.
Nor turne the key to any neyghbours neede;
Be't but to kindle fire, or begg a little,
Put it out, rather: all out, to an aſhe,
That they may ſee no ſmoake. Or water, ſpill it:
Knock o'the empty tubs, that by the ſound,
They may be forbid entry. Say, wee are robb'd,
If any come to borrow a ſpoone, or ſo.
I wi' not haue good fortune, or gods bleſſing
Let in, while I am buſie. PVG. I'le take care, Sir:
They ſha' not trouble you, if they would. FIT. Well, doe ſo.

ACT. II. SCENE. II.

PVG. Miſtreſſe FITZDOTTREL.

I haue no ſingular ſeruice of this, now?
Nor no ſuperlatiue Maſter? I ſhall wiſh
To be in hell againe, at leaſure? Bring,
A *Vice* from thence? That had bin ſuch a ſubtilty,
As to bring broad-clothes hither: or tranſport
Freſh oranges into *Spaine*. I finde it, now;
My *Chiefe* was i'the right. Can any feind
Boaſt of a better *Vice*, then heere by nature,
And art, th'are owners of? Hell ne'r owne mee,
But I am taken! the fine tract of it
Pulls mee along! To heare men ſuch profeſſors
Growne in our ſubtleſt *Sciences*! My firſt *Act*, now,
Shall be, to make this Maſter of mine cuckold:
The primitiue worke of darkneſſe, I will practiſe!
I will deſerue ſo well of my faire Miſtreſſe,
By my diſcoueries, firſt; my counſells after;
And keeping counſell, after that: as who,
So euer, is one, I'le be another, ſure,
I'll ha' my ſhare. Moſt delicate damn'd fleſh!

Shee will be! O! that I could ſtay time, now,
Midnight will come too faſt vpon mee, I feare,
Shee ſends Diuell out. To cut my pleaſure—Mr. Fi. Looke at the back-doore,
One knocks, ſee who it is. Pvg. Dainty *ſhe-Diuell!*
Mr. Fi. I cannot get this venter of the cloake,
Out of my fancie; nor the Gentlemans way,
He tooke, which though 'twere ſtrange, yet 'twas handſome,
And had a grace withall, beyond the newneſſe.
Sure he will thinke mee that dull ſtupid creature,
Hee ſaid, and may conclude it; if I finde not
Some thought to thanke th'attemp. He did preſume,
By all the carriage of it, on my braine,
For anſwer; and will ſweare 'tis very barren,
Diuell returnes. If it can yeeld him no returne Who is it?
Pvg. Miſtreſſe, it is, but firſt, let me aſſure
The excellence, of Miſtreſſes, I am,
Although my Maſters man, my Miſtreſſe ſlaue,
The ſeruant of her ſecrets, and ſweete turnes,
And know, what fitly will conduce to either.
Mr. Fi. What's this? I pray you come to your ſelfe and thinke
What your part is: to make an anſwer. Tell,
Who is it at the doore? Pvg. The Gentleman, Mrs,
Who was at the cloake-charge to ſpeake with you,
This morning, who expects onely to take
Some ſmall command'ments from you, what you pleaſe,
Worthy your forme, hee ſaies, and gentleſt manners.
Mr. Fi. O! you'll anon proue his hyr'd man, I feare,
What has he giu'n you, for this meſſage? Sir,
Bid him put off his hopes of ſtraw, and leaue
To ſpread his nets, in view, thus. Though they take
Maſter *Fitz-dottrel*, I am no ſuch foule,
Nor faire one, tell him, will be had with ſtalking.
And wiſh him to for-beare his acting to mee,
At the Gentlemans chamber-window in *Lincolnes-Inne* there,
That opens to my gallery: elſe, I ſweare
T'acquaint my husband with his folly, and leaue him
To the iuſt rage of his offended iealouſie.
Or if your Maſters ſenſe be not ſo quicke
To right mee, tell him, I ſhall finde a friend
That will repaire mee. Say, I will be quiet.
In mine owne houſe? Pray you, in thoſe words giue it him.
He goes out. Pvg. This is ſome foole turn'd! Mr. Fi. If he be the Maſter,
Now, of that ſtate and wit, which I allow him;
Sure, hee will vnderſtand mee: I durſt not
Be more direct. For this officious fellow,
My husbands new groome, is a ſpie vpon me,
I finde already. Yet, if he but tell him

This

This in my words, hee cannot but conceiue
Himselfe both apprehended, and requited.
I would not haue him thinke hee met a *statue*:
Or spoke to one, not there, though I were silent. (saies he?
How now? ha' you told him? PVG. Yes. Mr. FI. And what
PVG. Sayes he? That which my self would say to you, if I durst.
That you are proude, sweet Mistresse? and with-all,
A little ignorant, to entertaine
The good that's proffer'd; and (by your beauties leaue)
Not all so wise, as some true politique wife
Would be: who hauing match'd with such a *Nupson*
(I speake it with my Masters peace) whose face
Hath left t'accuse him, now, for't doth confesse him,
What you can make him; will yet (out of scruple,
And a spic'd conscience) defraud the poore Gentleman,
At least delay him in the thing he longs for,
And makes it hs whole study, how to compasse,
Onely a title. Could but he write *Cuckold*,
He had his ends. For, looke you—— Mr. FI. This can be
None but my husbands wit. PVG. My pretious Mr.
M. FI. It creaks his *Ingine*: The groome neuer durst
Be, else, so saucy— PVG. If it were not clearely,
His worshipfull ambition; and the top of it;
The very forked top too: why should hee
Keepe you, thus mur'd vp in a back-roome, Mistresse,
Allow you ne'r a casement to the streete,
Feare of engendering by the eyes, with gallants,
Forbid you paper, pen and inke, like Rats-bane.
Search your halfe pint of *muscatell*, lest a letter
Be suncke i'the pot: and hold your new-laid egge
Against the fire, lest any charme be writ there?
Will you make benefit of truth, deare Mistresse,
If I doe tell it you: I do't not often?
I am set ouer you, imploy'd, indeed,
To watch your steps, your lookes, your very breathings,
And to report them to him. Now, if you
Will be a true, right, delicate sweete Mistresse,
Why, wee will make a *Cokes* of this *Wise Master*,
We will, my Mistresse, an absolute fine *Cokes*,
And mock, to ayre, all the deepe diligences
Of such a solemne, and effectuall Asse,
An Asse to so good purpose, as wee'll vse him.
I will contriue it so, that you shall goe
To *Playes*, to *Masques*, to *Meetings*, and to *Feasts*.
For, why is all this Rigging, and fine Tackle, Mistris,
If you neat handsome vessells, of good sayle,
Put not forth euer, and anon, with your nets

Abroad into the world. It is your fishing.
There, you shal choose your friends, your seruants, Lady,
Your squires of honour; I'le conuey your letters,
Fetch answers, doe you all the offices,
That can belong to your bloud, and beauty. And,
For the variety, at my times, although
I am not in due *symmetrie*, the man
Of that proportion; or in rule
Of *physicke*, of the iust complexion;
Or of that truth of *Picardill*, in clothes,
To boast a soueraignty o're Ladies: yet
I know, to do my turnes, sweet Mistresse. Come, kisse—
Mr. FI. How now! PVG. Deare delicate Mist. I am your slaue,
Your little *worme*, that loues you: your fine *Monkey*;
Your *Dogge*, your *Iacke*, your *Pug*, that longs to be (you,
Stil'd, o'your pleasures. Mr. FIT. Heare you all this? Sir, Pray
Come from your standing, doe, a little, spare
Your selfe, Sir, from your watch, t'applaud your *Squire*,
That so well followes your instructions!

Shee thinkes her husband watches.

ACT. II. SCENE. III.

FITZ-DOTTRELL. Mistresse FITZ-DOTTREL. PVG.

HOw now, sweet heart? what's the matter? Mr. FI. Good!
You are a stranger to the plot! you set not
Your saucy *Diuell*, here, to tempt your wife,
With all the insolent vnciuill language,
Or action, he could vent? FIT. Did you so, *Diuell*? (him,
Mr. FIT. Not you? you were not planted i'your hole to heare
Vpo'the stayres? or here, behinde the hangings?
I doe not know your qualities? he durst doe it,
And you not giue directions? FIT. You shall see, wife,
Whether he durst, or no: and what it was,
I did direct. PVG. Sweet Mistresse, are you mad?
FIT. You most mere Rogue! you open manifest Villaine!
You Feind apparant you! you declar'd Hel-hound! (tor.
PVG. Good Sr. FIT. Good Knaue, good Rascal, and good Trai-
Now, I doe finde you parcel-*Diuell*, indeed.
Vpo' the point of trust? I'your first charge?
The very day o' your probation?
To tempt your Mistresse? You doe see, good wedlocke,

Her husband goes out, and enters presently with a cudgell vpon him.

How

How I directed him. Mrs. FIT. Why, where Sr, were you?
FIT. Nay, there is one blow more, for exercise:
I told you, I should doe it. PVG. Would you had done, Sir.
FIT. O wife, the rarest man! yet there's another
To put you in mind o'the last. such a braue man, wife!
Within, he has his proiects, and do's vent them,
The gallantest! where you *tentiginous*? ha?
Would you be acting of the *Incubus*?
Did her silks rustling moue you? PVG. Gentle Sir.
FIT. Out of my sight. If thy name were not *Diuell*,
Thou should'st not stay a minute with me. In,
Goe, yet stay: yet goe too. I am resolu'd,
What I will doe: and you shall know't afore-hand.
Soone as the Gentleman is gone, doe you heare?
I'll helpe your lisping. Wife, such a man, wife!
He has such plots! He will make mee a *Duke*!
No lesse, by heauen! six Mares, to your coach, wife!
That's your proportion! And your coach-man bald!
Because he shall be bare, inough. Doe not you laugh,
We are looking for a place, and all, i'the map
What to be of. Haue faith, be not an Infidell.
You know, I am not easie to be gull'd.
I sweare, when I haue my *millions*, else, I'll make
Another *Dutchesse*; if you ha' not faith.
Mrs. FI. You'll ha' too much, I feare, in these false spirits,
FIT. Spirits? O, no such thing! wife! wit, mere wit!
This man defies the *Diuell*, and all his works!
He dos't by *Ingine*, and deuises, hee!
He has his winged ploughes, that goe with sailes,
Will plough you forty acres, at once! and mills,
Will spout you water, ten miles off! All *Crowland*
Is ours, wife; and the fens, from vs, in *Norfolke*;
To the vtmost bound of *Lincoln-shire*! we haue view'd it,
And measur'd it within all; by the scale!
The richest tract of land, Loue, i'the kingdome!
There will be made seuenteene, or eighteene *millions*;
Or more, as't may be handled! wherefore, thinke,
Sweet heart, if th'hast a fancy to one place,
More then another, to be *Dutchesse* of;
Now, name it: I will ha't, what ere it cost,
(If't will be had for money) either here,
Or'n *France*, or *Italy*. Mrs. FI. You ha' strange phantasies!

After a pause. He strikes him againe and againe.

Diuell *goes out.*

ACT. II. SCENE. IV.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTRELL. INGINE.

WHere are you, Sir? FIT. I see thou hast no *talent*
This way, wife. Vp to thy gallery; doe, *Chuck*,
Leave vs to talke of it, who vnderstand it.
MER. I thinke we ha' found a place to fit you, now, Sir.
Gloc'ster: FIT. O, no, I'll none! MER. Why, S'r? FIT. Tis fatall.
MER: That you say right in. *Spenser*, I thinke, the younger,
Had his last honour thence. But, he was but *Earle*.
FIT. I know not that, Sir. But *Thomas* of *Woodstocke*,
I'm sure, was *Duke*, and he was made away,
At *Calice*; as *Duke Humphrey* was at *Bury*:
And *Richard* the third, you know what end he came too.
MER. By m'faith you are cunning i'the *Chronicle*, Sir.
FIT. No, I confesse I ha't from the *Play-bookes*,
And thinke they'are more *authentique*. ING. That's sure, Sir.
He whispers him of a place.
MER. What say you (to this then) FIT. No, a noble house.
Pretends to that. I will doe no man wrong.
MER. Then take one proposition more, and heare it
As past exception. FIT. What's that? MER. To be
Duke of those lands, you shall recouer: take
Your title, thence, Sir, *Duke* of the *Drown'd-lands*,
Or *Drown'd-land*. FIT. Ha? that last has a good sound!
I like it well. The *Duke* of *Drown'd-land*? ING. Yes;
It goes like *Green-land*, Sir, if you marke it. MER: I,
And drawing thus your honour from the worke,
You make the reputation of that, greater;
And stay't the longer i'your name. FIT. 'Tis true.
Drown'd-lands will liue in *Drown'd-land*! MER. Yes, when you
Ha' no foote left; as that must be, Sir, one day.
And, though it tarry in your heyres, some *forty*,
Fifty descents, the longer liuer, at last, yet,
Must thrust 'hem out on't: if no quirk in law,
Or odde *Vice* o'their owne not do it first.
Wee see those changes, daily: the faire lands,
That were the *Clyents*, are the *Lawyers*, now:
And those rich Mannors, there, of good man *Taylors*,
Had once more wood vpon 'hem, then the yard,

By

By which th'were measur'd out for the last purchase.
Nature hath these vicissitudes. Shee makes
No man a state of perpetuety, Sir.
FIT. Yo'are i'the right. Let's in then, and conclude. *Hee spies*
I my sight, againe? I'll talke with you, anon. Diuell.

ACT. II. SCENE. V.

PVG.

SVre hee will geld mee, if I stay: or worse,
Pluck out my tongue, one o'the two. This Foole,
There is no trusting of him: and to quit him,
Were a contempt against my *Chiefe*, past pardon.
It was a shrewd disheartning this, at first!
Who would ha' thought a woman so well harnes's'd,
Or rather well-caparison'd, indeed,
That weares such petticoates, and lace to her smocks,
Broad seaming laces (as I see 'hem hang there)
And garters which are lost, if shee can shew 'hem,
Could ha' done this? *Hell*! why is shee so braue?
It cannot be to please *Duke Dottrel*, sure,
Nor the dull pictures, in her gallery,
Nor her owne deare reflection, in her glasse;
Yet that may be: I haue knowne many of 'hem,
Beginne their pleasure, but none end it, there:
(That I consider, as I goe along with it)
They may, for want of better company,
Or that they thinke the better, spend an houre;
Two, three, or foure, discoursing with their shaddow:
But sure they haue a farther speculation.
No woman drest with so much care, and study,
Doth dresse her selfe in vaine. I'll vexe this *probleme*,
A little more, before I leaue it, sure.

ACT.

ACT. IJ. SCENE. VI.

WITTIPOL. MANLY. Mistresse FITZ-DOTTREL. PVG.

THis was a fortune, happy aboue thought,
That this should proue thy chamber; which I fear'd
Would be my greatest trouble! this must be
The very window, and that the roome. MAN. It is.
I now remember, I haue often seene there
A woman, but I neuer mark'd her much. (and then,
WIT. Where was your soule, friend? MAN. Faith, but now,
Awake vnto those obiects. WIT. You pretend so.
Let mee not liue, if I am not in loue
More with her wit, for this direction, now,
Then with her forme, though I ha' prais'd that prettily,
Since I saw her, and you, to day. Read those.
Hee giues him a paper, wherein is the copy of a Song. They'll goe vnto the ayre you loue so well.
Try 'hem vnto the note, may be the musique
Will call her sooner; light, shee's here! Sing quickly.
Mrs. FIT. Either he vnderstood him not: or else,
The fellow was not faithfull in deliuery,
Of what I bad. And, I am iustly pay'd,
That might haue made my profit of his seruice,
But, by mis-taking, haue drawne on his enuy,
And done the worse defeate vpon my selfe.
Manly sings, Pug enters perceiues it. How! Musique? then he may be there: and is sure.
PVG. O! Is it so? Is there the enter-view?
Haue I drawne to you, at last, my cunning *Lady*?
The *Diuell* is an *Asse*! fool'd off! and beaten!
Nay, made an instrument! and could not sent it!
Well, since yo' haue shown the malice of a woman,
No lesse then her true wit, and learning, Mistresse,
I'll try, if little *Pug* haue the malignity
To recompence it, and so saue his danger.
'Tis not the paine, but the discredite of it,
The *Diuell* should not keepe a body intire.
WIT. Away, fall backe, she comes. MAN. I'll leaue you, Sir,
The Master of my chamber. I haue businesse. (faire colours,
WIT. Mrs! Mrs. FI. You make me paint, Sr. WIT. The'are
Lady, and naturall! I did receiue

Some

Some commands from you, lately, gentle *Lady*,
But so perplex'd, and wrap'd in the deliuery,
As I may feare t'haue mis-interpreted:
But must make suit still, to be neere your grace.
Mrs. Fi. Who is there with you, Sr? Wit. None, but my selfe.
It falls out, *Lady*, to be a deare friends lodging.
Wherein there's some conspiracy of fortune
With your poore seruants blest affections.
Mrs. Fi. Who was it sung? Wit. He, *Lady*, but hee's gone,
Vpon my entreaty of him, seeing you
Approach the window. Neither need you doubt him;
If he were here. He is too much a gentleman.
Mrs. Fi. Sir, if you iudge me by this simple action,
And by the outward habite, and complexion
Of easinesse, it hath, to your designe;
You may with Iustice, say, I am a woman:
And a strange woman. But when you shall please,
To bring but that concurrence of my fortune,
To memory, which to day your selfe did vrge:
It may beget some fauour like excuse,
Though none like reason. Wit. No, my tune-full Mistresse?
Then, surely, *Loue* hath none; nor *Beauty* any;
Nor *Nature* violenced, in both these:
With all whose gentle tongues you speake, at once.
I thought I had inough remou'd, already,
That scruple from your brest, and left yo' all reason;
When, through my mornings perspectiue I shewd you
A man so aboue excuse, as he is the cause,
Why any thing is to be done vpon him:
And nothing call'd an iniury, mis-plac'd.
I'rather, now had hope, to shew you how *Loue*
By his accesses, growes more naturall:
And, what was done, this morning, with such force
Was but deuis'd to serue the present, then.
That since *Loue* hath the honour to approach
These sister-swelling brests; and touch this soft,
And rosie hand; hee hath the skill to draw
Their *Nectar* forth, with kissing; and could make
More wanton salts, from this braue promontory,
Downe to this valley, then the nimble *Roe*;
Could play the hopping *Sparrow*, 'bout these nets;
And sporting *Squirell* in these crisped groues;
Bury himselfe in euery *Silke-wormes* kell,
Is here vnrauell'd; runne into the snare,
Which euery hayre is, cast into a curle,
To catch a *Cupid* flying: Bath himselfe
In milke, and roses, here, and dry him, there;

This Scene is acted at two windo's, as ont of two contiguous buildings,

He growes more familiar in his Court-ship.

playes with her paps, kisseth her hands, &c.

Warme his cold hands, to play with this ſmooth, round,
And well torn'd chin, as with the *Billyard* ball;
Rowle on theſe lips, the banks of loue, and there
At once both plant, and gather kiſſes. *Lady*,
Shall I, with what I haue made to day here, call
All ſenſe to wonder, and all faith to ſigne
The myſteries reuealed in your forme?
And will *Loue* pardon mee the blaſphemy
I vtter'd, when I ſaid, a glaſſe could ſpeake
This beauty, or that fooles had power to iudge it?

Doe but looke, on her eyes! They doe light——
All that Loue's *world comprizeth!*
Doe but looke on her hayre! it is bright,
As Loue's *ſtarre, when it riſeth!*
Doe but marke, her fore-head's ſmoother,
Then words that ſooth her!
And from her arched browes, ſuch a grace
Sheds it ſelfe through the face;
As alone, there triumphs to the life,
All the gaine, all the good, of the elements ſtrife!

Haue you ſeene but a bright Lilly grow,
Before rude hands haue touch'd it?
Haue you mark'd but the fall of the Snow,
Before the ſoyle hath ſmuch'd it?
Haue you felt the wooll o'the Beuer?
Or Swans downe, euer?
Or, haue ſmelt o' the bud o'the Bryer?
Or the Nard i' the fire?
Or, haue taſted the bag o'the Bee?
O, ſo white! O, ſo ſoft! O, ſo ſweet is ſhee!

ACT. II. SCENE. VII.

FITZ-DOTTRELL. WITTIPOL. PVG.

Her huſband appeares at her back.

IS ſhee ſo, Sir? and, I will keepe her ſo.
If I know how, or can: that wit of man
Will doe't, I'll goe no farther. At this windo'
She ſhall no more be *buz'd* at. Take your leaue on't.
If you be ſweet meates, wedlock, or ſweet fleſh,
All's one: I doe not loue this *hum* about you.

A flye-blowne wife is not ſo proper, In:
For you, Sr, looke to heare from mee. WIT. So, I doe, Sir.
FIT. No, but in other termes. There's no man offers
This to my wife, but paies for't. WIT. That haue I, Sir.
FIT. Nay, then, I tell you, you are. WIT. What am I, Sir?
FIT. Why, that I'll thinke on, when I ha' cut your throat.
WIT. Goe, you are an *Aſſe*. FIT. I am reſolu'd on't, Sir.
WIT. I thinke you are. FIT. To call you to a reckoning.
WIT. Away, you brokers blocke, you property.
FIT. S'light; if you ſtrike me, I'll ſtrike your Miſtreſſe,
WIT. O! I could ſhoote mine eyes at him, for that, now;
Or leaue my teeth in him, were they cuckolds bane,
Inough to kill him. What prodigious,
Blinde, and moſt wicked change of fortune's this?
I ha' no ayre of patience: all my vaines
Swell, and my ſinewes ſtart at iniquity of it.
I ſhall breake, breake. PVG. This for the malice of it,
And my reuenge may paſſe! But, now, my conſcience
Tells mee, I haue profited the cauſe of Hell
But little, in the breaking-off their loues.
Which, if ſome other act of mine repaire not,
I ſhall heare ill of in my accompt. FIT. O, Bird!
Could you do this? 'gainſt me? and at this time, now?
When I was ſo imploy'd, wholly for you,
Drown'd i' my care (more, then the land, I ſweare,
I haue hope to win) to make you peere-leſſe? ſtudying,
For footemen for you, fine pac'd huiſhers, pages,
To ſerue you o'the knee; with what Knights wife,
To beare your traine, and ſit with your foure women
In councell, and receiue intelligences,
From forraigne parts, to dreſſe you at all pieces!
Y'haue (a'moſt) turn'd my good affection, to you;
Sowr'd my ſweet thoughts; all my pure purpoſes:
I could now finde (i' my very heart) to make
Another, *Lady Dutcheſſe*; and depoſe you.
Well, goe your waies in. *Diuell*, you haue redeem'd all.
I doe forgiue you. And I'll doe you good.

Hee ſpeakes out of his wiues window.

Hee ſtrikes his wife.

The Diuell *ſpeakes below.*

Fitz-dottrel *enters with his wife as come downe.*

ACT. II. SCENE. VIII.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. INGINE. TRAINES.

WHy ha you theſe excurſions? where ha' you beene, Sir?
FIT. Where I ha' beene vex'd a little, with a toy!
MER. O Sir! no toyes muſt trouble your graue head,
Now it is growing to be great. You muſt
Be aboue all thoſe things. FIT. Nay, nay, ſo I will.
MER. Now you are to'ard the Lord, you muſt put off
The man, Sir. ING. He ſaies true. MER. You muſt do nothing
As you ha' done it heretofore; not know,
Or ſalute any man. ING. That was your bed-fellow,
The other moneth. MER. The other moneth? the weeke.
Thou doſt not know the priuiledges, *Ingine*,
Follow that Title; nor how ſwift: To day,
When he has put on his Lords face once, then——
FIT. Sir, for theſe things I ſhall doe well enough,
There is no feare of me. But then, my wife is
Such an vntoward thing! ſhee'll neuer learne
How to comport with it! I am out of all
Conceipt, on her behalfe. MER. Beſt haue her taught, Sir.
FIT. Where? Are there any Schooles for *Ladies*? Is there
An *Academy* for women? I doe know,
For men, there was: I learn'd in it, my ſelfe,
To make my legges, and doe my poſtures. ING. Sir.
Doe you remember the conceipt you had—
O'the *Spaniſh* gowne, at home? MER. Ha! I doe thanke thee,
With all my heart, deare *Ingine*. Sir, there is
A certaine *Lady*, here about the Towne,
An *Engliſh* widdow, who hath lately trauell'd,
But ſhee's call'd the *Spaniard*; cauſe ſhe came
Lateſt from thence: and keepes the *Spaniſh* habit.
Such a rare woman! all our women heere,
That are of ſpirit, and faſhion flocke, vnto her,
As to their Preſident; their *Law*; their *Canon*;
More then they euer did, to *Oracle-Foreman*.
Such rare receipts ſhee has, Sir, for the face;
Such *oyles*; ſuch *tinctures*; ſuch *pomatumn's*;
Such *perfumes*; *med'cines*; *quinteſſences*, *&c.*

Ingine *whiſpers* Mercraft, Mercraft *turnes to* Fitz-dottrel.

And

And such a Mistresse of behauiour;
She knowes, from the *Dukes* daughter, to the Doxey,
What is their due iust: and no more! FIT. O Sir!
You please me i'this, more then mine owne greatnesse.
Where is shee? Let vs haue her. MER. By your patience,
We must vse meanes; cast how to be acquainted——
FIT. Good, S^r, about it. MER. We must think how, first. FIT. O!
I doe not loue to tarry for a thing,
When I haue a mind to't. You doe not know me.
If you doe offer it. MER. Your wife must send
Some pretty token to her, with a complement,
And pray to be receiu'd in her good graces,
All the great *Ladies* do't, FIT. She shall, she shall,
What were it best to be? MER. Some little toy,
I would not haue it any great matter, Sir:
A *Diamant* ring, of *forty* or *fifty* pound,
Would doe it handsomely: and be a gift
Fit for your wife to send, and her to take.
FIT. I'll goe, and tell my wife on't, streight. MER. Why this — Fitz-dottrel *goes out.*
Is well! The clothes we haue now: But, where's this *Lady*?
If we could get a witty boy, now, *Ingine*;
That were an excellent cracke. I could instruct him,
To the true height. For any thing takes this *dottrel*.
ING. Why, Sir your best will be one o'the players!
MER. No, there's no trusting them. They'll talke on't,
And tell their *Poets*. ING. What if they doe? the iest
will brooke the Stage. But, there be some of 'hem
Are very honest Lads. There's *Dicke Robinson* X
A very pretty fellow, and comes often
To a Gentlemans chamber, a friends of mine. We had
The merriest supper of it there, one night,
The Gentlemans Land-lady invited him
To a Gossips feast, Now, he Sir brought *Dick Robinson*,
Drest like a Lawyers wife, amongst 'hem all;
(I lent him cloathes) but, to see him behaue it;
And lay the law; and carue; and drinke vnto 'hem;
And then talke baudy: and send frolicks! o!
It would haue burst your buttons, or not left you
A seame. MER. They say hee's an ingenious youth!
ING. O Sir! and dresses himselfe, the best! beyond
Forty o'your very *Ladies*! did you ne'r see him?
MER. No, I do seldome see those toyes. But thinke you,
That we may haue him? ING. Sir, the young Gentleman
I tell you of, can command him. Shall I attempt it? — *Enters againe.*
MER. Yes, doe it. FIT. S'light, I cannot get my wife
To part with a ring, on any termes: and yet,
The sollen *Monkey* has two. MER. It were 'gainst reason,

That you ſhould vrge it; Sir, ſend to a Gold-ſmith,
Let not her loſe by't. FIT. How do's ſhe loſe by't?
Is't not for her? MER. Make it your owne bounty,
It will ha' the better ſucceſſe; what is a matter
Of *fifty* pound to you, Sr. FIT. I' haue but a hundred
Pieces, to ſhew here; that I would not breake—
MER. You ſhall ha' credit, Sir. I'll ſend a ticket
Vnto my Gold-ſmith. Heer, my man comes too,
Traines *enters.* To carry it fitly. How now, *Traines*? What birds?
TRA. Your Couſin *Euer-ill* met me, and has beat mee,
Becauſe I would not tell him where you were:
I think he has dogd me to the houſe too. FIT. Well—
You ſhall goe out at the back-doore, then, *Traines*.
You muſt get *Guilt-head* hither, by ſome meanes:
TRA. 'Tis impoſſible! FIT. Tell him, we haue *veniſon*,
I'll g' him a piece, and ſend his wife a *Pheſant*.
TRA. A Forreſt moues not, till that *forty* pound,
Yo' had of him, laſt, be pai'd. He keepes more ſtirre,
For that ſame petty ſumme, then for your bond
Of *ſixe*; and *Statute* of *eight* hundred! FIT. Tell him
Wee'll hedge in that. Cry vp *Fitz-dottrell* to him,
Double his price: Make him a man of mettall.
TRA. That will not need, his bond is currant inough.

ACT.

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

GVILT-HEAD. PLVTARCHVS.

ALl this is to make you a Gentleman: (you
I'll haue you learne, Sonne. Wherefore haue I plac'd
With S^r. *Poul Either-side*, but to haue ſo much Law
To keepe your owne? Beſides, he is a *Iuſtice*,
Here i'the Towne; and dwelling, Sonne, with him;
You ſhal learne that in a yeere, ſhall be worth twenty
Of hauing ſtay'd you at *Oxford*, or at *Cambridge*,
Or ſending you to the *Innes* of *Court*, or *France*.
I am call'd for now in haſte, by Maſter *Meere-craft*
To truſt Maſter *Fitz-dottrel*, a good man:
I' haue inquir'd him, eighteene hundred a yeere,
(His name is currant) for a diamant ring
Of forty, ſhall not be worth thirty (thats gain'd)
And this is to make you a Gentleman!

PLV. O, but good father, you truſt too much! GVI. Boy, boy,
We liue, by finding fooles out, to be truſted.
Our ſhop-bookes are our paſtures, our corn-grounds,
We lay 'hem op'n, for them to come into:
And when wee haue 'hem there, wee driue 'hem vp
In t'one of our two Pounds, the *Compters*, ſtreight,
And this is to make you a Gentleman!
Wee Citizens neuer truſt, but wee doe coozen:
For, if our debtors pay, wee coozen them;
And if they doe not, then we coozen our ſelues.
But that's a hazard euery one muſt runne,
That hopes to make his Sonne a Gentleman!

PLV. I doe not wiſh to be one, truely, Father.
In a deſcent, or two, wee come to be
Iuſt 'itheir ſtate, fit to be coozend, like 'hem.
And I had rather ha' tarryed i'your trade:

For,

For, since the *Gentry* scorne the Citty so much,
Me thinkes we should in time, holding together,
And matching in our owne tribes, as they say,
Haue got an *Act* of *Common Councell*, for it,
That we might coozen them out of *rerum natura*.
GVI. I, if we had an *Act* first to forbid
The marrying of our wealthy heyres vnto 'hem:
And daughters, with such lauish portions.
That confounds all. PLV. And makes a *Mungril* breed, Father.
And when they haue your money, then they laugh at you:
Or kick you downe the stayres. I cannot abide 'hem.
I would faine haue 'hem coozen'd, but not trusted.

ACT. III. SCENE. II.

MERE-CRAFT. GVILT-HEAD. FITZ-DOTTRELL. PLVTARCHVS.

O, is he come! I knew he would not faile me.
Welcome, good *Guilt-head*, I must ha' you doe
A noble Gentleman, a courtesie, here:
In a mere toy (some pretty Ring, or Iewell)
Of fifty, or threescore pound (Make it a hundred,
And hedge in the last forty, that I owe you,
And your owne price for the Ring) He's a good man, S^r,
And you may hap' see him a great one! Hee,
Is likely to bestow hundreds, and thousands,
Wi'you; if you can humour him. A great prince
He will be shortly. What doe you say? GVI. In truth, Sir
I cannot. 'T has beene a long vacation with vs,
FIT. Of what, I pray thee? of wit? or honesty?
Those are your Citizens long vacations. (*head.*
PLV. Good Father do not trust 'hem. MER. Nay, *T hom. Guilt.*
Hee will not buy a courtesie and begge it:
Hee'll rather pay, then pray. If you doe for him,
You must doe cheerefully. His credit, Sir,
Is not yet prostitute! Who's this? thy sonne?
A pretty youth, what's his name? PLV. *Plutarchus*, Sir.
MER. *Plutarchus*! How came that about? GVI. That yeere S^r,
That I begot him, I bought *Plutarch's* liues,
And fell s' in loue with the booke, as I call'd my sonne
By 'his name; In hope he should be like him:

And

And write the liues of our great men! MER. I'the City?
And you do breed him, there? GVI. His minde, Sir, lies
Much to that way. MER. Why, then, he is i'the right way.
GVI. But, now, I had rather get him a good wife,
And plant him i'the countrey; there to vse
The blessing I shall leaue him: MER. Out vpon't!
And lose the laudable meanes, thou hast at home, heere,
T'aduance, and make him a young *Alderman*?
Buy him a Captaines place, for shame; and let him
Into the world, early, and with his plume,
And Scarfes, march through *Cheapside*, or along *Cornehill*,
And by the vertue' of those, draw downe a wife
There from a windo', worth ten thousand pound!
Get him the posture booke, and's leaden men,
To set vpon a table, 'gainst his Mistresse
Chance to come by, that hee may draw her in,
And shew her *Finsbury* battells. GVI. I haue plac'd him
With Iustice *Eytherside*, to get so much law—
MER. As thou hast conscience. Come, come, thou dost wrong
Pretty *Plutarchus*, who had not his name,
For nothing: but was borne to traine the youth
Of *London*, in the military truth—
That way his *Genius* lies. My Cousin *Euerill*!

ACT. III. SCENE. IIJ.

EVER-ILL. PLVTARCHVS. GVILT-HEAD. MERE-CRAFT. FITZDOTTRELL.

O, are you heere, Sir? 'pray you let vs whisper.
PLV. Father, deare Father, trust him if you loue mee.
GVI. Why, I doe meane it, boy; but, what I doe,
Must not come easily from mee: Wee must deale
With *Courtiers*, boy, as *Courtiers* deale with vs.
If I haue a *Businesse* there, with any of them,
Why, I must wait, I'am sure on't, Son: and though
My *Lord* dispatch me, yet his worshipfull man—
Will keepe me for his sport, a moneth, or two,
To shew mee with my fellow Cittizens.
I must make his traine long, and full, one quarter;
And helpe the spectacle of his greatnesse. There,
Nothing is done at once, but iniuries, boy:

And they come head-long! all their good turnes moue not,
Or very slowly PLV. Yet sweet father, trust him.
GVI. VVell, I will thinke. EV. Come, you must do't, Sir.
I'am vndone else, and your *Lady Tayle-bush*
Has sent for mee to dinner, and my cloaths
Are all at pawne. I had sent out this morning,
Before I heard you were come to towne, some twenty
Of my epistles, and no one returne—

Mere-craft tells him of his faults.

MER. VVhy, I ha' told you o'this. This comes of wearing
Scarlet, gold lace, and cut-works! your fine gartring!
VVith your blowne roses, Cousin! and your eating
Pheasant, and *Godwit*, here in *London*! haunting
The *Globes*, and *Mermaides*! wedging in with *Lords*,
Still at the table! and affecting lechery,
In velvet! where could you ha' contented your selfe
VVith cheese, salt-butter, and a pickled herring,
I'the Low-countries; there worne cloth, and fustian!
Beene satisfied with a leape o' your Host's daughter,
Ingarrison, a wench of a sloter! or,
Your *Sutlers* wife, i'the leaguer, of two blanks!
You neuer, then, had runne vpon this flat,
To write your letters missiue, and send out
Your priuy seales, that thus haue frighted off
All your acquintance; that they shun you at distance,
VVorse, then you do the Bailies! EV. Pox vpon you.

He repines,

I come not to you for counsell, I lacke money.
MER. You doe not thinke, what you owe me already? EV. I?
They owe you, that meane to pay you. I'll besworne,
I neuer meant it. Come, you will proiect,

and threatens him.

I shall vndoe your practice, for this moneth else:
You know mee. MER. I, yo' are a right sweet nature!
EV. Well, that's all one! MER. You'll leaue this Empire, one day?
You will not euer haue this tribute payd,
Your scepter o'the sword? EV. Tye vp your wit,
Doe, and prouoke me not— MER. Will you, Sir, helpe,
To what I shall prouoke another for you?
EV. I cannot tell; try me: I thinke I am not
So vtterly, of an ore vn-to-be-melted,

They ioyne.

But I can doe my selfe good, on occasions.
MER. Strike in then, for your part. M^r. *Fitz-dottrel*
If I transgresse in point of manners, afford mee
Your best constructions; I must beg my freedome

Mere-craft pretends businesse.

From your affayres, this day. FIT. How, S^r. MER. It is
In succour of this Gentlemans occasions,
My kinsman— FIT. You'll not do me that affront, S^r.
MER. I am sory you should so interpret it,
But, Sir, it stands vpon his being inuested

In

In a new *office*, hee has ſtood for, long:
Maſter of the *Dependances*! A place
Of my proiection too, Sir, and hath met
Much oppoſition; but the State, now, ſee's
That great neceſſity of it, as after all
Their writing, and their ſpeaking, againſt *Duells*,
They haue erected it. His booke is drawne—
For, ſince, there will be differences, daily,
'Twixt Gentlemen; and that the roaring manner
Is growne offenſiue; that thoſe few, we call
The ciuill men o'the ſword, abhorre the vapours;
They ſhall reſer now, hither, for their *proceſſe*;
And ſuch as treſpaſſe 'gainſt the rule of *Court*,
Are to be fin'd— FIT. In troth, a pretty place!
MER. A kinde of arbitr ary *Court* 'twill be, Sir.
FIT. I ſhall haue matter for it, I beleeue,
Ere it be long: I had a diſtaſt. MER. But now, Sir,
My learned councell, they muſt haue a feeling,
They'll part, Sir, with no bookes, without the hand-gout
Be oyld, and I muſt furniſh. If't be money,
To me ſtreight. I am Mine, *Mint* and *Exchequer*,
To ſupply all. What is't? a hundred pound?
EVE. No, th'*Harpey*, now, ſtands on a hundred pieces.
MER. Why, he muſt haue 'hem, if he will. To morrow, Sir,
Will equally ſerue your occaſion's,——
And therefore, let me obtaine, that you will yeeld
To timing a poore Gentlemans diſtreſſes,
In termes of hazard.— FIT. By no meanes! MER. I muſt
Get him this money, and will.— FIT. Sir, I proteſt,
I'd rather ſtand engag'd for it my ſelfe:
Then you ſhould leaue mee. MER. O good Sr. do you thinke
So courſely of our manners, that we would,
For any need of ours, be preſt to take it:
Though you be pleas'd to offer it. FIT. Why, by heauen,
I meane it! MER. I can neuer beleeue leſſe.
But wee, Sir, muſt preſerue our dignity,
As you doe publiſh yours. By your faire leaue, Sir.
FIT. As I am a Gentleman, if you doe offer
To leaue mee now, or if you doe refuſe mee,
I will not thinke you loue mee. MER. Sir, I honour you.
And with iuſt reaſon, for theſe noble notes,
Of the nobility, you pretend too! But, Sir—
I would know, why? a motiue (he a ſtranger)
You ſhould doe this? (EVE. You'll mar all with your fineneſſe)
FIT. Why, that's all one, if 'twere, Sir, but my fancy.
But I haue a *Buſineſſe*, that perhaps I'd haue
Brought to his *office*. MER. O, Sir! I haue done, then;

Mere-craft *deſcribes the* office *of* Dependancy.

Hee offers to be gone.

If hee can be made profitable, to you.
FIT. Yes, and it shall be one of my ambitions
To haue it the first *Businesse*? May I not?
EVE. So you doe meane to make't, a perfect *Businesse*.
FIT. Nay, I'll doe that, assure you: shew me once.
MER. Sr, it concernes, the first be a perfect *Businesse*,
For his owne honour! EVE. I, and th'reputation
Too, of my place. FIT. Why, why doe I take this course, else?
I am not altogether, an *Asse*, good Gentlemen,
Wherefore should I consult you? doe you thinke?
To make a song on't? How's your manner? tell vs.
MER. Doe, satisfie him: giue him the whole course.
EVE. First, by request, or otherwise, you offer
Your *Businesse* to the *Court*: wherein you craue:
The iudgement of the *Master* and the *Assistants*.
FIT. Well, that's done, now, what doe you vpon it?
EVE. We streight Sr, haue recourse to the spring-head;
Visit the ground; and, so disclose the nature:
If it will carry, or no. If wee doe finde,
By our proportions it is like to proue
A sullen, and blacke *Business* That it be
Incorrigible; and out of, treaty; then,
We file it, a *Dependance*! FIT. So 'tis fil'd.
What followes? I doe loue the order of these things.
EVE. We then aduise the party, if he be
A man of meanes, and hauings, that forth-with,
He settle his estate: if not, at least
That he pretend it. For, by that, the world
Takes notice, that it now is a *Dependance*.
And this we call, Sir, *Publication*.
FIT. Very sufficient! After *Publication*, now?
EVE. Then we grant out our *Processe*, which is diuers;
Eyther by *Chartell*, Sir, or *ore-tenus*,
Wherein the Challenger, and Challengee
Or (with your *Spaniard*) your *Pronocador*,
And *Pronocado*, haue their seuerall courses——
FIT. I haue enough on't! for an hundred pieces?
Yes, for two hundred, vnder-write me, doe.
Your man will take my bond? MER. That he will, sure,
But, these same Citizens, they are such sharks!
He whispers Fitz-dottrell *aside.* There's an old debt of forty, I ga' my word
For one is runne away, to the *Bermudas*,
And he will hooke in that, or he wi' not doe.
FIT. Why, let him. That and the ring, and a hundred pieces,
Will all but make two hundred? MER. No, no more, Sir.
And then Guilt-head What ready *Arithmetique* you haue? doe you heare?
A pretty mornings worke for you, this? Do it,

You

You ſhall ha' twenty pound on't. GVI. Twenty pieces?
(PLV. Good Father, do't) MER. You will hooke ſtill? well,
Shew vs your ring. You could not ha' done this, now
With gentleneſſe, at firſt, wee might ha' thank'd you?
But groane, and ha' you courteſies come from you
Like a hard ſtoole, and ſtinke? A man may draw
Your teeth out eaſier, then your money? Come,
Were little *Guilt-head* heere, no better a nature,
I ſhould ne'r loue him, that could pull his lips off, now!
Was not thy mother a Gentlewoman? PLV. Yes, Sir.
MER. And went to the Court at *Chriſtmas*, and S^r. *Georges-tide*?
And lent the Lords-men, chaines? PLV. Of gold, and pearle, S^r.
MER. I knew, thou muſt take, after ſome body!
Thou could'ſt not be elſe. This was no ſhop-looke!
I'll ha' thee Captaine *Guilt-head*, and march vp,
And take in *Pimlico*,, and kill the buſh,
At euery tauerne! Thou ſhalt haue a wife,
If ſmocks will mount, boy. How now? you ha' there now
Some *Briſto-ſtone*, or *Corniſh* counterfeit
You'ld put vpon vs. GVI. No, Sir, I aſſure you:
Looke on his luſter! hee will ſpeake himſelfe!
I'le gi' you leaue to put him i' the Mill,
H'is no great, large ſtone, but a true *Paragon*,
H'has all his corners, view him well. MER. H'is yellow.
GVI. Vpo' my faith, S^r, o' the right black-water,
And very deepe! H'is ſet without a foyle, too.
Here's one o' the yellow-water, I'll ſell cheape.
MER. And what do you valew this, at? thirty pound?
GVI. No, Sir, he coſt me forty, ere he was ſet.
MER. Turnings, 'you meane? I know your *Equinocks*:
You'are growne the better Fathers of 'hem o' late.
Well, where't muſt goe, 'twill be iudg'd, and, therefore,
Looke you't be right. You ſhall haue fifty pound for't.
Not a deneer more! And, becauſe you would
Haue things diſpatch'd, Sir, I'll goe preſently,
Inquire out this *Lady*. If you thinke good, Sir.
Hauing an hundred pieces ready, you may
Part with thoſe, now, to ſerue my kinſmans turnes,
That he may wait vpon you, anon, the freer;
And take 'hem when you ha' ſeal'd, a gaine, of *Guilt-head*.
FIT. I care not if I do! MER. And diſpatch all,
Together. FIT. There, th'are iuſt: a hundred pieces!
I' ha' told 'hem ouer, twice a day, theſe two moneths.
MER. Well, go, and ſeale then, S^r, make your returne
As ſpeedy as you can. EVE. Come gi' mee. MER. Soft, Sir,
EVE. Mary, and faire too, then. I'll no delaying, Sir.
MER. But, you will heare? Ev. Yes, when I haue my diuident.

Hee pulls Plutarchus *by the lips.*

He turnes to old Guilt-head.

Now to Fitz-dottrel.

Hee turnes 'hem out together. And Euerill *and hee fall to ſhare.*

MER. Theres forty pieces for you. EVE. What is this for?
MER. Your halfe. You know, that *Guilt-head* must ha' twenty.
EVE. And what's your ring there? shall I ha' none o'that?
MER. O, thats to be giuen to a *Lady*!
EVE. Is't so? MER. By that good light, it is. EV. Come, gi'me
Ten pieces more, then. MER. Why? EV. For *Guilt-head*? Sir,
Do'you thinke, I'll 'low him any such share: MER. You must.
EVE. Must I? Doe you your musts, Sir, I'll doe mine,
You wi'not part with the whole, Sir? Will you? Goe too.
Gi' me ten pieces! MER. By what law, doe you this?
EVE. E'n Lyon-law, Sir, I must roare else. MER. Good!
EVE. Yo' haue heard, how th' *Asse* made his diuisions, wisely?
MER. And, I am he: I thanke you. EV. Much good do you, S^r.
MER. I shall be rid o'this tyranny, one day? EVE. Not,
While you doe eate; and lie, about the towne, here;
And coozen i'your bullions; and I stand
Your name of credit, and compound your businesse;
Adiourne your beatings euery terme; and make
New parties for your proiects. I haue, now,
A pretty tasque, of it, to hold you in
Wi' your *Lady Tayle-bush*: but the toy will be,
How we shall both come off? MER. Leaue you your doubting.
And doe your portion, what's assign'd you: I
Neuer fail'd yet. EVE. With reference to your aydes?
You'll still be vnthankfull. Where shall I meete you, anon?
You ha' some feate to doe alone, now, I see;
You wish me gone, well, I will finde you out,
And bring you after to the audit. MER. S'light!
There's *Ingines* share too, I had forgot! This raigne
Is too-too-vnsuportable! I must
Quit my selfe of this vassalage! *Ingine*! welcome.

ACT. IIJ. SCENE. IV.

MERE-CRAFT. INGINE. WITTIPOL.

HOw goes the cry? ING. Excellent well! MER. Wil't do?
VVhere's *Robinson*? ING. Here is the Gentleman, Sir.
VVill vndertake t'himselfe. I haue acquainted him, (him,
MER. VVhy did you so? ING. VVhy, *Robinson* would ha'told
You know. And hee's a pleasant wit! will hurt
Nothing you purpose. Then, he'is of opinion,

That

That *Robinſon* might want audacity,
She being ſuch a gallant. Now, hee has beene,
In *Spaine*, and knowes the faſhions there; and can
Diſcourſe; and being but mirth (hee ſaies) leaue much,
To his care: MER. But he is too tall! ING. For that,
He has the braueſt deuice! (you'll loue him for't)
To ſay, he weares *Cioppinos*: and they doe ſo
In *Spaine*. And *Robinſon's* as tall, as hee.
MER. Is he ſo? ING. Euery iot. MER. Nay, I had rather
To truſt a Gentleman with it, o'the two.
ING. Pray you goe to him, then, Sir, and ſalute him.
MER. Sir, my friend *Ingine* has acquainted you
With a ſtrange *buſineſſe*, here. WIT. A merry one, Sir.
The *Duke* of *Drown'd-land*, and his *Dutcheſſe*? MER. Yes, Sir.
Now, that the *Coniurers* ha' laid him by,
I ha' made bold, to borrow him a while;
WIT. With purpoſe, yet, to put him out I hope
To his beſt vſe? MER. Yes, Sir. WIT. For that ſmall part,
That I am truſted with, put off your care:
I would not loſe to doe it, for the mirth,
Will follow of it; and well, I haue a fancy.
MER. Sir, that will make it well. WIT. You will report it ſo.
Where muſt I haue my dreſſing? ING. At my houſe, Sir.
MER. You ſhall haue caution, Sir, for what he yeelds,
To ſix pence. WIT. You ſhall pardon me. I will ſhare, Sir,
I' your ſports, onely: nothing i' your purchaſe.
But you muſt furniſh mee with complements,
To th' manner of *Spaine*; my coach, my *guarda duenn'as*;
MER. *Ingine's* your *Prouedor*. But, Sir, I muſt
(Now I'haue entred truſt wi' you, thus farre)
Secure ſtill i' your quality, acquaint you
With ſomewhat, beyond this. The place, deſign'd
To be the *Scene*, for this our mery matter,
Becauſe it muſt haue countenance of women,
To draw diſcourſe, and offer it, is here by,
At the *Lady Taile-buſhes*. WIT. I know her, Sir,
And her Gentleman *huiſher*. MER. Mr *Ambler*? WIT. Yes, Sir.
MER. Sir, It ſhall be no ſhame to mee, to confeſſe
To you, that wee poore Gentlemen, that want acres,
Muſt for our needs, turne fooles vp, and plough *Ladies*
Sometimes, to try what glebe they are: and this
Is no vnfruitefull piece. She, and I now,
Are on a proiect, for the fact, and venting
Of a new kinde of *fucus* (paint, for *Ladies*)
To ſerue the kingdome: wherein ſhee her ſelfe
Hath traueil'd, ſpecially, by way of ſeruice
Vnto her ſexe, and hopes to get the *Monopoly*,

He excepts at his ſtature.

As

As the reward, of her inuention.
WIT. What is her end, in this? EV. Merely ambition,
Sir, to grow great, and court it with the secret:
Though shee pretend some other. For, she's dealing,
Already, vpon caution for the shares,
And Mr. *Ambler*, is hee nam'd *Examiner*
For the ingredients; and the *Register*
Of what is vented; and shall keepe the *Office*.
Now, if shee breake with you, of this (as I
Must make the leading thred to your acquaintance,
That, how experience gotten i'your being
Abroad, will helpe our businesse) thinke of some
Pretty additions, but to keepe her floting:
It may be, shee will offer you a part,
Any strange names of— WIT. Sr, I haue my'instructions.
Is it not high time to be making ready? (then.
MER. Yes, Sir, ING. The foole's in sight, *Dottrel*. MER. Away,

ACT. IIJ. SCENE. V.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. PVG.

REturn'd so soone? FIT. Yes, here's the ring: I ha'seal'd.
But there's not so much gold in all the row, he saies—
Till't come fro' the Mint. 'Tis tane vp for the gamesters. (it.
MER. There's a shop-shift! plague on'hem. FIT. He do's sweare
MER. He'll sweare, and forsweare too, it is his trade,
You should not haue left him. FIT. S'lid, I can goe backe,
And beat him, yet. MER. No, now let him alone.
FIT. I was so earnest, after the maine *Businesse*,
To haue this ring, gone. MER. True, and 'tis time.
I'haue learn'd, Sir, sin' you went, her *Ladi-ship* eats
With the *Lady Tail-bush*, here, hard by. FIT. I'the lane here?
MER. Yes, if you' had a seruant, now of presence,
Well cloth'd, and of an aëry voluble tongue,
Neither too bigge, or little for his mouth,
That could deliuer your wiues complement;
To send along withall. FIT. I haue one Sir,
A very handsome, gentleman-like-fellow,
That I doe meane to make my *Dutchesse Vsher*—
I entertain'd him, but this morning, too:
I'll call him to you. The worst of him, is his name!

MER.

MER. She'll take no note of that, but of his meſſage. *Hee ſhewes him his* Pug.
FIT. *Diuell*! How like you him, Sir. Pace, go a little.
Let's ſee you moue. MER. He'll ſerue, Sr, giue it him;
And let him goe along with mee, I'll helpe
To preſent him, and it. FIT. Looke, you doe ſirah,
Diſcharge this well, as you expect your place.
Do'you heare, goe on, come off with all your honours. *Giues him inſtructions.*
I would faine ſee him, do it. MER. Truſt him, with it;
FIT. Remember kiſſing of your hand, and anſwering
With the *French*-time, in flexure of your body.
I could now ſo inſtruct him—— and for his words——
MER. I'll put them in his mouth. FIT. O, but I haue 'hem
O'the very *Academies*. MER. Sir, you'll haue vſe for 'hem,
Anon, your ſelfe, I warrant you: after dinner,
When you are call'd. FIT. S'light, that'll be iuſt *play*-time. *He longs to ſee the* play.
It cannot be, I muſt not loſe the *play*!
MER. Sir, but you muſt, if ſhe appoint to ſit.
And, ſhee's preſident. FIT. S'lid, it is the *Diuell*! *Becauſe it is the* Diuell.
MER. And, 'twere his Damme too, you muſt now apply
Your ſelfe, Sir, to this, wholly; or loſe all.
FIT. If I could but ſee a piece—— MER. Sr. Neuer think on't.
FIT. Come but to one act, and I did not care——
But to be ſeene to riſe, and goe away,
To vex the Players, and to punith their *Poet*——
Keepe him in awe! MER. But ſay, that he be one,
Wi'not be aw'd! but laugh at you. How then?
FIT. Then he ſhall pay for 'his dinner himſelfe. MER. Perhaps,
He would doe that twice, rather then thanke you.
Come, get the *Diuell* out of your head, my *Lord*,
(I'll call you ſo in priuate ſtill) and take
Your *Lord-ſhip* i'your minde. You were, ſweete *Lord*, *He puts him in mind of his quarrell.*
In talke to bring a *Buſineſſe* to the *Office*. FIT. Yes.
MER. Why ſhould not you, Sr, carry it o'your ſelfe,
Before the *Office* be vp? and ſhew the world,
You had no need of any mans direction;
In point, Sir, of ſufficiency. I ſpeake
Againſt a kinſman, but as one that tenders
Your graces good. FIT. I thanke you; to proceed——
MER. To *Publications*: ha' your *Deed* drawne preſently.
And leaue a blancke to put in your *Feoffees*
One, two, or more, as you ſee cauſe—— FIT. I thank you
Heartily, I doe thanke you. Not a word more,
I pray you, as you loue mee. Let mee alone. *He is angry with himſelfe.*
That I could not thinke o'this, as well, as hee?
O, I could beat my infinite blocke-head——! (by here
MER. Come, we muſt this way. PVG. How far is't. MER. Hard
Ouer the way. Now, to atchieue this ring,

He thinkes how to coozen the bearer, of the ring.

From this same fellow, that is to assure it;
Before hee giue it. Though my *Spanish Lady*,
Be a young Gentleman of meanes, and scorne
To share, as hee doth say, I doe not know
How such a toy may tempt his *Lady-ship:*
And therefore, I thinke best, it be assur'd.
PVG. Sir, be the *Ladies* braue, wee goe vnto?
MER. O, yes. PVG. And shall I see 'hem, and speake to 'hem?
MER. What else? ha'you your false-beard about you? *Traines.*
TRA. Yes, MER. And is this one of your double Cloakes?
TRA. The best of'hem. MER. Be ready then. Sweet *Pitfall!*

Questions his man.

ACT. IIJ. SCENE. VI.

MERE-CRAFT. PITFALL. PVG. TRAINES.

Offers to kisse.

COme, I must busse — PIT. Away. MER. I'll set thee vp again.
Neuer feare that: canst thou get ne'r a bird?
No *Thrushes* hungry? Stay, till cold weather come,
I'll help thee to an *Onsell*, or, a *Field-fare.*
Who's within, with *Madame*? PIT. I'll tell you straight.
MER. Please you stay here, a while Sir, I'le goe in.
PVG. I doe so long to haue a little venery,
While I am in this body! I would tast
Of euery sinne, a little, if it might be
After the maner of man! *Sweet-heart!* PIT. What would you, Sr?
PVG. Nothing but fall in, to you, be your Black-bird,
My pretty pit (as the Gentleman said) your *Throstle:*
Lye tame, and taken with you; here'is gold!
To buy you so much new stuffes, from the shop,
As I may take the old vp — TRA. You must send, Sir.
The Gentleman the ring. PVG. There 'tis. Nay looke,
Will you be foolish, *Pit*, PIT. This is strange rudenesse.
PVG. Deare *Pit.* PIT. I'llcall, I sweare. MER. Where are you, Sr?
Is your ring ready? Goe with me. PVG. I sent it you.
MER. Me? When? by whom? PVG. A fellow here, e'en now,
Came for it i'your name. MER. I sent none, sure.
My meaning euer was, you should deliuer it,
Your selfe: So was your Masters charge, you know.
What fellow was it, doe you know him? PVG. Here,
But now, he had it. MER. Saw you any? *Traines?*
TRA. Not I. PVG. The Gentleman saw him. MER. Enquire.

Pug leaps at Pitfall's *comming in.*

She runs in, in haste: he followes.

Traine's *in his false cloak, brings a false message, and gets the ring.*

Mere-craft *followes presently, and askes for it.* *Exit.* Train's *as himselfe againe.*

PVG.

PVG. I was so earnest vpon her, I mark'd not!
My diuellish *Chiefe* has put mee here in flesh,
To shame mee! This dull body Iam in,
I perceiue nothing with! I offer at nothing,
That will succeed! TRA. Sir, she saw none, she saies.
PVG. *Satan* himselfe, has tane a shape t'abuse me.
It could not be else! MER. This is aboue strange!
That you should be so retchlesse. What'll you do, Sir?
How will you answer this, when you are question'd?
PVG. Run from my flesh, if I could: put off mankind!
This's such a scorne! and will be a new exercise,
For my *Arch-Duke*! Woe to the seuerall cudgells,
Must suffer, on this backe! Can you no succours? Sir?
MER. Alas! the vse of it is so present, PVG. I aske,
Sir, credit for another, but till to morrow?
MER. There is not so much time, Sir. But how euer,
The Lady is a noble Lady, and will
(To saue a Gentleman from check) be intreated
To say, she ha's receiu'd it. PVG. Do you thinke so?
Will shee be won? MER. No doubt, to such an office,
It will be a Lady's brauery, and her pride.
PVG. And not be knowne on't after, vnto him?
MER. That were a treachery! Vpon my word,
Be confident. Returne vnto your master,
My *Lady President* sits this after-noone,
Ha's tane the ring, commends her seruices
Vnto your *Lady-Dutchesse*. You may say
She's a ciuill *Lady*, and do's giue her
All her respects, already: Bad you, tell her
She liues, but to receiue her wish'd commandements,
And haue the honor here to kisse her hands:
For which thee'll stay this houre yet. Hasten you
Your *Prince*, away. PVG. And Sir, you will take care
Th'excuse be perfect? MER. You confesse your feares.
Too much. PVG. The shame is more, I'll quit you of either.

The Diuell *confesseth himselfe cozen'd.*

Mere-craft *accuseth him of negligence.*

He asketh ayde.

Mere-craft *promiseth faintly, yet comforts him.*

The Diuel *is doubtfull.*

ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. I.

TAILE-BVSH. MERE-CRAFT. MANLY.

A Pox vpo' referring to *Commissioners*,
I'had rather heare that it were past the seales:
Your *Courtiers* moue so Snaile-like i'your *Businesse*.
Would I had not begun wi'you. MER. We must moue,
Madame, in order, by degrees: not iump.
TAY. Why, there was S^r. *Iohn Monie-man* could iump
A *Businesse* quickely. MER. True, hee had great friends,
But, because some, sweete *Madame*, can leape ditches,
Wee must not all shunne to goe ouer bridges.
The harder parts, I make account are done:
He flatters her. Now, 'tis referr'd. You are infinitly bound
Vnto the *Ladies*, they ha' so cri'd it vp! (*Lady*,
TAY. Doe they like it then? MER. They ha' sent the *Spanish*-
To gratulate with you— TAY. I must send 'hem thankes
And some remembrances. MER. That you must, and visit 'hem.
Where's *Ambler*? TAY. Lost, to day, we cannot heare of him.
MER. Not *Madam*? TAY. No in good faith. They say he lay not
At home, to night. And here has fall'n a *Businesse*
Betweene your Cousin, and Master *Manly*, has
Vnquieted vs all. MER. So I heare, *Madame*.
Pray you how was it? TAY. Troth, it but appeares
Ill o'your Kinsmans part. You may haue heard,
That *Manly* is a sutor to me, I doubt not:
MER. I gues's'd it, *Madame*. TAY. And it seemes, he trusted
Your Cousin to let fall some faire reports
Of him vnto mee. MER. Which he did! TAY. So farre
From it, as hee came in; and tooke him rayling
Against him. MER. How! And what said *Manly* to him?
TAY. Inough, I doe assure you: and with that scorne
Of him, and the iniury, as I doe wonder
How *Euerill* bore it! But that guilt vndoe's

Many

Many mens valors MER. Here comes *Manly*. MAN. *Madame*, I'll take my leaue—TAY. You sha'not goe, i'faith. I'll ha' you stay, and see this *Spanish* miracle, Of our *English Ladie*. MAN. Let me pray your *Ladiship*, Lay your commands on me, some other time.

Manly *offers to be gone.*

TAY. Now, I protest: and I will haue all piec'd, And friends againe. MAN. It will be but ill solder'd!

TAY. You are too much affected with it. MAN. I cannot *Madame*, but thinke on't for th'iniustice. TAY. Sir, His kinsman here is sorry. MER. Not I, *Madam*, I am no kin to him, wee but call Cousins, And if wee were, Sir, I haue no relation Vnto his crimes. MAN. You are not vrged with 'hem. I can accuse, Sir, none but mine owne iudgement, For though it were his crime, so to betray mee: I'am sure, 'twas more mine owne, at all to trust him. But he, therein, did vse but his old manners, And sauour strongly what hee was before.

Mere-craft *denies him.*

TAY. Come, he will change! MAN. Faith, I must neuer think it. Nor were it reason in mee to expect That for my sake, hee should put off a nature Hee suck'd in with his milke. It may be *Madam*, Deceiuing trust, is all he has to trust to: If so, I shall be loath, that any hope Of mine, should bate him of his meanes. TAY. Yo'are sharp, Sir. This act may make him honest! MAN If he were To be made honest, by an act of *Parliament*, I should not alter, i'my faith of him. TAY. *Eyther-side*! Welcome, deare *Either-side*! how hast thou done, good wench? Thou hast beene a stranger! I ha' not seene thee, this weeke.

She spies the Lady Eyther-side.

ACT. IIIJ. SCEN. EII.

EITHERSIDE. {*To them*

EVer your ſeruant, *Madame.* TAY. Where haſt'hou beene?
I did ſo long to ſee thee. EIT. Viſiting, and ſo tyr'd!
I proteſt, *Madame*, 'tis a monſtrous trouble!
TAY. And ſo it is. I ſweare I muſt to morrow,
Beginne my viſits (would they were ouer) at *Court.*
It tortures me, to thinke on'hem. EIT. I doe heare
You ha' cauſe, Madam, your ſute goes on. TAY. Who told thee?
EYT. One, that can tell: M^r. *Eyther-ſide.* TAY. O, thy huſband!
Yes faith, there's life in't, now: It is referr'd.
If wee once ſee it vnder the ſeales, wench, then,
Haue with 'hem for the great *Carroch*, ſixe horſes,
And the two *Coach-men*, with my *Ambler*, bare,
And my three women: wee will liue, i'faith,
The examples o'the towne, and gouerne it.
I'le lead the faſhion ſtill. EIT. You doe that, now,
Sweet *Madame.* TAY. O, but then, I'll euery day
Bring vp ſome new deuice. Thou and I, *Either-ſide*,
Will firſt be in it, I will giue it thee;
And they ſhall follow vs. Thou ſhalt, I ſweare,
Weare euery moneth a new gowne, out of it. (*Taile-buſh*
EIT. Thanke you good *Madame.* TAY. Pray thee call mee
As I thee, *Either-ſide*; I not loue this, *Madame.*
EYT. Then I proteſt to you, *Taile-buſh*, i am glad
Your *Buſineſſe* ſo ſucceeds. TAY. Thanke thee, good *Eyther-ſide.*
EYT. But Maſter *Either-ſide* tells me, that he likes (picks.
Your other *Buſineſſe* better. TAY. Which? EIT. O'the Tooth-
TAY. I neuer heard on't: EIT. Aske M^r. *Mere-craft.*
MER. *Madame?* H'is one, in a word, I'll truſt his malice,
With any mans credit, I would haue abus'd!
MAN. Sir, if you thinke you doe pleaſe mee, in this,
You are deceiu'd! MER. No, but becauſe my *Lady*,
Nam'd him my kinſman; I would ſatisfie you,
What I thinke of him: and pray you, vpon it
To iudge mee! MAN. So I doe: that ill mens friendſhip,
Is as vnfaithfull, as themſelues. TAY. Doe you heare?
Ha'you a *Buſineſſe* about Tooth-picks? MER. Yes, *Madame.*
Did I ne'r tell't you? I meant to haue offer'd it

Mere-craft hath whiſper'd with the while.

Your

Your *Lady-ſhip*, on the perfecting the pattent. (picks;
TAY. How is't! MER. For ſeruing the whole ſtate with Tooth-
(Somewhat an intricate *Buſineſſe* to diſcourſe) but——
I ſhew, how much the Subiect is abus'd,
Firſt, in that one commodity? then what diſeaſes,
And putrefactions in the gummes are bred,
By thoſe are made 'of' adultrate, and falſe wood?
My plot, for reformation of theſe, followes.
To haue all Tooth-picks, brought vnto an *office*,
There ſeal'd; and ſuch as counterfait 'hem, mulcted.
And laſt, for venting 'hem to haue a booke
Printed, to teach their vſe, which euery childe
Shall haue throughout the kingdome, that can read,
And learne to picke his teeth by. Which beginning
Earely to practice, with ſome other rules,
Of neuer ſleeping with the mouth open, chawing
Some graines of *maſticke*, will preſerue the breath
Pure, and ſo free from taynt——ha'what is't? ſai'ſt thou?
TAY. Good faith, it ſounds a very pretty *Buſ'neſſe*!
EIT. So Mr. *Either-ſide* ſaies, *Madame*. MER. The *Lady* is come.
TAY. Is ſhe? Good, waite vpon her in. My *Ambler*
Was neuer ſo ill abſent. *Either-ſide*,
How doe I looke to day? Am I not dreſt,
Spruntly? FIT. Yes, verily, *Madame*. TAY. Pox o' *Madame*,
Will you not leaue that? EIT. Yes, good *Taile-buſh*. TAY. So?
Sounds not that better? What vile *Fucus* is this,
Thou haſt got on? EIT. 'Tis *Pearle*. TAY. *Pearle*? *Oyſter-ſhells*:
As I breath, *Either-ſide*, I know't. Here comes
(They ſay) a wonder, ſirrah, has beene in *Spaine*!
Will teach vs all! ſhee's ſent to mee, from *Court*.
To gratulate with mee! Pr'y thee, let's obſerue her,
What faults ſhe has, that wee may laugh at 'hem,
When ſhe is gone, EIT. That we will heartily, *Tail.buſh*.
TAY. O, mee! the very *Infanta* of the *Giants*!

The Proiect *for* Tooth-picks.

Traines *his man whiſpers him.*

She lookes in her glaſſe

Wittipol *enters.*

ACT.

ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. IJI.

MERE-CRAFT. WITTIPOL. {*to them.*

Wittipol *is dreſt like a* Spaniſh Lady. *Excuſes him ſelfe for not kiſſing.*

MER. Here is a noble *Lady*, *Madame*, come,
From your great friends, at *Court*, to ſee your *Ladi-ſhip*:
And haue the honour of your acquaintance. TAY. Sir.
She do's vs honour. WIT. Pray you, ſay to her *Ladiſhip*,
It is the manner of *Spaine*, to imbrace onely,
Neuer to kiſſe. She will excuſe the cuſtome!
TAY. Your vſe of it is law. Pleaſe you, ſweete, *Madame*,
To take a ſeate. WIT. Yes, *Madame*. I'haue had
The fauour, through a world of faire report
To know your vertues, *Madame*; and in that
Name, haue deſir'd the happineſſe of preſenting
My ſeruice to your *Ladiſhip*! TAY. Your loue, *Madame*,
I muſt not owne it elſe. WIT. Both are due, *Madame*,
To your great vndertakings. TAY. Great? In troth, *Madame*,
They are my friends, that thinke 'hem any thing:
If I can doe my ſexe (by 'hem) any ſeruice,
I'haue my ends, *Madame*. WIT. And they are noble ones,
That make a multitude beholden, *Madame*:
The common-wealth of *Ladies*, muſt acknowledge from you.
EIT. Except ſome enuious, *Madame*. WIT. Yo'are right in that,
Of which race, I encountred ſome but lately. (*Madame*,
Who ('t ſeemes) haue ſtudyed reaſons to diſcredit
Your *buſineſſe*. TAY. How, ſweet *Madame*. WIT. Nay, the parties
Wi'not be worth your pauſe— Moſt ruinous things, *Madame*,
That haue put off all hope of being recouer'd
To a degree of handſomeneſſe. TAY. But their reaſons, *Madame*?
I would faine heare. WIT. Some *Madame*, I remember.
They ſay, that painting quite deſtroyes the face— (too.
EIT. O, that's an old one, *Madame*. WIT. There are new ones,
Corrupts the breath; hath left ſo little ſweetneſſe
In kiſſing, as 'tis now vſ'd, but for faſhion:
And ſhortly will be taken for a puniſhment.
Decayes the fore-teeth, that ſhould guard the tongue;
And ſuffers that runne riot euer-laſting!
Manly *begins to know him.* And (which is worſe) ſome *Ladies* when they meete
Cannot be merry, and laugh, but they doe ſpit
In one anothers faces! MAN. I ſhould know

This

This voyce, and face too: VVIT. Then they say, 'tis dangerous
To all the saine, yet well dispos'd *Mad-dames*,
That are industrious, and desire to earne
Their liuing with their sweate! For any distemper
Of heat, and motion, may displace the colours;
And if the paint once runne about their faces,
Twenty to one, they will appeare so ill-fauour'd,
Their seruants run away, too, and leaue the pleasure
Imperfect, and the reckoning alsʃ vnpay'd.
EIT. Pox, these are *Poets* reasons. TAY. Some old *Lady*
That keepes a *Poet*, has deuis'd these scandales.
EIT. Faith we must haue the *Poets* banish'd, *Madame*,
As Master *Either-side* saies. MER. Master *Fitz-dottrel*?
And his wife: where? *Madame*, the *Duke* of *Drown'd-land*,
That will be shortly. VVIT. Is this my *Lord*? MER. The same.

ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. IV.

FITZ-DOTTREL. Mistresse FITZ-DOTTRELL. PVG. {*to them.*

YOur seruant, *Madame*! VVIT. How now? Friend? offended,
That I haue found your haunt here? MAN. No, but wondring
At your strange fashion'd venture, hither. VVIT. It is
To shew you what they are, you so pursue.
MAN. I thinke 'twill proue a med'cine against marriage;
To know their manners. VVIT. Stay, and profit then.
MER. The *Lady*, *Madame*, whose *Prince* has brought her, here,
To be instructed. VVIT. Please you sit with vs, *Lady*.
MER. That's *Lady-President*. FIT. A goodly woman!
I cannot see the ring, though. MER. Sir, she has it.
TAY. But, *Madame*, these are very feeble reasons!
WIT. So I vrg'd *Madame*, that the new complexion,
Now to come forth, in name o'your *Ladiship's fucus*,
Had no *ingredient*— TAY. But I durst eate, I assure you.
WIT. So do they, in *Spaine*. TAY. Sweet *Madam* be so liberall,
To giue vs some o'your *Spanish Fucuses*!
VVIT. They are infinit *Madame*. TAY. So I heare, they haue
VVater of *Gourdes*, of *Radish*, the white *Beanes*,
Flowers of *Glasse*, of *Thistles*, *Rose-marine*.
Raw *Honey*, *Mustard-seed*, and Bread dough-bak'd,
The crums o'bread, *Goats-milke*, and whites of *Egges*,
Campheere, and *Lilly-roots*, the fat of *Swannes*,

Wittipol *whispers with* Manly.

Hee presents Mistresse Fitz-dottrel.

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And haue the honour of your acquaintance. TAY. Sir.
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TAY. Your vſe of it is law. Pleaſe you, ſweete, *Madame*,
To take a ſeate. WIT. Yes, *Madame*. I'haue had
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That make a multitude beholden, *Madame*:
The common-wealth of *Ladies*, muſt acknowledge from you.
EIT. Except ſome enuious, *Madame*. WIT. Yo'are right in that,
Of which race, I encountred ſome but lately. (*Madame*,
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Campheere, and *Lilly-roots*, the fat of *Swannes*,

Wittipol *whispers with* Manly.

Hee presents Mistresse Fitz-dottrel.

Marrow of *Veale*, white *Pidgeons*, and pine-*kernells*,
The ſeedes of *Nettles*, *perſe'line*, and *hares gall*.
Limons, thin-skind— EIT. How, her *Ladiſhip* has ſtudied
Al excellent things! VVIT. But ordinary, *Madame*.
No, the true rarities, are th' *Aluagada*,
And *Argentata* of Queene *Iſabella*!
TAY. I, what are their *ingredients*, gentle *Madame*?
WIT. Your *Allum Scagliola*, or *Pol-dipedra*;
And *Zuccarino*; *Turpentine* of *Abezzo*.
VVaſh'd in nine waters: *Soda di leuante*,
Or your *Ferne* aſhes; *Beniamin di gotta*;
Graſſo di ſerpe; *Porcelletto marino*;
Oyles of *Lentiſco*; *Zucche Mugia*; make
The admirable *Verniſh* for the face,
Giues the right luſter; but two drops rub'd on
VVith a piece of ſcarlet, makes a *Lady* of ſixty
Looke at ſixteen. But, aboue all, the water
Of the white *Hen*, of the *Lady Eſtifanias*!
TAY. O, I, that ſame, good *Madame*, I haue heard of:
How is it done? VVIT. *Madame*, you take your *Hen*,
Plume it, and skin it, cleanſe it o'the inwards:
Then chop it, bones and all: adde to foure ounces
Of *Carmnacins*, *Pipitas*, *Sope* of *Cyprus*,
Make the decoction, ſtreine it. Then diſtill it,
And keepe it in your galley-pot well, glidder'd:
Three drops preſerues from wrinkles, warts, ſpots, moles,
Blemiſh, or Sun-burnings, and keepes the skin
In decimo ſexto, euer bright, and ſmooth,
As any looking-glaſſe; and indeed, is call'd
The Virgins milke for the face, *Oglio reale*;
A Ceruſe, neyther cold or heat, will hurt;
And mixt with oyle of *myrrhe*, and the red *Gilli-flower*
Call'd *Catapuntia*; and flowers of *Rouiſtico*;
Makes the beſt *muta*, or dye of the whole world.
TAY. Deare *Madame*, will you let vs be familiar? (Admirable!
WIT. Your *Ladiſhips* ſeruant. MER. How do you like her. FIT.
But, yet, I cannot ſee the ring. PVG. Sir. MER. I muſt
Deliuer it, or marre all. This foole's ſo iealous.
Madame— Sir, weare this ring, and pray you take knowledge,
'Twas ſent you by his wife. And giue her thanks,
Doe not you dwindle, Sir, beare vp. PVG. I thanke you, Sir,
TAY. But for the manner of *Spaine*! Sweet, *Madame*, let vs
Be bold, now we are in: Are all the *Ladies*,
There, i'the faſhion? VVIT. None but *Grandee's*, *Madame*,
O' the claſp'd traine, which may be worne at length, too,
Or thus, vpon my arme. TAY. And doe they weare
Cioppino's all? VVIT. If they be dreſt in *punto*, *Madame*.

He is iealous about his ring, *and* Mere-craft *deliuers it.*

EIT.

EIT. Guilt as thoſe are? *madame*? WIT. Of Goldſmiths work,
And ſet with diamants: and their *Spaniſh* pumps (*madame*;
Of perfum'd leather. TAI. I ſhould thinke it hard
To go in 'hem, *madame*. WIT. At the firſt, it is, *madame*. (ſhould
TAI. Do you neuer fall in'hem? WIT. Neuer. EI. I ſweare, I
Six times an houre. WIT. But you haue men at hand, ſtill,
To helpe you, if you fall? EIT. Onely one, *madame*,
The *Guardo-duennas*, ſuch a little old man,
As this. EIT. Alas! hee can doe nothing! this!
WIT. I'll tell you, *madame*, I ſaw i'the *Court* of *Spaine* once,
A *Lady* fall i'the Kings ſight, along.
And there ſhee lay, flat ſpred, as an *Vmbrella*,
Her hoope here crack'd; no man durſt reach a hand
To helpe her, till the *Guarda-duenn'as* came,
VVho is the perſon onel'allow'd to touch
A *Lady* there: and he but by this finger.
EIT. Ha' they no ſeruants, *madame*, there? nor friends?
WIT. An *Eſcudero*, or ſo *madame*, that wayts
Vpon 'hem in another Coach, at diſtance,
And when they walke, or daunce, holds by a hand-kercher,
Neuer preſumes to touch 'hem. EIT. This's ſciruy!
And a forc'd grauity! I doe not like it.
I like our owne much better. TAY. 'Tis more *French*,
And *Courtly* ours. EIT. And taſts more liberty.
VVe may haue our doozen of viſiters, at once, (band?
Make loue t'vs. TAY. And before our husbands? EIT. Huſ.
As I am honeſt, *Tayle-huſh* I doe thinke
If no body ſhould loue mee, but my poore husband,
I ſhould e'n hang my ſelfe. TAY. Fortune forbid, wench:
So faire a necke ſhould haue ſo foule a neck-lace,
EIT. 'Tis true, as I am handſome! WIT. I receiu'd, *Lady*,
A token from you, which I would not bee
Rude to refuſe, being your firſt remembrance.
(FIT. O, I am ſatisfied now! MER. Do you ſee it, Sir.)
WIT. But ſince you come, to know me, neerer, *Lady*,
I'll begge the honour, you will weare it for mee,
It muſt be ſo. Mrs. FIT. Sure I haue heard this tongue.
MER. What do you meane, Sr? WIT. Would you ha' me merce-
We'll recompence it anon, in ſomewhat elſe, (nary?
FIT. I doe not loue to be gull'd, though in a toy.
VVife, doe you heare? yo' are come into the Schole, wife,
VVhere you may learne, I doe perceiue it, any thing!
How to be fine, or faire, or great, or proud,
Or what you will, indeed, wife; heere 'tis taught.
And I am glad on't, that you may not ſay,
Another day, when honours come vpon you,
You wanted meanes. I ha' done my parts: beene,

Wittipol *giues it Miſtreſſe* Fitz-dottrel. Mere-craft *murmures, He is ſatisfied, now he ſees it.*

He vpbraids her, with his Bill of coſts.

To day, at fifty pound charge, firſt, for a ring,
To get you entred. Then left my new *Play*,
To wait vpon you, here, to ſee't confirm'd.
That I may ſay, both to mine owne eyes, and eares,
Senſes, you are my witneſſe, ſha' hath inioy'd
All helps that could be had, for loue, or money——
Mrs. FIT. To make a foole of her. FIT. Wife, that's your malice,
The wickedneſſe o' you nature to interpret
Your husbands kindeſſe thus. But I'll not leaue;
Still to doe good, for your deprau'd affections:
Intend it. Bend this ſtubborne will; be great.
TAY. Good *Madame*, whom do they vſe in meſſages? (*Ladiſhip.*
WI. They cõmonly vſe their ſlaues, *Madame*. TAI. And do's your
Thinke that ſo good, *Madame*? WIT. no, indeed, *Madame*; I,
Therein preferre the faſhion of *England* farre,
Of your young delicate Page, or diſcreet Vſher,
FIT. And I goe with your *Ladiſhip*, in opinion,
Directly for your Gentleman-vſher,
There's not a finer *Officer* goes on ground.
WIT. If hee be made and broken to his place, once.
FIT. Nay, ſo I preſuppoſe him. WIT. And they are fitter
Managers too, Sir, but I would haue 'hem call'd
Our *Eſcudero's*. FIT. Good. WIT. Say, I ſhould ſend
To your *Ladiſhip*, who (I preſume) has gather'd
All the deare ſecrets, to know how to make
Paſtillos of the *Dutcheſſe* of *Braganza*,
Coquettas, *Almoianana's*, *Mantecado's*,
Alcoreas, *Muſtaccioli*; or ſay it were
The *Peladore* of *Iſabella*, or *balls*
Againſt the itch, or *aqua nanfa*, or *oyle*
Of *Ieſſamine* for gloues, of the *Marqueſſe Muja*;
Or for the head, and hayre: why, theſe are *offices*
FIT. Fit for a gentleman, not a ſlaue. They onely
Might aske for your *pineti*, *Spaniſh*-cole,
To burne, and ſweeten a roome: but the *Arcana*
Of *Ladies* Cabinets—— FIT. Should be elſe-where truſted.
He enters himſelfe with the Ladie's.
Yo'are much about the truth. Sweet honoured *Ladies*,
Let mee fall in wi' you. I'ha' my female wit,
As well as my male. And I doe know what ſutes
A *Lady* of ſpirit, or a woman of faſhion! (aërie,
WIT. And you would haue your wife ſuch. FIT. Yes, *Madame*,
Light; not to plaine diſhoneſty, I meane:
But, ſomewhat o' this ſide. WIT. I take you, Sir.
H'has reaſon *Ladies*. I'll not giue this ruſh
For any *Lady*, that cannot be honeſt
Within a thred. TAY. Yes, *Madame*, and yet venter
As far for th'other, in her Fame—— WIT. As can be;

Coach it to *Pimlico*; daunce the *Saraband*;
Heare, and talke bawdy; laugh as loud, as a larum;
Squeake, spring, do any thing. EIT. In young company, *Madame*.
TAY. Or afore gallants. If they be braue, or *Lords*,
A woman is ingag'd. FIT. I say so, *Ladies*,
It is ciuility to deny vs nothing.
PVG. You talke of a *Vniuersity*! why, *Hell* is
A Grammar-schoole to this! EIT. But then,
Shee must not lose a looke on stuffes, or cloth, *Madame*.
TAY. Nor no course fellow. WIT. She must be guided, *Madame*
By the clothes he weares, and company he is in;
Whom to salute, how farre— FIT. I ha' told her this.
And how that bawdry too, vpo' the point,
Is (in it selfe) as ciuill a discourse—
WIT. As any other affayre of flesh, what euer.
FIT. But shee will ne'r be capable, shee is not
So much as comming, *Madame*; I know not how
She loses all her opportunities
With hoping to be forc'd. I'haue entertain'd
A gentleman, a younger brother, here,
Whom I would faine breed vp, her *Escudero*,
Against some expectation's that I haue,
And she'll not countenance him. WIT. What's his name?
FIT. *Diuel*, o' *Darbi-shire*. EIT. Blesse vs from him! TAY. *Diuell*?
Call him *De-uile*, sweet *Madame*. Mr. FI What you please, *Ladies*.
TAY. *De-uile's* a prettier name! EIT. And sounds, me thinks,
As it came in with the *Conquerour*— MAN. Ouer smocks!
What things they are? That nature should be at leasure
Euer to make 'hem! my woing is at an end. (manage?
WIT. What can he do? EIT. Let's heare him. TAY. Can he
FIT. Please you to try him, *Ladies*. Stand forth, *Diuell*.
PVG. Was all this but the preface to my torment?
FIT. Come, let their *Ladiships* see your honours. EIT. O,
Hee makes a wicked leg. TAY. As euer I saw!
WIT. Fit for a *Diuell*. TAY. Good *Madame*, call him *De-uile*.
WIT. *De-uile*, what property is there most required
I' your conceit, now, in the *Escudero*? (*Madame*.
FIT. Why doe you not speake? PVG. A setled discreet pase,
WIT. I thinke, a barren head, Sir, Mountaine-like,
To be expos'd to the cruelty of weathers—
FIT. I, for his Valley is beneath the waste, *Madame*,
And to be fruitfull there, it is sufficient.
Dulnesse vpon you! Could not you hit this?
PVG. Good Sir— WIT. He then had had no barren head.
You daw him too much, in troth, Sir. FIT. I must walke
With the *French* sticke, like an old vierger for you,
PVG. O, *Chiefe*, call mee to *Hell* againe, and free mee.

The Diuell *admires him.*

He shewes his Pug.

Manly *goes out with indignation.*

They begin their Cat e-chisme.

He strikes him.

The Diuell *prayes.*

He vpbraids her, with his Bill of coſts.

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To get you entred. Then left my new *Play*,
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That I may ſay, both to mine owne eyes, and eares,
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The wickedneſſe o' you nature to interpret
Your husbands kindeſſe thus. But I'll not leaue;
Still to doe good, for your depraud affections:
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But, ſomewhat o' this ſide. WIT. I take you, Sir.
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TAY. Nor no course fellow. WIT. She must be guided, *Madame*
By the clothes he weares, and company he is in;
Whom to salute, how farre— FIT. I ha' told her this,
And how that bawdry too, vpo' the point,
Is (in it selfe) as ciuill a discourse—
WIT. As any other affayre of flesh, what euer.
FIT. But shee will ne'r be capable, shee is not
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With hoping to be forc'd. I'haue entertain'd
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WIT. Fit for a *Diuell*. TAY. Good *Madame*, call him *De-uile*.
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WIT. I thinke, a barren head, Sir, Mountaine-like,
To be expos'd to the cruelty of weathers—
FIT. I, for his Valley is beneath the waste, *Madame*,
And to be fruitfull there, it is sufficient.
Dulnesse vpon you! Could not you hit this?
PVG. Good Sir— WIT. He then had had no barren head.
You daw him too much, in troth, Sir. FIT. I must walke
With the *French* sticke, like an old vierger for you,
PVG. O, *Chiefe*, call mee to *Hell* againe, and free mee.

The Diuell *admires him.*

He shewes his Pug.

Manly *goes out with indignation.*

They begin their Cat-echisme.

He strikes him.

The Diuell *prayes.*

FIT. Do you murmur now? PVG. Not I, S^r. WIT. What do
M^r. *Deuile*, the height of your employment, (you take
In the true perfect *Escudero*? FIT. When?
What doe you answer? PVG. To be able, *Madame*,
First to enquire, then report the working,
Of any *Ladies* physicke, in sweete phrase,
WIT. Yes, that's an act of elegance, and importance.
But what aboue? FIT. O, that I had a goad for him.
PVG. To find out a good *Corne-cutter*. TAY. Out on him!
EIT. Most barbarous! FIT. Why did you doe this, now?
Of purpose to discredit me? you damn'd *Diuell*.
PVG. Sure, if I be not yet, I shall be. All
My daies in *Hell*, were holy-daies to this!
TAY. 'Tis labour lost, *Madame*? EIT. H'is a dull fellow
Of no capacity! TAI. Of no discourse!
O, if my *Ambler* had beene here! EIT. I, *Madame*;
You talke of a man, where is there such another?
WIT. M^r. *Deuile*, put case, one of my *Ladies*, heere,
Had a fine brach: and would imploy you forth
To treate 'bout a conuenient match for her.
What would you obserue? PVG. The color, and the size, *Madame*.
WIT. And nothing else? FIT. The Moon, you calfe, the Moone!
WIT. I, and the Signe. TAI. Yes, and receits for pronenesse.
WIT. Then when the *Puppies* came, what would you doe?
PVG. Get their natiuities cast! WIT. This's wel. What more?
PVG. Consult the *Almanack-man* which would be least?
Which cleanelyest? WIT. And which silentest? This's wel, *madame*!
WIT. And while she were with puppy? PVG. Walke her out,
And ayre her euery morning! WIT. Very good!
And be industrious to kill her fleas?
PVG. Yes! WIT. He will make a pretty proficient. PVG. Who,
Comming from *Hell*, could looke for such Catechising?
The *Diuell* is an *Asse*. I doe acknowledge it.

Fitz-dottrel *admires* Wittipol.

FIT. The top of woman! All her sexe in abstract!
I loue her, to each syllable, falls from her.

The Diuell *praies again.*

TAI. Good *madame* giue me leaue to goe aside with him!
And try him a little! WIT. Do, and I'll with-draw, *Madame*,
VVith this faire *Lady*: read to her, the while.
TAI. Come, S^r. PVG. Deare *Chiefe*, relieue me, or I perish.
WIT. *Lady*, we'll follow. You are not iealous Sir?

He giues his wife to him, taking him to be a Lady.

FIT. O, *madame*! you shall see. Stay wife, behold,
I giue her vp heere, absolutely, to you,
She is your owne. Do with her what you will!
Melt, cast, and forme her as you shall thinke good!
Set any stamp on! I'll receiue her from you
As a new thing, by your owne standard! VVIT. Well, Sir!

ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. V.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. PIT-FAL. EVER-ILL. PLVTARCHVS.

BVt what ha' you done i'your *Dependance*, since?
FIT. O, it goes on, I met your Cousin, the *Master*—
MER. You did not acquaint him, Sr? FIT. Faith, but I did, Sr.
And vpon better thought, not without reason!
He being chiefe *Officer*, might ha'tane it ill, else,
As a *Contempt* against his Place, and that
In time Sir, ha' drawne on another *Dependance*.
No, I did finde him in good termes, and ready
To doe me any seruice. MER. So he said, to you?
But Sr, you do not know him. FIT. VVhy, I presum'd
Because this *bus'nesse* of my wiues, requir'd mee,
I could not ha' done better: And hee told
Me, that he would goe presently to your *Councell*,
A Knight, here, i'the Lane— MER. Yes, *Iustice Either-side*.
FIT: And get the *Feoffment* drawne, with a letter of *Atturney*,
For *linerie* and *seisen*! MER. That I knowe's the course.
But Sir, you meanenot to make him *Feoffee*?
FIT. Nay, that I'll pause on! MER. How now little *Pit-fall*.
PIT. Your Cousin Master *Euer-ill*, would come in—
But he would know if Master *Manly* were heere.
MER. No, tell him, if he were, I ha'made his peace! *Mere-craft whispers against him.*
Hee's one, Sir, has no State, and a man knowes not,
How such a trust may tempt him. FIT. I conceiue you.
EVE. Sr. this same deed is done here. MER. Pretty *Plutarchus*?
Art thou come with it? and has Sir *Paul* view'd it?
PLV. His hand is to the draught. MER. VVill you step in, Sr.
And read it? FIT. Yes. EVE. I pray you a word wi'you. *Euerill whispers against Mere-craft.*
Sir *Paul Eitherside* will'd mee gi' you caution,
VVhom you did make *Feoffee*: for 'tis the trust
O'your whole State: and though my Cousin heere
Be a worthy Gentleman, yet his valour has
At the tall board bin question'd; and we hold
Any man so impeach'd, of doubtfull honesty!
I will not iustifie this; but giue it you
To make your profit of it: if you vtter it,
I can forsweare it! FIT. I beleeue you, and thanke you, Sir.

ACT.

ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. VI.

WITTIPOL. Mistresse FITZ-DOTTREL. MANLY. MERE-CRAFT.

BE not afraid, sweet *Lady*: yo' are trusted
To loue, not violence here; I am no rauisher,
But one, whom you, by your faire trust againe,
May of a seruant make a most true friend.
Mr. FI. And such a one I need, but not this way:
Sir, I confesse me to you, the meere manner
Of your attempting mee, this morning tooke mee,
And I did hold m' inuention, and my manners,
Were both engag'd, to giue it a requitall;
But not vnto your ends: my hope was then,
(Though interrrupted, ere it could be vtter'd)
That whom I found the Master of such language,
That braine and spirit, for such an enterprise,
Could not, but if those succours were demanded
To a right vse, employ them vertuously!
And make that profit of his noble parts,
Which they would yeeld. Sr, you haue now the ground,
To exercise them in: I am a woman;
That cannot speake more wretchednesse of my selfe,
Then you can read; match'd to a masse of folly;
That euery day makes haste to his owne ruine;
The wealthy portion, that I brought him, spent;
And (through my friends neglect) no ioynture made me.
My fortunes standing in this precipice,
'Tis *Counsell* that I want, and honest aides:
And in this name, I need you, for a friend!
Neuer in any other; for his ill,
Must not make me, Sr, worse. MAN. O friend! forsake not
The braue occasion, vertue offers you,
To keepe you innocent: I haue fear'd for both;
And watch'd you, to preuent the ill I fear'd.
But, since the weaker side hath so assur'd mee,
Let not the stronger fall by his owne vice,
Or be the lesse a friend, cause vertue needs him.
WIT. Vertue shall neuer aske my succours twice;
Most friend, most man; your *Counsells* are commands:

Manly, conceal'd this while, shews himselfe.

Lady, I can loue *goodnes* in you, more
Then I did *Beauty*; and doe here intitle
Your vertue, to the power, vpon a life
You shall engage in any fruitfull seruice,
Euen to forfeit. MER. *Madame*: Do you heare, Sir,
We haue another leg-strain'd, for this *Dottrel*.
He' ha's a quarrell to carry, and ha's caus'd
A deed of *Feoffment*, of his whole estate
To be drawne yonder; h'ha'st within: And you,
Onely, he meanes to make *Feoffee*. H'is falne
So desperatly enamour'd on you, and talkes
Most like a mad-man: you did neuer heare
A *Phrentick*, so in loue with his owne fauour!
Now, you doe know, 'tis of no validity
In your name, as you stand; Therefore aduise him
To put in me. (h'is come here:) You shall share Sir.

Mere-craft *takes* Wittipol *aside, & moues a proiect for himselfe.*

ACT. IV. SCENE. VIJ.

VVITTIPOL. *Mistresse* FITZ-DOTTREL. MANLY. MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTRELL. EVERILL. PLVTARCHVS.

FIT. *Madame*, I haue a suit to you; and afore-hand,
I doe bespeake you; you must not deny me,
I will be graunted. WIT. Sir, I must know it, though.
FIT. No *Lady*; you must not know it: yet, you must too.
For the trust of it, and the fame indeed,
Which else were lost me. I would vse your name,
But in a *Feoffment*: make my whole estate
Ouer vnto you: a trifle, a thing of nothing,
Some eighteene hundred. WIT. Alas! I vnderstand not
Those things Sir. I am a woman, and most loath,
To embarque my selfe—FIT. You will not slight me, *Madame*?
WIT. Nor you'll not quarrell me? FIT. No, sweet *Madame*, I (haue
Already a *dependance*; for which cause
I doe this: let me put you in, deare *Madame*,
I may be fairely kill'd. WIT. You haue your friends, Sir,
About you here, for choice. EVE. She tells you right, Sir.
FIT. Death, if she doe, what do I care for that?

Hee hopes to be the man.

Say, I would haue her tell me wrong. WIT. Why, Sir,
If for the truſt, you'll let me haue the honor
To name you one. FIT. Nay, you do me the honor, *Madame*:
Sh deſignes Manly. Who is't? WIT. This Gentleman: FIT. O, no, ſweet *Madame*,
H'is friend to him, with whom I ha' the *dependance*.
WIT. Who might he bee? FIT. One *Wittipol*: do you know (him?
WIT. Alas Sir, he, a toy: This Gentleman
A friend to him? no more then I am Sir!
FIT. But will your *Ladyſhip* vndertake that, *Madame*?
WIT. Yes, and what elſe, for him, you will engage me.
FIT. What is his name? VVIT. His name is *Euſtace Manly*.
FIT. VVhence do's he write himſelfe? VVIT. of *Middle-ſex*, *Eſquire*. FIT. Say nothing, *Madame*. *Clerke*, come hether
VVrite *Euſtace Manly*, Squire o' *Middle-ſex*.
MER. What ha' you done, Sir? VVIT. Nam'd a gentleman,
That I'll be anſwerable for, to you, Sir.
Had I nam'd you, it might ha' beene ſuſpected:
This way, 'tis ſafe. FIT. Come Gentlemen, your hands,
Eueril *applaudes it.* For witnes. MAN. VVhat is this? EVE. You ha' made *Election*
Of a moſt worthy *Gentleman*! MAN. VVould one of worth
Had ſpoke it: whence it comes, it is
Rather a ſhame to me, then a praiſe.
EVE. Sir, I will giue you any Satisfaction.
MAN. Be ſilent then: "falſhood commends not truth.
PLV. You do deliuer this, Sir, as your deed.
To th'vſe of Mr. *Manly*? FIT. Yes: and Sir——
VVhen did you ſee yong *Wittipol*? I am ready,
For proceſſe now; Sir, this is *Publication*.
He ſhall heare from me, he would needes be courting
My wife, Sir. MAN. Yes: So witneſſeth his Cloake there.
Fitz-dottrel *is ſuſpicious of* Manly *ſtill.* FIT. Nay good Sir, ——*Madame*, you did vndertake——
VVIT. VVhat? FIT. That he was not *Wittipols* friend. VVIT.
Sr. no confeſſion of it. FIT. O ſhe know's not; (I heare
Now I remember, *Madame*! This young *Wittipol*,
VVould ha' debauch'd my wife, and made me *Cuckold*,
Through a caſement; he did fly her home
To mine owne window: but I think I fou't him,
And rauiſh'd her away, out of his pownces.
I ha' ſworne to ha' him by the eares: I feare
The toy, wi' not do me right. VVIT. No? that were pitty!
VVhat right doe you aske, Sir? Here he is will do't you?
Wittipol diſcouers himſelfe. FIT. Ha? *Wittipol*? VVIT. I Sir, no more *Lady* now,
Nor *Spaniard*! MAN. No indeed, 'tis *Wittipol*.
FIT. Am I the thing I fear'd? VVIT. A *Cuckold*? No Sir,
But you were late in poſſibility,
I'll tell you ſo much. MAN. But your wife's too vertuous!
VVIT. VVe'll ſee her Sir, at home, and leaue you here,

To

To be made *Duke o' Shore-ditch* with a proiect.
FIT. Theeues, rauishers. VVIT. Crie but another note, Sir,
I'll marre the tune, o' your pipe! FIT. Gi'me my deed, then.
VVIT. Neither: that shall be kept for your wiues good,
VVho will know, better how to vse it. FIT. Ha'
To feast you with my land? VVIT. Sir, be you quiet,
Or I shall gag you, ere I goe, consult
Your Master of dependances; how to make this
A second businesse, you haue time Sir. FIT. Oh!
VVhat will the ghost of my wise Grandfather,
My learned *Father*, with my worshipfull *Mother*,
Thinke of me now, that left me in this world
In state to be their *Heire?* that am become
A *Cuckold*, and an *Asse*, and my wiues Ward;
Likely to loose my land; ha' my throat cut:
All, by her practice! MER. Sir, we are all abus'd!
FIT. And be so still! VVho hinders you, I pray you,
Let me alone, I would enioy my selfe,
And be the *Duke o' Drown'd-Land*, you ha' made me.
MER. Sir, we must play an *after-game* o' this
FIT. But I am not in case to be a *Gam-ster:*
I tell you once againe—MER. You must be rul'd
And take some counsell. FIT. Sir, I do hate counsell,
As I do hate my wife, my wicked wife!
MER. But we may thinke how to recouer all:
If you will act. FIT. I will not think; nor act;
Nor yet recouer; do not talke to me?
I'll runne out o' my witts, rather then heare;
I will be what I am, *Fabian Fitz-Dottrel*,
Though all the world say nay to't. MER. Let's follow him.

He would haue his dead again.

VVitipol *bessees him, and goes out*

ACT. V. SCENE. I.

AMBLER. PITFALL. MERE-CRAFT.

BVt ha's my Lady miſt me? PIT. Beyond telling!
Here ha's been that infinity of ſtrangers!
And then ſhe would ha' had you, to ha' ſampled you
VVith one within, that they are now a teaching;
And do's pretend to your ranck. AMB. Good fellow
Tel Mr. *Mere-craft*, I intreat a word with him. (*Pit-fall*,
This moſt vnlucky accident will goe neare
To be the loſſe o' my place; I am in doubt!
MER. VVith me? what ſay you Mr *Ambler*? AMB. Sir,
I would beſeech your worſhip ſtand betweene
Me, and my *Ladies* diſpleaſure, for my abſence. (Sir
MER. O, is that all? I warrant you. AMB. I would tell you
But how it happened. MER. Brieſe, good Maſter *Ambler*,
Put your ſelfe to your rack: for I haue taſque
Of more importance. AMB. Sir you'll laugh at me!
But (ſo is *Truth*) a very friend of mine,
Finding by conference with me, that I liu'd
Too chaſt for my complexion (and indeed
Too honeſt for my place, Sir) did aduiſe me
If I did loue my ſelfe (as that I do,
I muſt confeſſe) MER. Spare your *Parentheſis*.
AMB. To gi' my body a little euacuation——
MER. Well, and you went to a whore? AMB. No, Sr. I durſt
(For feare it might arriue at ſome body's eare, (not
It ſhould not) truſt my ſelfe to a common houſe;
But got the Gentlewoman to goe with me,
And carry her bedding to a *Conduit-head*,
Hard by the place toward *Tyborne*, which they call
My L. Majors *Banqueting-houſe*. Now Sir, This morning
Was *Execution*; and I ner'e dream't on't,
Till I heard the noiſe o' the people, and the horſes;

And

Pitfall *goes out.*

Mere-craft *ſeemes full of buſineſſe.*

Ambler *tels this with extraordinary ſpeed.*

And neither I, nor the poore Gentlewoman
Durſt ſtirre, till all was done and paſt: ſo that
I'the *Interim*, we fell a ſleepe againe.
MER. Nay, if you fall, from your gallop, I am gone Sr.
AMB. But, when I wak'd, to put on my cloathes, a ſute,
I made new for the action, it was gone,
And all my money, with my purſe, my ſeales,
My hard-wax, and my table-bookes, my ſtudies,
And a fine new deuiſe, I had to carry
My pen, and inke, my ciuet, and my tooth-picks,
All vnder one. But, that which greiu'd me, was
The Gentlewomans ſhoes (with a paire of roſes,
And garters, I had giuen her for the buſineſſe)
So as that made vs ſtay, till it was darke.
For I was faine to lend her mine, and walke
In a rug, by her, barefoote, to Saint *Giles'es*.
MER. A kind of Iriſh penance! Is this all, Sir?
AMB. To ſatisfie my *Lady*. MER. I will promiſe you, Sr.
AMB. I ha' told the true *Diſaſter*. MER. I cannot ſtay wi'you
Sir, to condole; but gratulate your returne.
AMB. An honeſt gentleman, but he's neuer at leiſure
To be himſelfe: He ha's ſuch tides of buſineſſe.

Hoſtages

ACT. V. SCENE. II.

PVG. AMBLER.

O, Call me home againe, deare *Chiefe*, and put me
To yoaking foxes, milking of Hee-goates,
Pounding of water in a morter, lauing
The ſea dry with a nut-ſhell, gathering all
The leaues are falne this *Autumne*, drawing farts
Out of dead bodies, making ropes of ſand,
Catching the windes together in a net,
Muſtring of ants, and numbring atomes; all
That hell, and you thought exquiſite torments, rather
Then ſtay me here, a thought more: I would ſooner
Keepe fleas within a circle, and be accomptant
A thouſand yeere, which of 'hem and how far
Out leap'd the other, then endure a minute
Such as I haue within. There is no hell
To a *Lady* of faſhion. All your tortures there

Are

Ambler *comes in, & surueyes him*

Are paſtimes to it. 'Twould be a refreſhing
For me, t'obe i'the fire againe, from hence.
AMB. This is my ſuite, and thoſe the ſhoes and roſes!
PVG. Th' haue ſuch impertinent vexations,
A generall Councell o' *diuels* could not hit—

Pug *perceiues it, and ſtarts.*

Ha! This is hee, I tooke a ſleepe with his *Wench*,
And borrow'd his cloathes. What might I doe to balke him?
AMB. Do you heare, Sr? PVG. Anſw. him but not to th'purpoſe

He anſwers quite from the purpoſe.

AMB. What is your name, I pray you Sir. PVG. Is't ſo late Sir?
AMB. I aske not o' the time, but of your name, Sir,
PVG. I thanke you, Sir. Yes it dos hold Sir, certaine.
AMB. Hold, Sir? What holds? I muſt both hold, and talke to
About theſe clothes. PVG. A very pretty lace! (you
But the *Taylor* coſſend me. AMB. No, I am coſſend
By you! robb'd. PVG. Why, when you pleaſe Sir, I am
For three peny *Gleeke*, your man AMB. Pox o' your *gleeke*,
And three pence. Giue me an anſwere. PVG. Sir,
My maſter is the beſt at it. AMB. Your maſter!
Who is your Maſter. PVG. Let it be friday night. (*t'lem*
AMB. What ſhould be then? PVG. Your beſt ſongs *Thom o' Be.*
AMB. I thinke, you are he. Do's he mocke me trow, from pur-
Or do not I ſpeake to him, what I meane? (poſe?
Good Sir your name. PVG. Only a couple a' *Cocks* Sir,
If we can get a *Widgin*, 'tis in ſeaſon.

For Scepticks.

AMB. He hopes to make on o' theſe *Scipticks* o' me
(I thinke I name 'hem right) and do's not fly me.
I wonder at that! 'tis a ſtrange confidence!
I'll prooue another way, to draw his anſwer.

ACT. V. SCENE. IIJ.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. EVERILL. PVG.

It is the eaſieſt thing Sir, to be done.
As plaine, as fizzling: roule but wi' your eyes,
And foame at th'mouth. A little caſtle-ſoape
Will do't, to rub your lips: And then a nutſhell,
With toe, and touch-wood in it to ſpit fire,
Did you ner'e read, Sir, little *Darrels* tricks,
With the boy o' *Burton*, and the 7. in *Lancaſhire*,
Sommers at *Nottingham*? All theſe do teach it.

And

And wee'll giue out, Sir, that your wife ha's bewitch'd you: *They repaire their old plot*
EVE. And practiſed with thoſe two, as *Sorcerers*.
MER. And ga' you potions, by which meanes you were
Not *Compos mentis*, when you made your *feoffment*.
There's no recouery o' your ſtate, but this:
This, Sir, will ſting. EVE. And moue in a Court of equity.
MER. For, it is more then manifeſt, that this was
A plot o' your wiues, to get your land. FIT. I thinke it.
EVE. Sir it appeares. MER. Nay, and my coſſen has knowne
Theſe gallants in theſe ſhapes. EVE. T' haue don ſtrange things,
One as the *Lady*, the other as the *Squire*. Sir-
MER. How, a mans honeſty may be fool'd! I thought him
A very *Lady*. FIT. So did I: renounce me elſe.
MER. But this way, Sir, you'll be reueng'd at height.
EVE. Vpon 'hem all. MER. Yes faith, and ſince your Wife
Has runne the way of woman thus, e'en giue her —
FIT. Loſt by this hand, to me; dead to all ioyes
Of her deare *Dottrell*, I ſhall neuer pitty her:
That could, pitty her ſelfe. MER. Princely reſolu'd Sir, *not ſo*
And like your ſelfe ſtill, in *Potentiâ*.

ACT. V. SCENE. IV.

MERE-CRAFT, &c. *to them*. GVILT-HEAD. SLEDGE. PLVTARCHVS. SERIEANTS.

GVilt-head what newes? FIT. O Sir, my hundred peices: *Fitz-dottrel askes for his money*
Let me ha' them yet. GVI. Yes Sir, officers
Arreſt him. FIT. Me? SER. I arreſt you. SLE. Keepe the peace,
I charge you gentlemen. FIT. Arreſt me? Why?
GVI. For better ſecurity, Sir. My ſonne *Plutarchus*
Aſſures me, y'are not worth a groat. PLV. Pardon me, *Father*,
I ſaid his worſhip had no foote of Land left:
And that I'll iuſtifie, for I writ the deed.
FIT. Ha' you theſe tricks i'the citty? GVI. Yes, and more.
Arreſt this gallant too, here, at my ſuite. *Meaning Mere-craft*
SLE. I, and at mine. He owes me for his lodging
Two yeere and a quarter. MER. Why M. *Guilt-head*, Land-Lord,
Thou art not mad, though th'art *Conſtable*
Puft vp with th'pride of the place? Do you heare, Sirs.
Haue I deſeru'd this from you two? for all
My paines at *Court*, to get you each a parent

GVI.

The Project of forks

GVI. For what? MER. Vpo' my project o' the *forkes*,
SLE. *Forkes*? what be they? MER. The laudable vse of forkes,
Brought into custome here, as they are in *Italy*,
To th'sparing o' *Napkins*. That, that should haue made
Your bellowes goe at the forge, as his at the fornace.
I ha' procur'd it, ha' the Signet for it,
Dealt with the *Linnen-drapers*, on my priuate,
By cause, I fear'd, they were the likelyest euer
To stirre against, to crosse it: for 'twill be
A mighty sauer of *Linnen* through the kingdome
(As that is one o' my grounds, and to spare washing)
Now, on you two, had I layd all the profits.
Guilt-head to haue the making of all those
Of gold and siluer, for the better personages;
And you, of those of *Steele* for the common sort.
And both by *Patent*, I had brought you your seales in.
But now you haue preuented me, and I thanke you.

Sledge *is brought about.* And Guilthead *comes.*

SLE. Sir, I will bayle you, at mine owne ap-perill.
MER. Nay choose. PLV. Do you so too, good Father.
GVI. I like the fashion o' the project, well,
The forkes! It may be a lucky one! and is not
Intricate, as one would say, but fit for
Plaine heads, as ours, to deale in. Do you heare
Officers, we discharge you. MER. Why this shewes
A little good nature in you, I confesse,
But do not tempt your friends thus. Little *Guilt-head*,
Aduise your sire, great *Guilt-head* from these courses:
And, here, to trouble a great man in reuersion,
For a matter o' fifty on a false *Alarme*,
Away, it shewes not well. Let him get the pieces
And bring 'hem. Yo'll heare more else. PLV. *Father.*

ACT. V. SCENE. V.

AMBLER. {*To them.*

O Master *Sledge*, are you here? I ha' been to seeke you.
You are the *Constable*, they say. Here's one
That I do charge with *Felony*, for the suite
He weares, Sir. MER. Who? M. *Fitz-Dottrels* man?
Ware what you do, M. *Ambler*. AMB. Sir, these clothes
I'll sweare, are mine: and the shooes the gentlewomans

I told you of: and ha' him afore a *Iustice*,
I will. PVG. My master, Sir, will passe his word for me.
AMB. O, can you speake to purpose now? FIT. Not I,
If you be such a one Sir, I will leaue you
To your *God fathers* in Law. Let twelue men worke.
PVG Do you heare Sir, pray, in priuate. FIT. well, what say you?
Briefe, for I haue no time to loose. PVG. Truth is, Sir,
I am the very *Diuell*, and had leaue
To take this body, I am in, to serue you!
Which was a *Cutpurses*, and hang'd this Morning.
And it is likewise true, I stole this suite
To cloth me with. But Sir let me not goe
To prison for it. I haue hitherto
Lost time, done nothing; shewne, indeed, no part
O' my *Diuels* nature. Now, I will so helpe
Your malice, 'gainst these parties: so aduance
The businesse, that you haue in hand of *witchcraft*,
And your *possession*, as my selfe were in you.
Teach you such tricks, to make your belly swell,
And your eyes turne, to foame, to stare, to gnash
Your teeth together, and to beate your selfe,
Laugh loud, and faine six voices—FIT. Out you Rogue!
You most infernall counterfeit wretch! Auaunt!
Do you thinke to gull me with your *Æsops Fables*?
Here take him to you, I ha' no part in him. PVG. Sir.
FIT. Away, I do disclaime, I will not heare you.
MER. What said he to you, Sir? FIT. Like a lying raskall
Told me he was the *Diuel*. MER. How! a good iest!
FIT. And that he would teach me, such fine *diuels* tricks
For our new resolution. EVE. O' pox on him,
'Twas excellent wisely done, Sir, not to trust him.
MER Why, if he were the *Diuel*, we sha' not need him,
If you'll be rul'd. Goe throw your selfe on a bed, Sir,
And faine you ill. Wee'll not be seene wi' you,
Till after, that you haue a fit: and all
Confirm'd within. Keepe you with the two *Ladies*
And perswade them. I'll to *Iustice Either-side*,
Aud possesse him with all. *Traines* shall seeke out *Ingine*,
And they two fill the towne with't, euery cable
Is to be veer'd. We must employ out all
Our *emissaries* now; Sir, I will send you
Bladders and *Bellowes*. Sir, be confident,
'Tis no hard thing t'out doe the *Deuill* in:
A Boy o' thirteene yeere old made him an *Asse* X
But t'other day. FIT. Well, I'll beginne to practice,
And scape the imputation of being *Cuckold*,
By mine owne act. MER. yo'are right. EVE. Come, you ha' put

Fitz-dottrel disclaimes him.

And sends him away.

Mere-craft gines the instructions to him and the rest.

Your ſelfe to a ſimple coyle here, and your freinds,
By dealing with new *Agents*, in new plots.
MER. No more o' that, ſweet couſin. EVE. What had you
To doe with this ſame *Wittipol*, for a *Lady?*
MER. Queſtion not that: 'tis done. EVE. You had ſome ſtraine
'Boue E-*la?* MER. I had indeed. EVE. And, now, you crack for't.
MER. Do not vpbraid me. EVE. Come, you muſt be told on't;
You are ſo couetous, ſtill, to embrace
More then you can, that you looſe all. MER. 'Tis right.
What would you more, then Guilty? Now, your ſuccours.

ACT. V. SCENE. VJ.

SHAKLES. PVG INIQVITY. DIVEL.

Pug is brought to New-gate.

HEre you are lodg'd, Sir, you muſt ſend your garniſh,
If you'll be priuat. PVG. There it is, Sir, leaue me.
To *New-gate*, brought? How is the name of *Deuill*
Diſcredited in me! What a loſt fiend
Shall I be, on returne? My *Cheiſe* will roare
In triumph, now, that I haue beene on earth,
A day, and done no noted thing, but brought
That body back here, was hang'd out this morning.
Enter Iniquity *the* Vice.
Well! would it once were midnight, that I knew
My vtmoſt. I thinke Time be drunke, and ſleepes;
He is ſo ſtill, and moues not! I doe glory
Now i' my torment. Neither can I expect it,
I haue it with my fact. INI. *Child* of hell, be thou merry:
Put a looke on, as round, boy, and red as a cherry.
Caſt care at thy poſternes; and firke i' thy fetters,
They are ornaments, *Baby*, haue graced thy betters:
Looke vpon me, and hearken. Our *Cheiſe* doth ſalute thee,
And leaſt the coldyron ſhould chance to confute thee,
H' hath ſent thee, *grant-paroll* by me to ſtay longer
A moneth here on earth, againſt cold *Child*, or honger
PVG. How? longer here a moneth? ING. Yes, boy, till the *Seſſion*,
That ſo thou mayeſt haue a triumphall egreſſion.
PVG. In a cart, to be hang'd. ING. No, *Child*, in a Carre,
The charriot of Triumph, which moſt of them are.
And in the meane time, to be greazy, and bouzy,
And naſty, and filthy, and ragged and louzy,
With dam'n me, renounce me, and all the fine phraſes;
That bring, vnto *Tiborne*, the plentifull gazes.

PVG.

PVG. He is a *Diuell*! and may be our *Cheife*!
The great Superiour *Diuell*! for his malice:
Arch-diuel! I acknowledge him. He knew
What I would ſuffer, when he tie'd me vp thus
In a rogues body: and he has (I thanke him)
His tyrannous pleaſure on me, to confine me
To the vnlucky carkaſſe of a *Cutpurſe*,
Wherein I could do nothing. DIV. Impudent fiend,
Stop thy lewd mouth. Doeſt thou not ſhame and tremble
To lay thine owne dull damn'd defects vpon
An innocent caſe, there? Why thou heauy ſlaue!
Theſpirit, that did poſſeſſe that fleſh before
Put more true life, in a finger, and a thumbe,
Then thou in the whole Maſſe. Yet thou rebell'ſt
And murmur'ſt? What one profer haſt thou made,
Wicked inough, this day, that might be call'd
Worthy thine owne, much leſſe the name that ſent thee?
Firſt, thou did'ſt helpe thy ſelfe into a beating
Promptly, and with't endangered'ſt too thy tongue:
A *Diuell*, and could not keepe a body intire
One day! That, for our credit. And to vindicate it,
Hinderd'ſt (for ought thou know'ſt) a deed of darkneſſe:
Which was an act of that egregious folly,
As no one, to'ard the *Diuel*, could ha' thought on.
This for your acting! but for ſuffering! why
Thou haſt beene cheated on, with a falſe beard,
And a turn'd cloake. Faith, would your predeceſſour
The *Cutpurſe*, thinke you, ha' been ſo? Out vpon thee,
The hurt th'haſt don, to let men know their ſtrength,
And that the'are able to out-doe a *diuel*
Put in a body, will for euer be
A ſcarre vpon our Name! whom haſt thou dealt with,
Woman or man, this day, but haue out-gone thee
Some way, and moſt haue prou'd the better fiendes?
Yet, you would be imploy'd? Yes, hell ſhall make you
Prouinciall o' the *Cheaters* for *Bawd-ledger*,
For this ſide o' the towne! No doubt you'll render
A rare accompt of things. Bane o' your itch,
And ſcratching for imployment. I'll ha' brimſtone
To al lay it ſure, and fire to ſindge your nayles off,
But, that I would not ſuch a damn'd diſhonor
Sticke on our ſtate, as that the *diuell* were hang'd;
And could not ſaue a body, that he tooke
From *Tyborne*, but it muſt come thither againe:
You ſhould e'en ride. But, vp away with him——

The great Deuill *enters, and vpbraids him with all his dayes worke.*

Iniquity takes him on his back.

INI. Mount, dearling of darkeneſſe, my ſhoulders are broad:
He that caries the fiend, is ſure of his loade.

The *Diuell* was wont to carry away the euill;
But, now, the Euill out-carries the *Diuell.*

ACT. V. SCENE. VIJ.

SHACKLES. KEEPERS.

A great noise is heard in Newgate, and the Keepers come out affrighted.

OMee! KEE. 1. What's this? 2. A piece of *Iustice Hall*
Is broken downe. 3. Fough! what a steeme of brimstone
Is here? 4. The prisoner's dead, came in but now! (renance!
SHA. Ha? where? 4. Look here. KEE. S'lid, I should know his coun-
It is *Gill-Cut-purse*, was hang'd out, this morning!
SHA. 'Tis he! 2. The *Diuell*, sure, has a hand in this!
3. What shall wee doe? SHA. Carry the newes of it
Vnto the *Sherifes*. 1. And to the *Iustices*.
4. This strange! 3. And sauours of the *Diuell*, strongly!
2. I' ha' the *sulphure* of *Hell-coale* i' my nose.
1. Fough. SHA. Carry him in. 1. Away. 2. How ranke it is!

ACT. V. SCENE. VIII.

Sir POVLE. MERE-CRAFT. EVER-ILL.
TRAINES. PITFALL. FITZ-DOTTREL.
{*To them*}
VVITTIPOL. MANLY. Mistresse FITZ-DOTTREL. INGINE. *To them*} GVILT-HEAD.
SLEDGE. *to them*} SHACKLES.

The Iustice comes out wondring, and the rest informing him.

THis was the notablest Conspiracy,
That ere I heard of. MER. Sir, They had giu'n him potions,
That did enamour him on the counterfeit *Lady*——
EVE. Iust to the time o'deliuery o'the deed——
MER. And then the witchcraft 'gan't' appeare, for streight
He fell into his fit. EVE. Of rage at first, Sir,
Which since has so increased. TAY. Good Sr. *Poule*, see him,
And punish the impostors. POV. Therefore I come, *Madame*.
EIT. Let Mr *Etherside* alone, *Madame*. POV. Do you heare?
Call in the Constable, I will haue him by:

His

H'is the Kings *officer*! and some Cittizens,
Of credit! I'll discharge my conscience clearly. (*terers*,
MER. Yes, Sir, and send for his wife. EVE. And the two *Sor*-
By any meanes! TAY. I thought one a true *Lady*,
I should be sworne. So did you, *Eyther-side*?
EIT. Yes, by that light, would I might ne'r stir else, *Tailbush*.
TAY. And the other a ciuill Gentleman. EVE. But, *Madame*,
You know what I told your *Ladyship*. TAY. I now see it:
I was prouiding of a banquet for 'hem.
After I had done instructing o'the fellow
De.uile, the Gentlemans man MER. Who's found a thiefe, *Madam*.
And to haue rob'd your Vsher, Master *Ambler*,
This morning. TAY. How? MER. I'll tell you more, anon.
FIT. Gi me some *garlicke, garlicke, garlicke, garlicke*.
MER. Harke the poore Gentleman, how he is tormented!
FIT. *My wife is a whore, I'll kisse her no more: and why?*
Ma'st not thou be a Cuckold, as well as I?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.
POV. That is the *Diuell* speakes, and laughes in him.
MER. Do you thinke so, S^r. POV. I discharge my conscience.
FIT. *And is not the Diuell good company? Yes, wis.*
EVE. How he changes, Sir, his voyce! FIT. *And a Cuckold is*
Where ere hee put his head, with a a Wanion,
If his hornes be forth, the Diuells companion!
Looke, looke, looke, else. MER. How he foames! EVE. And swells!
TAY. O, me! what's that there, rises in his belly! (*Madam*.
EIT. A strange thing! hold it downe: TRA. PIT. We cannot,
POV. 'Tis too apparent this! FIT. *Wittipol, Wittipol*. (matters?
WIT. How now, what play ha' we here. MAN. What fine, new
WIT. The *Cockscomb*, and the *Couerlet*. MER. O strang impudẽce!
That these should come to face their sinne! EVE: And out-face
Iustice, they are the parties, Sir. POV. Say nothing.
MER. Did you marke, Sir, vpon their comming in,
How he call'd *Wittipol*. EVE. And neuer saw 'hem.
POV. I warrant you did I, let 'hem play a while.
FIT. *Buz, buz, buz, buz*. TAY. Lasse poore Gentleman!
How he is tortur'd! M^rs. FI: Fie, Master *Fitz-dottrel*!
What doe you meane to counterfait thus? FIT: *O, ô,*
Shee comes with a needle, and thrusts it in,
Shee pulls out that, and shee puts in a pinne,
And now, and now, I doe not know how, nor where,
But shee pricks mee heere, and shee pricks me there: ôh, ôh:
POV. Woman forbeare. WIT. What, S^r? POV. A practice foule
For one so faire: WIT: Hath this, then, credit with you?
MAN. Do you beleeue in't? POV. Gentlemen, I'll discharge
My conscience. 'Tis a cleare conspiracy!
A darke, and diuellish practice! I detest it!

He beginnes his fit.

The Iustice interpret all:

Wittipol, *and* Manly, *and* Mistr. Fitz-dottrel *enter.*

His wife goes to him.

WIT. The *Iuſtice* ſure will proue the merrier man!
MAN. This is moſt ſtrange, Sir! POV. Come not to confront
Authority with impudence: I tell you,
I doe deteſt it. Here comes the Kings *Conſtable*,
And with him a right worſhipfull *Commoner*;
My good friend, Maſter *Guilt-head*! I am glad
I can before ſuch witneſſes, profeſſe
My conſcience, and my deteſtation of it.
Horible! moſt vnaturall! Abominable!
They whiſper him. EVE. You doe not tumble enough. MER. Wallow, gnaſh:
TAY. O, how he is vexed! POV. 'Tis too manifeſt.
and giue him ſoape to eat with. EVE. Giue him more ſoap to foame with, now lie ſtill.
MER. And act a little. TAY. What do's he now, &c. POV. Shew
The taking of *Tabacco*, with which the *Diuell*
Is ſo delighted. FIT. *Hum!* POV. And calls for *Hum*.
You takers of ſtrong *Waters*, and *Tabacco*,
Marke this. FIT. *Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow*, &c.
POV. That's *Stareh*! the *Diuells* Idoll of that colour.
He ratifies it, with clapping of his hands.
The proofes are pregnant. GVI. How the *Diuel* can act!
POV. He is the Maſter of *Players*! Maſter *Guilt-head*,
And *Poets*, too! you heard him talke in rime!
I had forgot to obſerue it to you, ere while!
Sir Poule *interprets* Figgum *to be a Iuglers game.* TAY. See, he ſpits fire. POV. O no, he plaies at *Figgum*,
The *Diuell* is the Author of wicked *Figgum*——
MAN. Why ſpeake you not vnto him? WIT. If I had
All innocence of man to be indanger'd,
And he could ſaue, or ruine it: I'ld not breath
A ſyllable in requeſt, to ſuch a foole,
He makes himelfe. FIT. *O they whiſper, whiſper, whiſper.*
Wee ſhall haue more, of Diuells a ſcore,
To come to dinner, in mee the ſinner.
EYT. Alas, poore Gentleman! POV. Put 'hem aſunder.
Keepe 'hem one from the other. MAN. Are you phrenticke, Sir,
Or what graue dotage moues you, to take part
VVith ſo much villany? wee are not afraid
Either of law, or triall; let vs be
Examin'd what our ends were, what the meanes?
To worke by; and poſſibility of thoſe meanes.
Doe not conclude againſt vs, ere you heare vs.
POV. I will not heare you, yet I will conclude
Out of the circumſtances. MAN. VVill you ſo, Sir?
POV. Yes, they are palpable: MAN. Not as your folly:
POV: I will diſcharge my conſcience, and doe all
To the *Meridian* of Iuſtice: GVI. You doe well, Sir.
FIT. *Prouide mee to eat, three or foure diſhes o' good meat,*
I'll feaſt them, and their traines, a Iuſtice head and braines

Shall

Shall be the firſt. POV. The *Diuell* loues not Iuſtice,
There you may ſee. FIT. *A ſpare-rib o' my wife,*
And a whores purt'nance! a Guilt-head *whole.*
POV. Be not you troubled, Sir, the *Diuell* ſpeakes it.
FIT. *Yes, wis, Knight, ſhite, Poule, Ioule, owle, ſoule, troule, boule.*
POV. *Crambe,* another of the *Diuell's* games!
MER. Speake, Sir, ſome *Greeke,* if you can. Is not the *Iuſtice*
A ſolemne gameſter? EVE. Peace. FIT. Οἰμοὶ, κακοδαίμων,
Καὶ τετρακακοδαίμων, καὶ τετρὰκις, καὶ πεντάκις,
Καὶ δοδεκάκις, καὶ μυριάκις. POV. Hee curſes
In *Greeke,* I thinke. EVE. Your *Spaniſh,* that I taught you.
FIT. *Quebrémos el ojo de burlas,* EVE. How? your reſt——
Let's breake his necke in ieſt, the *Diuell* ſaies,
FIT. *Di grátia, Signòr mioſe haúcte denári fataméne parte.*
MER. What, would the *Diuell* borrow money? FIT. *Ouy,*
Ouy Monſieur, ùn pàuure Diable! Diablet in!
POV. It is the *diuell,* by his ſeuerall languages. (ter? *Enter the* Keeper *of* New-gate.
SHA. Where's S^r. *Poule Ether-ſide?* POV. Here, what's the mat-
SHA. O! ſuch an accident falne out at *Newgate,* Sir:
A great piece of the priſon is rent downe!
The *Diuell* has beene there, Sir, in the body——
Of the young *Cut-purſe,* was hang'd out this morning,
But, in new clothes, Sir, euery one of vs know him. (S^r.
Theſe things were found in his pocket. AMB. Thoſe are mine,
SHA. I thinke he was commited on your charge, Sir.
For a new felony AMB. Yes. SHA. Hee's gone, Sir, now,
And left vs the dead body. But withall, Sir,
Such an infernall ſtincke, and ſteame behinde,
You cannot ſee S^t. *Pulchars Steeple,* yet.
They ſmell't as farre as *Ware,* as the wind lies,
By this time, ſure. FIT. Is this vpon your credit, friend? Fitz-dottrel *leaues counterfaiting.*
SHA. Sir, you may ſee, and ſatisfie your ſelfe.
FIT. Nay, then, 'tis time to leaue off counterfeiting.
Sir I am not bewitch'd, nor haue a *Diuell:*
No more then you. I doe defie him, I,
And did abuſe you. Theſe two Gentlemen
Put me vpon it. (I haue faith againſt him)
They taught me all my tricks. I will tell truth,
And ſhame the *Feind.* See, here, Sir, are my bellowes,
And my falſe belly, and my *Mouſe,* and all
That ſhould ha' come forth? MAN. Sir, are not you aſham'd
Now of your ſolemne, ſerious vanity?
POV. I will make honorable amends to truth.
FIT. And ſo will I. But theſe are *Coozeners,* ſtill;
And ha' my land, as plotters, with my wife:
Who, though ſhe be not a witch, is worſe, a whore.
MAN. Sir, you belie her. She is chaſte, and vertuous,

And

And we are honeſt. I doe know no glory
A man ſhould hope, by venting his owne follyes,
But you'll ſtill be an *Aſſe*, in ſpight of prouidence.
Pleaſe you goe in, Sir, and heare truths, then iudge 'hem:
And make amends for your late raſhneſſe; when,
You ſhall but heare the paines and care was taken,
To ſaue this foole from ruine (his *Grace* of *Drown'd-land*)
FIT. My land is drown'd indeed-- POV. Peace. MAN. And how much
His modeſt and too worthy wife hath ſuffer'd
By miſ-conſtruction, from him, you will bluſh,
Firſt, for your owne beliefe, more for his actions!
His land is his: and neuer, by my friend,
Or by my ſelfe, meant to another vſe,
But for her ſuccours, who hath equall right.
If any other had worſe counſells in't,
(I know I ſpeake to thoſe can apprehend mee)
Let 'hem repent 'hem, and be not detected.
It is not manly to take ioy, or pride
In humane errours (wee doe all ill things,
They doe 'hem worſt that loue 'hem, and dwell there,
Till the plague comes) The few that haue the ſeeds
Of goodneſſe left, will ſooner make their way
To a true life, by ſhame, then puniſhment.

The End.

The Epilogue.

THus, the Proiecter, *here, is ouer-throwne.*
But I haue now a Proiect *of mine owne,*
If it may paſſe: that no man would inuite
The Poet *from vs, to ſup forth to night,*
If the play *pleaſe. If it diſpleaſant be,*
We doe preſume, that no man will: nor wee.

CHRISTMAS, HIS MASQUE; AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COVRT. 1616.

Enter *Christmas* with two or three of the Guard.

HE is attir'd in round Hose, long Stockings, a close Doublet, a high crownd Hat with a Broach, a long thin beard, a Truncheon, little Ruffes, white Shoes, his Scarffes, and Garters tyed cresse, and his Drum beaten before him.

WHy Gentlemen, doe you know what you doe? ha! would you ha'kept me out? *Christmas*, old *Christmas*! *Christmas* of *London*, and Captaine *Christmas*! Pray you let me be brought before my Lord Chamberlaine, i'le not be answer'd else: 'tis merrie in hall when beards wag all: I ha'seene the time you ha'wish'd for me, for a merry *Christmas*, and now you ha'me; they would not let me in: I must come another time! a good jeast, as if I could come more then once a yeare; why, I am no dangerous person, and so I told my friends, o'the Guard. I am old *Gregorie Christmas* still, and though I come out of *Popes-head-alley* as good a Protestant, as any i'my Parish. The troth is, I ha' brought a Masque here, out o'the Citie, o'my owne making, and doe present it by a sett of my Sonnes, that come out of the Lanes of *London*, good dancing boyes all: It was intended I confesse for Curryers Hall, but because the weather has beene open, and the Livory were not at leisure to see it till a frost came that they cannot worke. I thought it convenient, with some little alterations, and the Groome of the *Revells* hand to't, to fit it for a higher place, which I have done; and though I say it, another manner of devise then your Newyeares night. Bones o'bread, the King! Sonne *Rowland*, Son *Clem*, be ready there in a trice; quicke, Boyes.

And we are honeſt. I doe know no glory
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Enter his Sonnes and Daughters being ten in number, led in, in a string by Cupid, *who is attir'd in a flat Cap, and a Prentises Coat, with wings at his shoulders.*

The names of his Children, with their attyres.

MIS-RULE.

IN a velvet Cap with a Sprig, a short Cloake, great yellow Ruffe like a Reveller, his Torch-bearer bearing a Rope, a Cheese and a Basket,

CAROLL.

A Long tawny Coat, with a red Cap, and a Flute at his girdle, his Torch-bearer carrying a Song booke open.

MINC'D-PIE.

LIke a fine Cookes Wife, dreſt neat; her Man carrying a Pie, Diſh, and Spoones.

GAMBOLL.

LIke a Tumbler, with a hoope and Bells; his Torch-bearer arm'd with a Cole-ſtaffe, and a blinding cloth.

POST AND PAIRE.

WIth a paire-Royall of Aces in his Hat; his Garment all done over with Payres, and Purrs; his Squier carrying a Box, Cards, and Counters.

NEW-YEARES-GIFT.

IN a blew Coat, ſerving-man like, with an Orange, and a ſprig of Roſemarie guilt on his head, his Hat full of Broaches, with a coller of Gingerbread, his Torch-bearer carrying a March-paine, with a bottle of wine on either arme.

MUMMING.

IN a Maſquing pied ſuite, with a Viſor, his Torch-bearer carrring the Boxe, and ringing it.

WASSALL.

LIke a neat Sempſter, and Songſter; her Page bearing a browne bowle, dreſt with Ribbands, and Roſemarie before her.

OFFERING.

IN a ſhort gowne, with a Porters ſtaffe in his hand; a Wyth borne before him, and a Baſon by his Torch-bearer.

Babie-

BABIE-COCKE.

Drest like a Boy, in a fine long Coat, Biggin, Bib, Muckender, and a little Dagger: his Vsher bearing a great Cake with a Beane, and a Peaſe.

They enter ſinging.

NOw God preſerve, as you well doe deſerve,
your Majeſties all, two there;
Your Highneſſe ſmall, with my good Lords all,
and Ladies, how doe you do there?
Giue me leaue to aske, for I bring you a Maſque
from little little little little London;
Which ſay the KING *likes, I ha' paſſed the Pikes,*
if not, old Chriſtmas *is vndone.*

CHR. A' peace, whats the matter there?

GAMB. Here's one, o' Friday ſtreet would come in.

CHR. By no meanes, nor out of neither of the Fiſh-ſtreets, admit not a man; they are not *Chriſtmas* creatures: Fiſh, and faſting dayes, foh! Sonnes, ſayd I well? looke too't.

GAMB. No bodie out o' Friday-ſtreet, nor the two Fiſh-ſtreets there, doe yo heare?

CAROL. Shall *John Butter* o' Milke-ſtreet come in? aske him.

GAMB. Yes, he may ſlip in for a Torch-bearer, ſo he melt not too faſt, that he will laſt till the Maſque be done.

CHR. Right Sonne.

Sing agen.

OVr Dances freight, is a matter of eight,
and two, the which are Wenches;
In all they be ten, foure Cockes to a Hen,
and will ſwim to the time like Tenches.
Each hath his knight, for to carry his light,
which ſome would ſay are Torches;
To bring them here, and to lead them there,
and home againe to their owne porches.
Now their intent ——

Enter Venus, *a deafe Tire-woman.*

VEN. Now, all the Lords bleſſe me, where am I tro? where is *Cupid*? ſerve the King? they may ſerve the Cobler well enough, ſome of em, for any courteſie they have y' wiſſe; they ha' need o' mending: unrude people they are, your Courtiers, here was thruſt upon thruſt indeed! was it ever ſo hard to get in before, tro?

CHR. How now? what's the matter?

VEN. A place forſooth, I do want a place, I would have a good place to ſee my Child act in before the KING, and QVEENS Majeſties (God bleſſe 'em) to night.

Chr. Why, here is no place for you.

Ven. Right forsooth, I am *Cupids* Mother, *Cupids* owne Mother: forsooth; yes forsooth: I dwell in pudding-lane; I forsooth, he is Prentise in Love-lane with a Bugle-maker, that makes of your Bobs, and Birdbolts for Ladies,

Chr. Good Lady Venus of Pudding-lane, you must go out for all this.

Ven. Yes forsooth, I can sit any where, so I may see *Cupid* act; hee is a pretty Child, though I say it that perhaps should not, you will say: I had him by my first Husband, he was a Smith forsooth, we dwelt in Doe-little lane then, he came a moneth before his time, and that may make him somewhat imperfect: But I was a Fishmongers daughter.

Chr. No matter for your Pedigree, your house; good Venus will you depart?

Ven. I forsooth, he'le say his part I warrant him, as well as ere a Play boy of 'em all: I could ha' had money enough for him, an I would ha beene tempted, and ha' let him out by the weeke, to the Kings Players: Master *Burbadge* has beene about and about with me; and so has old Mr. *Hemings* too, they ha' need of him, where is he tro'a? I would faine see him, pray God they have given him some drinke since he came.

Christ. Are you readie Boyes? strike up, nothing will drown this noise but a Drum: a' peace, yet, I ha' not done

Sing---*Now their intent, is above to present*----

Carol. Why? here be halfe of the properties forgotten, Father.

Offering. Post and Paire wants his pur-chops, and his pur-dogs.

Carol. Ha' you nere a Son at the Groom-Porters to beg, or borrow a paire of Cards quickly?

Gamb. It shall not need, heer's your Son *Chrater* without; has Cards in his pocket.

Offering. Odds so; speake to the Guard to let him in, under the name of a propertie.

Gamb. And heer's *New-yeares-gift* h'as an Orenge, and Rosmarie, but not a clove to sticke in't.

Nevv-Yeer. Why, let one go to the Spicery.

Chr. Fie, fie, fie; it's naught, it's naught boyes.

Ven. Why, I have cloves, if it be cloves you want, I have cloves in my purse, I never goe without one in my mouth.

Carol. And *Mumming*, has not his vizard neither.

Chr. No matter, his owne face shall serve for a punishment, and 'tis bad enough; has *Wassell* her boule, and *Mince-pie* her spoones?

Offer. I, I; but *Mis-rule* doth not like his suite: he saies the Players have lent him one too little, on purpose to disgrace him.

Chr. Let him hold his peace, and his disgrace will bee the lesse: what? shall wee proclaime where wee were furnisht? *Mum*! *Mum*! a' peace, be readie good Boyes.

Sings agen.

NOw their intent, is above to present
with all the appurtenances
A right Christmas, as of old it was,
to be gathered out of the Dances.

Which

Which they do bring, and usher the King,
the Queene, and Prince, as it were new
Drawne hereby Love; who, ever and above,
doth draw himselfe i' the greene too.

Here the Drum, and Fife sounds, and they march about once; at the second comming up he proceeds in his song.

Hum drum, fewer for a Coney;
no more of your Martiall musicke:
Even for the sake, o' the neere new stake,
for there I doe meane to use it.

And now to yee, who in place are to see,
with Roll and Farthingale hooped:
I pray you know, though he want his bow
by the wings, that this is Cupid.

He might goe backe, for to cry what you lack,
but that were not so wittie:
His Cap, and Coat, are ewough to note
that he is the Love o' the Cittie.

And he leades on, though he now be gon,
for that was onely his rule:
But now comes in, Tom *of Bosomes Inne,*
and he presenteth Mis-rule.

Which you may know, by the very show,
albeit you never aske it:
For there you may see what his Ensignes bee,
the Rope, the Cheese, and the Basket.

This Carol *plaies, and has beene in his dayes*
a chirping boy, and a kill pot:
Kit *Cobler it is, I'me a Father of his,*
and he dwells in the lane, cal'd Fil-pot.

But who is this? O' my daughter Sis
Mince-pie, *with her doe not dally*
On paine o' your life: She's an honest Cooks wife,
and comes out of Scalding-Alley.

Next in the trace, comes Gambol *in place,*
and to make my tale the shorter:
My Sonne Hercules, *tane, out of Distaffe-lane*
but an active man, and a Porter.

Now Post *and* Paire, *old Christmasses heire*
doth make, and a gingling Sally:
And wott you who, 't is one of my two
Sons, Cardmakers in Pur-alley.

Next in a trice, with his boxe and his Dice,
Mac-pippin *my Son, but younger,*
Brings Mumming *in; and the knave will win,*
for 'a is a Costermonger.

But New-yeares-gift, *of himselfe makes shift*
to tell you what his name is:
With Orenge on head, and his Gingerbread,
Clem Waspe *of Honey-lane 'tis.*

This I you tell, is our jolly Wassell,
and for Twelfe-night more meet than
She workes by the Ell, and her name is Nell,
and she dwells in Thred-needle-street too.

Then Offering *he, with his Dish, and his Tree,*
that in every great house keepeth;
Is by my Sonne, young Little-worth *done,*
and in Penny-rich-street he sleepeth.

Last, Baby-cake, *that an end doth make*
of Christmas merrie, merrie vaine:
Is Child Rowlan, *and a straight young man,*
though he come out of Crooked-lane 'a.

There should have beene, and a dozen I wene,
but I could finde but one more;
Child of Christmas, and a Logge *it was,*
when I them all had gone ore.

I pray'd him, in a time so trim,
that he would make one to prance it:
And I my selfe, would have beene set he twelfe,
o' but Log *was to heavie to dance it.*

Now *Cupid* come you on.

CVPID. *You worthie wights, King, Lords, and Knights,*
or Queene, and Ladies bright:
Cupid *invites, you to the sights*
he shall present to night.

VEN. Tis a good child, speake out, hold up your head Love.

CVPID. And which *Cupid* — and which *Cupid*, &c.

VEN. Do not shake so *Robin*, if thou beest a'cold, I ha' some warme waters for thee, here.

CHR. Come, you put *Robin Cupid* out with your waters, and your fisling; will you be gone?

VEN. I forsooth; hee's a child, you must conceive, and must be us'd tenderly; he was never in such an assembly before forsooth, but once at the

Warmoll Queſt, forſooth, where he ſayd grace as prettily as any of the Sheriffes Hinch-boyes forſooth.

CHR. Will you peace, forſooth?

CVPID. And which *Cupid*, and which *Cupid*, &c.

VEN. I that's a good boy, ſpeake plaine, *Robin*: how does his Majeſtie like him, I pray? will he give eight pence a day thinke you? ſpeak out *Robin*.

CHR. Nay, he is out enough, you may take him away, and begin your Dance; this it is to have ſpeeches.

VEN. You wrong the Child, you doe wrong the Infant; I 'peale to his Majeſtie.

Here they Dance.

CHR. Well done Boyes, my fine Boyes, my bully Boyes.

Sings agen. The Epilogue.

NOr doe you thinke that their legges is all
the commendation of my Sons,
For at the Artillery-Garden they ſhall
as well (forſooth) uſe their Guns.

And march as fine, as the Muſes nine,
along the ſtreets of London:
And i' their brave tires, to gi' their falſe fires,
eſpecially Tom *my Son.*

Now if the Lanes and the Allyes afford,
ſuch an ac-ativitie as this:
At Chriſtmas *next, if they keepe their word,*
can the children of Cheapſide miſſe?

Though, put the caſe, when they come in place,
they ſhould not dance, but hop:
Their very gold lace, with their ſilke would 'em grace,
having ſo many knights, o' the Shop!

But were I ſo wiſe, I might ſeeme to adviſe
ſo great a Potentate as your ſelfe:
They ſhould Sir, I tell yee, ſpar't out o' their bellie,
and this way ſpend ſome of their pelfe.

I, and come to the Court, for to make you ſome ſport,
at the leaſt once every yeare:
As Chriſtmas *hath done, with his ſeventh or eigth Son,*
and his couple of Daughters deare.

The End.

Wamroll Quelf. Forsooth, where he lays grace as pretily as any of the Sheriffs Hinch-boyes forsooth.

Cur. Will you peace, forsooth?

Gyrard. And which Cupid, and which Cupid, &c.

Van. Itsirs a good boy, speake plaine, Adieu: how does his Majestie like him, I pray? will he give eight pence a day, thinke you? speak our Radie.

Cur. Nay, he is ouercomne, you may take him away, and begin your Dance, this is to have speeches.

Van. You wrong the Child, you doe wrong the Infant, I speake to his Majestie.

Fourth Dance.

Cur. Well done Boyes, my fine Boyes, my bully Boyes.

The Epilogue.

A Masque

PRESENTED IN THE HOUSE OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LORD HAYE.

BY DIVERS OF NOBLE QVALITY, HIS FRIENDS.

FOR THE ENTERTAINment of Monsieur LE BARON DE TOVR, extraordinarie Ambassadour for the FRENCH KING.

On Saturday the 22. of FEBRVARY, 1617.

MART.

Quid titulum poscis? Versus duo trésve legantur.

1617.

THE FRONT BEFORE THE SCENE, was an Arch-Triumphall.

On the top of which, HVMANITIE *placed in figure, sate with her lap full of flowers, scattering them with her right hand; and holding a golden chaine in her left hand: to shew both the freedome, and the bond of Courtesie, with this inscription.*

SVPER OMNIA VULTVS.

On the two sides of the Arch CHEERFVLNES, and READINES, } *her servants.*

CHEERFVLNES, *in a loose flowing garment, filling out wine from an antique piece of plate, with this word*

Adsit lætitiæ dator.

READINES, *a winged Mayd, with two flaming bright lights in her hands; and her word.*

Amor addidit alas.

The Scene discovered, is (on the one side) the head of a Boate, and in it CHARON *putting off from the shore, having landed certaine imagined ghosts, whom* MERCVRY *there receives, and encourageth to come on towards the River* LETHE, *who appeares lying in the person of an old man. The* FATES *sitting by him on his banke; a grove of myrtles behinde them, presented in perspective, and growing thicker to the outer side of the Scene.* MERCVRY, *perceiving them to faint, calls them on, and shews them his golden rod. And the whole Maske was sung (after the Italian manner)* Stylo recitativo, *by Master* Nicholas Lanier; *who ordered and made both the Scene, and the Musicke.*

MERCVRY.

NAy, faint not now, so neere the fields of rest.
Here no more furies, no more torments dwell,
Then each hath felt already in his brest;
Who hath beene once in love, hath prov'd his Hell.

Up then, and follow this my golden rod,
That points you next to aged LETHES shore,
Who poures his waters from his urne abroad,
Of which but tasting, you shall faint no more.

LETHE.

Stay, who, or what phantastique shades are these
That HERMES leades?

MERCV-

MERCVRY.

They are the gentle formes,
Of *Lovers*, toſt upon thoſe frantique ſeas,
Whence VENVS ſprung.

LETHE.

And have rid out her ſtorms?

MERCVRY.

No.

LETHE.

Did they periſh?

MERCVRY.

Yes.

LETHE.

How?

MERCVRY.

Drown'd by love,
That drew them forth with hopes as ſmooth as were
Th'unfaithfull waters he deſir'd them prove.

LETHE.

And turn'd a tempeſt, when he had them there?

MERCVRY.

He did, and on the billow would he roule,
And laugh to ſee one *throw his heart away*,
Another ſighing, *vapour forth his ſoule*,
A third, to *melt himſelfe in teares, and ſay*,

O Love, I now to ſalter water turne
Then that I die in; then, a fourth, to crie
Amid the ſurges; *oh! I burne, I burne:*
A fift, laugh out, *it is my ghoſt, not I.*

And thus in paires I found'hem. Onely one
There is, that walkes, and ſtops, and ſhakes his head,
And ſhuns the reſt, as glad to be alone,
And whiſpers to himſelfe, *he is not dead.*

FATES.

No more are all the reſt.

MERCVRY.

No?

1. FATE.

No.

MERCVRY.

But, why
Proceeds this doubtfull voyce from destiny?

FATES.

It is too sure.

MERCVRY.

Sure?

2. FATE.

I. Thinkes MERCVRY,
That any things, or names on earth doe die,
That are obscur'd from knowledge of the FATES,
Who keepe all rolls?

3. FATE.

And know all natures dates?

MERCVRY.

They say themselves, *th'are dead.*

1. FATE.

It not appeares.
Or, by our rocke.

2. FATE.

Our spindle.

3. FATE.

Or our sheeres.

FATES.

Here all their threds are growing, yet none cut.

MERCVRY.

I'gin to doubt, that *Love* with charmes hath put
This phant'sie in'hem; and they onely thinke
That they are ghosts.

FATE.

If so, then let'hem drinke
Of LETHES streame.

FATE.

'Twill make'hem to forget
LOVES name.

FATE.

And so, they may recover yet!

MERCVRY.

Doe, bow unto the reverend lake:
And having touch'd there; up, and shake
The shadowes off, which yet doe make
Us you, and you your-selves mistake.

Here they all stoope to the water, and dance forth their Antimasque in severall gestures, as they liv'd in love: And retyring into the Grove, before the last person be off the Stage; the first couple appeare in their posture between the trees, readie to come forth, changed.

MERCVRY.

See! see! they are themselves agen!

1. FATE.

Yes, now the'are substances, and men.

2. FATE.

LOVE, at the name of LETHE flyes.

LETHE.

For, in oblivion drown'd, he dyes.

3. FATE.

He must not hope, though other states
He oft subdue, he can the FATES.

FATES.

'Twere insolence, to thinke his powres
Can worke on us; or equall ours.

CHORVS.

RETurne, Returne,
Like lights to burne
On earth,
For others good:
Your second birth
Will fame old LETHES flood,
And warne a world,
That now are hoorld
About in tempest, how they prove
Shadowes for *Love*.
Leape forth: your light it is the nobler made,
By being strooke out of a shade.

Here they dance forth their entrie, or first dance: after which

CVPID----*appearing, meets them.*

WHy, now you take me! these are rites
That grace *Loves* dayes, and crowne his nights!
These are the motions, I would see,
And praise, in them that follow mee!
Not sighes, nor tears, nor wounded hearts,
Nor flames, nor ghosts: but ayrie parts
Try'd, and refin'd as yours have bin,
And such they are, I glory in

MER-

MERCVRY.

Looke, looke unto this snakie rod,
And stop your eares, against the charming god;
His every word, falls from him, is a snare:
Who have so lately knowne him, should beware.

Here they Dance their maine dance, which ended,

CVPID.

Come, doe not call it CVPIDS crime,
You were thought dead before your time.
If thus you move to HERMES will
Alone; you will be thought so still.
Goe, take the Ladies forth, and talke,
And touch, and taste too: Ghosts can walke.
'Twixt eyes, tongues, hands, the mutuall strife
Is bred, that tries the truth of life.
They doe, indeed, like dead men move,
That thinke they live, and not in love!

Here they take forth the Ladyes, and the Revells follow: after which,

MERCVRY.

Nay, you should'never have left off:
But stay'd, and heard your CVPID scoff,
To finde you in the line you were.

CVPID.

Your too much wit, breeds too much feare.

MERCVRY.

Good Flie, good night.

CVPID.

But will you go?
Can you leave LOVE, and he intreat you so?
Here, take my quiver, and my bow,
My torches too; that you, by all, may know
I meane no danger to your stay:
This night, I will create my holiday,
And be yours naked, and entire.

MERCVRY.

As if that LOVE, dis-arm'd, were lesse a fire?
Away, away.

They Dance their going out: which done,

MERCVRY.

Yet lest that VENVS wanton Sonne,
Should with the world, be quite undone,
For your faire sakes (you brighter starres,
Who have beheld these civill warres,)

FATE,

FATE is content, these Lovers here
Remaine still such: so LOVE will sweare
Never to force them act to doo,
But what he will call HERMES too.

CVPID.

I sweare: and with like cause thanke MERCVRY,
As these have, to thanke him, and destiny.

CHORVS.

All then take cause of joy: for who hath not?
Old LETHE, that their follies are forgot;
We, that their lives unto their fates they fit:
They, that they still shall love, and love with wit.

The End.

THE VISION OF DELIGHT PRESENTED AT COVRT IN CHRISTMAS, 1617.

The Scene.

A Street in perſpective of faire building diſcovered.

Delight

Is ſeene to come as afarre off, accompanied with *Grace, Love, Harmonie, Revell, Sport, Laughter.*

Wonder *following.*

Delight ſpake in ſong (*ſtylo recitativo.*)

Let us play, and dance, and ſing,
let us now turne every ſort;
O'the pleaſures of the Spring,
to the graces of a Court.

From ayre, from cloud, from dreams, from toyes,
to ſounds, to ſence, to love to joyes;
Let your ſhewes be new, as ſtrange,
let them oft and ſweetly varie;
Let them haſte ſo to their change,
as the Seers may not tarrie;
Too long t'expect the pleaſing't ſight
doth take away from the delight.

Here the firſt Anti-maske *enter'd.*

A ſhe Monſter delivered of ſixe Burratines, *that dance with ſixe* Pantalones, *which done*

Delight, *ſpoke againe.*

Yet heare what your delight doth pray
all ſowre and ſullen looks away,

that

that are the servants of the day,
Our sports are of the humorous night,
Who feeds the stars that give her light,
and useth (then her wont) more bright,
to help the vision of DELIGHT.

Here the Night rises, and tooke her Chariot besprangled with starres.

DELIGHT, *proceeds.*

See, see her Scepter, and her Crowne
are all of flame, and from her gowne
a traine of light comes waving down.
This night in dew she will not steepe
The braine, nor locke the sence in sleepe;
but all awake, with *Phantomes* keepe,
and those to make DELIGHT more deep.

By this time the Night, *and* Moone *being both risen*; Night *hovering over the place,* *Sung*

Breake *Phant'sie* from thy cave of cloud,
and spread thy purple wings;
Now all thy figures are allow'd,
and various shapes of things;
Create of ayrie formes, a streame;
it must have bloud, and naught of fleame;
And though it be a waking dreame;
The Quire { Yet let it like an odour rise
to all the Sences here,
And fall like sleep upon their eies,
or musick in their eare.

The Scene *here changed to Cloud, and* Phant'sie *breaking forth, spake.*

Bright Night, I obey thee, and am come at thy call
But it is no one dreame that can please these all;
Wherefore I would know what Dreames would delight'em;
For never was Phant'sie more loth to affright'em.
And Phant'sie I tell you has dreams that have wings,
And dreams that have honey, and dreams that have stings;
Dreames of the maker, and Dreames of the teller,
Dreames of the kitchin, and Dreames of the Cellar:
Some that are tall, and some that are Dwarffes,
Some that were halter'd, and some that weare scarffes;
Some that are proper, and signifie o' thing,
And some another, and some that are nothing:
For say the French Verdingale, and the French hood
Were here to dispute; must it be understood
A feather, for a wispe were a fit moderator?
Your Ostritch believe it's no faithfull translator
Of perfect Utopian; And then it were an od-piece

To see the conclusion peepe forth at a cod-piece.
The politique pudding hath still his two ends,
Tho the bellows, and the bag-pipe were nev'r so good friends:
And who can report what offence it would be
For the Squirrell to see a Dog clime a tree?
If a Dreame should come in now to make you afeard,
With a Windmill on his head, and bells at his beard;
Would you streight weare your spectacles, here, at your toes,
And your boots o' your browes, and your spurs o' your nose?
Your Whale he will swallow, a hogs-head for a pill;
But the maker o' the mouse-trap, is he that hath skill.
And the nature of the Onion, is to draw teares,
As well as the Mustard; peace, pitchers have eares,
And Shitlecocks wings, these things doe not mind 'em,
If the Bell have any sides, the clapper will find 'em:
There's twice so much musicke in beating the tabor,
As i' the Stock-fish, and somewhat lesse labour.
Yet all this while, no proportion is boasted
T'wixt an egge, and an Oxe, though both have been rosted,
For grant the most Barbers can play o' the Citterne,
Is it requisite a Lawyer should plead to a Ghitterne?
You will say now, the Morris-bells were but bribes
To make the heele forget that ev'r it had kibes;
I say let the wine make nev'r so good jelly,
The conscience o' the bottle, is much i' the belly:
For why? doe but take common Councell i' your way,
And tell me who'le then set a bottle of hay
Before the old Usurer, and to his horse
A slice of salt-butter, perverting the course
Of civill societie? open that gap,
And out skip your fleas, foure and twenty at a clap,
With a chaine and a trundle-bed following at th' heeles,
And will they not cry then, the world runs a wheeles:
As for example, a belly, and no face,
With the bill of a Shoveler, may here come in place;
The haunches of a Drum, with the feet of a pot,
And the tayle of a Kentishman to it; why not?
Yet would I take the stars to be cruell,
If the Crab, and the Ropemaker ever fight duell,
On any dependance, be it right, be it wrong,
But mum; a thread may be drawne out too long.

Here the second Anti-masque *of* Phantoſmes *came forth, which danced.*

PHANT'SIE *proceeded.*

Why? this you will say was phantasticall now,
As the Cocke, and the Bull, the Whale, and the Cow;
But vanish away, I have change to present you,
And such as I hope will more truly content you:

Behold!

Behold the gold-haird *Houre* deſcending here,
That keepes the gate of Heaven, and turnes the yeare,
Alreadie with her ſight, how ſhe doth cheare,
And makes another face of things appeare.

Here one of the Houres *deſcending, the whole Scene changed to the Bower of* Zephyrus, *whilſt,* Peace *ſung, as followeth*

Why looke you ſo, and all turne dumbe!
to ſee the opener of the New-yeare come?
My preſence rather ſhould invite,
and ayd, and urge, and call to your delight,
The many pleaſures that I bring
are all of youth, of heate, of life, and ſpring,
And were prepard to warme your blood,
not fixe it thus as if your Statutes ſtood.

The Quire { we ſee, we heare, we feele, we taſte,
we ſmell the change in every flowre,
we onely wiſh that all could laſt,
and be as new ſtill as the houre.

The Song ended.

WONDER *ſpake.*

WONDER muſt ſpeake, or breake; what is this? growes
The wealth of Nature here, or Art? it ſhowes
As if *Favonius*, father of the Spring,
Who, in the verdant Meads doth reigne ſole king,
Had rowſd him here, and ſhooke his feathers, wet
With purple ſwelling Nectar? and had let
The ſweet and fruitfull dew fall on the ground
To force out all the flowers that might be found?
Or a *Minerva* with her needle had
Th'enamourd earth with all her riches clad,
And made the downie *Zephire* as he flew
Still to be followd with the Springs beſt hue?
The gaudie Peacocke boaſts not in his traine,
So many lights and ſhadowes, nor the raine-
Reſolving *Iris*, when the Sun doth court her,
Nor purple Pheſant while his Aunt doth ſport her
To heare him crow; and with a pearched pride
Wave his diſ-coloured necke, and purple ſide?
I have not ſeene the place could more ſurprize,
It looks (me thinkes) like one of natures eyes,
Or her whole bodie ſet in art? behold!
How the Blew-binde weed doth it ſelfe infold
With Honey-ſuckle, and both theſe intwine
Themſelves with Bryonie, and Jeſſamine,
To caſt a kinde and odoriferous ſhade?

PHANT'SIE.

How better then they are, are all things made
By WONDER? But a while refresh thine eye,
Ile put thee to thy oftner, what, and why?

Here (to a loud musicke) the Bower opens, and the Maskers discovered, as the glories of the Spring.

WONDER *againe spake.*

Thou wilt indeed; what better change appeares?
Whence is it that the ayre so sudden cleares,
And all things in a moment turne so milde,
Whose breath or beams, have got proud earth with child,
Of all the treasure that great Natur's worth,
And makes her every minute to bring forth?
How comes it Winter is so quite forc't hence,
And lockt up under ground? that every sence
Hath severall objects? Trees have got their heads,
The fields their coats? that now the shining Meads
Doe boast the *Paunce*, the *Lillie*, and the *Rose*;
And every flower doth laugh as *Zephire* blowes?
That Seas are now more even then the Land?
The Rivers runne as smoothed by his hand;
Onely their heads are crisped by his stroake:
How plaies the Yeareling with his brow scarce broke
Now in the open Grasse? and frisking Lambs
Make wanton Salts about their drie-suckt Dams;
Who to repaire their bags doe rob the fields?
How is't each bough a severall musicke yeilds?
The lusty *Throstle*, early *Nightingale*
Accord in tune, though varie in their tale?
The chirping *Swallow* cald forth by the Sun,
And crested *Larke* doth his division run?
The yellow *Bees*, the ayre with murmure fill?
The *Finches* caroll, and the *Turtles* bill?
Whose power is this? what God?

PHANT'SIE

Behold a King
Whose presence maketh this perpetuall *Spring*.
The glories of which Spring grow in that Bower,
And are the marks and beauties of his power.

To which the Quire answered.

Tis he, tis he, and no power els
That makes all this what *Phant'sie* tels;
The founts, the flowers, the birds, the Bees,

The

The heards, the flocks, the graſſe, the trees,
Do all confeſſe him; but moſt *Theſe*
Who call him lord of the foure Seas,
King of the leſſe and greater Iles,
And all thoſe happy when he ſmiles.
Advance, his favour calls you to advance,
And do your (this nights) homage in a'dance.

Here they danced their entry, after which they ſung againe.

Againe, againe; you cannot be
Of ſuch a true delight too free,
Which who once ſaw would ever ſee;
And if they could the object prize,
Would while it laſts not thinke to riſe,
But wiſh their bodies all were eyes.

They Danc'd their maine Dance, after which they ſung.

In curious knots and mazes ſo
The Spring at firſt was taught to go;
And *Zephire*, when he came to wooe
His *Flora*, had their motions too,
And thence did *Venus* learne to lead
Th' *Idalian* Braules, and ſo tread
As if the wind, not ſhe did walke;
Nor preſt a flower, nor bow'd a ſtalke.

They Danc'd with Ladies, and the whole Revells followed; after which Aurora *appeared (the* Night *and* Moone) *deſcended, and this* Epilogue *followed.*

I was not wearier where I lay
By frozen *Tythons* ſide to night;
Then I am willing now to ſtay,
And be a part of your delight.
But I am urged by the Day,
Againſt my will to bid you come away.

The Quire.

They yeild to Time, and ſo muſt all.
As Night to ſport, Day doth to action call,
Which they the rather doe obey,
Becauſe the Morne, with Roſes ſtrew's the way.

Here they Danc'd their going off, and Ended.

PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VERTVE.

A Masque.

AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COVRT BEFORE KING IAMES. 1619.

The SCENE was the Mountaine *ATLAS.*

WHO had his top ending in the figure of an old man, his head and beard all hoary, and frost, as if his shoulders were covered with snow; the rest Wood, and Rocke. A Grove *of* Ivie *at his feet; out of which, to a wilde* Musicke *of* Cymbals, Flutes, *and* Tabers *is brought forth,* COMVS *the* God *of* Cheere, *or the* Belly, *riding in Triumph, his head crownd with* Roses, *and other flowers, his haire curled: They that waite upon him crownd with* Ivie, *their Javelins done about with it; one of them going with* Hercules *his* Boule *bare before him, while the rest presented him with this* Hymne.

Roome, roome, make roome for the bouncing bellie,
First father of sauce, and deviser of jellie;
Prime master of Arts, and the giver of wit,
That found out the excellent Engine, the spit;
The plough, and the flaile, the mill, and the hopper,
The hutch, and the boulter, the furnace and copper,
The oven, the baven, the mawkin, the peele,
The harth, and the range, the dogge, and the wheele,
He, he first invented the hogshead and tun,

The gimlet and vice too, and taught 'em to run,
And since with the funnell, and *Hippocras* bag,
H'as made of himselfe, that now he cries swag;
Which showes though the pleasure be but of foure inches,
Yet he is a Weesell, the gullet that pinches
Of any delight, and not spares from this backe,
What ever to make of the bellie a sacke!
Haile, haile plump paunch, ô the founder of taste,
For fresh-meats, or powlder'd, or pickle, or paste,
Devourer of broyl'd, back'd, roasted, or sod;
And emptier of cups, be they even or odd;
All which have now made thee so wide i'the waste,
As scarce with no pudding thou art to be lac'd,
But eating and drinking untill thou dost nod,
Thou break'st all thy girdles, and breakst forth a god.

To this the Boule-bearer.

DOE you heare my friends? to whom did you sing all this now? pardon me onely that I aske you, for I doe not looke for an answere; Ile answer my selfe, I know it is now such a time as the *Saturnalls* for all the World, that every man stands under the eaves of his own hat, and sings what please him; that's the right, and the liberty of it. Now you sing of god *Comus* here the bellie-god; I say it is well, and I say it is not well: It is well as it is a ballad, and the bellie worthie of it; I must needes say, and 'twere forty yards of ballad more, as much ballad as tripe. But when the bellie is not edyfied by it, it is not well; for where did you ever read or heare, that the bellie had any eares? Come never pumpe for an answer, for you are defeated; Our fellow *Hunger* there that was as ancient a reteiner to the bellie as any of us, was turned away for being unseasonable, not unreasonable, but unseasonable; and now is he poore thin-gut, faine to get his living with teaching of *Starlings*, *Mag-pies*, *Parrots*, and *Jacke-dawes*, those things he would have taught the bellie. Beware of dealing with the bellie, the bellie will not bee talk'd too, especially when he is full; then there is no venturing upon *Venter*, he will blow you all up, he will thunder indeed-la: Some in derision call him the father of farts; but I say he was the first inventor of great Ordnance, and taught us to discharge them on Festivall dayes, would we had a fit feast for him y'faith, to shew his activity; I would have something now fetcht in to please his five sences, the throat, or the two sences the eyes: Pardon mee for my two sences, for I that carry *Hercules* Boule i'the service, may see double by my place; for I have drunke like a frog to day: I would have a Tun now brought in to dance, and so many bottles about him. Ha! you looke as if you would make a probleme of this, doe you see? do you see? a probleme: why bottles? and why a tun? and why a tun? and why bottles to dance? I say that men that drinke hard, and serve the bellie in any place of qualitie (as the *jovial Tinkers*, or the *lusty kindred*) are living measures of drinke, and can transforme themselves, and doe every day to bottles, or tuns when they

please:

pleaſe: And when they ha' done all they can, they are as I ſay againe, (for I thinke I ſaid ſomewhat like it afore) but moving meaſures of drink, and there is a peece i'the Cellar can hold more than all they. This will I make good, if it pleaſe our new god but to give a nod, for the bellie doe's all by ſignes; and I am all for the bellie, the trueſt clocke i'the world to goe by.

Here the firſt Anti-maske, *after which*

HERCVLES.

WHat Rites are theſe? breeds earth more monſters yet?
Antæus ſcarce is cold: what can beget
This ſtore? (and ſtay) ſuch contraries upon her,
Is earth ſo fruitfull of her owne diſhonour?
Or cauſe his vice was inhumanitie,
Hopes ſhe by vicious hoſpitalitie
To worke an expiation firſt? and then
(Helpe vertue) theſe are ſponges, and not men:
Bottles? meere veſſels? halfe a tun of paunch?
How? and the other halfe thruſt forth in haunch?
Whoſe feaſt? the bellies? *Comus*? and my cup
Brought in to fill the drunken Orgies up?
And here abuſ'd? that was the crownd reward,
Of thirſtie *Heroes*, after labour hard?
Burdens, and ſhames of nature, periſh, die;
(For yet you never liv'd) but in the ſtie
Of vice have wallow'd, and in that ſwines ſtrife
Beene buried under the offence of life:
Goe reele and fall under the load you make,
Till your ſwollen bowells burſt with what you take.
Can this be pleaſure, to extinguiſh man?
Or ſo quite change him in his figure? can
The bellie love his paine? and be content
With no delight but what's a puniſhment?
Theſe monſters plague themſelves, and fitly too,
For they doe ſuffer; what, and all the doe,
But here muſt be no ſhelter, nor no ſhrowd
For ſuch: Sincke *Grove*, or vaniſh into cloud.

At this the whole Grove *vaniſhed, and the whole* Muſicke *was diſcovered, ſitting at the foot of the* Mountaine, *with* Pleaſure, *and* Vertue *ſeated above them. The* Quire *invited* Hercules *to reſt with this*

Song.

GReat friend and ſervant of the good,
Let coole a while thy heated blood,
And from thy mighty labour ceaſe.
Lie downe, lie downe,
And give thy troubled ſpirits peace,
Whilſt vertue, for whoſe ſake

Thou

Thou dost this god-like travaile take,
May of the choyſest herbage make
(Here on this Mountaine bred,)
A crowne, a crowne
For thy immortall head.

Here Hercules *being layd down at their feet, the second* Anti-mask *which was of* Pigmies, *appeared.*

1. PIGMIE.

Antæus dead! and *Hercules* yet live!
Where is this *Hercules?* what would I give
To meet him now? meet him? nay, three ſuch other,
If they had hand in murther of our brother?
With three? with foure? with ten? nay with as many
As the name yeelds? pray anger there be any
Whereon to feed my juſt revenge, and ſoone:
How ſhall I kill him? hurle him 'gainſt the Moone,
And breake him in ſmall portions? give to Greece
His braine? and every tract of earth a peece.

2 PIG. He is yonder.
1 Where?
3 At the hill foot, aſleepe.
1 Let one goe ſteale his club.
2 My charge, Ile creepe.
4 He's ours.
1 Yes, peace.
3 Triumph, we have him boy.
4 Sure, ſure, he is ſure.
1 Come, let us dance for joy.

At the end of their dance they thought to ſurpriſe him, when ſuddenly being awak'd by the muſicke, he rowſed himſelfe, they all runne into holes.

Song.

Wake *Hercules*, awake; but heave up thy blacke eye,
'Tis onely ask'd from thee to looke, and theſe will die,
Or flie:
Already they are fled,
Whom ſcorne had elſe left dead.

At which Mercury *deſcended from the hill, with a garland of* Poplar *to crowne him.*

MERCVRY.

REſt ſtill thou active friend of vertue; Theſe
Should not diſturbe the peace of *Hercules.*
Earths wormes, and Honors dwarfes (at too great ods)

Prove, or provoke the iſſue of the gods.
See, here a *Crowne* the aged *Hill* hath ſent thee,
My Grand-ſire *Atlas*, he that did preſent thee
With the beſt ſheepe that in his fold were found,
Or golden fruit in the *Heſperian* ground,
For reſcuing his faire Daughters, then the prey
Of a rude Pirate as thou cam'ſt this way;
And taught thee all the learning of the Sphere,
And how like him thou might'ſt the heavens up-beare;
As that thy labours vertuous recompence
He, though a Mountaine now, hath yet the ſence
Of thanking thee for more, thou being ſtill
Conſtant to goodneſſe, guardian of the hill;
Antæus by thee ſuffocated here,
And the voluptuous *Comus* god of cheere
Beate from his Grove, and that defac'd, but now
The time's arriv'd that *Atlas* told thee of, how
B'unalterd law, and working of the Stars,
There ſhould be a ceſſation of all jars,
Twixt *Vertue* and her noted oppoſite
Pleaſure; that both ſhould meet here in the ſight
Of *Heſperus*, the glory of the Weſt,
The brighteſt ſtarre that from his burning creſt
Lights all on this ſide the *Atlanticke-Seas*,
As farre as to thy Pillars, *Hercules*,
See where he ſhines, *Juſtice*, and *Wiſedome* plac'd
about his throne, and thoſe with honour grac'd
Beauty, and *Love*: It is not with his Brother
Bearing the world, but ruling ſuch another
Is his renowne, *Pleaſure*, for his delight
Is reconcil'd to *Vertue*, and this night
Vertue brings forth, twelve Princes have beene bred
In this rough mountaine, and neere *Atlas* head
The hill of knowledge; one, and chiefe of whom
Of the bright race of *Heſperus* is come,
Who ſhall in time, the ſame that he is be,
And now is onely a leſſe light then he;
Theſe now ſhe truſts with *Pleaſure*, and to theſe
She gives an entrance to the *Heſperides*
Faire beauties garden; neither can ſhe feare
They ſhould grow ſoft, or waxe effeminate here;
Since in her ſight, and by her charge all's done,
Pleaſure the ſervant, *Vertue* looking on.

Enter

Here the whole Quire *of* Muſicke *call'd the twelve Maskers forth from the top of the* Mountaine, *which then opened with this Song.*

OPE aged Atlas, *open then thy lappe,*
And from thy beamy boſome ſtrike a light,
That men may read in the myſterious mappe
All lines
And ſignes
Of royall education, and the right,
See how they come and ſhow,
That are but borne to know.
Deſcend
Deſcend
Though pleaſure lead,
Feare not to follow:
They who are bred
Within the Hill
Of skill,
May ſafely tread
What path they will,
No ground of good is hollow.

In their deſcent from the Hill, Dædalus *came downe before them, of whom* Hercules *queſtioned* Mercury.

HERCVLES.

BUT *Hermes* ſtay, a little let me pauſe,
Who's this that leads? MER. A guide that gives them lawes
To all their motions, *Dedalus* the wiſe;
HER. And doth in ſacred harmonie compriſe
His precepts? MER. Yes. HER. they may ſecurely prove
Then any laborinth, though it be of love.

Here while they put themſelves in forme, Dedalus *had his firſt Song.*

COme on, come on; *and where you go,*
ſo interweave the curious knot,
As ev'n th' obſerver ſcarce may know
which lines are Pleaſures, and which not:
Firſt figure out the doubtfull way,
at which a while all youth ſhould ſtay,
Where ſhe and Vertue did contend,
which ſhould have Hercules *to friend.*
Then as all actions of mankinde,
are but a laborinth, or maze:
So let your Dances be entwin'd,
yet not perplex men unto gaze;

But measur'd, and so numerous too,
as men may read each act they doe;
And when they see the graces meet,
admire the wisedome of your feet:
For dancing is an exercise,
not onely showes the movers wit,
But maketh the beholders wise,
as he hath power to rise to it.

The first Dance.
After which *Dedalus* againe.

Song 2.

O More, and more, this was so well,
As praise wants halfe his voyce to tell,
againe your selves compose,
And now put all the aptnesse on,
Of figure, that proportion,
or colour can disclose.
That if those silent Arts were lost,
Designe, and picture, they might boast,
from you a newer ground,
Instructed by the heightning sence
Of dignitie and reverence,
in their true motions found.
Begin, begin; for looke, the' faire
Do longing, listen to what ayre
you forme your second touch;
That they may vent their murmuring hymnes,
Fust to the —— you move your limbs,
and wish their owne were such.
Make haste, make hast, for this
The laborinth of beautie is.

The second Dance.
That ended. *Dedalus*

Song 3.

IT followes now you are to prove
The subt'lest maze of all, that's Love,
and if you stay too long,
The faire will thinke you do 'em wrong:
Goe choose among---But with a minde
as gentle as the stroaking winde
runs ore the gentler flowers.
And so let all your actions smile,
As if they meant not to beguile,
the Ladies but the houres.
Grace, laughter, and discourse may meet,

and yet the beauty not goe lesse:
For what is noble should be sweet,
But not dissolv'd in wantonesse.
Will you that I give the law
to all your sport and some-it,
It should be such should envie draw,
but-----overcome it.

Here they Danced with the Ladies, and the whole Revells followed; which ended, *Mercury* cald to him in this following speech: which was after repeated in Song by two *Trebles*, two *Tennors*, a *Base*, and the whole *Chorus*.

Song 4.

AN eye of looking backe were well,
Or any murmure that would tell
Your thoughts, how you were sent,
and went
To walke with Pleasure, not to dwell.
These, these are houres by vertue spar'd
Her selfe, she being her owne reward:
But she will have you know,
that though
Her sports be soft, her life is hard:
You must returne unto the Hill
and their advance
With labour, and inhabit still
that height and Crowne,
From whence you ever may looke downe
upon triumphed chance.
She, she it is in darknesse shines,
'Tis she that still her selfe refines,
by her owne light to every eye:
More seene, more knowne when vice stands by.
And though a stranger here on earth,
In Heaven she hath her right of birth:
There, there is Vertues seate,
Strive to keepe her your own,
Tis onely she can make you great,
Though place here make you knowne.

After which, they Danced their last Dance, returned into the *Scene*, which closed, and was a *Mountaine* againe as before.

The End.

This pleas'd the KING so well, as he would see it againe, when it was presented with these additions.

For

FOR THE HONOUR OF WALES.

The SCENE *standing as before, a* Mountaine; *but now the name changed from* ATLAS, *to* CRAIG-ERIRI.

Enter Gentlemen.

Griffith, Jenkin, Evan, a Welsh Atturney.

GRIF. COssin, I know what belongs to this place sym what petter then you; and therefore give mee leave to be pold to advise you. 'Is not a small matter to offer your selfe into presence of a king, and aull his Court? Be not too byssie and forward, till you be caulld, I tauke reason to you.

JEN. Cym, never tauke any taukes: if the King of gread Prittaine keepe it Assizes here, I will cym into Court: Loog yow, doe you see now, and please Got.

GRI. *Taw, d yn ynbhyd, y, dhwyti-n abl i anabhy, pob peth oth folineb, agy tyny gwatwar ar dy wlac.*

JEN. *Gad vyn lLonyth.* I say I will appeare in Court.

EV. Appeare as yow s'ud doe then, *Dab Jenkin* in good sort; do not discredit the nation, and pyt wrong upon us aull by your rassnes.

JEN. What doe yow caull rassneste *Evan y Gynrn*, is not aull the Cyntrie, and aull Welse, and the Prince of Wales too abus'd in him? by this hand, I will tell it the Kings owne eares every 'oord, doe you see him now? Blesse your ursip, pray God is in Heaven blesse ever ince of your ursip; and Wales is comend it to your ursip, from top to toe, with aull his hearts aull over, by got'utch me, and would bee glad as a silling to see yow in him. Come it downe once a day and trie; I tell yow now, yow s'all be as welcomely there, as where you were in your owne Cyntries last two Symmers, and pershance wee'll made yow as good s'eere too; weele promise your ursip as good a peece of Seeze, as yow need pit in your head, and pleas' yow s'all bee toasted too. Goe too, see him once upon a time your owne sellive, is more good meane you, then is aware of: By got' is very hard, but s'all make yow a Shestice of Peace the first daies yow come; and pershance (say nothing) Knight o'the S'ire too: 'Is not *Worsters*, nor *Pembrokes*, nor *Mongymeries* s'all carry him from yow. But aull this while s'all I tell you a liddell now? 'is a great huge deale of

anger

anger upon yow, from aull Wales and the Nation; that your urſippe would ſuffer our yong Maſter *Sarles* your 'urſips Sonne and Heire, and Prince of *Wales*, the firſt time he ever play Dance, to be plt up in a Mountaine (got knowes where) by a palterly *Poet*, how doe you ſay him *Evan*?

Evan. *Libia.*

Jen. *Vellhy! Libia.* And how doe you caull him the Mountaine; his name is

Ev. *Adlas.*

Jen. *Hynno, hynno. Adlas?* I pleaſe your urſip is a Welſſe Atturney, and a preddilie ſchollers, a weare him his long coat, line with Seepes skin, as yow ſee every daies o'the weeke. A very ſufficient litigious fellow's in the Termes, and a finely Poets out o'the Termes, hee has a ſprig of Lawrell already towards his girlonds. He was get in here at *Twelfe-night* and ſee aull; what doe you call it, your matters, and ſayes is naught, naught, ſtarke naught.

Ev. I doe ſay 'and't pleaſe his Madeſtee, I doe not like him with aull his heart; h'is plugd in by the eares, without all piddies, or mercies of propriedies or decorums. I will doe Injuries to no man before his Madeſtee; but 'is a very vile and abſurd as a man would wiſſe, that I doe ſay, to pyt the Prince of *Wales* in an outlandis Mountaine; when hee is knowne, his Highneſſe has as goodly Mountaines and as tawll a Hills of his owne (looke yow, do you ſee now) and of as good ſtanding, and as good diſcent, as the prowdeſt *Adlas* chriſtned.

Jen. I good *Evan*, I pray you reckon his Madeſtee ſome of the Welſſe Hills, the Mountaines.

Ev. Why there is *Talgar.*

Jen. Well ſayd.

Ev. *Eliennieth.*

Jen. Well ſayd *Evan.*

Ev. *Cadier Arthur.*

Jen. Toudge him, toudge him.

Ev. *Pen-maen-maur.*

Jen. Is good boyes, *Evan.*

Ev. And *Craig-eriri.*

Jen. Aw? vellhy? why law you now? 'Is not *Pen-maen-maur*, and *Craig-Eriri* as good ſound, as *Adlas* every whit of him.

Ev. 'Is caulld the *Britiſh Aulpes*, *Craig-Eririri*, a very ſufficient Hills.

Jen. By got we will play with him Hills for Hills, for ſixteene and forty ſillings when he dares.

Ev. I pray you let it alone your wachers a liddle while Coſſin *Davy ap Jenkin*, and give it leave I may give his Madeſtee, and the Court informations toudging now the Reformations.

Jen. Why? cannot yow and I tauke too Coſſin? the Haull (God bleſſe it) is big inough to hold both our taukes, and we were twice as much as we are.

Ev. Why, tauke it aull then, if you think is reaſon in you.

Jen. No; I know is no reaſon, *Evan*, I confes him; but every man would ſhew himſelve a good ſubject as he can to his meanes; I am a ſubject by my place, and two heads is better then one I imagine under correction.

Ev.

Ev. Got's ownes, here is no corrections man; imagine what yow pleaſe, doe in got's name, imagine, imagine, why doe you not imagine? here is no pennyrths of corrections.

Grif. *Aw dgwin Tawſon.*

Ev. 'Is ſo invincibles, ſo in mercifullys ignorant, a man knowes not upon what inces of ground to ſtand to him; doe's conceive it no more as I am a true Welſe chriſtian, then (ſirreverence 'o the cympany) the hilts of his dagger.

Jen. Go too, I will make the hilts conceive a knocke upon your pate, and perſhance a bumpe to if yow tauke.

Ev. How! upon my pate?

Jen. Yes upon your pate; your Poetlie pate, and your Law pate too.

Gr. *Tawſon, Tawſon.* Fore'got yow will goe nere to hazard a thumbe, and a fowre finger of your beſt hand; if you knocke him here, you may knocke him better ſ'eape at *Ludlow* a great deale: do you know the place where it is?

Ev. Well, I can be patient, I truſt, I truſt it is in a preſence I preſume that loves no quarrells, nor replies, nor the lies, nor the ſhallenge, nor the Duells: but----I will doe my byſſineſſe now, and make this a byſſineſſe for another daies hereafter: Pleaſ'your Madeſtee----By got I am out of my tempers terribly well, got forgive me, and pyt me in my ſelive againe. How doe's your Highnes----I know not a 'oord or a ſillable what I ſay; 'is doe me that vexations.

Gr. O *Evan*; for the honour of *Wales*.

Ev. I remember him now, 'is inough, bleſſings upon me 'is out o'my head againe; loſt, quite loſt: this knocke, o'my pate has knock aull my wits out o'my braines I thinke, and turne my reaſons out of doores. Beleive it I will rub, and breake your ſ'ins for this, I will not come ſo high as your head, but I will take your noſe in my way, very ſufficiently.

Jen. Hang your ſufficiencie.

Ev. 'Tis well, very well; tis better, better, exceedingly well.

Howell, and *Rheeſe* to them

Hovv. What?----you meane (hough) to make us ſo long tarrie here, ha?

Gr. Marrie, here is aull undone with diſtempers me thinkes, and angers, and paſſions.

Rhe. Who is angry?

Ev. Why it is I is angry, and hungry too, if you marke me; I could eate his Flint-ſeere face now, offer to knock my pate in the hearing of aull theſe, and more too? well, before his Madeſtee I doe yet forgive him now with aull my heart, and will be reveng'd another time.

Hovv. Why that is good *Evan*, honeſt brave *Evan*.

Rhe. Ha' yow told the Kings Madeſtee of the alterations.

Ev. I am now once againe about him: peace; pleaſe your Madeſtee, the Welſe Nation hearing that the Prince of *Wales* was to come into the Hills againe, afore your Madeſtee have a deſire of his Highneſſe for the honour of *Wales*, to make him a Welſe hills, which is done without any

manner

manner of sharsheſe to your Madeſtee, onely ſhanging his name: He is caull now *Craig-Eriri*, a Mountaine in *Carnarvan-Seere*; has as gray beard, and as much ſnow upon his head aull the yeare long,

Jen. As *Adlas* for his gutts.

Ev. He tells your Madeſtee true, for aull he is a liddle out of ſeaſon: but cym every man tell as much as he cannow, my qualitie is I hope ſufficiently knowne to his Madeſtee, that I am *Rector Chori* is aull my ambitions, and that I would have it aull Welſe; that is the ſ'ort and the long of the Requeſts. The Prince of *Wales* we know is aull over Welſe.

Jen. And then my Lord Marquiſe.

Ev. Both my Lord Marquiſe is as good, noble, true *Briton*, as any ever is come out of *Wales*.

Jen. My Lord *Mongymerie* is as ſound Welſe too, as fleſe and blood can make him.

Ho. And the *Howard's* by got, is Welſe as ſtrait as any arrow.

Ev. *Houghton* is a Towne beare his name there by *Pipidiauke*.

Ho. And *Erwin*, his name is *Wyn*; but the *Duts-men* come here in *Wales*, and caull him *Heer-win*.

Rh. Then *Car* is plaine Welſe, *Caerlton*, *Caermardin*, *Cardiffe*.

Jen. And *Palmer*, his Anceſtors was call him *Pen-maure*.

Rh. And *Acmooty*, is *Ap mouth-wye* of *Llanmouthwye*.

Jen And *Abercromy*, is aull one as *Abermarlys*.

Ev. Or *Abertau*.

Ho. Or *Aberdugled haw*.

Rh. Or *Abes hodney*.

Jen. Or *Abergevenny*.

Ho. Or *Aber conway*.

Ev. *Aberconway* is very like *Abercromy*, a liddell hard ſ'iſte has pit'em aull into *Wales*; but our deſires and petitions is, that the muiſiques be aull Welſe, and the dances, and no 'Erculus brought in now with a gread ſtaffe, and a pudding upon him.

Jen. Aw; was his diſtaffe, was not his club.

Ev. What need of *Ercules*, when *Cadwallader*----

Jen. Or *Lluellin*, or *Reeſe ap Griphin*, or *Cradock*, or *Owen Glendower*, with a Welſe hooke, and a Goats skinne on his backe, had done very better, and twice as well?

Ev. Nay, and to pyt apparrell on a pottell of hay, and caull him *Lantaus*.

Gr. The Bellie-gods too, was as proper a monſter as the beſt of hem.

Ev. I, ſtand to it, there was neither Poetries, nor Architectures, nor deſignes in that bellie-god; nor a note of muſicks about him. Come, bring forth our muſickes, yow ſ'all heare the true *Pritan* ſtraines now, the ancient Welſe Harpe---yow tauke of their *Pigmees* too, here is a *Pigmees* of *Wales* now; ſet forth another *Pigmees* by him!

Two Women, and Muſicke to them.

1 Wo. *Aw Dieſus!* what a bravely companie is here? This's a finely Haull indeed!

2 What a deale of fine candle it is?

Jen. I, peace; let his Madestee heare the Musicke.

2 *Blé mae yr Brenin.*

Jen. *Docko ve.*

1 *Diesus* blesse'him; Saint *Davy* blesse'him. I bring my boy o'my backe ten mile here to loog upon him: Loog *Hullin*, loog *Hullin*, *spewch humma ven nayd Dumma braveris:* yow s'all heare him play too.

Ev. Peace, no more pradling; begin set him downe.

Song.

Evan. 1 *Song.*

I'Is not come here to tauke of Brut,
from whence the Welse do's take his root;
Nor tell long pedegree of Prince Camber,
whose linage would fill aull this Chamber;
Nor sing the deeds of old Saint Davy,
the ursip of which would fill a Navy.
But harke yow me now, for a liddell tales
s'all make a gread deale to the credit of Wales;
Chorus { *In which wee'll toudg your eares,*
with the praise of her thirteen S'eeres;
And make yow as glad, and merrie
as fourteene pot of Perrie.
Still, still wee'll toudg your eares with the praise, &c.

Hovvell. 2 *Song.*

TIs true, was weare him Sherkin freize,
but what is that? we have store of s'eize,
And Got his plenty of Goats milke
that sell him well, will buy him silke
Inough to make him fine to quarrell
At Hereford-sizes in new apparrell,
And get him as much greene Melmet perhap,
s'all give it a face to his Monmouth cap.
But then the ore of Lemster,
By got is never a Sempster;
That when he is spun, ore did,
Yet match him with hir thrid
Still, still, &c.

Rhese. 3 *Song.*

AVll this's the backs now, let us tell yee,
of some provisions for the bellie:
As Cid, and Goat, and great Goates mother,
and Runt, and Cow, and good Cowes Vther.
And once but taste o'the Welse-mutton,
your Englis-s'eep's not worth a button.
And then for your Fis, s'all shoose it your dis.
looke but about, and there is a Trout.

A Salmon, Cor, or Chevin,
Will feed you six, or seven,
As taull man as ever swagger,
With Welse-hooke, or long dagger.
Still, still, &c.

EVAN. 4 *Song.*

BVt aull this while was never thinke
a word in praise of our Welse drinke;
Yet for aull that, is a cup of Bragat,
all England S'eere, may cast his Cab-at.
And what you say to Ale of Webley,
toudge him as well, you'll praise him trebly,
As well as Metheglin, or Sidar, or Meath,
S'all S'ake it your dagger quite out o'the seath.
And Oat-cake of Guarthenion,
With a goodly Leeke, or Onion,
To give as sweet a Rellis
As ere did Harper, Ellis.
Still, still, &c.

HOVVELL. 5 *Song.*

ANd yet, is nothing now aull this,
if of our Musiques we doe misse;
Both Harpes, and Pipes too; and the Crowd,
must aull come in and tauke alowd,
As lowd as Bangu, Davies bell,
of which is no doubt yow have here tell,
As well as our lowder Wrexham, Organ,
and rumbling Rocks in S'eere Glamorgan;
Where looke but in the ground there,
And you s'all see a sound there,
That put him aull togedder,
Is sweet as measure pedder.
Still, still, &c.

RHESE. 6 *Song.*

AV, but what say yow should it shance too,
that we should leape it in a Dance too,
And make it you as great a pleasure,
if but your eyes be now at leasure;
As in your eares s'all leave a laughter,
to last upon you sixe dayes after?
Ha! wella-goe too, let us try to do
as your old Britton, things to be writ on.
Come put on other lookes now,
And lay away your hookes too;
And though yet you ha' no pump sirs,
Let 'hem heare that yow can jump sirs.
Still, still, &c.

Jen. SPeake it your conſcience now; did your Urſip ever ſee ſuch a ſong in your daies; 'is not as finely a tunes as a man would wiſſe to put in his eares.

Eva. Come, his Madeſtee ſ'all heare better to your Dance.

Here a Dance of men.

Ev. Haw, well danc'd, verie well danc'd.

Jen. Well plaid *Howell*, well plaid *Rheeſe*: *Dawharry vellhee*; well danc'd y'faith.

Ev. Good boyes, good boyes; pold, and *Prittan*, pold, and *Prittan*.

After the Dance.

Jen. Is not better this now then *Pigmies?* this is men, this is no monſters, and you marke him: Well caull forth you Goates now, your Urſip ſ'all ſee a properly naturall deviſe come from the Welſe Mountaines; Is no Tuns, nor no Bottils: Stand by there, ſ'ow his Urſip the Hills, was dronkenry in his eies that make that deviſe in my minde. But now, marg, marg your Urſip I pray yow now, and yow ſ'all ſee natures and propriedies; the very beaſts of *Wales* ſ'all doe more then your men pyt in bottills, and barrills, there was a tale of a tub y'faith. 'Is the Goat-heard and his dog, and his ſonne, and his wife make muſiques to the Goates as they come from the Hills; give 'hem roomes, give 'hem roomes, now the cym: The elderly Goates is indifferently grave at firſt, becauſe of his beard, and onely tread it the meaſures; byt yow will ſee him pyt off his gravities by and by well inough, and friske it as fine as ere a Kid on 'hem aull. The Welſe Goate is an excellent dancer by birth, that is written of him, and of as wiſely carriage, and comely behaviours a beaſt (for his footing eſpecially) as ſome one or two man, God bleſſe him.

Ev. A Haull, a haull; come a haull, *An vellhee.*

Here the Dance of Goates.

After the Dance.

1 Wo. Nay, and your Madeſtee bid the Welſe Goats welcome; The Welſe Wen-ces ſ'all ſing your praiſes, and dance your healths too.

Song.

1 *AW, God bleſſe it our good King S'ames,*
His Wife, and his S'ildren, and aull his Reames,
2 *And aull his 'urſipfull S'iſtice of peace about him,*
1 *And ſend that his Court be never without him.*
2 *Ow, that her would come downe into* Wales,
1 *Her ſ'ud be very welcome to Welſe* Ales.
2 *I have a Cow,*
1 *And I have a hen;*
2 *S'all give it milke,*
1 *And egs for aull his men.*

Chorus

CHORVS.

'It selfe s'all have venison, and other Seere,
And may it be sterved, that steale him his Deere,
there, there, and every where.

JEN. Cym dance now, let us heare your dance, dance.
EV. Ha! well plaid *Ales.*
HO. For the *Honour of Wales.*

Here was the Dance of men and women.

After the Dance.

JEN. *Diggon.* Inough, inough, *Diggon*, well now aull the absurdities is remov'd and cleer'd; the rest and'please your Grace s'all tarrie still, and goe on as it was; *Vertue, and Pleasure* was well inough, indifferently well inough: Onely we will intreat *Pleasure* to cym out of *Driffimdore*, that is the *Gilden Valley*, or *Gelthleedore*, that is the *Golden Grove*, and is in *Care Marden* the *Welse Garden*. 'Is a thousand place in *Wales* as finely places as the *Esperides* every crum of him: *Merlin* was borne there too, put wee would not make him rise now and wake him, because we have his Prophecies alreadie of your Madestee's name to as good purpose, as if he were here in presence, *Pod hy geller Evan?*

EV. You will still pyt your selve to these plunses, you meane his Madestees Anagrams of *Charles James Stuart.*

JEN. I that is *Claimes Arthurs Seate*, which is as much as to say, your Madestee 'ud be the first King of gread *Prittan*, and sit in *Cadier Arthur*, which is *Arthurs Chaire*, as by Gods blessing you doe: And then your Sonne Master *S'harles* his, how doe you caull him? is *Charles Stuart, cals true hearts*, that is us, he cals us, the Welse Nation to be ever at your service, and love you, and honour you, which we pray you understand it his meaning. And that the Musitians yonder, are so many *Brittis bards* that sing o'pen the Hills to let out the Prince of *Wales*, and his Welse freinds to you, and all is done.

GR. Very homely done it is I am well assur'd, if not very rudely: But it is hop'd your Madestee will not interpret the honour, merits, love, and affection of so noble a portion of your people, by the povertie of these who have so imperfectly uttered it: Yow will rather for their saks, who are to come in the name of *Wales*, my Lord the Prince, and the others; pardon what is past, and remember the Cyntrie has alwaies been fruitfull of loyall hearts to your Majestie; a very garden and seed plot of honest mindes and men: What lights of learning hath *Wales* sent forth for your Schooles? What industrious Studients of your Lawes? what able Ministers of your Justice? whence hath the Crowne in all times better servitors, more liberall of their lives and fortunes? where hath your Court or Councell (for the present) more noble ornaments or better aydes? I am glad to see it, and to speake it, and though the Nation bee sayd to be unconquer'd,, and most loving liberty, yet it was never mutinous (and please your Majestie;) but stout, valiant, courteous, hospitable, temperate, ingenious, capable of all good Arts, most lovingly constant,

conſtant, charitable, great Antiquaries, Religious preſervers of their Gentry, and Genealogie, as they are zealous and knowing in Religion.

In a word, It is a Nation better'd by proſperitie ſo far, as to the preſent happineſſe it enjoyes under your moſt ſacred Majeſtie, it wiſhes nothing to be added, but to ſee it perpetuall in You, and your Iſſue.

God of his great goodneſſe grant it, and ſhow he is an errant knave, and no true Brittaine doe's not ſay Amen *too with his heart.*

NEWES FROM THE NEVV VVORLD DISCOVER'D IN THE MOONE.

A Masque,

AS IT VVAS PRESENTED AT COVRT BEFORE KING IAMES.

1620.

Nascitur è tenebris: & se sibi vindicat Orbis.

Enter 1 Herald, 2 Herald, Printer, Chronicler, Factor.

1 HER. NEwes, newes, newes.

2 HER. Bold, and brave new!

1 HER. Newe as the night they are borne in;

2 HER. Or the Phant'sie that begot'hem.

1 HER. Excellent newes!

2 HER. Will you heare any newes?

PRINT. Yes, and thanke you too sir; what's the price of hem?

1 HER. Price, Cocks-combe! what price, but the price o' your ears? As if any man used to pay for any thing here.

2 HER. Come forward, you should be some dull tradesman by your pigheaded Sconce now, that thinke there's nothing good any where, but what's to be sold.

PRIN. Indeed I am all for sale Gentlemen, you say true, I am a Printer, and a Printer of Newes; and I doe hearken after hem, where ever they

they be at any rates; I'le give any thing for a good Copie now, be't true or false, so't be newes.

1 Her. A fine youth!

Chro. And I am for matter of State Gentlemen, by consequence, story, my Chronicle, to fill up my great booke, which must bee three Reame of paper at least; I have agreed with my Stationer aforehand to make it so big, and I want for ten quire yet. I ha' beene here ever since seven a clocke i'the morning to get matter for one page, and I thinke I have it compleate; for I have both noted the number, and the capacity of the degrees here; and told twice over how many candles there are i'th roome lighted, which I will set you downe to a snuffe precisely, because I love to give light to posteritie in the truth of things.

1 Her. This is a finer youth!

Fact. Gentlemen, I am neither Printer, nor Chronologer, but one that otherwise take pleasure i'my Pen: A Factor of newes for all the Shieres of *England*; I doe write my thousand Letters a weeke ordinary, sometim twelve hundred, and maintaine the businesse at some charge, both to hold up my reputation with mine owne ministers in Towne, and my friends of correspondence in the Countrey; I have friends of all rancks, and of all Religions, for which I keepe an answering Catalogue of dispatch; wherein I have my Puritan newes, my Protestant newes, and my Pontificiall newes.

2 Her. A Superlative this!

Fac. And I have hope to erect a Staple for newes ere long, whether all shall be brought, and thence againe vented under the name of Staple-newes; and not trusted to your printed Conundrums of the serpent in *Sussex*, or the witches bidding the Devill to dinner at *Derbie*: Newes, that when a man sends them downe to the Shieres where they are said to be done, were never there to be found.

Prin. Sir that's all one, they were made for the common people; and why should not they ha' their pleasure in beleeving of lies are made for them, as you have in *Paules* that make 'hem for your selves.

1 Her. There he speakes reason to you sir.

Fac. I confesse it, but it is the Printing I am offended at, I would have no newes printed; for when they are printed they leave to bee newes; while they are written, though they be false, they remaine newes still.

Prin. See mens divers opinions! It is the Printing of 'hem makes 'hem news to a great many, who will indeed beleeve nothing but what's in Print. For those I doe keepe my Presses, and so many Pens going to bring forth wholsome relations, which once in halfe a score yeares (as the age growes forgetfull) I Print over againe with a new date, and they are of excellent use.

Chro. Excellent abuse rather.

Prin. Mr. Chronicler doe not you talke, I shall---

1 Her. Nay Gentlemen, bee at peace one with another; wee have enough for you all three, if you dare take upon trust.

Prin. I dare, I assure you.

Fac. And I, as much as comes.

Chro. I dare too, but nothing so much as I ha' done; I have beene so cheated with false relations i'my time, as I ha' found it a far harder thing to correct my booke, then collect it.

Fac.

Fa. Like enough; but to your newes Gentlemen, whence come they?

1 Her. From the Moone, ours sir.

Fac. From the Moone! which way? by sea? or by Land?

1 Her. By Moone-shine, a neerer way I take it.

Pr. Oh by a Trunck! I know it, a thing no bigger than a Flute-case; A neighbour of mine, a spectacle-maker, has drawn the Moone through it at the boare of a whistle, and made it as great as a Drum-head twentie times, and brought it within the length of this Roome to me, I know not how often.

Chr. Tut, that's no newes; your perplexive Glasses are common. No, it will fall out to be *Pythagoras* way I warrant you, by writing, and reading i'th Moone.

Pr. Right, and as well read of you, I'faith: for *Cornelius Agrippa* has it, *In disco Lunæ*, there tis found.

1 Her. Sir, you are lost I assure you; for ours came to you neither by the way of *Cornelius Agrippa*, nor *Cornelius Drible*.

2 Her. Nor any glasse of---

1 Her. No Philosophers phantasie.

2 Her. Methematicians Perspicill.

1 Her. Or brother of the Rosie crosses intilligence, no forc'd way, but by the neat and cleane power of Poetrie,

2 Her. The Mistris of all discovery.

1 Her. Who after a world of these curious uncertainties, hath employed thither a servant of hers in search of truth: who has been there---

2 Her. In the Moone.

1 Her. In person.

2 Her. And is this night return'd.

Fac. Where? which is he? I must see his Dog at his girdle, and the bush of thornes at his backe, ere I beleeve it.

1 Her. Doe not trouble your faith then, for if that bush of thornes should prove a goodly Grove of Okes; in what case were you, and your expectation.

2 Her. Those are stale Ensignes o'the Stages, man i'th Moone, deliverd downe to you by musty Antiquitie, and are of as doubtfull credit as the makers.

Chr. Sir, nothing againe Antiquitie I pray you, I must not heare ill of Antiquitie.

1 Her. Oh! you have an old Wife belike, or your venerable Jerkin there, make much of'hem: Our relation I tell you still is newes.

2 Her. Certaine, and sure newes.

1 Her. Of a new World,

2 Her. And new creatures in that World.

1 Her. In the Orbe of the Moone.

2 Her. Which is now found to be an Earth inhabited!

1 Her. With navigable Seas, and Rivers.

2 Her. Varietie of Nations, Polities, Lawes.

1 Her. With Havens in't, Castles, and Port-Townes!

2 Her. In-land Cities, Boroughes, Hamlets, Faires, and Markets!

1 Her. Hundreds, and Weapontakes! Forrests, Parks, Coney-ground, Meadow-pasture, what not?

2 He. But differing from ours.

Fac. And has your Poet brought all this?

Ch. Troth, here was enough; tis a pretty piece of Poetrie as'tis.

1 He. Would you could heare on, though.

2 He. Gi' your mindes to't a little.

Fac. What Innes, or Alehouses are there there? does he tell you?

1 He. Truly I have not askt him that.

2 He. Nor were you best, I beleeve.

Fac. Why, in travaile a man knowes these things without offence; I am sure if he be a good Poet, hee has discover'd a good Taverne in his time.

1 He That he has, I should thinke the worse of his Verse else.

Pr. And his Prose too i'faith.

Chr. Is he a Mans Poet, or a Womans Poet I pray you?

2 He. Is there any such difference?

Fac. Many, as betwixt your mans Taylor, and your womans Taylor.

1 He. How? may we beseech you?

Fac. Ile shew you; your Mans Poet may break out strong and deep i'th mouth, as he said of *Pindar*, *Monte decurrens velut amnis.* But your Womans Poet must flow, and stroak the eare, and (as one of them sayd of himselfe sweetly)

Must write a Verse as smooth, and calm as Creame,
In which there is no torrent, nor scarce streame.

See Discoveries, p. 99. *

2 He. Ha' you any more on't?

Fac. No, I could never arrive but to this Remnant.

1 He. Pittie! would you had had the whole piece for a patterne to all Poetrie.

Pr. How might we doe to see your Poet? did he undertake this journey (I pray you) to the Moone o' foot?

1 He. Why doe you aske?

Pr. Because one of our greatest Poets (I know not how good a one) went to *Endenburgh* o' foot, and came backe; marry he has beene restive they say ever since, for we have had nothing from him; he has set out nothing I am sure.

1 He. Like enough, perhaps he has not all in, when he has all in, he he will set out (I warrant you) at least those from whom he had it, it is the very same party that has beene i'th Moone now.

Pr. Indeed! has he beene there since? belike he rid thither then.

Fac. Yes Post, upon the Poets horse for a wager.

1 He. No I assure you, he rather flew upon the wings of his Muse. There are in all but three wayes of going thither; one is *Endymions* way, by rapture in sleepe, or a dreame. The other *Minipus* his way, by wing, which the Poet tooke. The the third, old *Empedocles* way; who when he leapt into *Ætna*, having a drie seare bodie, and light, the smoake took him and whift him up into the Moone, where he lives yet waving up and downe like a feather, all soot and embers comming out of that cole-pit; our Poet met him, and talkt with him.

Chr. In what language good sir?

2 He. Onely by signes and gestures, for they have no articulate voy-

ces there, but certaine motions to muſicke: all the diſcourſe there is harmonie.

Fac. A fine Lunatique language i'faith; how doe their Lawyers then?

2 Her. They are *Pythagorians*, all dumbe as fiſhes, for they have no controverſies to exerciſe themſelves in.

Fac. How doethey live then?

1 He. O'th deaw o'th Moone like Graſhoppers, and conferre with the Doppers.

Fac. Ha' you Doppers?

2 He. A world of Doppers! but they are there as lunatick perſons, walkers onely; that have leave onely to hum, and ha, not daring to prophecie, or ſtart up upon ſtooles to raiſe doctrine.

1 He. The brethren of the *Roſie-Croſſe* have their Colledge within a mile o'the Moone; a Caſtle i'th ayre that runs upon wheeles with a wing'd lanthorne----

Pr. I ha' ſeen't in print.

2 Her. All the phantaſticall creatures you can thinke of, are there.

Fac. 'Tis to be hop'd there are women there then?

1 He. And zealous women, that will out-grone, the groning wives of *Edinburgh*.

Fac. And Lovers as phantaſticke as ours?

2 He. But none that will hang themſelves for Love, or eate candles ends, or drinke to their Miſtreſſe-eyes, till their owne bid'hem good night, as the *Sublunary Lovers doe*.

Fac. No ſir?

2 Her. No, ſome few you ſhall have, that ſigh or whiſtle themſelves away; and thoſe are preſently hung up by the heeles like Meteors, with Squibs i'their tayles, to give the wiſer ſort warning.

Pr. Excellent!

Fac. Are there no ſelfe-Lovers there?

2 Her. There were, but they are all dead of late for want of Taylors.

Fac. S'light what lucke is that? we could have ſpar'd them a Colonie from hence.

2 He. I thinke ſome two or three of them live yet, but they are turn'd *Moone-Calves* by this.

Pr. O, I, *Moone-Calves*! what Monſter is that I pray you?

2 Her. Monſter? none at all; a very familiar thing, like our foole here on earth.

1 Her. The Ladyes there, play with them inſtead of little Dogges.

Fac. Then there are Ladies?

2 Her. And Knights, and Squires.

Fac. And ſervants, and Coaches?

1 Her. Yes, but the Coaches are much o'the nature of the Ladies, for they goe onely with wind.

Chro. Prittie, like *China-waggons*.

Fac. Ha' they any places of meeting with their Coaches, and take-

king the fresh open aire, and then covert when they please, as in our *Hide-Parke*, or so?

2 Her. Above all the *Hide-parkes* in Christendome, farre more hiding and private, they doe all in clouds there; they walke i'the clouds, they sit i'the clouds, they lie i'the clouds, they ride and tumble i'the clouds, their very Coaches are clouds.

Pr. But ha' they no Carmen to meet and breake their Coaches?

2 He. Alas! Carmen, they will over a Carman there, as hee will doe a Child here; you shall have a Coachman with cheekes like a trumpeter, and a wind in his mouth blow him afore him as farre as he can see him; or skirre over him with his batts wings a mile and a halfe, ere hee can steere his wry necke to looke where he is.

Fac. And they ha' their new Wells too, and phisicall waters I hope to visit all time of yeare?

1 He. Your *Tunbridge*, or the *Spaw* it selfe are meere puddle to'em: When the pleasant moneths o'the yeare come, they all flocke to certaine broken Islands which are called there, the *Isles of delight*:

Fac. By clouds still?

1 He. What else? Their Boates are clouds too.

2 He. Or in a mist; the mists are ordinary i'the Moone, a man that owes money there, needs no other protection; onely buy a mist and walk in't, hee's never discern'd, a matter of a *Baubee* doe's it.

poll'd heads. the hair cut short.

1 He. Onely one Island they have, is call'd the Isle of the *Epecanes*, because there under one Article both kindes are signified, for they are fashioned alike, male and female the same, not heads and broad hats, short doublets, and long points; neither do they ever untrusse for distinction, but laugh and lie downe in Moone-shine, and stab with their ponyards; you doe not know the delight of the *Epicænes* in Moon-shine.

2 He. And when they ha' tasted the springs of pleasure enough, and bild, and kist,, and are readie to come away; the shee's only lay certain egges (for they are never with Child there,) and of those egges are disclosed a race of Creatures like men, but are indeed a sort of Fowle, in part covered with feathers (they call'hem *Volatees*), that hop from Island to Island, you shall see a covey of'hen if you please presently.

1 He. Yes faith, tis time to exercise their eies, for their eares begin to be wearie.

2 He. *Then know, we doe not move these wings so soone,*
On which our Poet mounted to the Moone
Menippus-like; but all twixt it and us,
Thus cleares and helpes to the presentment, thus.

The Antimaske of Volatees.

2 He. VVE have all this while (though the *Muses Heralds*) adventured to tell your Majestie no newes; for hitherto we have mov'd rather to your delight, than your beleife. But now be pleased to expect a more noble discovery worthie of your eare, as the object will be your eye; A race of your owne, form'd, animated, lightned, and heightned by you, who rapt above the Moone far in speculation of your vertues, have remain'd their intranc'd certaine houres, with

with wonder of the pietie, wisedome, Majesty reflected by you, on them, from the Divine light, to which onely you are lesse. These by how much higher they have beene carried from earth to contemplate your greatnesse, have now conceiv'd the more haste and hope in this their returne home to approach your goodnesse, and led by that excellent likenesse of your selfe, the truth, imitating *Procritus* endeavour, that all their motions be form'd to the musicke of your peace, and have their ends in your favour, which alone is able to resolve and thaw the cold they have presently contracted in comming through the colder Region.

They descend and shake off their Isiles.

I. Song.

How ere the brightnesse may amaze,
Move you, and stand not still at gaze,
As dazeled with the light;
But with your motions fill the place,
And let their fulnesse win your Grace,
Till you collect your sight.
So while the warmth you doe confesse,
And temper of these Raies no lesse,
To quicken then refine:
You may by knowledge grow more bold,
And so more able to behold
The bodie whence they shine.

The first Dance follows.

II. Song.

Now looke and see in yonder throne,
How all those beames are cast from one.
This is that Orbe so bright,
Has kept your wonder so awake;
Whence you as from a mirrour take
The Suns reflected light.
Read him as you would doe the booke
Of all perfection, and but looke
What his proportions be;
No measure that is thence contriv'd,
Or any motion thence deriv'd,
But is pure harmonie.

Maine Dance, and Revells.

III. Song.

Not that we thinke you wearie be,
for he
That did this motion give,
And made it so long live,

Could

Could likewise give it perpetuitie.
Nor that we doubt you have not more,
and store
Of changes to delight,
For they are infinite,
As is the power that brought forth those before.
But since the earth is of his name,
and fame
So full you cannot adde,
Be both the first, and glad
To speake him to the Region whence you came.

The last Dance.

IIII. Song.

Looke, looke alreadie where I am,
bright fame,
Got up unto the skie,
thus high,
Vpon my better wing,
to sing
The knowing King,
And make the musicke here,
With yours on earth the same.
CHORUS. *Joyne then to tell his name,*
and say but JAMES *is he;*
All eares will take the voyce,
And in the tune rejoyce,
Or truth hath left to breath, and fame hath left to be.

1 HER. *See, what is that this musicke brings,*
And is so carried in the ayre about?
2 HER. *Fame that doth nouriſh the renowne of Kings,*
And keepes that fayre, which envie would blot out.

The End.

A MASQUE OF THE METAMORPHOSD GYPSIES.

AS

IT WAS THRICE PRESENTED TO KING IAMES.

FIRST,

AT BVRLEIGH on the Hill.

NEXT,

AT BELVOYR.

AND LASTLY,

AT WINDSOR.

AVGVST,
1621.

THE PROLOGUE AT WINDSOR.

AS many bleſſings as there be bones
In *Ptolome's* fingers and all at ones,
Held up in *Andrewes* Croſſe for the nones.
Light on you good Maſter,
I dare be no waſter
Of time, or of ſpeech
Where you are in place:
I onely beſeech
You take in good grace,
Our following the Court,
Since 'tis for your ſport
To have you ſtill merrie,
And not make you wearie.
We may ſtrive to pleaſe,
So long (ſome will ſay) till we grow a diſeaſe
But you Sir, that twice
Have grac't us alreadie, encourage to thrice;
Wherein if our boldneſſe your patience invade,
Forgive us the fault that your favour hath made.

THE SPEECH AT THE KINGS ENTRANCE AT BURLEIGH.

IF for our thoughts there could but speech be found,
And all that speech be uttered in one sound;
So that some power above us would afford
The meanes to make a language of a word,
It should be welcome: In that onely voyce
We would receive, retaine, enjoy, rejoyce;
And all effects of love, and life dispence,
Till it were call'd a copious eloquence:
For should we vent our spirits (now you are come,)
In other sillables, were as to be dumbe.
Welcome, ô welcome *then, and enter here,*
The House your bounty hath built, and still doth reere
With those high favours, and those heap't increases;
Which shewes a hand not greev'd, but when it ceases.
The Master is your creature, as the place;
And every good about him is your grace:
Whom though he stand by silent, thinke not rude,
But as a man turn'd all to gratitude.
For what he never can hope, how to restore,
Since while he meditates one, you heape on more.
Vouchsafe to thinke, he onely is oppreſt
With their aboundance, not that in his breaſt
His pow'res are ſtupid growne; for pleaſe you enter
Him, and his houſe, and ſearch them to the center:
You'll finde within no thankes, or vowes there ſhorter;
For having truſted thus much to his Porter.

THE GYPSIES METAMORPHOS'D.

Enter a Gypsie, *leading a Horse laden with five little Children bound in a trace of scarffes upon him. A second, leading another Horse laden with stoll'n Poultrey: The first leading* Gypsie *speaks, being the*

JACKMAN.

ROome for the five Princes of *Ægipt*, mounted all upon the Horse like the foure Sonnes of *Aymon*, to make the miracle the more, by a head, if it may be: gaze upon them, as on the Off-spring of *Ptolomie*, begotten upon severall *Cleopatraes*, in their severall Countries; especially on this brave Sparke strooke out of *Flint-shire*, upon Justice *Fugges* Daughter then Sheriffe of the County; who running away with a kinsman of our Captaines, and her Father pursuing her to the Marshes, Hee great with Justice, She great with Juggling, they were both for the time turn'd stone upon the sight each of other, in *Chester*: Till at last (see the Wonder) A Jugge of the Towne Ale reconciling them; the memoriall of both their gravities, his in beard, and hers in bellie, hath remain'd ever since preserv'd in picture upon the most stone Jugs of the Kingdome. The famous impe yet grew a wretchcocke, and though for seven yeares together, he were very carefully carried at his mothers backe, rock'd in a cradle of Welch-cheese, like a Maggot, and there fed with broken beere, and blowne wine o'the best dayly; yet lookes he, as if he never saw his *Quinquennium*. Tis true, he can thread needles o'horse-backe, to draw a yard of inckle through his nose: But what's that to a growne *Gipsie*, one of the bloud, and of his time if he had thriv'd: Therefore, till with his painefull Progenitors, he be able to beat it on the hard hoofe, or the bene *Bawse*, or the *Starling*, *Ken* to nip a *Fan*, and *Cly* the *Fack*; tis thought fit he march in the Infants equipage.

With the Convoy, Cheats, and peckage,
Out of Clutch of Harman Beckage,
To their libkins at the Crackmans,
Or some skipper of the Blackmans.

2 GIPSIE.

WHere the Cacklers, but no *Grunters*,
Shall uncas'd be for the *Hunters*,
Those we still must keepe alive;
I, and put them out to thrive
In the Parkes, and in the Chases,
And the finer walled places;
As Saint *James-es*, *Greenwich*, *Tibballs*,
Where the Acornes plumpe as *Chibballs*,
Soone shall change both kinde and name,
And proclaime'em the Kings game.
So the act no harme may be
Unto their keeper *Barnabee*;
It will prove as good a service,
As did ever Gipsie Jervice,
To our Captaine *Charles* the tall man,
And a part too of our Salmon.

JACKMAN.

IF we here be a little obscure, it is our pleasure; for rather than wee will offer to be our owne interpreters, we are resolv'd not to be understood: yet if any man doubt of the significancie of the language, wee referre him to the third vollume of reports, set forth by the learned in the lawes of *Canting*, and published in the Gipsies tongue: Give me my *Guittarra*, and roome for our Chiefe.

Dance.

Which is the entrance of the Captaine, with sixe more attendant;
After which the *Jackman* sings.

Song.

FRom the famous Peacke *of* Darby,
And the Devills arse there hard-by,
Where we yearely keepe our musters,
Thus the Ægiptians *throng in clusters.*
Be not frighted with our fashion,
Though we seeme a tattered Nation;
We account our ragges, our riches,
So our tricks exceed our stitches.
Give us Bacon, rindes of Walnuts,
Shells of Cockels, and of Smalnuts;
Ribands, bells, and Safrond lynnen,
All the World is ours to winne in.
Knackes we have that will delight you,
Slight of hand that will invite you,
To endure our tawny faces,

Wo. *Quit your places, and not cause you cut your laces.*
All your fortunes we can tell yee,
Be they for the backe or bellie;
In the Moodes too, and the Tenses,
That may fit your fine five senses.
Draw but then your gloves we pray you,
And sit still, we will not fray you;
For though we be here at Burley,
Wee'd be loth to make a hurly.

PATRICO.

STay my sweet Singer,
The touch of thy finger,
A little, and linger;
For me that am bringer
Of bound to the border,
The rule and Recorder,
And mouth of the order,
As Priest of the game,
And Prelate of the same.

THer's a *Gentry Cove* here,
Is the top of the Shiere,
Of the *Bever Ken*,
A man among men;
You need not to feare,
I have an eye, and an eare
That turnes here and there,
To looke to our geare.
Some say that there be
One or two, if not three,
That are greater then he.

AND for the *Roome-Morts*,
I know by their ports,
And their jollie resorts,
They are of the sorts
That love the true sports
Of King *Ptolomeus*,
Or great *Coriphæus*,
And Queene *Cleopatra*,
The *Gipsies* grand *Matra*.
Then if we shall sharke it,
Here Fayre is, and Market.
Leave Pig by, and Goose,
And play fast, and loose,
A short cut, and long,
Some inch of a song,
Pythagoras lot,

Drawne out of a pot;
With what sayes *Alchindus?*
And *Pharaotes Indus*,
John de *Indagine*
With all their *Pagine*
Of faces and *Palmistrie*,
And this is *Almistrie*.
Lay by your wimbles,
Your boring for thimbles,
Or using your nimbles,
In diving the pockets,
And sounding the sockets
Of Simper-the *Cockets*;
Or angling the purses,
Of such as will curse us;
But in the strict duell
Be merry, and cruell,
Strike faire at some jewell,
That mine may accrue well,
For that is the fuell,
To make the Town brew well,
And the pot wring well,
And the braine sing well,
Which we may bring well
About by a string well,
And doe the thing well.
It is but a straine
Of true legerdemaine,
Once twice and againe.
Or what will you say now
If with our fine play now,
Our feates, and our fingring,
Here without lingring;
Cosening the sights
Of the Lords, and the knights.
Some one of their Georges
Come off to save charges.
Or what will you say now?
If with our fine play now,
Our knackes, and our dances,
We worke on the fancies
Of some of these Nancies.
These trinckets, and tripsies,
And make 'em turne Gipsies.
Heer's no Justice Lippus
Will seeke for to nip us,
In *Crampring*, or *Cippus*,
And then for to strip us,
And after to whip us.
His justice to vary,

While

While here we doe tarry,
But be wise, and wary,
And we may both carry,
The *Kate*, and the *Mary*,
And all the bright ae'ry,
Away to the quarry.
The George and the Garter,
Into our owne quarter;
Or durst I goe further
In methood and order:
Ther's a purse and a Seale,
I have a great minde to steale.
That when our tricks are done,
We might seale our owne pardon;
All this we may doe,
And a great deale more too,
If our brave *Ptolomee*,
Will but say follow mee.

3. GIPSIE.

CAptaine, if ever at the *Boxing Ken*,
You have in draught of *Darby* drill'd your men;
And we have serv'd there armed all in Ale,
With the browne bowle, and charg'd in bragget stale;
If muster'd thus, and disciplin'd in drinke,
In our long watches we did never shrinke,
But so commanded by you kept our station,
As we preserv'd our selves a royall Nation;
And never yet did branch of Statute breake,
Made in your famous Pallas of the Peake.
If we have deem'd, that Mutton, Lambe, or Veale,
Chicke, Capon, Turkey, sweetest we did steale;
As being by our *Magna Charta* taught
To judge no urands wholesome that are bought.
If for our Linnen we still us'd the lift,
And with the hedge (our trades increase) made shift;
And ever at your solemne feast, and calls,
We have beene readie with the *Ægyptian* bralls;
To set *Kit Callot* forth in Prose or Rhime,
Or who was *Cleopatra* for the time.
If we have done this, that, more, such, or so;
Now lend your eare but to the *Patrico*.

CAP:

CAPTAINE.

Well, Dance another straine, and wee'l thinke how

Dance 2.

1. Straine. Song 2.

THe faery beame upon you,
The starres to glister on you;
A Moone of light,
In the noone of night,
Till the Fire-drake hath or'e gon you.
The wheele of fortune guide you,
The Boy with the bow beside you;
Runne aye in the way,
Till the bird of day,
And the luckier lot betide you.

CAPTAINE.

BLesse my sweet Masters, the old, and the young,
From the gall of the heart, and the stroke of the tongue:
With you luckie Bird I begin, let me see,
I ayme at the best, and I trow you are he,
Heer's some lucke alreadie, if I understand
The grounds of mine Art; here's a Gentlemans hand.
Il'e kisse it for lucks sake, you shall by this line
Love a Horse, and a Hound; but no part of a swine.
To hunt the brave Stagge, not so much for the food,
As the weale of your bodie, and the health o'your blood.
Your a man of good meanes, and have Territories store
Both by Sea, and by Land; and were borne Sir to more,
Which you like a Lord, and the Prince of your peace,
Content with your havings, dispise to increase:
You are no great Wencher, I see by your table,
Although your *Mons Veneris* sayes you are able;
You live chaste, and single, and have buried your Wife,
And meane not to marrie, by the line of your life.
Whence he that conjectures, your qualitie learnes,
You are an honest good man, and care of your Barnes.
Your *Mercuries* hill too, a wit doth betoken,
Some booke-craft you have, and are pretty well spoken.
But stay, in your *Jupiters* mount, what's here?
A *King*, a *Monarch*; what wonders appeare!
High, *Bountifull*, *Just*: a *Jove* for your parts,
A Master of men, and that Reigne in their hearts.

Ile tell it my trayne,
And come to you againe.

Song

Song 3.

To the old, long life and treasure,
To the young, all health and pleasure;
To the faire, their face
With eternall grace,
And the foule to be lov'd at leisure.

To the witty, all cleare mirrors,
To the foolish, their darke errors;
To the loving sprite,
A secure delight,
To the jealous his owne false terrors.

After which the Kings *fortune is pursued by the*

CAPTAINS.

COuld any doubt that saw this hand,
Or who you are, or what command
You have upon the fate of things,
Or would not say you were let downe
From Heaven, on earth to be the Crowne,
And top of all your neighbour *Kings?*
To see the wayes of truth you take,
To sallance businesse, and to make
All Christian differences cease.
Or till the quarrell, and the cause
You can compose, to give them lawes,
As arbitor of Warre, and Peace.
For this, of all the world you shall
Be stiled *James*, the just, and all
Their states dispose, their Sons and daughters;
And for your fortune you alone,
Among them all shall worke your owne,
By peace, not by humaine slaughters.
But why doe I presume, though true,
To tell a Fortune, Sir, to you,
Who are the maker here of all;
Where none doe stand, or sit in view,
But owe their fortune unto you,
At least what they good fortunes call?
My selfe a *Gipsie* here doe shine,
Yet are you maker, Sir, of mine.
Oh that confession could content
So high a bounty, that doth know
No part of motion, but to flow,
and giving never to repent.
May still the matter wayte your hand,
That it not feele, or stay, or stand;
but all desert still over charge.

And

And may your goodneſſe ever finde
In me whom you have made, a minde;
As thankefull as your owne is large.

2 *Dance.* 2 *Straine.*

After which, the Princes *fortune is offered at by the*

2 GIPSIE.

AS my Captaine hath begun
With the Sire, I take the Sonne,
Your hand Sir.

Of your fortune be ſecure,
Love, and ſhe, are both at your
Command Sir.

See what States are here at ſtrife,
Who ſhall tender you a Wife,
A brave one;

And a fitter for a man;
Then is offer'd here, you can
Not have one.

She is Siſter of a ſtarre,
One the nobleſt now that are;
Bright *Heſper.*

Whom the *Indians* in the Eaſt,
Phoſphore call, and in the Weſt,
Hight *Veſper.*

Courſes even with the Sunne;
Doth her mighty brother runne,
For ſplendor:

What can to the marriage night,
More then morne, and evening light
Attend her?

Save the promiſe before day,
Of a little *Fames* to play
Hereafter.

Twixt his Grandſiers knees, and move
All the pretty wayes of love,
And laughter.

Whil'ſt with care you ſtrive to pleaſe,
In your giving his cares eaſe;
And labours;

And by being long the ayd
Of the *Empire*, make afrayd
Ill Neighbours.

Till your ſelfe ſhall come to ſee
What we wiſh, yet farre to be
Attending:

For it skills not when, or where
That begins, which cannot feare
An ending.

Since your name in peace, or warres,
Nought shall bound untill the starres
up take you.

2 *Dance.* *Staine* 3.

After which, the Ladie Marques Buckinghams *by the*

3 GIPSIE.

HUrle after an old shooe,
Ile be merrie what ever I doe,
Though I keepe no time,
My words shall chyme,
Ile over-take the sense with a ryme.
Face of a rose
I pray thee depose
Some small piece of silver: It shall be no losse,
But onely to make the signe of the crosse;
If your hand you hallow,
Good fortune will follow.
I sweare by these ten,
You shall have it agen,
I doe not say when.
But Ladie, either I am tipsie,
Or you are to fall in love with a *Gipsie*;
Blush not Dame *Kate*,
For early, or late,
I doe assure you it will be your fate;
Nor need you be once asham'd of it Madam,
Hee's as handsome a man, as ever was *Adam*.
A man out of waxe,
As a Ladie would axe;
Yet hee's not to wed yee:
H'has enjoyd you alreadie,
And I hope he has sped yee.
A dainty yong fellow,
And though he looke yellow,
He never will be jealous,
But love you most zealous.
Ther's never a line in your hand but doth tell us.
And you are a soule so white, and so chaste,
A table so smooth, and so newly ra'ste,
As nothing cald foule,
Dare approach with a blot,
Or any least spot;
But still you controule,
Or make your owne lot,
Preserving love pure as it first was begot:
But Dame I must tell yee,
The fruit of your bellie,

Is that you must tender,
And care so to render;
That as your selfe came
In blood, and in name,
From one house of fame,
So that may remaine
The glory of twaine.

2 Dance. 4 Straine.

After which, the Countesse of Rutlands *by the*

3 GIPSIE.

YOu sweet Ladie have a hand too,
And a fortune you may stand too;
Both your brav'ry, and your bounty
Stile you Mistris of the County;
You will finde it from this night,
Fortune shall forget her spight,
And heape all the blessings on you,
That she can poure out upon you;
To be lov'd, where most you love,
Is the worst that you shall prove;
And by him to be imbrac't,
Who so long hath knowne you chaste,
Wise, and faire; whil'st you renew
Joyes to him, and he to you:
And when both your yeares are told,
Neither thinke the other old.

And the Countesse of Exeters *by the*

PATRICO

MAdam we know of your comming so late,
We could not well fit you a nobler fate
Then what you have readie made;
An old mans wife,
Is the light of his life,
A young one is but his shade.
You will not importune,
The change of your fortune;
For if you dare trust to my forecasting,
T'is presently good, and will be lasting.

Dance 2. 5 Straine.

After which, the Countesse of Buckinghams *by the*

4 GIPSIE.

YOur pardon Ladie, here you stand,
If some should judge you by your hand
The greatest fellon in the Land
Detected:

I cannot tell you by what Arts,
But you have ſtolne ſo many hearts,
As they would make you at all parts
Suſpected.

Your very face firſt, ſuch a one
As being view'd it was alone,
Too ſlipperie to be lookt upon;
And threw men.

But then your graces they were ſuch,
As none could er'e behold too much;
Both ev'ry taſte, and ev'ry touch
So drew men.

Still bleſt in all you thinke, or doe,
Two of your Sons are *Gipſies* too,
You ſhall our *Queene* be, and ſee who
Importunes

The heart of either yours, or you;
And doth not wiſh both *George*, and *Sue*,
And every Barne beſides, all new
Good fortunes.

The Lady Purbecks *by the*
a Gipsie.

HElpe me wonder, her's a booke,
Where I would for ever looke;
Never yet did *Gipſie* trace,
Smoother lines in hands, or face:
Venus here doth *Saturne* move
That you ſhould be *Queene* of love;
And the other Starres conſent,
Onely *Cupid* not content;
For though you the theft diſguiſe,
You have told him of his eyes:
And to ſhew his envie further,
Here he chargeth you with murther;
Sayes, although that at your ſight,
He muſt all his troches light;
Though your either cheeks diſcloſes,
Mingled bathes of milke and Roſes,
Though your lips be bankes of bliſſes,
Where he plants, and gathers kiſſes;
And your ſelfe the reaſon why,
Wiſeſt men for love may dye,
You will turne all hearts to tinder,
And ſhall make the World one cinder.

And the Ladie Elizabeth Hattons *by the*

5 GIPSIES.

MIstris, of a fayrer table
Hath not history, nor fable;
Others fortunes may be showne;
You are builder of your owne.
And what ever Heav'n hath given you;
You preserve the state still in you,
That which time would have depart;
Youth without the helpe of Art,
You doe keepe still, and the glory
Of your Sexe, is but your story.

The Lord Chamberlaine *by the*

JACKMAN.

THough you Sir be Chamberlaine, I have a key,
To open your fortune a little by the way;
You are a good man,
Deny it that can;
And faithfull you are,
Deny it that dare.
You know how to use your sword and your Pen;
And you love not alone the Arts, but the men;
The graces and Muses ev'ry where follow
You, as you were their second *Apollo*;
Onely your hand here tells you to your face,
You have wanted one grace,
To performe, what has beene a right of your place;
For by this line which is *Mars* his Trench,
You never yet help'd your Master to a Wench:
Tis well for your honour hee's pious, and chaste,
Or you had most certainly beene displaste.

Dance 2. Straine 3.

The Lord Keepers *fortune by the*

PATRICO.

AS happie a Palme Sir, as most i'the Land,
It should be a pure, and an innocent hand;
And worthie the trust,
For it sayes youle be just,
And carry that Purse,
Without any curse
Of the Publique-weale,
When you take out the Seale,

You

You doe not appeare,
A Judge of a yeare.
Ile venter my life
You never had wife,
But ile venter my skill,
You may when you will.
You have the Kings conſcience too in your breſt,
And that's a good gueſt;
Which you will have true touch of,
And yet not make much of;
More then by truth your ſelfe forth to bring,
The man that you are, for *God*, and the *King*.

The Lord Treaſurers *fortune by the*

3 GIPSIE.

I Come to borrow, and you'le grant my demand Sir,
Since tis for no money, pray lend me your hand Sir;
And yet this good hand if you pleaſe to ſtretch it,
Had the Errant beene money, could eaſily fetch it;
You command the Kings treaſure, and yet on my ſoule
You handle not much, for your palme is not foule:
Your fortune is good, and will be to ſet
The Office upright, and the King out of debt;
To put all that have Penſions ſoone out of their paine,
By bringing th'Exchequer in credit againe.

The Lord Privie-Seales,

2 GIPSIE.

HOneſt, and old,
In thoſe the good part of a fortune is told;
God ſend you your health,
The reſt is provided, honour, and wealth;
All which you poſſeſſe,
Without the making of any man leſſe,
Nor need you my warrant, enjoy it you ſhall,
For you have a good Privie-Seale for it all.

The Earle Marſhalls,

3 GIPSIE.

NExt the great Maſter, who is the Donor,
I reade you here the preſerver of honour,
And ſpie it in all your ſingular parts,
What a father you are, and a nurſe of the Arts.
By cheriſhing which, a way you have found,
How the free to all, to one may be bound,
And they againe love their bonds; for to bee
Obliged to you, is the way to be free:

But

But this is their fortune; Hearke to your owne;
Yours shall be to make true Gentry knowne
From the fictitious, not to prize blood
So much by the greatnesse, as by the good:
To shew, and to open cleere vertue the way,
Both whether she should, and how farre she may;
And whilst you doe judge twixt valour, and noyse
To'extinguish the race of the roaring boyes.

The Lord Stewards *by the*

4 GIPSIE.

I finde by this hand
You have the command
Of the very best mans house i'the land:
Our Captaine, and wee,
Ere long will see
If you keepe a good table;
Your Master's able.
And here be bountifull lines that say
You'le keepe no part of his bounty away.
Thus written to Franke
On your *Venus* banke;
To prove a false steward you'le find much adoe;
Being a true one by blood, and by office too.

Lord Marquesse Hamiltons *by the*

3 GIPSIE.

ONely your hand, and welcome to Court;
Here is a man both for earnest, and sport.
You were lately employ'd
And your Master is joy'd
To have such in his traine
So well can sustaine
His person abroad;
And not shrinke for the load.
But had you beene here,
You should have beene a *Gipsie* I sweare;
Our Captaine had summond you by a doxie,
To whom you would not have answer'd by proxie;
One, had she come in the way of your Scepter,
Tis ods, you had layd it by to have leapt her.

The Earle of Buckclough *by the*

PATRICO.

A Hunter you have beene heretofore,
And had game good store;

But

But ever you went
Upon a new sent,
And shifted your loves
As often as they did their smockes, or their gloves:
But since that your brave intendments are
Now bent for the warre,
The world shall see
You can constant be,
One Mistris to prove,
And court her for your love.
Pallas, shall be both your *Sword*, and your *Gage*;
Truth, beare your *Shield*, and fortune your *Page*.

PATR. WHy this is a sport,
See it *North*, see it *South*,
For the taste of the *Court*,
JACK. For the *Courts* own mouth.
Come *Windsor*, the Towne,
With the *Maior*, and oppose,
Weell put them all downe,
PATR. *Do--do--downe* like my hose.
A *Gipsie* in his shape
More calls the beholder,
Then the fellow with the Ape,
JAC. Or the Ape on his shoulder.
H'is a sight that will take
An old Judge from his Wench,
I, and keepe him awake,
PAT. Yes, awake on the Bench.
And has so much worth,
Though he sit i'the stocks,
He will draw the Girles forth,
JAC. I, forth i'their smocks.
Tut, a man's a man;
Let the Clownes with their Sluts
Come mend us if they can,
PAT. If they can, for their guts.
Come mend us, come lend us, their shouts, and their noyse,
BOTH. Like thunder, and wonder at *Ptolomies* boyes.

2 *Dance.* 6 *Straine, which leads into Dance* 3.

During which, Enter the Clownes,

COCKRELL, CLOD, TOVVNSHEAD, PUPPIE.

COCK. OH the Lord! what be these? *Tom* dost thou know? Come hither, come hither *Dick*, didst thou ever see such? the finest Olive-colour'd spirits, they have so danc'd, and gingled here, as if they had beene a sett of over-growne Fayries.

CLO.

Clo. They should be Morris-dancers by their gingle, but they have no napkins:

Co. No, nor a Hobby-horse.

Cl. Oh, hees often forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no *Maid-marian*, nor *Friar* amongst them, which is the surer marke.

Co. Nor a Foole that I see.

Cl. Unlesse they be all fooles.

Tovv. Well sed *Tom foole*; why thou simple pish Asse thou! didst thou never see any *Gipsies*? these are a covie of *Gipsies*, and the bravest new-come, that ever Constable flew at; goodly game *Gipsies*, they are *Gipsies* o'this yeare, o'this Moone in my conscience.

Cl. Oh they are called the Moone men I remember now!

Coc. One shall hardly see such gentleman-like-*Gipsies*, though under a hedge in a whole Summers day, if they be *Gipsies*.

Tovv. Male *Gipsies* all, not a *Mort* among them.

Pup. Where? where? I could never endure the sight of these *Rogue-Gipsies*, which be they? I would faine see'em.

Cl. Yonder they are.

Pup. Can they *Cant*, or *Mill*? are they masters of their Arts?

To. No bachelours these, they cannot have proceeded so farre; they have scarce had their time to be lowsie yet.

Pu. All the better; I would be acquainted with them while they are in cleane life, the'ile doe their tricks the cleanlier.

Coc. We must have some musick then, and take out the Wenches.

Pup. Musick, wee'll have a whole poverty of pipers, call cheeks upon the Bagpipe, and *Tom Ticklefoot* with his Tabor; see where he comes!

Co. I, and all the good wenches of *Windsor*; after him, yonder is *Prue* o'the Parke,

Tovv. And *Frances* o'the Castle;

Pup. And long *Meg* of *Eaton*;

Clo. And *Christian* o' *Derny*.

Tovv. See the miracle of a Minstrell.

Co. Hees able to muster up the smocks of the two Shieres;

Pu. And set the *Codpeeces* and they by th'ea res at pleasure.

To. I cannot hold now, ther's my groat, let's have a fit for mirth sake.

Co. Yes, and the'ile come about us for lucke sake.

Pu. But looke to our pockets, and purses, for our owne sake.

Cl. I, I have the greatest charge; gather the money.

Co. Come Girles, here be *Gipsies* come to town, let's dance'em down.

The Clownes *take out their Wenches.*

Prudence, Frances, Megge, Christian.

Country Dance.

During which, the Gipsies *come about them prying, and after the*

Patrico.

Sweet *Doxies, and* Dells,
My Roses, *and* Knells,
Scarce out of the shells,
Your hands nothing ells.

Wearing you no knells
With our Ptolomies bells,
Though we come from the fells,
But bring you good ſpells,
And tell you ſome chances,
In midſt of your dances,
That fortune advances,
To Prudence, *or* Frances;
To Siſly, *or* Harry,
To Roger, *or* Mary,
Or Pegge *of the* Dary;
To Maudlin, *or Thomas*,
Then do not runne from us,
Although we looke tawny,
We are healthie, and brawny;
What ere your demand is,
Weell give you no jaundis.

Pvr. Say you ſo old *Gipſie*? 'ſlid theſe go too't in rymes; this is better then canting by tone halfe.

To. Nay, you ſhall heare'em; peace; they begin with *Prudence*, mark that.

Pu. The wiſer *Gipſie's* the Marry.

To. Are you adviſ'd?

Pu. Yes, and ile ſtand too't, that a wiſe *Gipſie* (take him at time o'year) is as pollique a peece of fleſh, as moſt Juſtices in the County where hee ſtalkes.

3 Gir. To love a Keeper, your fortune will bee;
But the *Doucets* better then him, or his fee.

To. Ha *Prue*, has he hit you it'h teeth with a ſweet bit?

Pu. Let her alone, ſhee'll ſwallow well enough; A learned *Gipſie*.

To. You'le heare more hereafter.

Pu. Marry, and ile liſten; who ſtands next? *Jack Cockrell*.
You'le ha' good lucke to horſe-fleſh o'my life,
You plow'd ſo late with the Vicars wife.

Pu. A Prophet, a prophet, no *Gipſie*; or if he be a *Gipſie*, a divine *Gipſie*.

To. Mark *Frances*, now ſhee's going too't, the virginitie o'the Pariſh.

Pat. Feare not, in hell you'le never lead Apes;
A mortifi'd mayden, of five ſcapes.

Pu. Birlady he toucht the virgin ſtring there a little too hard, they are arrant learned men all I ſee; what ſay they upon *Tom, Clod, Liſt*.

1 Gip. *Clods* feet will in *Chriſtmas* goe neere to be bare,
When he has loſt all his hobnayles at Poſt and paire.

Pu. Has hit the right nayle o'th head, his owne game.

To. And the very mettall he deales in at play if you marke it.

Pu. Peace, who's this? *Long Meg*?

To. *Long*, and foule *Meg*, if ſhe be a *Meg*, as ever I ſaw of her inches; pray God they fit her with a faire fortune.

Pu. They ſlip her, and creat upon *Tickle-foot*.

1 Gip. On Sundayes you robbe the poores boxe with your tabor,
The Collectors would doe it, you ſave them a labor.

Pu.

Pup. Faith but a little, they'le doe it *non upstant.*

To. Heer's my little *Christian*, forget, ha you any fortune left for her; a straight-lac'd *Christian* of sixteene.

Pat. *Christian* shall get her a loose bodide-gowne, In trimge, how a Gentleman differs from a Clowne.

Pup. Is that a fortune for a *Christian*; a *Turke*, or a *Gipsie* could not have told her a worse.

To. Come, Ile stand my selfe, and once venter the poore head o'the Towne, doe your worst, my name's *Townshead*, and heers my hand Ile not be angry.

3 Gip. A *Cuckold* you must be, and that for three lives; Your owne, the Parsons, and your Wives.

To. I sweare Ile never marry for that, an't be but to give fortune my foe the lye; *Com Pan Puppie* you must in too:

Pup. No, I'me well enough, I would ha'no good fortune an I might.

Pat. Yet looke to your selfe, you'le ha some ill luck, And shortly, for I have his purse at a plucke.

Away birds Mum,
I heare by the Hum,
If Beck-harman come,
Hee'le strike us all dumbe,
With a noyse like a Drum,
Let's give him our roome,
Here, this way some,
And that way others,
We are not all brothers;
Leave me to the cheats,
Ile shew 'em some feates.

Pup. What! are they gone? flowne all of a sudden? this is fine i'faith? a covie call y'em, they are a covie soone scatter'd mee thinke, who sprung'em I marle?

To. Marry your selfe *Puppie* for ought I know, you quested last.

Clo. Would he had quested first, and sprung y'em an 'owre agoe, for mee.

To. Why! what's the matter man?

Clo. 'Slid, they ha' sprung my purse, and all I had about me.

So. They ha'not, ha'they?

Clo. As I am true *Clod*, ha'they, and ransacled me of every penny, outcept I were with child with an owle (as they say) I never saw such lucke, it's enough to make a man a whore.

Pup. Hold thy peace, thou talk'st as if thou had'st a license to lose thy purse alone in this company; 'slid here be those can lose a purse in honour of the *Gipsies*, as well as thou for thy heart, and never make word of it: I ha'lost my purse too.

Coc. What was there i'thy purse, thou keep'st such a whining; was the lease of thy house in it.

Pu. Or thy *Grannams* silver ring.

Cl. No, but a *Mill* sixe-pence I lov'd as dearely, and a 2 pence I had to spend over and above; besides, the Harper that was gathered amongst us, to pay the *Piper*.

Tom. Our whole stocke, is that gone? how will *Tom Tickle-foot* doe to wet his whistle then?

Pup. Marry, a new collection, ther's no musicke else masters, hee can ill pipe that wants his upper lippe; Money.

Pau. They have robb'd me too of a dainty race of ginger, and a jetting I had, to draw Jacke straw hether a holydayes.

Tom Is't possible? fine finger'd *Gipsies* i'faith.

Mis. And I have lost an inchanted Nutmegge, all guilded over, was inchanted at *Oxford* for mee, to put i'my sweet-hearts Ale a mornings; with a row of white-pins that pricke me to the very heart, the losse of them.

Clo. And I have lost, besides my purse, my best bride-lace I had at *Joane Turners* wedding, and a halpeworth of hobnayles: *Francis Addlebreech* has lost somewhat too, besides her Mayden-head.

Fra. I have lost my thimble, and a skeine of Coventry-blew I had to worke *Gregory Lichfield* a handkercheife.

Chr. And I unhappie *Christian* as I am, have lost my Practice of Pietie, with a bowed groat; and the ballet of *Whoope Barnibie*, which grieves me ten times worse.

Clo. And *Tickle-foot* h'as lost his cloute he layes, with a three pence and foure tokens in't; besides his Tabouring-sticke ev'n now.

Co. And I my knife and sheath, and my fine Dogs-leather gloves.

To. H'a we lost never a dogge amongst us, wher's *Puppie*.

Pup. Here goodman *Townshead*, you have nothing to lose it seemes, but the *Towne-braines* you are trusted with.

OH my deare marrowes!
No shooting of arrowes,
Or shafts of your wit,
Each other to hit,
In your skirmishing fit?
Your store is but small,
Then venter not all.
Remember each mocke,
Doth spend o'the stocke;
And what was here done,
Being under the Moone,
And at afternoone,
Will prove right soone
Disceptio visus,
Done Gratia risus.
Ther's no such thing,
As the losse of a ring,
Or what you count worse,
The misse of a purse.
But haye for the maine,
And passe of the straine,
Heer's both come againe.
And ther's an old twinger,
Can show yee the ginger;

The

The Pinnes, and the Nutmegge
Are safe heere with Slut-megge,
Then strike up your Tabour,
And ther's for your labour;
The sheath, and the knife, Ile venter my life,
Shall breed you no strife,
But like man, and wife,
Or Sister, and brother, keepe one with another;
And light as a feather,
Make haste to come hither.

THe Coventry-blew,
Hangs there upon Prue,
And heer's one opens
The Clout, and the Tokens;
Denie the bow'd groat,
And you lie i' your throat.
Or the Tabourers nine pence,
Or the sixe fine pence.
As for the ballet,
Or the booke what you call it;
Alas our societie,
Mell's not with pietie,
Himselfe hath forsooke it,
That first undertooke it;
For thimble, or bride-lace
Search yonder side lasse.
All's to be found,
If you looke your selves round;
We scorne to take from yee,
We had rather spend on yee,
If any man wrong yee,
The Theef's *among yee.*

Tovv. EXcellent i' faith, a most restorative *Gipsie*, all's here agen; and yet by his learning of *Legier-demaine*, he would make us beleeve we had robb'd our selves.

Co. A *Gipsie* of qualitie beleeve it, and one of the Kings *Gipsies*; this a *Drinke-alian*, or a *Drinke-braggatan*?

Aske him.

The *King* has his noyse of *Gipsies*, as well as of *Bearwards*, and other Minstrells.

Pu. What sort or order of *Gipsies*, I pray sir.

A *Flagon-fekian*,
A *Devils-arse-a Pekian*;
Borne first at *Niglington*,
Bred up at *Filchington*,
Boarded at *Tappington*,
Bedded at *Wappington*.

To.

To. Fore me, a dainty deriv'd *Gipsie*.

Pu. But I pray sir, if a man might aske on you, how came your Captaines place first to be call'd the *Devills-arse*.

Pat. For that take my word,
We have a record,
That doth it afford,
And sayes our first Lord,
Cocklorrell he hight,
On a time did invite
The Devill to a feast;
The tayle of the jeast,
Though since it be long,
Lives yet in a song;
Which if you would heare,
Shall plainly appeare.
Ile call in my Clarke
Shall sing like a Larke,
Come in my long sharke,
With thy face browne and darke;
With thy tricks, and thy toyes,
Make a merry merry noyse,
To those mad Country boyes,
And chant out the fart of the *Grand-devils* arse.

SONG.

COck-lorrell, *would needs have the Devill his guest,*
And bad him once into the Peake to dinner,
Where never the Fiend had such a feast,
Provided him yet at the charge of a sinner.

His *stomacke was queasie (for comming there Coacht),*
The jogging had caus'd some crudities rise;
To helpe it he call'd for a Puritan poacht,
That used to turne up the egg's of his eyes.

And so recover'd unto his wish,
He sate him downe, and he fell to eate;
Promooter *in plum-broth was the first dish,*
His owne privie kitchin had no such meate.

Yet though with this he much were taken
Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher
As soone as he spi'd the Bawd, and bacon,
By which you may note the devill's a wencher.

Sixe *pickl'd Taylor's sliced and cut,*
Sempsters, Tyrewomen, fit for his pallat;
With Feathermen, and perfumes put,
Some twelve in a Charger to make a grand sallet:

A rich *fat Vsurer stu'd in his marrow,*
And by him a Lawyers head and green-sawce;
Both which his belly tooke in like a harrow,
As if till then he had never seene sawce.

Then *Carbonadoed, and Cook't with paines;*
Was brought up a cloven Serjants face;
The sauce was made of his Teamans braines,
That had beene beaten out with his owne mace.

Two *roasted Sheriffes came whole to the board,*
(The feast had nothing beene without 'em)
Both living, and dead, they were foxt, and fu'rd;
Their chaines like sawsages hung about 'em.

The *very next dish, was the Mayor of a Towne,*
With a pudding of maintenance thrust in his belly;
Like a Goose in the feathers dresst in his gowne,
And his couple of Hinch-boyes boyld to a jelly.

A London *Cuckold, hot from the spit,*
And when the Carver up had broke him;
The Devill chopt up his head at a bit,
But the hornes were very neere like to have choakt him.

The *chine of a Lecher too there was roasted,*
With a plumpe Harlots haunch and garlicke;
A Panders pettitoes that had boasted
Himselfe for a Captaine, yet never was warlicke.

A large *fat pastie of a Mid-wife hot,*
And for a cold bak't meat into the story,
A reverend painted Ladie was brought,
And coffin'd in crust, till now she was hoary.

To these, *an over-growne-justice of peace,*
With a Clarke like a gizzard thrust under each arme;
And warrants for sippets, layd in his owne grease,
Set o're a chaffing dish to be kept warme.

The joule *of a Faylor, serv'd for fish,*
A Constable sous'd with vineger by;
Two Aldermen lobsters asleepe in a dish,
A Deputy tart, a Churchwarden pye.

All *which devour'd; He then for a close,*
Did for a full draught of Derby call,
He heav'd the huge vessell up to his nose,
And left not till he had drunke up all.

Then *from the table he gave a start,*
Where banquet, and wine were nothing scarce;

All

All which he ſtirted away with a fart,
From whence it was call'd the Devils Arſe.

And *there he made ſuch a breach with the winde,*
The hole too ſtanding open the while,
That the ſent of the vapour, before, and behinde,
Hath fouly perfumed moſt part of the Iſle.

And *this was* Tobacco, *the learned ſuppoſe;*
Which ſince in Countrey, Court, and Towne,
In the Devills gliſter-pipe ſmoaks at the noſe
Of Pollcat, and Madam, of Gallant, and Clowne.

From *which wicked weed, with Swines-fleſh, and Ling;*
Or any thing elſe thats feaſt for the Fiend:
Our Captaine, *and wee, cry God ſave the* King,
And ſend him good meate, and mirth without end.

PUP. AN excellent ſong, and a ſweet Songſter, and would have done rarely in a Cage, with a diſh of water, and hempſeed; a fine breaſt of his owne: Sir you are a Prelate of the Order, I underſtand, and I have a terrible grudging now upon mee to bee one of your company; will your Captaine take a Prentiſe Sir? I would binde my ſelfe to him bodie and ſoule, either for one and twenty yeares, or as manie lives as he would.

CLO. I, and put in my life for one, for I am come about too; I am ſorry I had no more money i'my purſe when you came firſt upon us Sir; If I had knowne you would have pickt my pocket ſo like a Gentleman, I would have beene better provided; I ſhall bee glad to venter a purſe with your Worſhippe at any time you'll appoint, ſo you would preferre mee to your Captaine; Ile put in ſecurity for my truth, and ſerve out my time, though I dye to morrow.

COC. I, upon thoſe termes Sir, and in hope your Captaine keepes better cheere then he made the Devill, for my ſtomacke will nere agree with that dyet, wee'll be all his followers; Ile goe home and fetch a little money Sir, all I have, and you ſhall picke my pocket to my face, and i'le avouch it; A man would not deſire to have his pocket pick't in better company.

PUP. Tut, they have other manner of gifts then picking of pockets, or telling fortunes; if they would but pleaſe to ſhew'em, or thought us poore Countrey mortalls worthy of them; what might a man doe to be a Gentleman of your company Sir?

I, a *Gipſie* in ord'nary, or nothing.

PAT. FReinds not to reſell yee,
Or any way quell ye,
To buy or to ſell ye,
I onely muſt tell ye;
Ye ayme at a myſtery,
Worthie a Hiſtory;

Ther's much to be done,
E're you can be a Sonne,
Or brother of the Moone.
Tis not so soone
Acquir'd, as desir'd.
You must be *Ben-bowsie*,
And sleepy, and drowsie,
And lasie, and lowsie,
Before ye can rowse yee,
In shape that a rowse yee.
And then you may stalke
The *Gipsies* walke;
To the *Coopes*, and the *Pennes*,
And bring in the *Hennes*,
Though the Cocke be sullen
For losse of the Pullen:
Take Turkie, or Capon,
And Gammons of Bacon,
Let nought be forsaken;
Wee'll let you go loose,
Like a Foxe to a Goose,
And shew you the stie
Where the little Pigs lie;
Whence if you can take
One or two, and not wake
The Sow in her dreames,
But by the Moone beames;
So warily hye,
As neither doe cry.
You shall the next day
Have license to play
At the hedge a flirt,
For a sheet, or a shirt;
If your hand be light,
Ile shew you the slight
Of our *Ptolomies* knot,
It is, and 'tis not,
To change your complexion,
With the noble confection
Of *Wall-nuts*, and *Hogs-grease*,
Better then *Dogs-grease*:
And to milke the Kine,
Ere the Milke-mayd fine
Hath open'd her eine.
Or if you desire
To spit, or fart fire,
Ile teach you the knacks,
Of eating of flaxe;
And out of their noses,
Draw Ribbands, and posies.

As for example,
Mine owne is as ample,
And fruitfull a noſe,
As a wit can ſuppoſe;
Yet it ſhall goe hard,
But there will be ſpar'd,
Each of you a yard,
And worth your regard.
When they collour, and ſize
Arrive at your eyes.
And if you encline
To a cup of good wine,
When you ſuppe, or dine;
If you chance it to lacke,
Be it Clarret, or Sacke;
Ile make this ſnout,
To deale it about,
Or this to runne out,
As it were from a ſpont.

TOVV. Admirable tricks, and he does'em all *ſe defendendo*, as if he would not be taken in the trappe of authority, by a fraile fleſhly Conſtable.

PVP. Without the ayd of a Cheeſe,

CLO. Or helpe of a flitch of bacon.

CO. Oh, he would chirp in a paire of ſtockes ſumptuouſly; I'de give any thing to ſee him play looſe with his hands, when his feet were faſt.

PVP. O'my conſcience he feares not that, and the Marſhall himſelfe were here; I proteſt I admire him.

PAT. IS this worth your wonder,
Nay then you ſhall under-
Stand more of my skill.
I can (for I will)
Here at *Burley* o'th Hill,
Give you all your fill,
Each Jacke with his Gill,
And ſhew you the *King*,
The *Prince* too and bring;
The *Gipſies* were here,
Like *Lords* to appeare,
With ſuch there attenders,
As you thought offenders,
Who now become *new men*,
Youle know them for *true men*;
For he we call cheife,
Ile tell't ye in breife,
Is ſo farre from a theife,
As he gives ye releife
With his bread, beare, and beife.

And

And tis not long since
Ye dranke of his Wine,
And it made you fine;
Both Clarret, and Sherrie,
Then let us be merrie;
And helpe with your call,
For a *Hall*, a *Hall*.
Stand up to the wall,
Both good men, and tall,
We are one mans all.

BEVIR. THe fist of *August*,
Will not let saw-dust
Lie in your throats,
Or cobwebs, or Oates;
But helpe to scoure ye.
This is no *Gowrie*,
Has drawne *James* hither,
But the goodman of *Bever*,
Our *Buckinghams* Father;
Then so much the rather
Make it a jolly night,
For tis a holy night,
Spight of the Constable,
Or Mas *Deane* of *Dunstable*.

ALL. A *Hall*, a *hall*, a *hall*.

The Gipsies chang'd
Dance.

PATRICO.

WHy now ye behold,
Twas truth that I told,
And no devise;
They are chang'd in a trice,
And so will I,
Be my selfe, by and by.
I onely now
Must studie how
To come off with a grace,
With my *Patrico's* place:
Some short kind of blessing,
It selfe addressing
Unto my good Master,
Which light on him faster;
Then wishes can flye.
And you that stand by
Be as jocund as I;

Each man with his voyce,
Give his heart to rejoyce,
Which I'le requite,
If my Art hit right,
Though late now at night,
Each *Clowne* here in sight,
Before day light,
Shall prove a good *Knight*;
And your *Lasses* Pages
Worthie their wages,
Where fancie engages
Girles to their ages.

CLOVV. Oh any thing for the *Patrico*, what ist? what ist?
PAT. Nothing, but beare the bob of the close,
It will be no burthen you well may suppose.
But blesse the Sov'raine, and his sences,
An to wish away offences,
CLO. Let us alone, blesse the Sov'raine, and his sences.
PAT. Wee'll take them in order, as they have being,
And first of seeing.

1

PAT. FRom a *Gipsie*, in the morning,
Or a paire of squint-eyes turning:
From the *Goblin*, and the spectre,
Or a *Drunkard*, though with *Nectar*;
From a woman true to no man,
Which is ougly, besides common;
A smocke rampant, and the itches,
To be putting on the breeches:
Wher so'ere they ha' their being,
Blesse the *Sov'raine*, and his seeing:

2

FRom a foole, and serious toyes;
From a *Lawyer*, three parts noyse;
From impertinence, like a Drum
Beate at dinner in his roome;
From a tongue without a file,
Heapes of *Phrases*, and no stile:
From a Fiddle out of tune,
As the *Cuckow* is in *June*.
From the candlesticks of *Lothbury*,
And the lowd pure wives of *Banbury*:
Or a long pretended fit;
Meant for mirth, but is not it:
Onely time, and cares out-wearing,
Blesse the *Sov'raine*, and his hearing.

3

FRom a strolling Tinkers shette,
Or a payre of Carriers feet:
From a Ladie that doth breath,
Worse above, then underneath.
From the *Diet*, and the knowledge
Of the students in Beares-colledge.
From *Tobacco*, with the tipe
Of the *Devills* glister-pipe;
Or a stincke all stincks excelling,
A *Fishmongers* dwelling,
Blesse the *Sov'raigne*, and his smelling.

4

FRom an *Oyster*, and fry'd fish
A *Sowes* babye in a dish:
From any portion of a Swine,
From bad Venison, and worse wine.
Ling, what *Cooke* so'ere it boyle,
Though with mustard sawc'd and oyle,
Or what else would keepe man fasting,
Blesse the *Sov'raigne*, and his tasting.

5

BOth from birdlime, and from pitch,
From a Doxie, and her itch.
From the brisles of a Hogge,
Or the ring-worme in a Dogge.
From the courtshippe of a brier,
Or St. *Anthonies* old fier.
From a needle, or a thorne,
I'the bed at Ev'n, or Morne.
Or from any *Gowtes* least grutching.
Blesse the *Sov'raigne*, and his touching.

BLesse him too from all offences,
In his sports, as in his sences.
From a Boy to crosse his way,
From a fall, or a foule day.

BLesse him, ô blesse him Heav'n, and lend him long
To be the sacred burthen of all song;
The Acts, and yeares, of all our *Kings* t'out go;
And while hee's mortall, we not thinke him so.

After which, ascending up, the Jackman *sings.*

SONG 1.

THe sports are done, yet doe not let
Your joyes in suaden silence sett;
Delight, and dumbnesse never met
In one selfe subject yet.
If things oppos'd must mixt appeare,
Then adde a boldnesse to your feare,
And speake a hymne to him;
Where all your duties do of right belong,
Which I will sweeten with an under song.

CAPTAINE.

GLory of ours, and grace of all the Eath;
How well your figure doth become your birth,
As if your forme, and fortune equall stood,
And onely vertue got above your blood.

SONG 2.

VErtue; *his* Kingly *vertue which did merrit*
This Isle *entire, and you are to inherit.*

4 GIPSIE.

HOw right he doth confesse him in his face,
His browe, his eye, and ev'ry marke of State;
As if he were the issue of each Grace,
And bore about him both his fame, and fate.

SONG 3.

LOoke, looke, is hee not faire,
And fresh, fragrant too
As Summer skie, or purged Aire,
And lookes as Lillies doe,
That were this morning blowne.

4 GIPSIE.

Oh more! that more of him were knowne.

3 GIPSIE.

LOoke how the Windes upon the Waves growne tame,
Take up Land sounds upon their purple wings;
And catching each from other, beare the same
To ev'ry angle of their sacred springs.

So

So will we take his praiſe, and hurle his name
About the *Globe*, in thouſand Ay'ry rings,
If his great vertue be in lore with fame,
For that contem'd, both are neglected things.

SONG 4.

GOod Princes ſoare above their fame,
And in their worth,
Come greater forth,
Then in their name.
Such, ſuch the Father is,
Whom ev'ry title ſtrives to kiſſe;
Who on his Royall grounds unto himſelfe doth raiſe,
The worke to trouble fame, and to aſtoniſh praiſe.

4 GIPSIE.

INdeed hee's not Lord alone of all the State,
But of the love of men, and of the Empires fate.
The *Muſes* Arts, the *Schooles* commerce, our honours lawes;
And *Vertues* hang on him, as on their working cauſe.
2 GIP. His Hand-mayd *Juſtice* is,
3 GIP. *Wiſedome*, his Wife;
4 GIP. His Miſtreſſe, *Mercie*;
5 GIP. *Temperance*, his life.
2 GIP. His Pages bounty, and grace which many prove,
3 GIP. His Guards are *Magnanimitie*, and love.
4 GIP. His Uſhers, *Councell*, *Truth*, and *Pietie*,
5 GIP. And all that followes him, *Felicitie*.

SONG 5.

OH that we underſtood
Our good;
Ther's happineſſe indeed in blood,
And ſtore,
But how much more,
When vertu's flood
In the ſame ſtreame doth hie:
As that growes high with yeares, ſo happineſſe with it.

CAPTAINE.

LOve, love his fortune then, and vertues knowne,
Who is the toppe of men,
But makes the happineſſe our owne;
Since where the *Prince*, for goodneſſe is renownd,
The Subject with *Felicitie* is Crownd.

The End.

The Epilogue.

At Burley, Bever, *and now last at* Windsor,
Which shewes we are Gipsies *of no common kinde Sir:*
You have beheld (and with delight) their change,
And how they came transform'd, may thinke it strange.
It being a thing not touch't at by our Poet,
Good Ben *slept there, or else forgot to shew it;*
But least it prove like wonder to the sight,
To see a Gipsie, *as an* Æthiope, *white.*
Know, that what dy'd our faces, was an oyntment
Made, and layd on by Mr. Woolfes *appointment;*
The Court Licanthropos; *yet without spells,*
By a meere Barber, *and no* Magicke *ells:*
It was fetcht off with water, and a ball,
And to our transformation, this is all,
Save what the Master Fashioner *calls his,*
For to Gipsies Metamorphosis;
Who doth disguise his habit, and his face,
And takes on a false person by his place:
The power of Poetrie *can never faile her;*
Assisted by a Barber, *and a* Taylor.

FINIS.

THE MASQUE OF AUGURES.

WITH

THE SEVERALL ANTIMASQVES

PRESENTED ON

TWELFE-NIGHT,

1622.

The first Antimasque had for the SCENE

The Court Buttry-hatch.

The Presenters were from St. KATHARINES,

Notch *a Brewers Clarke*, Slug *a Lighterman*, Van-gooſe *a rare Artiſt*, *Lady* Alewife, *her two Women*, *three dancing* Beares, Urſon *the Bear-ward*, Groome *of the* Revells.

NOTCH. COme, now my head's in, Ile even venture the whole: I ha ſeene the Lyons ere now, and he that hath ſeene them may ſee the King.

SLVG. I thinke he may; but have a care you go not too high (neighbour *Notch*) leaſt you chance to have a Tally made of your pate, and bee clawed with a cudgell; there is as much danger going too neere the King, as the Lyons.

GROOM. Whither? whither now gameſters? what is the buſineſſe? the affaire? ſtop I beſeech you.

NOT. This muſt be an Officer, or nothing, he is ſo peart and breiſe in his demands! a pretty man! and a pretty man is a little o'this ſide nothing; howſoever we muſt not be daunted now, I am ſure I am a greater man than he out of the Court, and I have loſt nothing of my Sire ſince I came to it.

GROOM. Hey-da! what's this? A hogſhead of beere broake out of the Kings buttery, ro ſome Dutch Hulke! whether are you bound? The winde is againſt you, you muſt backe; doe you know where you are?

NOT. Yes ſir, if we bee not miſtaken, we are at the Court, and would

be glad to speake with something of lesse authority, and more wit, that knowes a little in the place.

GRO. Sir, I know as little as any man in the place; speake, what is your businesse? I am an Officer, Groome of the Revels, that is my place.

NOT. To fetch Bonge of Court a parcell of invisible bread, and beere for the Plaiers (for they never see it) or to mistake sixe Torches from the Chandry, and give them one.

GRO. How sir?

NOT. Come, this is not the first time you have carried coales to your owne house, I meane that should have warm'd them.

GROOM. Sir, I may doe it by my place, and I must question you farther.

NOT. Be not so musty sir, our desire is only to know whether the Kings Majesty, and the Court expect any disguise here to night.

GRO. Disguise! what meane you by that? doe you thinke that his Majesty sits here to expect drunkards?

NOT. No, if hee did, I beleeve you would supply that place better then you do this: Disguise was the old English word for a Masque sir, before you were an implement belonging to the *Revels*.

GR. There is no such word in the Office now I assure you sir, I have serv'd here, man, and boy a Prentiship or twaine, and I should know. But, by what name so ever you call it, here will be a Masque, and shall be a Masque, when you and the rest of your Comrogues shall sit disguis'd in the stocks.

NOTCH. Sure by your language you were never meant for a Courtier, howsoever it hath beene your ill fortune to be taken out of the nest young; you are some Constables egge, some such Widgin of Authoritie, you are so easily offended! Our comming was to shew our loves sir, and to make a little merry with his Majesty to night, and we have brought a Masque with us, if his Majestie had not beene better provided.

GROOMS. Who you? you a Masque? why you stincke like so many bloat-herrings newly taken out of the chimney! In the name of Ignorance, whence came you? or what are you? you have beene hang'd in the smoake sufficiently, that is smelt out alreadie.

NOTCH. Sir, we doe come from among the Brewhouses in Saint *Katherines*, that's true, there you have smoak'd us (the Docke comfort your nosthrills,) and we may have lived in a mist there, and so mist our purpose; but for mine owne part I have brought my properties with me to expresse what I am; the keyes of my calling hang here at my girdle, and this the Register booke of my function shewes mee no lesse then a Clarke at all points, and a Brewers Clarke, and a Brewers head Clarke.

GRO. A man of accompt sir! I cry you mercie.

SLVG. I sir, I knew him a fine Merchant, a merchant of Hops, till all hopt into the water.

NOTCH. No more of that, what I have beene, I have beene; what I am, I am: I *Peter Notch*, Clarke, hearing the Christmas invention was drawne drie at Court; and that neither the KINGS Poet, nor

nor his Architect had wherewithall left to entertaine so much as a Baboone of quality, nor scarce the *Welsh* Embassadour if hee should come there: Out of my allegiance, to wit, drew in some other friends that have as it were presumed out of their own naturalls, to fill up the *vacuum* with some pretty presentation, which we have addressed, and conveighed hither in a Lighter at the generall charge, and landed at the backe doore of the Buttery, through my neighbour *Slug's* credit there.

SLVG. A poore Lighter-man sir, one that hath had the honour sometimes to lay in the Kings beere there; and I assure you I heard it in no worse place then the very Buttry, for a certaine, there would bee no Masque, and from such as could command a jacke of beere, two, or three.

VAN. Dat is all true, exceeding true, de inventors be barren, lost, two, bre, bour mile, I knowb that from my selven; bey have no ting, no ting dan deir owne, but dat bey take brom de eard, or de sea, or de heaven, or de hell, or de rest dan de deir Elementen, de place a, dat be so common as de bench in de Burdello. Now me would bring in some dainty new ting, dat never was, nor never sall be in de rebus natura; dat has never dan de materia, nor de forma, nor de hoffen, nor de poote, but a mera devisa of de braine——

GROOM. Hey-da! what *Hans Flutterkin* is this? what *Dutchman* doe's build or frame Castles in the Aire?

NOT. He is no *Dutch* man sir, he is a *Brittaine* borne, but hath learn'd to misuse his owne tongue in travell, and now speakes all languages in ill English; a rare Artist he is sir, and a Projector of Masques. His Project in ours is, that we should all come from the three dancing Beares in Saint *Katherines* (you may hap know it sir) hard by where the Priest fell in, which Alehouse is kept by a distressed Lady; whose name (for the honour of Knighthood) will not bee knowne; yet she is come in person here Errant, to fill up the adventure with her two women that draw drinke under her, Gentlewomen borne all three, I assure you.

SLVG. And were three of those Gentlewomen that should have acted in that famous matter of *Englands* joy in fixe hundred and three.

LADY. What talke you of *England's* joy, Gentlemen? you have another matter in hand I wis, *Englands* sport and delight if you can manage it. The poore Cattle yonder are passing away the time, with a cheat loafe, and a bumbard of broken beere, how will ye dispose of them?

GRO. Cattle! what cattle doe's she meane?

LADY. No worse then the Kings game I assure you; The Beares, Beares both of qualitie and fashion, right Beares, true Beares.

NOT. A devise only to expresse the place from whence we come (my Ladies house) for which we have borrowed three very Beares that (as her Ladyship aforesayd sayes) are well bred, and can dance to present the signe, and the Beareward to stand for the signe-poast.

GRO. That is prettie; but are you sure you have sufficient Beares for the purpose.

SLVG. Very sufficient Beares as any are in the Ground, the *Parish-Garden*, and can dance at first sight, and play their owne tunes if need bee. *Iohn Vrson* the Beare-ward, offers to play them with any Citie-dancers christned, for a ground measure.

NOT. Marry, for lofty tricks, or dancing on the Ropes hee will not

undertake, it is out of their element he sayes. Sir, all our request is since we are come, we may be admitted, if not for a Masque, for an *Antickmask*, and as we shall deserve therein, we desire to be returned with credit to the Buttry from whence we came, for reward, or to the Porters Lodge with discredit, for our punishment.

Gro. To be whipt with your Beares? Well, I could bee willing to venture a good word in behalfe of the Game, if I were assured the aforesayd game would be cleanly, and not fright the Ladies.

Not. For that sir, the Bear-ward hath put in securitie, by warranting my Ladie and her Women to dance the whole changes with them in safety; and for their abusing the place you shall not need to feare, for he hath given them a kinde of Dyet-bread to binde them to their good behaviour.

Gro. Well, let them come; if you need one, Ile helpe you my selfe.

Enter John Urson *with his Beares singing.*

Ballad.

THough it may seeme rude
For me to intrude,
With these my Beares by chance-a;
'Twere sport for a King,
If they could sing
As well as they can dance-a

Then to put you out
Of feare or doubt,
We came from St. Katharin-a;
These dancing three,
By the helpe of mee,
Who am the Post of the signe-a

We sell good ware,
And we need not care
Though Court, and Country knew it.
Our Ale's o'the best,
And each good guest
Prayes for their souls that brew it.

For any Ale-house,
We care not a lowse,
Nor Taverne in all the Towne-a;
Nor the Vintry Cranes,
Nor St. Clements Danes,
Nor the Devill can put us down-a.

Who has once there beene,
Comes thither agen,
The liquour is so mighty;

Beere

Beere strong and stale,
And so is our Ale,
And it burnes like Aquavitæ.

To a stranger there,
If any appeare,
Where never before he has bin;
We shew th' yron Gate,
The wheele of St. Kate,
And the place where the Priest fel in.

The Wives of Wapping
They trudge to our tapping,
And still our Ale desire;
And there sit and drinke,
Till the spue, and stinke,
And often pisse out our fire.

From morning to night,
And about to day-light,
They sit and never grudge it;
Till the Fish-wives joyne
Their single coyne,
And the Tinker pawnes his budget.

If their braines be not well,
Or their bladders doe swell,
To ease them of their burden;
My Ladie will come
With a bowle and a broome,
And her Hand-mayd with a lorden.

From Court we invite
Lord, Ladie, and knight;
Squire, gentlman, yeoman and groom.
And all our stiffe drinkers,
Smiths, Porters, and Tinkers,
And the beggars shall give ye roome.

VAN. How like you? how like you?

GRO. Excellent! The Beares have done learnedly, and sweetly.

VAN. Tis noting, tis noting; will you see someting? Ick sall bring in de Turkichen, met all zin Bashawes, and zin dirty towsand Yanitsaries met all zin Whoozen, Eunuken, all met an audez, de Sofie dan Persia, de Tartar Cham met de groat King of Mogull, and make deir men, and deir horse, and deir Elephanten be seene fight in de ayre, and be all killen, and sliven, and no such ting. And all dis niet de Ars dan de Catropricks, by de reflechie dan de glassen.

NOT. Oh, he is an admirable Artist.

SLVG. And a halfe sir.

GRO. But where will he place his glasses?

VAN.

VAN. Fow, dat is all ean, as it be two, dree, veir, vife tonſand Mile off: Ick ſall multipliren de vizioun, met an ander ſecret dat Ick heb: Speck, dat vil you haben?

GRO. Good ſir put him toot, bid him doe ſomething that is impoſſible; he will undertake it I warrant you.

NOT. I doe not like the *Mogul*, nor the great *Turke*, nor the *Tartar*, their names are ſomewhat to big for the Roome; marry if he could ſhew us ſome Countrey Plaiers, ſtrolling about in ſeverall Shires, without licence from the Office, that would pleaſe I know whom, or ſome Welſh Pilgrims.

VAN. Pilgrim? now yow talke of de Pilgrim, if come in my head, Ick vill ſhew yow all de whole brave Pilgrim o'de World: de Pilgrim dat goe now, now at de inſtant, two, dre to ſand Mile to de great Mahomet, at de Mecha, or here, dere, every where, make de fine Labyrints, and ſhew all de brave errors in de world.

SLVG. And ſhall we ſee it here?

NAN. Yau, here, here, here in dis Roome, tis very Roome: vel dat is dat to yow if Ick doe de ting? dat an devill, vera boten devill?

GRO. Nay, good ſir be not angry.

NOT. 'Tis a diſeaſe that followes all excellent men, they cannot governe their paſſions; but let him alone, try him one 'bout.

GRO. I would try him, but what has all this to doe with our Maske?

VAN. O Sir, all de better vor an Antick-maske, de more abſurd it be, and from de purpoſe, it be ever all de better. If it goe from de nature of de ting, it is de more Art: for deare is Art, and deare is Nature, yow ſall ſee. Hochos-pochos, Paucos, Palabros.

The Second *Antimaske.*

Which was a perplex'd Dance of ſtraying and deform'd Pilgrims taking ſeverall pathes, till with the opening of the light above, and breaking forth of Apollo, *they were all frighted away, and the Maine* Maſque *begun.*

([a]) APOLLO deſcending, Sung.

IT is no dreame, you all doe wake, and ſee;
Behold, who comes! ([b]) *far-ſhooting* Phœbus *he*
That can both hurt and ([c]) *heale; and with his* ([d]) *voyce*
Reare Townes, and make ſocieties rejoyce;
That taught the Muſes all their harmonie,
([e]) *And men the tunefull Art of Augurie.*
Apollo *ſtoopes, and when a God deſcends,*
May Mortalls thinke he hath no vulgar ends.

([a]) Artes eximias quatuor Apollini acceptas tulit antiquitas ([b]) Sagittandi peritiam, unde apud Homerum, frequens illud Epitheton ἑκάεργος, longe jaculans. ([c]) Medicinam, unde Medici nomen adeptus. ([d]) Muſicam, unde μουσηγέτης appellatus. ([e]) Et Divinationem (in qua etiam Augurium) unde Augur Apollo dictus, Virg. Æneid. lib. 4. & Horat. Car. lib. 1. Ode. 2. *Nube cadentes humeros amictus Augur Apollo.* Et Car. ſæcul. ult. ubi doctiſſimus Poeta has artes totidem verſibus complectitur. *Augur & fulgente decorus arcu Phœbus, acceptus que novem camenis, Qui ſalutari levat arte feſſos corporis artus.*

Being neere the earth, he call'd these persons following, who came forth as from their Tombes.

(f) *Linus*, and (g) *Orpheus*, (h) *Branchus*, (i) *Idmon*, all
My sacred Sons, rise at your Fathers call
From your immortall Graves, where sleepe, not death,
Yet bindes your powers.

LINVS. Here.

ORPHEVS. Here.

BRANCHVS. What sacred breath
Doth re-inspire us?

IDMON. Who is this we feele?

(k) PHOEMONOE.
What heat creepes through me, as when burning steele
Is dipt in water?

Apollo. I, Phœmonœ,
Thy Father *Phœbus*'s fury filleth thee;
Confesse my Godhead; once againe I call,
Let whole *Apollo* enter in you all,
And follow me.

CHORVS.

We flie, we doe not tread,
The Gods doe use to ravish whom they lead.

(f) Linus Appollinis & Terpsichores filius. Paus. (g) Orpheus, Apollinis & Calliopes, de quibus Virg, in Ecloga inscript. *Non me Carminibus vincet, nec Thraetius Orpheus. Nec Linus, huic mater quamvis, atque huic pater adsit Orphei Calliopea Lino formosus Apollo.* (h) Branchus, Apollinis & Jances filius, de quo vid. Strab. lib. 4. & Statium, Thebaid. lib. 3.—patrioque æqualis honori Branchus. (i) Idmon, Apollinis & Asteries filius. Deillo vid. Valer. Flac. lib. 1. Argonautic.—*Contra Phœbius Idmon non pallore virisve non ullo honore comarum terribilis, plenus sati, Phœboque quieto cui genitor tribuit præsagire Divum Omina, seu Flammas, seu lubrica cominus exta seu plenum certâ interriget ôëta pennâ.* (k) Phœmœn filia Phœbi quæ prima carmen heroïcum cecinit. Hesiod. in Theog.

Apollo descended, shewed them where the King *sate, and sung forward.*

BEhold the love and care of all the Gods
Of the Ocean, and the happie Iles;
That whilst the World about him is at ods,
Sits Crowned Lord here of himselfe, and smiles.

CHORVS.

To see the erring mazes of mankinde;
Who seeke for that, doth punish them to finde.

Then he advanced with them to the King.

APOLLO.

PRince of thy Peace, see what it is to love
The Powers above!
Jove *hath commanded me*
To visit thee;

And

And in thine honour with my (l) *Musique reare*
(m) *a Colledge here,*
Of tunefull Augures, *whose divining skill,*
shall waite thee still,
And be the Heralds *of his highest will.*
The worke is done,
And I have made their President *thy Sonne;*
Great Mars *too, on these nights,*
(n) *hath added* Salian *rites.*
Yond, yond a farre,
They closed in their (o) *Temple are,*
And each one guided by a starre.

CHORVS.

Haste, haste, to meet them, and as they advance
'twixt every Dance,
Let us interpret their Prophetick trance.

(l) *Alluso ad illud Ovidij Epistol. Epist. Parid. Ilion aspicies, firmataq; turribus altis Mania Apollineæ structa cavore lyræ.* (m) *Augurandi scientia nobilis erat & antiqua, apud Gentes præsertim Hetruscos: quibus erat Collegium & Domicilium celeberrimum Augurum, quorum summa fuit Authoritas & Dignitas per totam Italiam potissimum Romæ. Romulus urbe condita, Collegium & Augures ibi instituit, ipse nobiles, ut apud Liu. Lib. . & Tull. lib. 1. Optimus Augur. Eorum officium fuit auspicia captare & ex iis colligere signa futurarum rerum, Deorumq; monita considerare de eventibus prosperis vel adversis. Sacer erat Romanis & res regia habita, dignitasq; penes patricios & principes viros mansit etiam apud Imperatores obtinuit unde ab Apolline nostro, tales Præses pulchrè designatus* (n) *Saltationes in retus sacris adhibebantur apud omnes pene gentes: & à saliendo, seu saltatione sacra ad saliare carmen institutâ, à alij dicti & Marti consecrati. Omnes etiam qui ad cantum & tibiam ludebant Sali & Salisubsuli dicebantur. Salius, ὑμνῳδὸς vet. gloss. & Pacuvi. Pro Imperio sic Salisubsulus vestro excubet Mars. & Virg. Æneid lib. 8. Tum Salij ad Cantus incensa altaria circum populeis adsunt evincti tempora ramis.* (o) *Auguria capiturus cælum eligebant purum & serenum, aereq; nitido Lituum (qui erat baculus incurvus Augurale Signum) manu tenebat Augur. Eo cœli regiones designabat, & metas intra quas contineri debebant Auguria: & hæ vocabantur Templa: unde Contemplatio dicti est Consideratio & meditatio rerum sacrarum, ut dextrum sinistrumq; latus observaret. In impetrita sibi ipso regiones desinebat; in oblato manum suam respexit lævam aut dextram. Regiones ab Oriente in occasum terminabat limite decumano, & cardine ex transverso signo metato, quo occuli ferrent quam longissime. Artica in Ortum vergebat. Postica regio à Tergo ad occasum. Dextra ad meridiem. Sinistra ad septentrionem. Observationes fiebant Augure sedente, capite velato, tegq; duplici Augurali candida amicto, à media nocte ad mediam diem, crescente non deficiente die. Neq; captabantur Auguria post mensem Julium, propterea quod Aves redderentur imbeciliores & morbida, Pullij eorum essent imperfecti.*

Here they fetch'd out the Maskers, and came before them with the *Torch-bearers* along the Stage, singing this full Song.

APOLLO *and* CHORUS.

WHich way, and whence the lightning flew,
Or how it burned, bright, and blew,
Designe, and figure by your lights:
Then forth, and shew the severall flights

Your (p) Birds have made, or what the wing
Or voyce in Augurie doth bring.
Which hand the Crow cried on, how high
The Vulture, or the Erne did flie,
What wing the Swan made, and the Dove,
The Storke, and which did get above:
Shew all the Birds of food or Prey,
But passe by the unluckie Jay,
The Night-Crow, Swallow, or the Kite
Let those have neither right, CHOR. Nor part,
In this nights art.

(p) Augurandi scientia ὀρνιθοσκοπικὴ dicta. Divinatio per aves. Aves aut Oscines, aut Præpetes Oscines, quæ ore, Præpetes, quæ volatu Augurium significant: Pullo tripudio. Aves auspicatæ, & Præpetes, Aquila, Vultur, Sanqualis seu ossifraga, Triarches, sive Buteo, Immussulus, Accipiter, Cygnus, Columba, Oscines, Cornix, Cornus, Anser, Ciconia, Ardea, Noctua, inauspicatæ; Milvus, Parra, Nycticorax, Striges, Hirundo, Picus, &c.

The Torch-bearers daunced.

After which the *Augures* layd by their Staves, and Danced their Entrie, which done, APOLLO and the rest, interpreted the *Augurie.*

APOLLO.

THe Signes are (q) luckie all, and (q) right
There hath not beene a voyce, or flight
Of ill Presage. Linus. The (r) bird that brings
Her Augurie alone to Kings
The Dove, hath flowne. Orpheus. And to thy peace
Fortunes and the Fates increase.

BRANCHUS.

(r) Minerva's Hernshaw and her Owle,
Doe both proclaime, thou shalt controle
The course of things. Idmon. As now they be
With tumult carried: Apollo. And live free
From hatred, faction, or the feare,
To blast the Olive thou dost weare.

CHORVS.

More is behind, which these doe long to show,
And what the Gods to so great vertue owe.

(q) Habebant dextra & læva omnia; antica & postica; Orientalia & Occidentalia. Græci cum se ad Septentrionem obverterent, Ortum ad dextram habuere. Romani cum Meridiem in auspicando tuerentur Ortum ad lævam habuere. Itaq; sinistræ partes eædem sunt Romanis quæ Græcis dextræ ad ortum. Sinistra igitur illis meliora, Dextra pejora: Græcis contrà. Sinistra, pertinentia ad ortum: Salutaria, qui ortus lucis index & auctor. Dextra, quia stellarum occasum triste. (r) Columbæ augur a non nisi regibus dant; quia nunquam singulæ volant: sicut Rex nunquam solus incedit. Nuntiæ pacis. (r) Ardea, & Ardeola, rerum arduarum auspicium. Minervæ sacra. Apud Homer. Iliad. K.

The maine Daunce.

CHORUS.

Still, still the (t) Auspice is so good,
We wish it were but understood;
It even puts Apollo
To all his strengths of art, to follow,
(u) The flights, and to devine
What's meant by every Signe.

Thou canst not lesse be, then the charge
of every Dietie.
That thus art left here to inlarge,
And shield their pietie!
Thy neighbours at thy fortune long have gaz'd,
But at thy wisdome, all doe stand amaz'd.
And wish to be,
Orecome, or governed by thee!
Safetie it selfe so sides thee, where thou goest,
And Fate *still offers what thou covet'st most!*

(t) *Auspicium, ab ave specienda. Paul. Nam quod nos cum præpositione dicimus* ASPICIO *apud veteres sine præpositione* SPICIO *dicebatur.* (u) *Signa quæ sese offerent, erat multifaria: nam si obiecteretur avis aliqua, considerabatur quo volatu ferretur, an obliquo vel prono, vel supino motu Corporis, quo flecteret, contorqueret, aut contraheret membra; qua in parte se oscularetur; an ad dextram vel sinistram caneret Oscines, &c.*

THE REVELLS.

After which *Apollo* went up to the King and Sung.

Doe not expect to heare of all
Your good at once, lest it forestall
A sweetnesse would be new:
Some things the Fates *would have conceal'd*
From us the Gods, lest being reveal'd
Our powers shall envy you.
It is enough your people learne
The reverence of your peace
As well as Strangers doe discerne
The Glories, by th'increase
And that the (x) princely Augur *here, your Sonne*
Doe by his Fathers lights his courses runne.

CHORUS.

Him shall you see triumphing over all
Both foes and vices: and your young and tall
Nephewes, his Sonnes grow up in your imbraces,
To give this Iland Princes in long races.

(x) *Romulus augur fuit, & Numa, & reliqui reges Romani sicut ante eos Turnus, Rhamnes & alij. Lacedemonij suis regibus Augurem Assessorem dabant, Cilices, Lycij, Caet, Arabes, in summa veneratione habuerunt Augurio.*

Here the heaven opened, and *Jove*, with the Senate of the Gods, were discovered, while *Apollo* returned to his Seat, and ascending sung.

APOLLO.

SEE heaven expecteth my returne,
The forked fire begins to burne,
Jove beckons to me come.

JOVE.

Though Phœbus *be the god of Arts,*
Hee must not take on him all parts:
But leave his Father some.

APOLLO.

My arts are only to obey. JOVE. (y) *And mine to sway*
Jove is that one, whom first, midst, last, you call
The power that governes, and conserveth all;
Earth, Sea, and Ayre, are subject to our checke,
And Fate *with heaven, moving at our beck.*
Till Jove *it ratifie,*
It is no Augurie,
Though uttered by the mouth of Destinie.

APOLLO.

Deare father, give the Signe, and seale it then.

The Earth riseth.

It is the suit of Earth *and* Men.

JOVE.

What doe their Mortals crave without our wrong?

Earth with the rest.

That Jove *will lend us this our Soveraigne long;*
Let our grand-children, and not wee,
His want or Absence ever see.

JOVE.

Your wish is blest.
(z) Jove *knocks his Chin against his brest,*
And firmes it with the rest.

CHORUS.

Sing then his fame, through all the orbes, in even
Proportions, rising still, from Earth to Heaven:
And of the lasting of it leave to doubt,
The power of time shall never put that out.

(y) *Vide Orpheum in hymn. de omnip. Jovis.* (z) *Mos Jovis, annuendo vultu & frontis ominibus. Apud Homer, &c.*

This done, the whole Scene shut, and the Maskers danced their last Dance.

The End.

TIME VINDICATED TO HIMSELFE. AND TO HIS HONORS.

In the presentation at COVRT *on Twelfth night.* 1623.

—— qui semirantur, in illos
Virus habe: nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

TIME VINDICATED.

A Trumpet sounded.

FAME *entreth, follow'd by the* Curious, *the* Ey'd, *the* Ear'd, *and the* Nos'd.

FAME. GIve eare, the worthy, heare what *Fame* proclaimes.
EARES. What? what? I'st worth our eares?
EIES. Or eyes?
NOSE. Or noses?
For we are curious, *Fame*: indeed, the *Curious*,
EIES. We come to spie,
EARES. And hearken.
NOSE. And smell out.
FAME. More than you understand, my hot Inquisitors,
NOES. We cannot tell.
EIES. It may be.
EARES. However, goe you on, let us alone.
EIES. We may spie out, that, which you never mean't.
NOSE. And nose the thing you sent not. First, whence come you?
FAME. I came from *Saturne*.

EARES. *Saturne*

EARES. *Saturne*, what is he?
NOSE. Some Protestant I warrant you, a Time-server,
As *Fame* her selfe is.
FAME. You are neere the right.
Indeed, he is *Time* in selfe, and his name KNOWS.
NOSE. How! *Saturne*! *Chronus*! and the Time it selfe!
You're found enough. A notable old *Pagan*!
EARES. One of their Gods, and eates up his owne children.
NOSE. A Fencer, and do's travell with a fith
Instead of a long-sword.
EIES. Hath beene oft call'd from it,
To be their Lord of misrule.
EARES. As *Cincinnatus*
Was from the plough, to be *Dictator*.
EIES. Yes.
We need no interpreter, on, what of *Time*?
FAME. The *Time* hath sent me with my Trumpe to summon
All sorts of persons worthy, to the view
Of some great spectacle he meanes to night,
T'exhibite, and with all solemnitie.
NOSE. O, we shall have his *Saturnalia*,
EIES. His dayes of feast, and libertie agen.
EARES. Where men might doe, and talke all that they list.
EIES. Slaves of their lords.
NOSE. The servants of their masters!
EARES. And subjects of their Soveraigne.
FAME. Not so lavish.
EARES. It was a brave time that!
EIES. This will be better:
I spie it comming, peace. All the impostures,
The prodigies, diseases, and distempers,
The knaveries of the *Time*, we shall see all now.
EARES. And heare the passages, and severall humors
Of men, as they are swayd by their affections:
Some grumbling, and some mutining, some scoffing,
Some pleas'd, some pyning, at all these we laughing.
NOSE. I have it here, here, strong, the sweat of it,
And the confusion (which I love) I nose it,
It tickles mee.
EIES. My foure eies itch for it.
EARES. And my eares tingle, would it would come forth:
This roome will not receive it.
NOSE. That's the feare.

Enter CHRONO-MASTIX.

CHRON. What? what? my friends, will not this roome receive?
EIES. That which the *Time* is presently to shew us.
CHRO. The *Time*? Lo I the man, that hate the time
That is, that love it not; and (though in ryme,

I here

I here doe ſpeake it) with this whipp you ſee,
Doe laſh the *Time*, and am my ſelfe laſh-free.

FAME. Who's this?

EARES. 'Tis *Chronomaſtix*, the brave *Satyre*,

NOSE. The gentleman-like *Satyre*, cares for no body,
His fore-head rip't with bayes, doe you not know him?

EIES. Yes *Fame* muſt know him, all the Town admires him.

CHRO. If you would ſee *Time* quake and ſhake, but name us,
It is for that, we are both belov'd, and famous.

EIES. We know, Sir. But the *Time's* now come about.

EARES. And promiſeth all libertie.

NOSE. Nay licence.

EIES. We ſhall doe what we liſt.

EARES. Talke what we liſt.

NOSE. And cenſure whom we liſt, and how we liſt.

CHRO. Then I will looke on *Time*, and love the ſame,
And drop my whip: who's this! my Miſtris! *Fame*!
The lady whom I honour, and adore!
What lucke had I not to ſee her before!
Pardon me, Madam, more than moſt accurſt,
That did not ſpie your Ladiſhip at firſt,
T'have giv'n the ſtoop, and to ſalute the skirts
Of her, to whom all Ladies elſe are flirts!
It is for you, I revell ſo in rime,
Deare Miſtris, not for hope I have the *Time*
Will grow the better by it. To ſerve *Fame*
Is all my end, and get my ſelfe a name.

FAME. Away, I know thee not, wretched Impoſtor,
Creature of glory, Mountebanke of witte,
Selfe-loving Braggart, *Fame* doth ſound no trumpet
To ſuch vaine, empty fooles: 'Tis Infamy
Thou ſerv'ſt, and follow'ſt, ſcorne of all the *Muſes*,
Goe revell with thine ignorant admirers,
Let worthy names alone.

CHRO. O, you the *Curious*,
Breath you to ſee a paſſage ſo injurious,
Done with deſpight, and carried with ſuch tumor
'Gainſt me, that am ſo much the friend of rumor?
(I would ſay *Fame?*) whoſe *Muſe* hath rid in rapture
On a ſoft ambling verſe to every capture,
From the ſtrong guard, to the weake childe that reades me,
And wonder both of him that loves, or dread's me!
Who with the laſh of my immortall pen
Have ſcourg'd all ſorts of vices, and of men!
Am I rewarded, thus? have I, I ſay,
From *Envies* ſelfe torne praiſe, and bayes away,
With which my glorious front, and word at large,
Triumphs in print at my admirers charge.

EARES. Rare! how he talkes in verſe, juſt as he writes!

CHRO. When have I walk't the ſtreets, but happy he

That had the finger first to point at mee,
Prentice, or Journeyman! The shop doth know it!
The unletter'd Clarke! *major* and *minor* Poet!
The Sempster hath sate still as I pass'd by,
And dropt her needle! Fish-wives staid their cry!
The Boy with buttons, and the Basket wench!
To vent their wares into my workes do trench!
A pudding-wife that would despise the Times,
Hath utter'd frequent pen'worths, through my rimes,
And, with them, div'd into the Chamber-maid,
And she unto her Lady hath convay'd
The season'd morsels, who hath sent me pensions,
To cherish, and to heighten my inventions.
Well, *Fame* shall know it yet, I have my faction,
And friends about me, though it please detraction,
To doe me this affront. Come forth that love me,
And now, or never, spight of *Fame*, approve me.

At this the Muses come in.

THE ANTIMASQUERS.

FAME. How now! what's here? Is hell broke loose?
EIES. You'l see.
That he ha's favourers, *Fame*, and great ones too,
That unctuous Bounty, is the Bosse of *Belinsgate*,
EARES. Who feasts his *Muse* with claret wine, and oysters,
NOSE. Growes big with *Satyre*,
EARES. Goes as long as an Elephant:
EIES. She labours, and lies in of his inventions,
NOSE. Ha's a male-*poem* in her belly now,
Big as a colt,
EARES. That kicks at *Time* already,
EIES. And is no sooner foald, but will neigh sulphure:
FAME. The next?
EARES. A *quondam* Justice, that of late
Hath beene discarded out o'the pack o'the peace,
For some lewd levitie he holds in *capite*,
But constantly loves him. In dayes of yore,
He us'd to give the charge out of his *poems*,
He carries him about him, in his pocket,
As *Philip's* Sonne did *Homer*, in a casket,
And cries, O happy Man, to the wrong party,
Meaning the *Poet*, where he meant the subject:
FAME. What are this paire?
EIES. The ragged rascalls?
FAME. Yes.
EIES. Meere rogues, you'ld thinke them rogues, but they are friends,
One is his Printer in disguise, and keepes
His presse in a hollow tree, where to conceale him,

He workes by glow-worme light, the Moone's too open.
The other zealous ragge is the Compositor,
Who in an angle, where the ants inhabite,
(The *emblem's* of his labours) will sit curl'd
Whole dayes, and nights, and worke his eyes out for him.
NOSE. Strange arguments of love! There is a Schoolemaster
Is turning all his workes too, into *Latine*,
To pure *Satyricke Latine*; makes his Boyes
To learne him; calls him the times *Juvenal*;
Hangs all his Schoole with his sharpe sentences;
And o're the Execution place hath painted
Time whipt, for terror to the Infantery.
EIES. This Man of warre, i'the rere, He is both Trumpet
And Champion to his *Muse*.
EARES. For the whole City.
NOSE. H'as him by roat, recites him at the tables,
Where he doth governe, sweares him into name,
Upon his word, and sword, for the sole youth
Dares make profession of *Poetick* truth,
Now militant amongst us: To th'incredulous,
That dagger is an article he uses,
To rivet his respect into their pates,
And make them faithful. *Fame*, you'l find you'ave wrongd him.
FAME. What a confederacie of *Folly* is here!

They all daunce but Fame, *and make the first* Antimasque,
In which they adore, and carry forth the Satyre,
and the Curious *come up agen.*

EIES. Now *Fame*, how like you this?
EARES. This falls upon you
For your neglect.
NOSE. He scornes you, and defies you,
H'as got a *Fame* on's owne, as well as a Faction.
EIES. And these will deifie him, to despite you.
FAME. I envie not the 'Arollinos.
'Twill prove but deifying of a Pompion.
NOSE. Well, what is that the *Time* will now exhibite?
EIES. What gambols? what devises? what new sports?
EARES. You promis'd us, we should have any thing.
NOSE. That *Time* would give us all we could imagine.
FAME. You might imagine so, I never promis'd it.
EIES. Pox, then 'tis nothing. I had now a fancie
We might have talk'd o'the King.
EARES. Or State.
NOSE. Or all the World.
EIES. Censur'd the Counsell, e're they censure us.
EARES. We doe it in *Pauls*.
NOSE. Yes, and in all the tavernes!
FAME. A comely licence. They that censure those

They ought to reverence, meet they that old curſe,
To beg their bread, and feele eternall Winter.
Ther's difference 'twixt liberty, and licence.
NOSE. Why if it be not that, let it be this then
(For ſince you grant us freedome, we will hold it,)
Let's have the giddy world turn'd the heeles upward,
And ſing a rare blacke *Sanctus*, on his head,
Of all things out of order.
EIES. No, the Man
I'the Moone daunce a *Corranto*, his buſh
At's backe, a fire; and his dogge piping *Lachrimæ*.
EARES. Or let's have all the people in an uprore,
None knowing, why, or to what end: and in
The midd'ſt of all, ſtart up an old mad woman
Preaching of patience.
NOSE. No, no, I'ld ha' this.
EIES. What?
FAME. Any thing.
NOSE. That could be monſtrous:
Enough, I meane. A *Babel* of wild humours.
EARES. And all diſputing of all things they know not;
EIES. And talking of all men they never heard of,
EARES. And all together by the eares o'the ſudden,
EIES. And, when the matter is at hotteſt, then
All fall aſleepe.
FAME. Agree among your ſelves,
And what it is you'ld have, I'le anſwer you.
EIES. O, that we ſhall never doe.
EARES. No, never agree.
NOSE. Not upon what: Something that is unlawfull.
EARES. I, or unreaſonable.
EIES. Or impoſſible.
NOSE. Let 't be uncivill enough, you hit us right.
EARES. And a great noyſe.
EIES. To little, or no purpoſe.
NOSE. And if there be ſome miſchiefe, 'twill become it.
EIES. But ſee, there be no cauſe, as you will anſwer it.
FAME. Theſe are meere Monſters.
NOSE. I, all the better.
FAME. You doe abuſe the *Time*. Theſe are fit freedomes
For lawleſſe Prentices, on a Shrovetueſday,
When they compell the *Time* to ſerve their riot.
For drunken Wakes, and ſtrutting Beare-baytings,
That ſavour only of their owne abuſes.
EIES. Why, if not thoſe, then ſomething to make ſport.
EARES. Wee only hunt for novelty, not truth.
FAME. I'le fit you, though the *Time* faintly permit it.

The second Antimasque *of Tumblers, and Fuglers, brought in by the Cat and fiddle, who make sport with the Curious, and drive them away.*

FAME. Why now they are kindly us'd, like such spectators,
That know not what they would have. Commonly,
The curious are ill natur'd, and like flies,
Seeke *Times* corrupted parts to blow upon:
But may the sound ones live with fame, and honour,
Free from the molestation of these Insects:
Who being fled, *Fame* now persues her errand.

Loud MVSIQUE.

To which the whole Scene opens, where Saturne *sitting with* Venus *is discover'd above, and certaine* Votaries *comming forth below, which are the* Chorus.

FAME. For you, great King, to whom the *Time* doth owe
All his respects, and reverence, behold
How *Saturne*, urged at request of *Love*,
Prepares the object to the place to night.
Within yond' darkenesse, *Venus* hath found out
That *Hecate* (as she is Queene of shades)
Keepes certaine glories of the *Time* obscur'd,
There, for her selfe alone to gaze upon,
As she did once the faire *Endimion*.
These, *Time* hath promis'd at *Loves* suit to free,
As being fitter to adorne the age,
By you restor'd on earth, most like his owne:
And fill this world of beautie here, your Court.
To which his bountie, see, how men prepare
To fit their votes below, and thronging come
With longing passion to enjoy th'effect!
Harke, it is *Love* begins to *Time*. Expect.

VENUS.

Beside, that it is done for Love,
It is a worke, great Time, *will prove*
Thy honour, as mens hopes above.

SATURNE.

If Love *be pleased, so am I:*
For Time *could never yet deny*
What Love *did aske, if* Love *knew why.*

VOTARIES.

VOTARIES.

Shee knew, and hath expreſt it now.
And ſo doth every publike vow
That heard her why, and waites thy how.

SATURNE.

You ſhall not long expect: with eaſe
The things come forth, are borne to pleaſe:
Looke, have you ſeene ſuch lights as theſe?

The *Maſquers* are diſcovered, and that which obſcur'd them, vaniſheth.

VOTARIES.

Theſe, theſe muſt ſure ſome wonders bee!

CHORUS.

O, what a glory 'tis to ſee
Mens wiſhes, Time, *and* Love *agree* { *A Pauſe*

There *SATVRNE* and *VENVS* paſſe away, and the *Maſquers* deſcend.

CHORUS.

What griefe, or envie had it beene,
That theſe, and ſuch had not beene ſeene,
But ſtill obſcur'd in ſhade!
Who are the glories of the Time,
Of youth, and feature too, the prime,
And for the light were made!

VOTARIES.

1 *Their very number, how it takes!*
2 *What harmony their preſence makes!*
3 *How they inflame the place!*

CHORVS.

Now they are neerer ſeene, and viewd;
For whom could Love *have better ſu'd?*
Or Time *have done the grace?*

Hereto a loud Muſique, they march into their figure. and daunce their *ENTRY*, or firſt *DAVNCE.*

After which.

VENUS.

The night could not theſe glories miſſe,
Good Time, *I hope, is ta'ne with this.*

SATURNE.

If Time *were not, I am ſure* Love *is.*
Betweene us it ſhall be no ſtrife:
For now 'tis Love, *gives* Time *his life.*

VOTARIES.

Let Time *then so with* Love *conspire,*
as straight be sent into the court
A little Cupid, *arm'd with fire,*
Attended by a jocund Sport,
To breed delight, and a desire
of being delighted, in the nobler sort.

SATURNE.

The wish is crown'd, as soone as made.

VOTARIES.

And CVPID *conquers, e're he doth invade.*
His victories of lightest trouble prove.
For there is never labour, where is Love.

Then, followes the maine *DAVNCE*, which done,
CVPID, with the *SPORT*, goes out.

CUPID. {*To the Masquers.*

Take breath awhile, young Bloods, to bring
Your forces up, whilst we goe sing
Fresh charges, to the Beauties here.

SPORT.

Or, if they charge you, doe not feare,
Though they be better arm'd then you:
It is but standing the first view,
And then they yeeld.

CUPID.

Or quit the field.

SPORT.

Nay, that they'l never doe.
They'l rather fall upon the place,
Then suffer such disgrace.
You are but Men at best, they say,
And they from those ne're ran away.

{*Pause.* CUPID. {*To the King.*

You, Sir, that are the Lord of Time,
Receive it not as any crime
'Gainst Majesty, that Love *and* Sport
To night have entred in your Court.

SPORT.

Sir, doubt him more of some surprise
Vpon your selfe. He hath his eyes.
You are the noblest object here,
And 'tis for you alone I feare:
For here are Ladyes, that would give
A brave reward, to make Love *live*
Well, all his life, for such a draught.
And therefore, looke to every shaft,
The Wags a Deacon in his craft.

{Pause. CUPID. {To the Lords.

My Lords, the Honors of the Crowne,
Put off your sowrenesse, doe not frowne,
Bid cares depart, and businesse hence:
A little, for the Time dispence.

SPORT.

Trust nothing that the Boy lets fall,
My Lords, he hath plots upon you all.
A Pensioner unto your wives,
To keepe you inuxorious gives,
And so your sense to fascinate,
To make you quit all thought of state,
His amorous questions to debate.
But, heare his Logicke, he will prove
There is no businesse, but to be in love.

CUPID.

The words of Sport, my Lords, and course.

{Pause. Your Ladyes yet, will not thinke worse {To the Ladies.
Of Love for this: they shall command
My Bow, my Quiver, and my Hand.

SPORT.

What, here to stand
and kill the Flies?
Alas, thy service they despise.
One Beauty here, hath in her eyes,
More shafts then from thy bow 're flew,
Or that poore quiver knew.
These Dames,
They need not Love's, they have Natures flames.

CUPID.

I see the Beauty, that you so report.

SPORT.

Cupid, you must not point in Court,
Where live so many of a sort.
Of Harmony these learn'd their speech,
The Graces did them footing teach,
And, at the old Idalian halls,
They daunc'd your Mother downe. Shee calls.

CUPID.

Arme, arme then all.

SPORT.

Young blouds come on,
And charge: Let every man take one.

CUPID.

And try his fate.

SPORT.

These are faire warres.
And will be carried without scarres.

CUPID.

A joyning, but of feet, and hands.
Is all the Time, *and* Love *commands.*

SPORT.

Or if you doe their gloves off-strip.
Or taste the Nectar of the lip:
See, so you temper your desires,
For kisses, that yee sucke not fires.

The *REVELS* follow, which ended, the CHORVS appeare agen, and DIANA descends to HIPPOLITUS, the whole Scene being chang'd to a Wood, out of which he comes.

CHORUS.

The Courtly strife is done, it should appeare,
Betweene the Youths, and Beauties of the yeare,
Wee hope that now these lights will know their sphеare,
And strive hereafter to shine ever here:
Like brightest Planets, still to move
In th'eye of Time, *and orbes of* Love.

DIANA.

Hippolitus, Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Diana?

DIANA.

Shee.
Be ready you, or Cephalus,
To waite on me.

HIPPOLITUS.

Wee ever be.

DIANA.

Your Goddesse hath beene wrong'd to night,
By Loves *report unto the* Time.

HIPPOLITUS.

The injury, it selfe will right,
Which only Fame *hath made a crime.*
For Time *is wise,*
And hath his eares as perfect as his eyes.

SATURNE.

Who's that descends? Diana?

VOTARIES.

Yes.

VENUS.

By like her troope shee hath begun to misse.

SATURNE.

Let's meet, and question what her errand is.

HIP:

HIPPOLITVS.

Shee will prevent thee, Saturne, and her-selfe unto thee, rather to complaine
That thou and Venus *both should so abuse*
The name of Dian, *as to entertaine*
A thought, that she had purpose to defraud
The Time, *of any glories that were his;*
To doe Time *honour rather, and applaud*
His worth, hath beene her study.

DIANA.

I call'd these Youth's forth, in their blood, and prime
To make them fitter so to serve the Time
By labour, riding, and those ancient arts,
That first enabled men unto the warres,
And furnish'd Heaven with so many Starres:

HIPPOLITVS.

As Perseus, Castor, Pollux, *and the rest,*
Whose shades doe yet remaine within yond' groves,
Themselves there sporting with their nobler loves:

DIANA.

And so may these doe, if the Time *give leave.*

SATURNE.

Chast Dians *purpose we doe now conceive,*
And yeeld thereto.

VENVS.

And so doth Love.

VOTARIES.

All Votes doe in one circle move.

CHORVS.

Turne Hunters then,
agen.
Hunting, it is the noblest exercise,
Makes men laborious, active, wise,
Brings health, and doth the spirits delight,
It help's the hearing, and the sight:
It teacheth arts that never slip
The memory, good horsmanship,

Search,

Search, sharpnesse, courage, and defence,
And chaseth all ill habits thence.
Turne Hunters then,
again,
But not of men.
Follow his ample,
And just example,
That hates all chase of malice, and of bloud:
And studies only wayes of good,
To keepe soft Peace in breath.
Man should not hunt Mankind to death,
But strike the enemies of Man,
Kill vices if you can:
They are your wildest beasts.
And when they thickest fall, you make the Gods true feasts.

The End.

NEPTVNES

NEPTUNES TRIUMPH FOR THE RETVRNE OF *ALBION*:

CELEBRATED IN A Maſque

At the Court on the Twelfth night. 1624.

Omnis & ad reducem jam litat ara Deum.
Mart. lib. VIII. Epig. XIV.

NEPTVNES TRIVMPH.

HIs Ma^tie being ſet, and the loude Muſique ceaſing. All, that is diſcovered of a *Scene*, are two erected Pillars, dedicated to *Neptune*, with this inſcription upon the one,

NEP. RED.

On the other,

SEC. IOV.

The POET *entring on the* STAGE, *to diſperſe the Argument, is call'd to by the* Maſter-Cooke.

COOKE.

Doe you heare, you, Creature of diligence, and buſineſſe! what is the affaire, that you plucke for ſo, under your cloake?

POET.

Nothing, but what I colour for, I aſſure you; and may encounter with, I hope, if *Luck* favour me, the Gamſters Goddeſſe.

COOKE.

You are a *Votary* of hers, it seemes by your language. What went you upon? may a man aske you?

POET.

Certainties, indeed Sir, and very good ones; the presentation of a *Masque*, you'll see't, anone.

COOKE.

Sir, this is my roome, and region too, the banquetting-house. And in matter of feast, the solemnitie, nothing is to be presented here, but with my acquaintance, and allowance to it.

POET.

You are not his Majesties *Confectioner?* Are you?

COOKE.

No, but one that has as good title to the roome, his *Master-Cooke*. What are you, Sir?

POET.

The most unprofitable of his servants, I, Sir, the *Poet*. A kind of a *Christmas* Ingine? one, that is used, at least once a yeare, for a trifling instrument, of wit, or so.

COOKE.

Were you ever a *Cooke?*

POET.

A *Cooke?* no surely.

COOKE.

Then you can be no good *Poet:* for a good *Poet* differs nothing at all from a *Master-Cooke*. Eithers Art is the wisedome of the Mind.

POET.

As how, Sir?

COOKE.

Expect. I am by my place, to know how to please the palates of the guests; so, you, are to know the palate of the times: study the severall tastes, what every Nation, the *Spaniard*, the *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Walloun*, the *Neapolitan*, the *Brittan*, the *Sicilian*, can expect from you.

POET.

That were a heavie and hard taske, to satisfie *Expectation*, who is so severe an exactresse of duties; ever a tyrannous mistresse: and most times a pressing enemie.

COOKE.

She is a powerfull great Lady, Sir, at all times, and must be satisfied: So must her sister, Madam *Curiositie*, who hath as daintie a palate as she, and these will expect.

POET.

But, what if they expect more then they understand?

COOKE.

That's all one, Mr. *Poet*. you are bound to satisfie them. For, there is a palate of the Understanding, as well as of the Senses. The Taste is taken with good relishes, the Sight with faire objects, the Hearing with delicate sounds, the Smelling with pure scents, the feeling with soft and plumpe bodyes, but the Understanding with all these: for all which you must begin at the Kitchin. There, the *Art* of *Poetrie* was learn'd,

and

and found out, or no where: and the same day, with the *Art* of *Cookery*.

POET.

I should have giv'n it rather to the Cellar, if my suffrage had bin askt.

COOKE.

O, you are for the *Oracle* of the *Bottle*, I see; Hogshead *Trismegistus*: He is your *Pegasus*. Thence flowes the spring of your *Muses*, from that *hoofe*.
Seduced *Poet*, I doe say to thee,——
A Boyler, Range, and Dresser were the fountaines
Of all the knowledge, in the *Universe*,
And that's the Kitchin. Where, a *Master-Cooke*!
Thou do'st not know the man! nor canst thou know him!
Till thou hast serv'd some yeares in that deepe schoole,
That's both the Nource, and Mother of the *Arts*,
And hear'st him read, interpret, and demonstrate.
A *Master-Cooke*! why, he is the man of men,
For a Professor! He designes, he drawes,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes *Citadels* of curious fowle, and fish,
Some he dry-ditches, some motes round with broths;
Mounts marrow-bones; cuts fifty-angled custards;
Reares bulwarke pies; and, for his outer workes,
He raiseth ramparts of immortall crust;
And teacheth all the *tacticks* at one dinner:
What rankes, what files, to put his dishes in
The whole *Art Militarie*! Then he knowes
The influence of the starres, upon his meates;
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,
And so, to fit his relishes, and sauces!
He, has *Nature* in a pot! 'bove all the *Chemists*;
Or bare-breech'd brethren of the *Rosie-Crosse*!
He is an *Architect*, an *Inginer*,
A *Souldier*, a *Physition*, a *Philosopher*,
A generall *Mathematician*!

POET.

It is granted.

COOKE.

And, that you may not doubt him for a *Poet*,

POET.

This Fury shewes, if there were nothing else,
And 'tis divine!

COOKE.

Then, Brother *Poet*,

POET.

Brother.

COOKE.

I have a suite.

POET.

What is it?

COOKE.

Your devise.

POET.

As you came in upon me, I was then
Offering the argument, and this it is.

COOKE.

Silence.

POET.

The mightie *Neptune*, mightie in his styles,
And large command of waters, and of Isles,
Not, as the *Lord and Soveraigne of the Seas*,
But, *Chiefe in the art of riding*, late did please
To send his *Albion* forth, the most his owne,
Upon discovery, to themselves best knowne,
Through *Celtiberia*; and, to assist his course,
Gave him his powerfull MANAGER of *Horse*,
With divine *Proteus*, Father of disguise,
To waite upon them with his counsels wise,
In all extreames. His great commands being done,
And he desirous to review his Sonne,
He doth dispatch a floting Ile, from hence,
Unto the *Hesperian* shores, to waft him thence.
Where, what the arts were, us'd to make him stay,
And how the *Syrens* woo'd him, by the way,
What Monsters he encountred on the coast,
How neere our generall Joy was to be lost,
Is not our subject now: though all these make
The present gladnesse greater, for their sake.
But what the triumphs are, the feast, the sport,
And proud solemnities of *Neptunes* Court,
Now he is safe, and *Fame's* not heard in vaine,
But we behold our happie pledge againe.
That with him, loyall HIPPIVS is return'd,
Who for it, under so much envie, burn'd
With his owne brightnesse, till her sterv'd snakes saw
What *Neptune* did impose, to him was law.

COOKE.

But, why not this, till now?

POET.

---It was not time,
To mixe this Musick with the vulgars chime.
Stay, till th'abortive, and extemporall dinne
Of balladry, were understood a sinne,
Minerva cry'd: that, what tumultuous verse,
Or prose could make, or steale, they might rehearse,
And every Songster had sung out his fit;
That all the Country, and the Citie-wit,
Of bells, and bonfires, and good cheere was spent,
And *Neptunes Guard* had drunke all that they meant;
That all the tales and stories now were old
Of the Sea-Monster *Archy*, or growne cold:

The *Muses* then might venter, undeterr'd,
For they love, then, to sing, when they are heard.

COOKE.

I like it well, 'tis handsome: and I have
Some thing would fit this. How doe you present them?
In a fine Iland, say you?

POET.

Yes, a *Delos*:
Such, as when faire *Latona* fell in travaile,
Great *Neptune* made emergent.

COOKE.

I conceive you.
I would have had your Ile brought floting in, now
In a brave broth, and of a sprightly greene,
Just to the colour of the Sea; and then,
Some twentie *Syrens*, singing in the kettel,
With an *Arion*, mounted on the backe
Of a growne Conger, but in such a posture,
As, all the world should take him for a Dolphin:
O, 'twould ha' made such musick! Ha' you nothing,
But a bare Island?

POET.

Yes, we have a tree too,
Which we doe call the Tree of *Harmonie*,
And is the same with what we read, the *Swane*,
Brought forth in the *Indian Musicans* first,
And thus it growes. The goodly bole, being got
To certaine cubits height, from every side
The boughes decline, which taking roote afresh,
Spring up new boles, and those spring new, and newer,
Till the whole tree become a *Portico*,
Or arched Arbour, able to receive
A numerous troupe, such as our *Albion*,
And the Companions of his journey are,
And this they sit in.

COOKE.

Your prime *Masquers*?

POET.

Yes.

COOKE.

But where's your *Antimasque* now, all this while?
I hearken after them.

POET.

Faith, we have none.

COOKE.

None?

POET.

None, I assure you, neither doe I thinke them
A worthy part of presentation,
Being things so *heterogene*, to all devise,

Meere

Meere *By-workes*, and at best *Out-landish* nothings.

COOKE.

O, you are all the heaven awrie! Sir.
For blood of *Poetry*, running in your veines,
Make not your selfe so ignorantly simple.
Because Sir, you shall see I am a *Poet*,
No lesse then *Cooke*, and that I find you want
A speciall service here, an *Antimasque*,
I'le fit you with a dish out of the Kitchin,
Such, as I thinke, will take the present palates,
A *metaphoricall* dish! And, doe but marke,
How a good wit may jumpe with you. Are you ready, Child?
(Had there bin Maske, or no Maske, I had made it.)
Child of the boyling house.

CHILD.

Here, Father.

COOKE.

Bring forth the pot. It is an *Olla Podrida*,
But I have persons, to present the meates.

POET.

Persons!

COOKE.

Such as doe relish nothing, but *di stato*,
(But in another fashion, then you dreame of)
Know all things the wrong way, talke of the affaires,
The clouds, the cortines, and the mysteries
That are afoot, and, from what hands they have 'hem
(The master of the Elephant, or the Camels)
What correspondences are held; the Posts
That goe, and come, and know, almost, their minutes,
All but their businesse: Therein, they are fishes.
But ha' their garlick, as the *Proverb* sayes,
They are our *Queast of enquiry*, after newes.

POET.

Together with their learned *Authors*?

CHILD.

Yes Sir,
And of the *Epicæne* gender, Hees, and Shees:
Amphibion Archy is the chiefe.

COOKE.

Good boy!
The Child is learned too. Note but the Kitchin!
Have you put him, into the pot, for Garlick?

CHILD.

One in his coate, shall stinke as strong as he, Sir,
And his friend *Giblets* with him.

COOKE.

They are two,
That give a part of the seasoning.

POET.

POET.

I conceive
The way of your *Gally-mawfrey.*

COOKE.

You will like it,
When they come pouring out of the pot together.

CHILD.

O, if the pot had beene big enough!

COOKE.

What then, Child?

CHILD.

I had put in the Elephant, and one Camel,
at least, for Biefe.

COOKE.

But, whom ha'you for Partridge?

CHILD.

A brace of Dwarfes, and delicate plump birds!

COOKE.

And whom for Mutton, and Kid?

CHILD.

A fine lac'd Mutton;
Or two; and either has her frisking Husband:
That reades her the *Corranto*, every weeke.
Grave M^r. *Ambler*, Newes-master of *Poules*,
Supplies your Capon; and growne Captaine *Buz*
(His *Emissary*) under-writes for Turky,
A Gentleman of the *Forrest* presents Phesant,
And a plump Poultrers wife, in *Graces* street,
Playes Hen with egges i'the belly, or a Coney,
Choose which you will.

COOKE.

But, where's the Bacon, *Thom?*

CHILD.

Hogrel the Butcher, and the Sow his wife,
Are both there.

COOKE.

It is well, goe, dish'hem out.
Are they well boyld?

CHILD.

Podrida!

POET.

What's that? rotten?

COOKE.

O, that they must be. There's one maine ingredient
We have forgot, the *Artichoke.*

CHILD.

No Sir.
I have a Fruiterer, with a cold red nose,
Like a blue fig, performes it.

COOKE,

COOKE.

The fruit lookes so.
Good child, goe poure 'hem out, shew their concoction.
They must be rotten boyld, the broth's the best on't,
And that's the Dance. The stage here is the Charger.
And Brother *Poet*, though the serious part
Be yours, yet, envie not the *Cooke* his art.

POET.

Not I. *Nam lusus ipse Triumphus amat.*

The Antimasque is danc'd by the persons describ'd, comming out of the pot.

POET.

Well, now, expect the *Scene* it selfe; it opens!

The Iland is discovered, the *Masquers* sitting in their severall sieges. The heavens opening, and *Apollo*, with *Mercury*, some *Muses*, & the Goddesse *Harmony*, make the musique, the while, the Iland moves forward, *Proteus* sitting below, and APOLLO sings.

Song.

APOLLO.

Looke forth, the Shepherd of the Seas,
And of the Ports, that keep'st the keyes,
And to your Neptune *tell,*
His ALBION, *Prince of all his Isles,*
For whom the sea, and land so smiles,
Is home returned well.

CHORVS.

And be it thought no common Cause,
That, to it, so much wonder drawes,
And all the Heav'ns consent,
With HARMONY, *to tune their notes,*
In answer to the publike votes,
That, for it, up were sent.

It was no envious Stepdames rage,
Or Tyrants malice of the age,
That did employ him forth.
But such a Wisdome, that would prove,
By sending him, their hearts, and love
That else might feare his worth.

By

By this time, the Island hath joyned it selfe with the shore: And *Proteus*, *Portunus*, and *Saron*; come forth, and goe up singing to the State, while the Masquers take time to Land.

Song.

PROTEVS.

I ! now the Pompe of Neptunes *triumph shines !*
And all the glories of his great designes
Are read, reflected, in his sonnes returne !

PORTVNVS.

How all the eyes, the lookes, the heart here burne
at his arrivall !

SARON.

These are the true fires,
Are made of joyes !

PROTEVS.

Of longing !

PORTVNVS.

Of desires !

SARON.

Of hopes !

PROTEVS.

Of feares !

PORTVNVS.

No intermitted blocks.

SARON.

But pure affections, and from odorous stocks !

CHORVS.

'Tis incense all, that flames !
And these materials scarce have names !

PROTEVS.

My King lookes higher, as he scorn'd the warres
Of windes, and with his trident touch'd the starres.
There is no wrinkle in his brow, or frowne;
But, as his cares he would in Nectar *drowne,*
And all the silver-footed Nymphs *were dreſt,*
To waite upon him, to the Oceans *feast.*

PORTVNVS.

Or, here in rowes upon the bankes were set,
And had their severall hayres made into net
To catch the youths in, as they come on shore.

SARON.

How ! Galatea *sighing ! O, no more.*
Banish your feares.

PORTVNVS.

And Doris *dry your teares.*
Albion *is come:*

PROTEVS.

And Halicyon, *too,*
That kept his side, as he was charg'd to doe,
With wonder.

SARON.

—And the Syrens have him not,

PORTVNVS.

Though they no practise, nor no arts forgot,
That might have wonne him, or by charme, or song.

PROTEVS.

Or laying forth their tresses all along
Upon the glasse waves;

PORTVNVS.

Then diving:

PROTEVS.

Then,
Up with their heads, as they were mad of men.

SARON.

And there, the highest-going billowes crowne,
Untill some lustie Sea-god pull'd them downe.

CHORVS.

See! He is here!

PROTEVS.

Great Master of the mayne,
Receive thy deare, and precious pawne againe.

CHORVS.

SARON, PORTVNVS, PROTEVS, *bring him thus,*
Safe, as thy Subjects wishes gave him us:
And of thy glorious Triumph let it be
No lesse a part, that thou their loves doest see,
Then, that his sacred head's return'd to thee.

This sung, the Island goes backe, whilst the upper *Chorus* takes it from them, and the *Masquers* prepare for their figure.

CHORVS.

Spring all the Graces *of the age,*
And all the Loves *of time;*
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rime:
Adde all the softnesses of Courts
The lookes, the laughters, and the sports.
And mingle all their sweets, and salts,
That none may say, the Triumph halts.

Here

Here, the Maſquers *daunce their Entry.*

Which done, the firſt proſpective of a maritime Palace, or the houſe of Oceanus *is diſcovered, with lowd Muſique.*

And the other above is no more ſeene.

POET.

Behold the Palace of *Oceanus*!
Hayle Reverend ſtructure! Boaſt no more to us
Thy being able, all the Gods to feaſts;
We have ſeene enough: our *Albion* was thy gueſt.

Then followes the Maine Daunce.
After which the ſecond proſpect of the Sea, is ſhowne, to the former Muſicke.

POET.

Now turne and view the wonders of the deepe,
Where *Proteus* herds, and *Neptunes* Orkes doe keepe,
Where all is plough'd, yet ſtill the paſture's greene
The wayes are found, and yet no pathes are ſeene.

There Proteus, Portunus, Saron, *goe up to the Ladyes with this* Song,

PROTEVS.

Come noble Nymphs, *and doe not hide*
The joyes, for which you ſo provide:

SARON.

If not to mingle with the men,
What doe you here? goe home agen.

PORTVNVS.

Your dreſſings doe confeſſe,
By what we ſee, ſo curious parts
Of Pallas, *and* Arachnes *arts,*
That you could meane no leſſe.

PROTEVS.

Why doe you weare the Silke-wormes toyles;
Or glory in the ſhell-fiſh ſpoyles?
Or ſtrive to ſhew the graines of ore
That you have gather'd on the ſhore,
Whereof to make a ſtocke
To graft the greener Emerald on
Or any better-water'd ſtone?

SARON.

Or Ruby of the rocke?

PROTEVS.

Why doe you smell of Amber gris,
Of which was formed Neptunes *Neice,*
The Queene of Love; unlesse you can
Like Sea-borne Venus *love a man?*

SARON.

Try, put your selves unto't.

CHORVS.

Your lookes, your smiles, and thoughts that meet,
Ambrosian *hands, and silver feet,*
doe promise you will do't.

The Revells follow.

Which ended, the Fleete is discovered, while the three Cornets play.

POET.

'Tis time, your eyes should be refresh'd at length
With something new, a part of *Neptunes* strength
See, yond', his fleete, ready to goe, or come,
Or fetch the riches of the *Ocean* home,
So to secure him both in peace, and warres,
Till not one ship alone, but all be starres.

A shout within followes.
After which the Cooke *enters.*

COOKE.

I have another service for you, Brother *Poet*, a dish of pickled Saylors, fine salt Sea-boyes, shall relish like *Anchoves*, or *Caveare*, to draw downe a cup of *Nectar*, in the skirts of a night.

SAYLORS.

Come away boyes, the Towne is ours, hay for *Neptune*, and our *young Master*.

POET.

He knowes the *Compasse*, and the *Card*,
While *Castor* sits on the maine yard,
And *Pollux* too, to helpe your *hayles*;
And bright *Leucothoe*, fils your sayles:
Arion sings, the Dolphins swim,
And, all the way, to gaze on him.

The Antimasque *of Saylors.*

Then

The last Song to the whole *Musique*, five Lutes, three Cornets, and ten voyces.

Song.

PROTEVS.

Although we wish the Triumph still might last
For such a Prince, and his discovery past,

Yet now, great Lord of waters, and of Isles,
Give Proteus *leave to turne unto his wiles:*

PORTVNVS.

And, whilst young Albion *doth thy labours ease,*
Dispatch Portunus *to thy Ports,*

SARON.

And Saron *to thy Seat:*
To meet old Nereus, *with his fifty girles,*
From aged Indus *laden home with Pearles,*
And orient gummes, to burne unto thy name.

CHORVS.

And may thy Subjects hearts be all on flame:
Whilst thou dost keepe the earth in firme estate,
And 'mongst the winds dost suffer no debate.
But both at Sea, and Land, our powers increase
With health, and all the golden gifts of peace.

The last Daunce.

The End.

PANS

PANS ANNIVERSARIE; OR, THE SHEPHERDS HOLY-DAY.

THE SCENE ARCADIA.

As it was presented at Court before King JAMES. 1625.

The Inventors,
Inigo Iones. *Ben. Iohnson.*

The first presentation is of three Nymphs strewing severall sorts of flowers, followed by an old Shepherd with a Censer and perfumes.

NYMPH I.

THus, thus, begin the yearly rites
Are due to PAN on these bright nights;
His Morne now riseth, and invites
To sports, to dances, and delights:
All Envious, and Prophane away,
This is the Shepherds Holy-day.

NYMPH II.

Strew, strew, the glad and smiling ground
With every flower, yet not confound
The Prime-rose drop, the Springs owne spouse,
Bright Dayes-eyes, and the lips of Cowes,
The Garden-star, the Queene of May,
The Rose, to crowne the Holy-day.

NYMPH III.

Drop, drop you Violets, change your hues,
Now red, now pale, as Lovers use,
And in your death goe out as well,
As when you liv'd unto the smell:
That from your odour all may say,
This is the Shepherds Holy-day.

SHEP-

SHEPHERD.

Well done my pretty ones, raine Roses still,
Untill the last be drapt: Then hence: and fill
Your fragrant prickles for a second shower,
Bring Corn-flag, Tulips, and Adonis *flower,*
Faire Oxe-eye, Goldy-locks, and Columbine,
Pinkes, Goulands, King-cups, and sweet Sops-in-wine,
Blew Harebells, Pagles, Pansies, Calaminth,
Flower-gentle, and the faire-hair'd Hyacinth,
Bring rich Carnations, Floure-de-luces, Lilies,
The chequ'd, and purple-ringed Daffodillies,
Bright Crowne-imperiall, Kings-speare, Holy-hocks,
Sweet Venus *Navill, and soft Lady-smocks,*
Bring too, some branches forth of Daphnes *haire,*
And gladdest myrtle for these postes to weare
With Spikenard weav'd, and Marjoram betweene,
And star'd with yellow-golds, and Meadowes Queene,
That when the Altar, as it ought is dresst,
More odour come not from the Phœnix nest;
The breadth thereof Panchaia *may envie,*
The colours China, *and the light the skye.*

LOUD MUSIQUE.

The Scene *opens, and in it are the Masquers discover'd sitting about the Fountaine of light.*

The Musicians attyr'd like the Priests of Pan *standing in the worke beneath them, when entreth to the old Shepherd.*

A Fencer *flourishing.*

Roome for an old Trophie of Time; a Sonne of the sword, a Servant of *Mars*, the Minion of the Muses, and a Master of Fence. One that hath showne his quarters, and plaid his prizes at all the games of *Greece* in his time; as Fencing, Wrestling, Leaping, Dauncing, what not? And hath now usher'd hither by the light of my long-sword certaine bold Boyes of *Bœotia*, who are come to challenge the Arcadians at their owne sports, call them forth on their owne holy-day, and Daunce them down on their owne Greene-swarth.

SHEPHERD.

'Tis boldly attempted, and must be a *Bœotian* enterprise by the face of it, from all the parts of *Greece* else, especially at this time when the best, and bravest spirits of *Arcadia*, called together by the excellent *Arcas*, are yonder sitting about the Fountaine of light, in consultation of what honours they may doe the great *Pan* by encrease of anniversarie rites fitted to the Musique of his peace.

FEN-

FENCER.

Peace to thy *Pan*, and mum to thy Musique, Swaine; There is a Tinker of *Thebes* a comming, called *Epam*, with his kettle will make all *Arcadia* ring of him; What are your sports for the purpose? say, if singing, you shall be sung downe, if dauncing, daunc'd downe. There is no more to be done with you, but know what; which it is; and you are in smoke, gone, vapour'd, vanish'd, blowne, and (as a man would say) in a word of two sillables, Nothing.

SHEPHERD.

This is short, though not so sweet. Surely the better part of the solemnitie here will be dauncing.

FENCER.

Enough; They shall be met with instantly in their owne sphere, the sphere of their owne activitie a daunce. But by whom, expect: No Cynætheian, nor Satyres; but (as I said) Boyes of *Bæotia*; thinges of *Thebes*, (the Towne is ours, Shepheard) mad merry Greekes, Lads of life, that have no gall in us, but all ayre and sweetnesse. A Tooth-drawer is our Foreman, that if there be but a bitter tooth in the company, it may bee called out at a twitch; he doth command any mans teeth out of his head upon the point of his Poynard; or tickles them forth with his ryding rod: Hee drawes teeth a horse-backe in full speed, yet hee will daunce a foot, he hath given his word: He is yeoman of the mouth to the whole Brotherhood, and is charged to see their gummes bee cleane, and their breath sweet, at a minutes warning. Then comes my learned *Theban*, the Tinker I told you of, with his kettle Drum (before and after) a Master of Musique, and a man of mettall; He beates the march to the tune of Tickle-foot, *Pam, pam, pam*, brave *Epam* with a *nondas*. That's the straine.

SHEPHERD.

A high one.

FENCER.

Which is followed by the trace, and tract of an excellent Juggler, that can juggle with every joynt about him, from head to heele. He can doe tricks with his toes, wind silke, and thred Pearle with them, as nimble a fine fellow of his feet, as his hands: For there is a noble Corne-cutter his companion, hath so pared, and finified them----. Indeed, he hath taken it into his care, to reforme the feet of all, and fit all their footing to a forme; onely ones play-foot in the company, and he is a Bellowes-mender, allow'd who hath the looking to of all their lungs by patent, and by his place is to set that leg afore still, and with his puffes keepes them in breath during pleasure; A Tinder-box-man to strike new fire into them at every turne, and where he spies any brave sparke that is in danger to goe out, plie him with a match presently.

SHEPHERD.

A most politique provision.

FENCER.

Nay, we have made our provisions beyond example, I hope. For to these there is annexed a Clock-keeper, a grave person, as *Time* himselfe, who is to see that they all keepe time to a nick, and move every elbow in order, every knee in compasse. He is to wind them up, and draw them downe as he sees cause; Then is there a subtile shrewd-bearded Sir, that

hath

hath beene a Politician, but is now a maker of Mouse-traps, a great Inginer yet; and he is to catch the Ladyes favours in the Daunce with certaine cringes he is to make; and to baite their benevolence. Nor can wee doubt of the successe, for we have a Prophet amongst us of that peremptorie pate, a Taylour, or master Fashioner, that hath found it out in a painted cloth, or some old hanging (for those are his Librarie) that we must conquer in such a time, and such a halfe time, therefore bids us goe on crosse-leg'd, or however thred the needles of our owne happinesse, goe through-stitch with all, unwind the clew of our cares, he hath taken measure of our mindes, and will fit our fortune to our footing. And to better assure us; at his owne charge, brings his Philosopher with him, a a great Clerke, who (they say) can write, and it is shrewdly suspected but he can read too: And he is to take the whole Daunces from the foot by Brachygraphie, and so make a memoriall, if not a map of the businesse. Come forth lads, and doe your owne turnes.

The Antimasque is Daunced.
After which

FENCER.

How like you this Shepheard? was not this geare gotten on a holy-day?

SHEPHERD.

Faith, your folly may deserve pardon, because it hath delighted: But; beware of presuming, or how you offer comparison with persons so neere Deities. Behold where they are, that are now forgiven you, whom should you provoke againe with the like, they will justly punish that with anger, which they now dismisse with contempt, Away.

And come you prime Arcadians forth, that taught
By PAN the rites of true societie,
From his loud Musicke, all your manners wraught
And made your Common-wealth a harmonie
Commending so to all posteritie.
Your innocence from that faire Fount of light
As still you sit without the injurie
Of any rudenesse, Folly can, or spight:
Daunce from the top of the Lycaan mountaine
Downe to this valley, and with neerer eye
Enjoy, what long in that illumin'd Fountaine
You did farre of, but yet with wonder spye.

HYMNE I.

1. *Of* PAN *we sing, the best of Singers* Pan
That taught us swaines, how first to tune our layes;
And on the pipe more aires then Phœbus *can.*
CHO. *Heare O you groves, and hills resound his praise.*

2. *Of* Pan *we sing, the best of Leaders,* Pan
That leads the Nayad's, and the Dryad's forth;
And to their daunces more then Hermes *can.*
CHO. *Heare O you groves, and hills, resound his worth.*
3. *Of* Pan *we sing, the best of Hunters,* Pan
That drives the Heart to seeke unused wayes,
And in the chace more then Sylvanus *can,*
CHO. *Heare, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.*
4. *Of* Pan *we sing, the best of Shepherds,* Pan,
That keepes our flocks, and us, and both leads forth
To better pastures then great Pales *can:*
CHO. *Heare O you groves, and hills resound his worth.*
And while his powers, and praises thus we sing
The Valleys let rebound, and all the rivers ring.

The *Masquers* descend, and dance their Entrie.

HYMNE II.

PAN *is our All, by him we breath, wee live,*
Wee move, we are; 'Tis he our lambes doth reare,
Our flocks doth blesse, and from the store doth give
The warme and finer fleeces that we weare.
He keepes away all heates, and colds,
Drives all diseases from our folds:
Makes every where the spring to dwell,
The Ewes to feed, their udders swell;
But if he frowne, the sheepe (alas)
The Shepheards wither, and the grasse.
Strive, strive, to please him then by still increasing thus
The rites are due to him, who doth all right for us.

The Maine Daunce.

HYMNE III.

If yet, if yet
Pans *orgies you will further fit,*
See where the silver-footed Fayes doe sit,
The Nymphes of wood and water;
Each trees, and Fountaines daughter,
Goe take them forth, it will be good
To see some wave it like a wood,
And others wind it like a flood;
In springs,
And rings,
Till the applause it brings,
Wakes Eccho from her seate,
The closes to repeate.
(ECH. *The closes to repeate*)

Eccho

Ecchothe trueſt Oracle on ground,
Though nothing but a ſound.
(Ech. *Though nothing but a ſound.*)
Belov'd of Pan, *the Vallyes Queene*
(Ech. *The Valleyes Queene*)
And often heard, though never ſeene,
(Ech. *Though never ſeene.*)

REVELLS.

FENCER.

Roome, roome there: where are you Shepheard? I am come againe with my ſecond part of my bold Bloods, the brave Gameſters: who aſſure you by me, that they perceive no ſuch wonder in all is done here, but that they dare adventure another tryall. They looke for ſome ſheepiſh deviſes here in *Arcadia*, not theſe, and therefore a hall, a hall they demand.

SHEPHERD.

Nay, then they are paſt pittie, let them come, and not expect the anger of a Deitie to purſue them, but meet them. They have their puniſhment with their fact. They ſhall be ſheepe.

FENCER.

O ſpare me, by the law of Nations, I am but their Ambaſſadour.

SHEPHERD.

You ſpeake in time Sir.

2. ANTIMASQUE.

SHEPHERD.

Now let them returne with their ſolide heads, and carry their ſtupiditie into *Bœotia*, whence they brought it, with an embleme of themſelves, and their Countrey. This is too pure an aire for ſo groſſe Braines.

End you the rites, and ſo be eas'd
Of theſe, and then great Pan *is pleas'd.*

HYMNE IIII.

Great Pan *the Father of our peace, and pleaſure,*
Who giv'ſt us all this leaſure,
Heare what thy hallowd troope of Herdſmen pray
For this their Holy-day,
And how their vowes to Thee, they in Lycæum *pay.*

So may our Ewes receive the mounting Rammes,
And wee bring thee the earlieſt of our Lambes:
So may the firſt of all our fells be thine,
And both the beeſtning of our Goates, and Kine

As

As thou our folds dost still secure,
And keep'st our fountaines sweet and pure
Driv'st hence the Wolfe, the Toade, the Brock,
Or other vermine from the flock.
That wee preserv'd by Thee, and thou observ'd by us
May both live safe in shade of thy lov'd Mænalus.

SHEPHERD.

Now each returne unto his Charge,
And though to day you have liv'd at large,
And well your flocks have fed their fill,
Yet doe not trust your hirelings still.
See, yond they goe, and timely doe
The office you have put them to,
But if you often give this leave
Your sheepe, and you they will deceave.

The End.

THE

THE MASQUE OF OWLES AT *KENELWORTH.*

Presented by the Ghost of Captaine *Coxe* mounted in his Hoby-horse.

1626.

CAP. COXE.

ROome, roome, for my Horse will wince,
If he come within so many yards of a Prince;
And though he have not on his wings,
He will doe strange things.
He is the *Pegasus* that uses
To waite on *Warwick* Muses;
And on gaudy-dayes he paces
Before the *Coventrie* Graces;
For to tell you true, and in rime,
He was foald in Q. *Elizabeths* time,
When the great Earle of *Lester*
In this Castle did feast her.
Now, I am not so stupid
To thinke, you thinke me a *Cupid*;
Or a *Mercurie*, that sit him:
Though these Cocks here would fit him.
But a spirit very civill,
Neither Poets God, nor Devill,
An old *Kenelworth* Fox,
The Ghost of Captaine *Cox*,
For which I am the bolder,
To weare a Cock on each shoulder.
This Captaine *Cox*, by St. *Mary*,
Was at *Bullen* with King *Hary*;
And (if some doe not vary)
Had a goodly library,
By which he was discerned
To be one of the learned

To entertaine the Queene here,
When last she was seene here.
And for the Towne of *Coventrie*
To act to her soveraigntie.
But so his lot fell out,
That serving then afoot,
And being a little man;
When the skirmish began
'Twixt the *Saxon*, and the *Dane*,
(For thence the storie was tane)
Hee was not so well seene
As he would have beene o'the Queene.
Though this sword were twice so long
As any mans else in the throng
And for his sake, the Play
Was call'd for the second day.
But he made a vow
(And he performes it now)
That were he alive, or dead,
Hereafter, it should never be sed
But *Cap. Cox* would serve on horse
For better or for worse,
If any Prince came hither.
And his horse should have a feather
Nay, such a Prince it might be
Perhaps he should have three.
Now, Sir (in your approach
The rumbling of your Coach
Awaking me, (his Ghost)
I come to play your Host;
And feast your eyes and eares,
Neither with Dogs, nor Beares,
Though that have beene a fit
Of our maine-shire wit,
In times heretofore,
But now, we have got a little more.
These then that we present
With a most loyall intent
And (as the Author saith)
No ill meaning to the Catholique faith,
Are not so much beasts, as Fowles,
But a very Nest of Owles,
And naturall, so thrive I,
I found them in the Ivy,
A thing, that though I blundred at,
It may in time be wondred at,
If the place but affords
Any store of lucky birds,
As I make 'em to flush
Each Owle out of his bush.

Now,

Now, theſe Owles (ſome ſay) were men,
And they may be ſoagen,
If once they endure the light
Of your highneſſe ſight:
For Bank-rupts, we have knowne
Riſe to more then their owne.
With a little-little ſavour
Of the Princes favour,
But, as you like their tricks,
I'le ſpring 'em, they are but ſix.
Hey, Owle firſt.

This Bird is *London* bred
As you may ſee by his horn'd head.
And had like to have beene tane
At his ſhop in Jvy-lane,
Where he ſold by the peney
Tobacco, as good as any;
But, whether it did provoke
His conſcience, he ſold ſmoke;
Or ſome other toy he tooke,
Towards his calling to looke:
He fled by Moone-ſhine thence;
And broke for ſixteene pence.
Hey, Owle ſecond.

This too, the more is the pittie
Is of the breed, of the ſame Citie,
A true Owle of *London*
That gives out he is undone,
Being a Cheeſe-monger,
By truſting two of the younger
Captaines, for the hunger
Of their halfe-ſtaru'd number;
Whom ſince they have ſhipt away:
And left him God to pay,
With thoſe eares for a badge
Of their dealing with his Madge.
Hey, Owle third.

A pure native Bird
This, and though his hue
Be not *Coventrie*-blue,
Yet is he undone
By the thred he has ſpunne,
For ſince the wiſe towne
Has let the ſports downe
Of May-games, and Morris,
For which he right ſorry is:
Where their Maides, and their Makes,
At dancings, and Wakes,
Had their Napkins, and poſes,
And the wipers for their noſes.

And their ſmocks all-be-wrought
With his thred which they bought,
It now lies on his hands,
And having neither wit, nor lands,
Is ready to hang, or choke him,
In a skeyne of that, that broke him.
Hey, Owle fourth.

Was once a Bankrupt of worth;
And having run a ſhifting race
At laſt by money, and grace,
Got him a Serjeants place,
And to be one of Chace.
A full fortnight was not ſpent,
But out comes the Parliament,
Takes away the uſe of his Mace,
And left him in a worſe, then his firſt caſe.
Hey, Owle the fift.

But here was a defeat,
Never any ſo great,
Of a *Don*, a Spaniſh Reader,
Who had thought to have bin the Leader
(Had the Match gon on)
Of our Ladyes one by one,
And triumpht our whole Nation,
In his *Rodomant* faſhion:
But now ſince the breach,
He has not a Scholler to teach.
Hey, Owle ſixt.

The Bird-bringer up is a Knight,
But a paſſionate wight,
Who, ſince the Act againſt ſwearing,
(The tale's worth your hearing)
In this ſhort times growth
Hath at twelve pence an oath;
For that (I take it) is the rate
Sworne himſelfe out of his eſtate.
The third varied.

A Crop-eard Scrivener, this,
Who when he heard but the whiſ-
per of moneys to come downe,
Fright got him out of Towne
With all the Bills and Bands
Of other mens in his hands,
And cry'd, who will drive the trade,
Since ſuch a Law they had made:
It was not he that broke.
Two i'the hundred ſpoke.
Nor car'd he for the curſe,
He could not heare much worſe,
He had his eares in his purſe.

The End.

THE

THE FORTUNATE ISLES, AND THEIR VNION.

CELEBRATED IN A *MASQVE*

Design'd for the Court, on the Twelfth night. 1626.

Hîc choreæ, cantúſque vigent.

THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

His M^tie being ſet,

ENtreth in, running, JOHPHIEL, *an aëry ſpirit, and (according to the* Magi*) the* Intelligence *of* Jupiters *ſphere: Attired in light ſilkes of ſeverall colours, with wings of the ſame, a bright yellow haire, a chaplet of flowers, blew ſilke ſtockings, and pumpes, and gloves, with a ſilver fan in his hand.*

IOHPHIEL.

Like a lightning from the skie,
Or an arrow ſhot by *Love*,
Or a Bird of his let fly;
Bee't a Sparrow, or a Dove:
With that winged haſt, come I,
Looſed from the Sphere of *Iove*,
To wiſh good-night
To your delight.

To

To him enters a Melancholique Student, in bare and worne cloathes, shrowded under an obscure cloake, and the eaves of an old hat, fetching a deepe sigh, his name, Mr. Mere-Foole.

MERE-FOOLE.

Oh, oh!

JOHPHIEL.

In *Saturn's* name, the Father of my Lord!
What over-charged piece of *Melancholie*
Is this, breakes in betweene my wishes thus,
With bombing sighes?

MERE-FOOLE.

No! no Intelligence!
Not yet! and all my vowes now nine dayes old!
Blindnesse of fate! Puppies had seene by this time:
But I see nothing! that I should! or would see!
What meane the Brethren of the *Rosie-Crosse*
So to desert their votarie!

JOHPHIEL.

O!'tis one
Hath vow'd himselfe unto that aërie order,
And now is gaping for the flie they promis'd him.
I'le mixe a little with him for my sport.

MERE-FOOLE.

Have I both in my lodging, and my dyet,
My cloathes, and every other solemne charge
Observ'd'hem! made the naked bords my bed!
A fagot for my pillow! hungred sore!

JOHPHIEL.

And thirsted after'hem!

MERE-FOOLE.

To looke gaunt, and leane!

JOHPHIEL.

Which will not be.

MERE-FOOLE.

(Who's that?) yes, and outwatcht,
Yea, and out-walked any Ghost alive
In solitarie circle, worne my bootes,
Knees, armes, and elbowes out!

JOHPHIEL.

Ran on the score!

MERE-FOOLE.

That have I (who suggests that?) and for more
Then I will speake of, to abate this flesh,
And have not gaind the sight;

JOHPHIEL.

Nay scarce the sense.

MERE-FOOLE.

(Voice, thou art right) of any thing but a cold
Wind in my stomacke.

JOHPHIEL.

And a kind of whimsie.

MERE-FOOLE.

Here in my head, that puts me to the staggers,
Whether there be that Brotherhood, or no.

JOHPHIEL.

Beleeve fraile man, they be: and thou shalt see.

MERE-FOOLE.

What shall I see? —

JOHPHIEL.

Mee.

MERE-FOOLE.

Thee? Where?

JOHPHIEL.

Here. If you
Be Mr. *Mere-Foole*.

MERE-FOOLE.

Sir, our name is *Mery-Foole*,
But by contraction *Mere-foole*.

JOHPHIEL.

Then are you
The wight I seeke: and Sr. my name is *Sophiel*,
Intelligence to the Sphere of *Jupiter*,
An aëry jocular spirit, employ'd to you
From Father OVTIS.

MERE-FOOLE.

OVTIS? who is hee?

JOHPHIEL.

Know yee not OVTIS? Then you know No body:
The good old *Hermit*, that was said to dwell
Here in the forrest without trees, that built
The Castle in the aire, where all the Brethren
Rhodostaurotick live. It flyes with wings,
And runnes on wheeles: where *Julian de Campis*
Holds out the brandisht blade.

MERE-FOOLE.

Is't possible
They thinke on mee?

JOHPHIEL.

Rise, be not lost in wonder,
But heare me, and be faithfull. All the Brethren
Have heard your vowes, salute you, and expect you,
By me, this next returne. But the good Father
Has bin content to die for you.

MERE-

MERE-FOOLE.

For mee?

JOHPHIEL.

For you. Last New-yeares day, which some give out,
Because it was his Birth-day, and began
The yeare of *Jubile*, he would rest upon it,
Being his hundred five and twentieth yeare:
But the truth is, having observ'd your *Genesis*,
He would not live, because he might leave all
He had to you.

MERE-FOOLE.

What had he?

JOHPHIEL.

Had? An office,
Two, three, or foure.

MERE-FOOLE.

Where?

JOHPHIEL.

In the upper Region:
And that you'll find. The Farme of the great Customes,
Through all the Ports of the Aires. Intelligences;
Then Constable of the Castle *Rosie-Crosse*:
Which you must be, and Keeper of the Keyes
Of the whole *Kaball*, with the Seales; you shall be
Principall Secretarie to the Starres;
Know all their signatures, and combinations,
The divine rods, and consecrated roots.
What not? Would you turne trees up like the wind,
To shew your strength? march ouer heads of armies,
Or points of pikes, to shew your lightnesse? force
All doores of arts, with the petarre, of your wit?
Reade at one view all bookes? speake all the languages
Of severall creatures? master all the learnings
Were, are, or shall be? or, to shew your wealth,
Open all treasures, hid by nature, from
The rocke of Diamond, to the mine of Sea-coale?
Sir, you shall doe it.

MERE-FOOLE.

But how?

JOHPHIEL.

Why, by his skill,
Of which he has left you the inheritance,
Here in a pot: this little gally pot
Of tincture, high rose tincture. There's your Order,
You will ha' your Collar sent you, er't be long.

MERE-FOOLE.

I lookt Sir, for a halter, I was desperate.

JOHPHIEL.

JOHPHIEL.

Reach forth your hand.

MERE-FOOLE.

O Sir, a broken sleeve
Keepes the arme back as 'tis i'the proverbe.

JOHPHIEL.

Nay,
For that I doe commend you: you must be poore
With all your wealth, and learning. When you ha'made
Your glasses, gardens in the depth of Winter,
Where you will walke invisible to Man-kind,
Talkt with all birds and beasts in their owne language,
When you have penetrated hills like ayre,
Div'd to the bottome of the Sea, like leade,
And riss' againe like corke, walk't in the fire
An'twere a *Salamander*, pass'd through all
The winding orbes, like an Intelligence,
Up to the *Empyreum*, when you have made
The World your gallery, can dispatch a businesse
In some three minutes, with the *Antipodes*,
And in five more, negotiate the *Globe* over;
You must be poore still.

MERE-FOOLE.

By my place, I know it.

JOHPHIEL.

Where would you wish to be now? or what to see?
Without the fortunate purse to beare your charges,
Or wishing hat? I will but touch your temples,
The corners of your eyes, and tinct the tip,
The very tip o'your nose, with this *Collyrium*
And you shall see i'the ayre all the *Ideas*,
Spirits, and *Atomes*, Flies, that buz about
This way, and that way, and are rather admirable,
Then any way intelligible.

MERE-FOOLE.

O, come, tinct me,
Tinct me: I long, save this great belly, I long.
But shall I onely see?

JOHPHIEL.

See, and command
As they were all your varlets, or your foot-boyes:
But first you must declare, (your greatnesse must,
For that is now your stile) what you would see.
Or whom.

MERE-FOOLE.

Is that my stile? My Greatnesse, then,
Would see King *Zoroastres*.

JOHPHIEL.

Why you shall:
Or any one beside. Thinke whom you please?
Your thousand, Your ten thousand, to a million:
All's one to me, if you could name a myriad.

MERE-FOOLE.

I have nam'd him.

JOHPHIEL.

You'ave reason.

MERE-FOOLE.

I, I have reason.
Because he's said to be the Father of conjurers,
And a cunning man i'the starres.

JOHPHIEL.

I, that's it troubles us.
A little for the present: For, at this time
He is confuting a French *Almanack*,
But he will straight have done, Ha'you but patience;
Or thinke but any other in meane time,
Any hard name.

MERE-FOOLE.

Then, *Hermes Trismegistus*.

JOHPHIEL.

O, ὁ τρισμέγιστος? Why, you shall see him,
A fine hard name. Or him, or whom you will,
As I said to you afore. Or what doe you thinke
Of *Howle-glasse*, in stead of him.

MERE-FOOLE.

No, him
I have a mind to.

JOHPHIEL.

O', but *Vlen-spiegle*.
Were such a name! but you shall have your longing.
What lucke is this, he should be busie too?
He is waighing water, but to fill three houre-glasses,
And marke the day in pen'orths like a cheese,
And he has done. 'Tis strange you should name him
Of all the rest! there being *Iamblicus*,
Or *Porphyrie*, or *Proclus*, any name
That is not busie.

MERE-FOOLE.

Let me see *Pythagoras*.

JOHPHIEL.

Good.

MERE-FOOLE.

Or *Plato*.

JOHPHIEL.

Plato, is framing some *Idea's*,
Are now bespoken, at a groat a dozen,
Three grosse at least: And, for *Pythagoras*,

He'has rashly run himselfe on an imployment,
Of keeping *Asses* from a field of beanes;
And cannot be stav'd off.

MERE-FOOLE.

Then, *Archimedes.*

JOHPHIEL.

Yes, *Archimedes!*

MERE-FOOLE.

I, or *Æsope.*

JOHPHIEL.

Nay,
Hold your first man, a good man, *Archimedes,*
And worthy to be seene; but he is how
Inventing a rare Mouse-trap with *Owles* wings
And a *Catts*-foot, to catch the Mise alone:
And *Æsop,* he is filing a *Fox* tongue,
For a new fable he has made of Court;
But you shall see 'hem all, stay but your time
And aske in season; Things as'kd out of season
A man denies himselfe. At such a time
As *Christmas,* when disguising is o'foot,
To aske of the inventions, and the men,
The witts, and the ingines that move those Orbes!
Me thinkes, you should enquire now, after *Skelton,*
Or Mr. *Skogan.*

MERE-FOOLE.

Skogan? what, was he?

JOHPHIEL.

O'a fine Gentleman, and a *Master* of *Arts,*
Of *Henry* the fourth's times, that made disguises
For the Kings sonnes, and writ in ballad-royall
Daintily well.

MERE-FOOLE.

But, wrote he like a Gentleman?

JOHPHIEL.

In rime! fine tinckling rime! and flowand verse!
With now and then some sence! and he was paid for't,
Regarded, and rewarded: which few *Poets*
Are now adaies.

MERE-FOOLE.

And why?

JOHPHIEL.

'Cause every Dabler
In rime is thought the same. But you shall see him.
Hold up your nose.

MERE-FOOLE.

I had rather see a *Brachman,*
Or a *Gymnosophist* yet.

JOHPHIEL.

You shall see him, Sir.
Is worth them both. And with him *Domine Skelton*,
The worshipfull *Poet Laureat* to *K. Harry*,
And *Tytirett* of those times. Advance quick *Skogan*,
And quicker *Skelton*, shew your craftie heads,
Before this Heire of arts, this Lord of learning,
This Master of all knowledge in reversion.

Enter SKOGAN, and SKELTON in like habits, as they liv'd.

SKOGAN.

Seemeth we are call'd of a morall intent,
If the words that are spoken, as well now be meant.

JOHPHIEL.

That Mr. *Skogan* I dare you ensure.

SKOGAN.

Then, Sonne, our acquaintance is like to indure.

MERE-FOOLE.

A pretty game! like *Crambe*. Mr. *Skogan*,
Give me thy hand: Thou'rt very leane, me thinks,
Is't living by thy wits?

SKOGAN.

If it had beene that,
My worshipfull Sonne, thou hadst ne're bin so fat.

JOHPHIEL.

He tels you true Sir. Here's a Gentleman
(My paire of crafty Clerkes) of that high caract,
As hardly hath the age produc't his like.
Who not content with the wit of his owne times,
Is curious to know yours, and what hath beene,

MERE-FOOLE.

Or is, or shall be.

JOHPHIEL.

Note his Latitude!

SKELTON.

O, vir amplissimus!
(*Ut scholis dicimus*)
Et gentilissimus!

JOHPHIEL.

The question-*issimus*
Is, should he aske a sight now, for his life;
I meane, a person, he would have restor'd,
To memorie of these times, for a Play-fellow,
Whether you would present him, with an *Hermes*,
Or, with an *Howle-glas*?

SKELTON.

SKELTON.

An *Howleglasse*.
To come, to passe,
On his Fathers Asse;
There never was,
By day, nor night,
A finer sight.
With feathers upright
In his horned cap,
And crooked shape,
Much like an Ape.
With Owle on fist,
And Glasse at his wrist.

SKOGAN.

Except the foure Knaves entertain'd for the guards,
Of the Kings, and the Queenes that triumph in the cards.

JOHPHIEL

I, that were a sight and a halfe, I confesse,
To see 'hem come skipping in, all at a messe!

SKELTON.

With *Elinor Rumming*.
To make up the mumming,
That comely *Gill*,
That dwelt on a hill,
But she is not grill:
Her face all bowsie,
Droopie, and drowsie,
Scurvy, and lowsie,
Comely crinkled,
Wondrously wrinkled,
Like a rost pigs eare,
Bristled with haire.

SCOGAN.

Or, what doe you say to *Ruffian Fire-Ale*?

JOHPHIEL.

An excellent sight, if he be not to stale.
But then, we can mix him with moderne *Vapors*,
The Child of *Tobacco*, his pipes, and his papers.

MERE-FOOLE.

You talk'd of *Elinor Rumming*, I had rather
See *Ellen of Troy*.

JOHPHIEL.

Her you shall see.
But credit mee,
That *Marie Ambree*
(Who march'd so free.
To the siege of *Gaunt*,
And death could not daunt,
As the Ballad doth vaunt)

Were

Were a braver wight,
And a better fight.

SKELTON.

Or Westminster *Meg*,
With her long leg,
As long as a Crane;
And feet like a plane:
With a paire of heeles,
As broad as two wheeles;
To drive downe the dew,
As she goes to the stew:
And turnes home merry,
By *Lambeth* Ferry.
Or you may have come
In, *Thomas Thumbe*,
In a pudding fatt
With Doctor *Ratt*.

JOHPHIEL.

I, that! that! that!
Wee'll have 'em all,
To fill the Hall.

The Antimasque *followes.*

Consisting of these twelve persons, *Owleglasse*, the foure *Knaves*, two *Ruffians*, *Fitz-ale*, and *Vapore*, *Elnor Rumming*, *Mary Ambree*, *Long-Meg of Westminster*, *Tom Thumbe*, and *Doctor Ratt*.

Which done,

MERE-FOOLE.

What! are they vanish'd! where is skipping *Skelton*?
Or morall *Skogan*? I doe like their shew
And would have thankt 'em, being the first grace
The Company of the *Rosie-Crosse* hath done me.

JOHPHIEL.

The company o'the *Rosie-Crosse*! you wigion,
The company of *Players*. Goe, you are,
And will be still your selfe, a *Mere-foole*, In;
And take your pot of honey here, and hogs greace,
See, who has guld you, and make one. Great King,
Your pardon, if desire to please have trespass'd.
This foole should have beene sent to *Antycira*,
(The Ile of *Ellebore*) there to have purg'd,
Not hop'd a happie seat within your waters.
Heare now the message of the Fates, and *Jove*,
On whom those Fates depend, to you, as *Neptune*
The great Commander of the Seas, and Iles.
That point of Revolution being come

When all the Fortunate Islands should be joyn'd,
MACARIA, one, and thought a Principall,
That hitherto hath floted, as uncertaine
Where she should fix her blessings, is to night
Instructed to adhere to your BRITANNIA:
That where the happie spirits live, hereafter
Might be no question made, by the most curious,
Since the *Macarij* come to doe you homage,
And joyne their cradle to your continent.

Here the Scene *opens, and the* Masquers *are discover'd sitting in their severall seiges. The ayre opens above, and* APOLLO *with* Harmony, *and the spirits of* Musique *sing, the while the* Iland *moves forward,* Proteus *sitting below, and hearkening.*

SONG.

Looke forth the Shepheard of the Seas,
And of the Ports that keepe the keyes,
And to your Neptune *tell,*
MACARIA, *Prince of all the Isles,*
Wherein there nothing growes, but smiles,
Doth here put in, to dwell.
The windes are sweet, and gently blow,
But Zephirus, *no breath they know,*
The Father of the flowers:
By him the virgin violets live,
And every plant doth odours give,
As new, as are the bowers.

CHORVS.

Then, thinke it not a common cause,
That to it so much wonder drawes,
And all the heavens consent,
With Harmony *to tune their notes,*
In answer to the publike votes,
That for it up were sent.

By this time, the *Iland* having joyned it selfe to the shore; PROTEVS, PORTVNVS, and SARON come forth, and goe up singing to the *State*, while the *Masquers* take time to ranke themselves.

Song.

PROTEVS.

I, now, the heights of Neptunes *honours shine,*
And all the glories of his greater stile
Are read, reflected in this happiest Ile.

PORTVNVS.

PORTVNVS.

How both the ayre, the ſoyle, the ſeat combine
To ſpeake it bleſſed!

SARON.

Theſe are the true groves,
Where joyes are borne.

PROTEVS.

Where longings,

PORTVNVS.

And where loves!

SARON.

That live!

PROTEVS.

That laſt!

PORTVNVS.

No intermitted wind
Blowes here, but what leaves flowers, or fruit behind.

CHORVS.

'Tis odour all, that comes!
And every tree doth give his gummes.

PROTEVS.

There is no ſickneſſe, nor no old age knowne
To man, nor any griefe that hee dares owne.
There is no hunger there, nor envy of ſtate.
Nor leaſt ambition in the Magiſtrate.
But all are even-hearted, open, free,
And what one is, another ſtrives to be.

PORTVNVS.

Here all the day, they feaſt, they ſport, and ſpring;
Now dance the Graces *Hay; now* Venus *Ring:*
To which the old Muſitians *play, and ſing.*

SARON.

There is ARION, *tuning his bold Harpe,*
from flat to ſharpe.

PORTVNVS.

And light Anacreon,
He ſtill is one!

PROTEVS.

Steſichorus *there, too,*
That Linus, *and old* Orpheus *doth out-doe*
To wonder.

SARON.

And Amphion! *he is there.*

PORTVNVS.

Nor is Apollo *dainty to appeare*
In ſuch a quire, although the trees be thick,

PROTEVS.

He will looke in, and ſee the aires be quick,
And that the times be true.

PORTVNVS.

PORTVNVS.

Then, chanting.

PROTEVS.

Then,

Up, with their notes, they raise the Prince *of Men.*

SARON.

And sing the present Prophecie *that goes*
Of joyning the bright LILLIE, *and the* ROSE!

CHORVS.

See! all the flowers

PROTEVS.

That spring the banks along,
Doe move their heads unto that under-song.

CHORVS.

SARON, PORTVNVS, PROTEVS, *helpe to bring*
Our Primrose *in, the glory of the spring!*
And tell the Daffadill, *against that day,*
That we prepare new Gyrlands fresh as May.
And enter-weave the Myrtle, *and the* Bay.

This sung, the Island goes backe, whil'st the upper *Chorus* takes it from them, and the *Masquers* prepare for their figure.

CHORVS.

Spring all the Graces *of the age,*
And all the Loves *of time;*
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rime:
Adde all the softnesses of Courts,
The lookes, the laughters, and the sports.
And mingle all their sweets, and salts,
That none may say, the Triumph *halts.*

The *Masquers* Dance their *Entry* or first dance.

Which done, the first Prospective, a Maritime Palace, or the house of *Oceanus* is discovered to loude Musicke.

The other above is no more seene.

JOHPHIEL.

Behold the Palace of *Oceanus*!
Hayle Reverend structure! Boast no more to us
Thy being able, all the Gods to feast;
We saw enough: when ALBION was thy guest.

The Measures.

After which, the second Prospective, a Sea is shewne, to the former Musicke.

IOKPHIEL.

Now turne; and view the wonders of the deepe,
Where *Proteus* Herds, and *Neptunes* Orkes doe keepe;
Where all is plough'd, yet still the pastures greene
New wayes are found, and yet no paths are seene.

Here *Proteus, Portunus, Saron,* goe up to the Ladyes with this *Song.*

PROTEVS.

Come noble Nymphs, *and doe not hide*
The joyes, for which you so provide:

SARON.

If not to mingle with the Men,
What doe you here? Goe home agen.

PORTVNVS.

Your dressings doe confesse,
By what we see, so curious parts
Of Pallas, *and* Arachnes *arts,*
That you could meane no lesse.

PROTEVS.

Why doe you weare the Silk-wormes toyles,
Or glory in the shell-fish spoyles;
Or strive to shew the graines of Ore
That you have gather'd on the shore,
whereof to make a stocke
To graft the greener Emerald on,
Or any better water'd stone,

SARON.

Or Rubie of the Rocke?

PROTEVS.

Why doe you smell of Amber-gris,
Of which was formed Neptunes *Neice,*
The Queene of Love: unlesse you can
Like Sea-borne Venus *love a Man?*

SARON.

Try, put your selves unto't.

CHORVS.

Your lookes, your smiles, and thoughts that meet,
Ambrosian *hands, and silver feet,*
Doe promise you will do't.

The Revells follow.
Which ended, the Fleet is discovered, while the three Corners play.

IOHPHIEL.

'Tis time, your eyes should be refresht at length
With something new, a part of NEPTVNES strength,
See yond', his Fleete, ready to goe or come,
Or fetch the riches of the *Ocean* home,
So to secure him, both in peace, and warres,
Till not one ship alone, but all be starres.

Then the last Song.

PROTEVS.

Although we wish the glory still might last
Of such a night, and for the causes past:
Yet now, great Lord of waters, and of Iles,
Give Proteus *leave to turne unto his wiles.*

PORTVNVS.

And, whilst young ALBION *doth thy labours ease;*
Dispatch Portunus *to the Ports.*

SARON.

And Saron *to the Seas:*
To meet old Nereus, *with his fiftie girles,*
From aged Indus *laden home with pearles,*
And Orient gummes, to burne unto thy name.

CHORVS.

And may thy subjects hearts be all on flame,
Whil'st thou dost keepe the earth in firme estate,
And 'mongst the winds, do'st suffer no debate,
But both at Sea, and Land, our powers increase,
With health, and all the golden gifts of Peace.

After which, their last Dance.

The End.

LOVES TRIUMPH THROUGH *CALLIPOLIS.*

Performed in a Maſque at Court.

1630.

By his Majeſtie, with the Lords,

and Gentlemen aſſiſting.

The Inventors.

Ben. Johnſon. *Inigo Jones.*

Quando magis dignos licuit ſpectare triumphos?

To make the Spectators underſtanders.

WHereas all Repreſentations, eſpecially thoſe of this nature in Court, publique Spectacles, either have beene, or ought to bee the mirrours of mans life, whoſe ends, for the excellence of their exhibiters (as being the donatives, of great Princes, to their people) ought alwayes to carry a mixture of profit, with them, no leſſe then delight; Wee, the Inventors, being commanded from the King, to thinke on ſome thing worthy of his Majeſties putting in act, with a ſelected company of his Lords, and Gentlemen, called to the aſſiſtance. For the honour of his Court, and the dignitie of that heroique love, and regall reſpect borne by him to his unmatchable Lady, and Spouſe, the Queenes Majeſtie, after ſome debate of cogitation with our ſelves, reſolved on this following argument.

Firſt, that a Perſon, *boni ominis*, of a good Character, as *Euphemus*, ſent downe from Heaven to *Callipolis*, which is underſtood, the Citie of *Beauty* or *Goodneſſe*, ſhould come in; and, finding her Majeſtie there enthron'd, declare unto her, that *Love* who was wont to be reſpected as a ſpeciall Deitie in Court, and Tutelar God of the place, had of late receiv'd

ceiv'd an advertisement, that in the suburbs, or skirts of *Callipolis*, were crept in certaine Sectaries, or deprav'd Lovers, who neither knew the name, or nature of love rightly, yet boasted themselves his followers, when they were fitter to be call'd his *Furies*: their whole life being a continew'd *vertigo*, or rather a torture on the wheele of *Love*, then any motion, either of order or measure. When suddenly they leape forth below, a Mistresse leading them, and with antick gesticulation, and action, after the manner of the old *Pantomimi*, they dance over a distracted *Comœdy* of *Love*, expressing their confus'd affections, in the Scenicall persons, and habits of the foure prime *European* Nations.

A glorious boasting Lover.
A whining Ballading Lover.
An adventurous *Romance* Lover.

A phantasticke umbrageous Lover.
A bribing corrupt Lover.
A froward jealous Lover.

A sordid illiberall Lover.
A proud scornfull Lover.
An angry quarrelling Lover.

A Melancholique despairing Lover.
An envious unquiet Lover.
A sensuall brute Lover.

All which, in varied, intricate turnes, and involv'd mazes, expresst, make the *Antimasque: and conclude the exit, in a circle.*

EVPHEMVS descends singing.

Joy, joy to mortals, the rejoycing fires
Of gladnesse, smile in your dilated hearts!
Whilst Love presents a world of chast desires,
Which may produce a harmony of parts!

Love is the right affection of the minde,
The noble appetite of what is best:
Desire of union with the thing design'd,
But in fruition of it cannot rest.

The Father plenty is, the Mother want. Porus, *and* Penia.
Plenty the beauty, which it wanteth, drawes;
Want yeelds it selfe: affording what is scant.
So, both affections are the union's cause.

But, rest not here. For Love hath larger scopes,
New joyes, new pleasures, of as fresh a date
As are his minutes: and, in him no hopes
Are pure, but those he can perpetuate.

To

He goes up to the State. *To you that are by excellence a Queene!*
The top of beauty! but, of such an ayre,
As, onely by the minds eye, may be seene
Your enter-woven lines of good, and fayre!
Vouchsafe to grace Loves triumph here, to night,
Through all the streetes of your Callipolis;
Which by the splendor of your rayes made bright
The seat, and region of all beauty is.

Love, in perfection, longeth to appeare,
But prayes of favour, he be not call'd on,
Till all the suburbs, and the skirts be cleare
Of perturbations, and th'infection gon.

Then will he flow forth, like a rich perfume
Into your nostrils! or some sweeter sound
Of melting Musique, that shall not consume
Within the eare, but run the mazes round.

Here the *Chorus* walke about with their Censers.

CHORVS.

Meane time, wee make lustration of the place,
And with our solemne fires, and waters prove
T'have frighted hence, the weake diseased race
Of those were tortur'd on the wheele of love.

1 The glorious, 2 whining, 3 the adventurous foole,
4 Phantastique, 5 bribing, and the 6 jealous asse
1 The sordid, 2 scornefull, 3 and the angry mule
4 The melancholique, 5 dull, and envious masse,

CHORVS.

With all the rest, that in the sensuall schoole
Of lust, for their degree of brute may passe.
The prospect of Sea appeares. *All which are vapour'd hence.*
No loves, but slaves to sense:
Meere cattell, and not men.
Sound, sound, and treble all our joyes agen,
Who had the power, and vertue to remove
Such monsters from the labyrinth of love.

The Triumph is first seene a-farre off, and led in by *Amphitrite*, the Wife of *Oceanus*, with foure Sea-gods attending her.

NEREUS, PROTEUS, GLAUCUS, PALÆMON.

It consisteth of fifteene *Lovers*, and as many *Cupids*, who ranke themselves seven, and seven on a side, with each a *Cupid* before him, with a ligh-

lighted torch, and the middle person (which is his Majestie,) placed in the center.

1. The provident.
2. The judicious.
3. The secret.
4. The valiant.
5. The witty.
6. The joviall.
7. The secure.
8. The substantiall.
9. The modest.
10. The candid.
11. The courteous.
12. The elegant.
13. The rationall,
14. The magnificent.
15. The Heroicall.

AMPHITRITE.

Here, stay a while: This! this
The Temple of all Beautie *is!*
Here, perfect Lovers, *you must pay*
First-fruits; and on these altars lay
(The Ladyes breast's) your ample vowes,
Such, as Love *brings, and* Beauty *best allowes!*

CHO. *For* Love, *without his object, soone is gone:*
Love must have answering love, to looke upon.

AMPHITRITE.

To you, best Judge then, of perfection!

EVPHEMVS.

The Queene, of what is wonder, in the place!

AMPHITRITE.

Pure object, of Heroique Love, *alone!*

EVPHEMVS.

The center of proportion——!

AMPHITRITE.

Sweetnesse.

EVPHEMVS.

Grace?

AMPHITRITE.

Daigne to receive all lines of love in one.

EVPHEMVS.

And by reflecting of them fill this space.

CHO. *Till it a circle of those glories prove,*
Fit to be sought in Beauty, *found by* Love.

SEME-CHO. *Where* Love *is mutuall, still*
All things in order move,

SEMI-CHO. *The circle of the will*
Is the true spheare of Love.

CHO. *Advance, you gentler* Cupids, *then advance,*
And shew your just perfections in your daunce.

The Cupids *dance, their dance.*

And the Masquers their entry.

Which done, *Euclia*, or a faire Glory appeares in the heavens, singing an applausive song, or *Pæan* of the whole, which shee takes occasion

to

to ingeminate in the second *Chorus*, upon the sight of a work of *Neptunes*, being a hollow rocke, filling part of the Sea-prospect, whereon the Muses sit.

EVCLIAS Hymne.

So love, emergent out of Chaos *brought*
The world to light!
And gently moving on the waters, wrought
All forme to sight!

Loves *appetite*
Did beautie first excite:
And left imprinted in the ayre,
Those signatures of good, and faire,
CHO. *Which since have flow'd, flow'd forth upon the sense*
To wonder first, and then to excellence,
By vertue of divine intelligence!

The ingemination.

And Neptune *too,*
Shewes what his waves can doe:
To call the Muses *all to play,*
And sing the birth of Venus *day,*
CHO. *Which from the Sea flow'd forth upon the sense*
To wonder first, and next to excellence,
By vertue of divine intelligence!

Here follow the Revells.

Which ended, the Scene changeth to a Garden, and the heavens opening, there appeare foure new persons, in forme of a *Constellation*, sitting, or a new *Asterisme*, expecting *Venus*, whom they call upon with this song.

JUPITER, JUNO, GENIUS, HYMEN.

IVP. *Hast daughter* Venus, *hast, and come away:*
IVN. *All powers, that governe Mariage, pray*
That you will lend your light
GEN. *Unto the constellation of this night,*
HYM. *Hymen.*
IVN. *And* Juno.
GEN. *And the* Genius *call,*
IVP. *Your father* Jupiter,
CHO. *And all*
That blesse, or honour holy nuptiall.

VENUS here appeares in a cloud, and passing through the *Constellation*, descendeth to the earth, when presently the cloud vanisheth, and she is seene sitting in a throne.

VENVS.

Here, here I present am
Both in my girdle, and my flame.
Wherein are woven all the powers
The Graces gave me, or the Houres
(My nources once) with all the arts
Of gayning, and of holding hearts:
And these with I descend.
But, to your influences, first commend
The vow, I goe to take
On earth, for perfect love *and* beauties *sake!*

Her song ended, and she rising to goe up to the Queene, the Throne disappeares: in place of which, there shooteth up a Palme tree with an imperiall Crowne on the top, from the roote whereof, Lillies and Roses, twining together, and imbracing the stemme, flourish through the crowne, which she in the song, with the *Chorus* describes.

Beauty *and* Love, *whose story is mysteriall,*
In yonder Palme-tree, and the Crowne imperiall,
Doe from the Rose, and Lilly so delicious,
Promise a shade, shall ever be propitious
To both the Kingdomes. But to Brittaines Genius
The snaky rod, and serpents of Cyllenius
Bring not more peace, then these, who so united be
By Love, as with it Earth and Heaven delighted be.
And who this King, and Queene would well historifie,
Need onely speake their names: Those them will glorifie.
MARY, *and* CHARLES, CHARLES *with his* MARY, *named are*
And all the rest of Loves, *or* Princes *famed are.*

After this they dance their going out,
and end.

The Masquers Names:

The King.

The Marquesse *Hammilton.*	Lord *Chamberlaine.*
Earle of *Holland.*	Earle of *Carnarvan.*
Earle of *Newport.*	Vicount *Doncaster.*
Lord *Strange.*	Sir *William Howard.*
Sir *Robert Stanley.*	Sir *William Brooke.*
Master *Goring.*	Master *Raleigh.*
Master *Dimock.*	Master *Abercromy.*

The End.

CHLO:

CHLORIDIA.

RITES TO *CHLORIS* AND HER NYMPHS.

Perſonated in a Maſque at Court.

By the Queenes Majeſtie
And her Ladyes.

At Shrove-tide.

1630.

The Inventors.

Ben. Johnſon. *Inigo Jones.*

Unius tellus ante coloris erat.

CHLORIDIA.

THe King, and Queens Majeſtie, having given their command for the Invention of a new argument, with the whole change of the *Scene*, wherein her Majeſtie, with the like number of her Ladyes, purpoſed a preſentation to the King. It was agreed, it ſhould be the celebration of ſome Rites, done to the Goddeſſe *Chloris*, who in a generall counſell of the Gods, was proclaim'd Goddeſſe of the flowers, according to that of *Ovid*, in the *Faſti*.

Arbitrium tu Dea floris habe.

And was to be ſtellified on Earth, by an abſolute decree from *Iupiter*, who would have the Earth to bee adorn'd with ſtarres, as well as the Heaven.

Upon this hinge, the whole Invention mov'd.

The ornament, which went about the *Scene*, was compoſed of Foliage, or leaves heightned with gold, and enter-woven with all ſorts of flowers,

and naked children, playing, and climbing among the branches; and in the midſt, a great Garland of flowers, in which was written, *CHLORIDIA.*

The Curtaine being drawne up, the *Scene* is diſcover'd, conſiſting of pleaſant hills, planted with young trees, and all the lower bankes adorned with flowers. And from ſome hollow parts of thoſe Hills, Fountaines come gliding downe, which, in the farre-off Land-ſhape, ſeem'd all to be converted to a River.

Over all, a ſerene skie, with tranſparant cloudes, giving a great luſtre to the whole worke, which did imitate the pleaſant *Spring*.

When the ſpectators had enough fed their eyes, with the delights of the *Scene*, in a part of the ayre, a bright Cloud begins to breake forth; and in it is ſitting a plumpe Boy, in a changeable garment, richly adorn'd, repreſenting the mild *Zephyrus*. On the other ſide of the *Scene*, in a purpliſh Cloud, appeareth the *Spring*, a beautifull Maid, her upper garment greene, under it, a white robe wrought with flowers; A garland on her head.

Here *Zephyrus* begins his Dialogue, calling her forth, and making narration of the Gods decree at large, which ſhe obeyes, pretending, it is come to Earth already: and there begun to be executed by the Kings favour, who aſſiſts with all bounties, that may be either urg'd, as cauſes, or reaſons of the *Spring*.

The firſt Song.

ZEPHYRVS.

Come forth, come forth, the gentle Spring,
And carry the glad newes, I bring,
To Earth, our common mother:
It is decreed, by all the Gods
The Heav'n, of Earth ſhall have no oddes,
But one ſhall love another:

Their glories they ſhall mutuall make,
Earth looke on Heaven, for Heavens ſake;
Their honour's ſhall be even:
All æmulation ceaſe, and jarres;
Jove *will have Earth to have her ſtarres*
And lights, no leſſe then Heaven.

SPRING.

It is already done, in flowers
As freſh, and new as are the houres,
By warmth of yonder Sunne.
But will be multiply'd on us,
If from the breath of ZEPHYRUS
Like favour we have wonne.

ZEPHYRVS.

Give all to him: His is the dew,
The heate, the humour,

SPRING.

SPRING. ——All the true.
Beloved of the Spring!
ZEPHYRVS.
The Sunne, the Wind, the Verdure!
SPRING. ——All,
That wiſeſt Nature cauſe can call
Of quick'ning any thing.

At which, *Zephyrus* paſſeth away through the ayre, and the *Spring* deſcendeth to the Earth: and is receiv'd by the *Naiades*, or *Napeæ*; who are the Nymph's, *Fountaines*, and Servants of the ſeaſon.

The ſecond Song.

FOVNTAINES.

Fayre Maide, but are you come to dwell,
And tarry with us here?
SPRING.
Freſh Fountaines, I am come to tell
A tale in yond' ſoft eare,
Whereof the murmure will doe well:
If you your parts will beare.
FOVNTAINES.
Our purlings waite upon the Spring.
SPRING.
Goe up with me, then: helpe to ſing
The ſtory to the King.

Here the *Spring* goes up, ſinging the argument to the King; and the *Fountaines* follow with the cloſe.

SPRING.

Cupid hath ta'ne offence of late
At all the Gods, that of the State,
And in their Councell, he was ſo deſerted,
Not to be call'd into their Guild
But ſlightly paſs'd by, as a child.
FOVNTAINES.
Wherein he thinkes his honour was perverted.
SPRING.
And though his Mother ſeeke to ſeaſon,
And rectifie his rage with reaſon,
By ſhewing he lives yet under her command,
Rebellious he, doth diſobey,
And ſhe hath forc'd his armes away.

FOVR

FOVNTAINES.

To make him feele the Justice of her hand.

SPRING.

Whereat the Boy, in fury fell,
With all his speed, is gone to hell,
There to excite, and stirre up Jealousie,
To make a party 'gainst the Gods,
And set Heaven, Earth, and Hell at odds.

FOVNTAINES.

And rayse a chaos of calamitie.

The Song ended, the *Nymphs* fall into a Daunce, to their voyces, and instruments, and so returne into the *Scene.*

THE ANTIMASQVE.

First Entrie.

A part of the under-ground opening, out of it enters a Dwarfe-Post from Hell, riding on a Curtall, with cloven feet, and two Lacqueys: These dance, and make the first entry of the Antimasque. Hee alights, and speakes.

POSTILION.

Hold my stirrop, my one Lacquey; and looke to my Curtall, the other: walke him well, Sirrah, while I expatiate my selfe here in the report of my office! oh the Furies! how I am joyed with the title of it! Postilion *of Hell! yet no* Mercury. *But a meere Cacodæmon, sent hither with a packet of newes! newes! never was Hell so furnished of the commoditie of newes!* Love *hath beene lately there, and so entertained by* Pluto, *and* Proserpine, *and all the Grandees of the place, as, it is there perpetuall Holy-day: and a cessation of torment granted, and proclaimed for ever! Halfe-famish'd* Tantalus *is fallen to his fruit, with that appetite, as it threaten's to undoe the whole company of Costard-mungers, and ha's a River afore him, running excellent Wine;* Ixion *is loos'd from his wheele, and turn'd Dancer, does nothing but cut capreols, fetch friskals, and leades Lavaltoes, with the* Lamiæ! Sisyphus *ha's left rowling the stone, and is growne a Mr. bowler; challenges all the prime gamesters, Parsons in hell, and gives them odds: upon* Tityus *his brest, that (for sixe of the nine acres) is counted the subtlest bowling-ground in all* Tartary. *All the* Furies *are at a game call'd ninepins, or keilles, made of ola Usurers bones, and their soules looking on with delight, and betting on the game. Never was there such freedome of sport.* Danaus *Daughters have broke their bottomlesse tubs, and made bonfires of them. All is turn'd triumph there. Had Hell gates beene kept with halfe that strictnesse, as the entry here ha's beene to night,* Pluto *would have had but a cold Court, and* Proserpine *a thin presence, though both have a vast territorie. Wee had such a stirre to get in, I, and my Curtall, and my two Lacqueys all ventur'd through the eye of a Spanish needle, wee had never come in else, and that was by the favour*

of

of one of the guard who was a womans taylor, and held ope the passage. Cupid by commission hath carried Jealousie from Hell, Disdaine, Feare, and Dissimulation, with other Goblins, to trouble the Gods. And I am sent after post, to raise Tempest, Windes, Lightnings, Thunder, Rayne, and Snow, for some new exploit they have against the Earth, and the Goddesse Chloris, *Queene of the flowers, and Mistris of the* Spring. *For joy of which I will returne to my selfe, mount my Bidet, in a dance, and cervet upon my Curtall.*

The speech ended, the *Postillion* mounts his Curtall, and with his Lacqueys, danceth forth as he came in.

2. *Entry.*

Cupid, *Jealousie*, *Disdaine*, *Feare*, and *Dissimulation*, dance together.

3. *Entry.*

The Queenes Dwarfe, richly apparell'd, as a *Prince* of *Hell*, attended by six infernall *Spirits*; He first danceth alone, and then the *Spirits*: all expressing their joy, for *Cupids* comming among them.

4. *Entry.*

Here the *Scene* changeth, into a horrid storme; Out of which enters the Nymph *Tempest*, with foure *Windes*, they dance.

5. *Entry.*

Lightnings, three in number, their habits glistering, expressing that effect, in their motion.

6. *Entry.*

Thunder alone dancing the tunes to a noyse, mixed, and imitating thunder.

7. *Entry.*

Rayne, presented by five persons all swolne, and clouded over, their hayre flagging, as if they were wet, and in their hands, balls full of sweet water, which, as they dance, sprinkle all the roome.

8. *And last entry.*

Seven with rugged white heads, and beards, to expresse *Snow*, with flakes on their garments, mix'd with hayle. These having danced, returne into the stormy *Scene*, whence they came.

Here, by the providence of *Juno*, the tempest on an instant ceaseth: And the *Scene* is changed into a delicious place, figuring the bowre of

Chloris.

Chloris. Where, in an arbour fayn'd of Gold-smiths worke, the ornament of which was borne up with *Termes* of *Satyres*, beautifi'd with *Festones*, Garlands, and all sorts of fragrant flowers. Beyond all this, in the skie a-farre off appear'd a *Rainebow*, in the most eminent place of the Bowre, sate the Goddesse *Chloris*, accompanied with fourteene *Nymphs*, their apparell white, embroydered with silver, trim'd at the shoulders with great leaves of greene, embroydered with gold, falling one under the other. And of the same worke were their bases, their head-'tyres of flowers, mix'd with silver, and gold, with some sprigs of Ægrets among, and from the top of their dressing, a thin vayle hanging downe.

All which beheld,

The Nymphs, Rivers, and Fountaines with the Spring, sung this rejoycing Song.

Song 3.

RIVERS, SPRING, FOVNTAINES.

Run out, all the Flouds, in joy with your silver feet;
And hast to meet, the enamour'd Spring;
For whom the warbling Fountaines *sing*
The story of the flowers; preserved by the Showres;
At Juno's *soft command, and* Iris *showers;*
Sent to quench jealousie, and all those powers
Of Loves *rebellious warre:*
Whil'st Chloris *sits a shining starre*
To crowne, and grace our jolly song, made long,
To the notes, that we bring, to glad the Spring.

Which ended, the Goddesse, and her *Nymphs*, descend the degrees, into the roome, and dance the entry of the grand-masque.

After this, another Song by the same persons, as before.

Song 4.

RIVERS, FOVNTAINES.

Tell a truth, gay Spring, *let us know*
What feet they were, that so
Impres't the Earth, and made such various flowers to grow!

SPRING.

She that led, a Queene was at lest,
Or a Goddesse, 'bove the rest:
And all their graces, in her selfe expres't!

RIVERS,

RIVERS, FOVNTAINES.

O, 'twere a fame, to know her name!
Whether ſhee were the root;
Or they did take th'impreſſion from her foot.

The Maſquers here dance their ſecond dance.

Which done,

The farther *Proſpect* of the *Scene* changeth into ayre, with a low *Land-ſhape*, in part covered with clouds: And in that inſtant, the Heaven opening, *Juno*, and *Iris* are ſeene, and above them many *aëry ſpirits*, ſitting in the cloudes.

Song 5.

JVNO.

Now Juno, *and the Ayre ſhall know*
The truth of what is done below,
From our diſcoloured bow. Iris, *what newes?*

IRIS.

The ayre is cleare, your bow can tell,
Chloris *renown'd, Spight fled to Hell;*
The buſineſſe all is well. And Cupid *ſues*

JVNO.

For pardon. Do's hee?

IRIS.

Hee ſheds teares
More then your Birds have eyes.

JVNO.

The Gods have eares:
Offences, made againſt the Deities,
Are ſoone forgot-

IRIS.

If who offends, be wiſe.

Here, out of the Earth, ariſeth a Hill, and on the top of it, a globe, on which *Fame* is ſeene ſtanding with her Trumpet, in her hand; and on the Hill, are ſeated four Perſons, preſenting *Poeſie*, *Hiſtory*, *Architecture*, and *Sculpture*: who together with the *Nymphs*, *Floods*, and *Fountaines*, make a full *Quire*, at which, *Fame* begins to mount, and moving her wings, flyeth, ſinging up to Heaven.

FAME.
Rise golden Fame, *and give thy name a birth*

CHORVS.
From great and generous actions, done on Earth.
FAME.
The life of Fame *is action.*

CHORVS.
Understood
That action must be vertuous, great, and good!

FAME.
Vertue it selfe by Fame *is oft protected,*
And dies despised-----

CHORVS.
Where the Fame's *neglected.*

FAME.
Who hath not heard of Chloris, *and her Bowre*
Fayre Iris *act, employ'd by* Juno's *power*
To guard the Spring, *and prosper every flower,*
Whom Jealousie and Hell thought to devoure?

CHORVS.
Great actions, oft obscur'd by time, may lye,
Or envy-----
FAME.
But they last to memory.
POESY.
We that sustaine thee, Learned Poesie,
HISTORY.
And I, her sister, severe History.

ARCHITECTVRE.
With Architecture, *who will rayse thee high,*
SCVLPTVRE.
And Sculpture, *that can keepe thee from to dye.*
CHORVS.
All helpe lift thee to eternity.
JVNO.
And Juno, *through the ayre, doth make thy way,*
IRIS.
By her sereneſt Messenger of Day.
FAME.
Thus Fame, *ascend's, by all degrees, to Heaven:*
And leaves a light, here, brighter then the seven.

CHORVS

CHORVS.

Let all applaud the ſight.
Ayre firſt, that gave the bright
Reflections, Day or night!
With theſe ſupports of Fame,
That keepe alive her name!
The beauties of the Spring.
Fount's, Rivers, *every thing:*
From the height of all,
To the Waters fall-
Reſound, and ſing
The honour's of his Chloris, *to the King.*
Chloris, *the Queene of Flowers;*
The ſweetneſſe of all Showres;
The ornament of Bowres;
The top of Par-amours!

Fame, being hidden in the clouds, the hill ſinkes: and the Heaven cloſeth.

The End.

The Maſquers dance with the Lords.

The Names of the Maſquers as they ſate in the Bowre.

The Queene.

Counteſſe of *Carlile.* Counteſſe of *Oxford.* Lady *Strange.*
Counteſſe of *Berkeſhire.* Lady *Anne Cavendiſh.* Counteſſe of *Carnarvan.*
Counteſſe of *Newport.* Lady *Penelope Egerton.* M. *Porter.* M. *Dor. Savage.*
La. *Howard.* M. *Eliz. Savage.* M. *Anne Weſton.* M. *Sophia Cary.*

UNDER-WOODS.

CONSISTING OF DIVERS

POEMS.

By

BEN. IOHNSON.

Martial——*Cineri, gloria ſera venit.*

LONDON.
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To the Reader.

With the same, leave the Ancients, call'd that kind of body Sylva, *or* Ὕλη, *in which there were workes of divers nature, and matter congested; as the multitude call Timber-trees, promiscuously growing, a* Wood, *or* Forrest: *so am I bold to entitle these lesser Poems, of later growth, by this of* Vnder-wood, *out of the Analogie they hold to the* Forrest, *in my former booke, and no otherwise.*

BEN. IOHNSON.

Martial —— Cinxi, Glavia, Fera, Vepri.

LONDON

Printed M. DC. XL.

VNDER-VVOODS.

POEMS OF DEVOTION.

The Sinners Sacrifice.

To the Holy Trinitie.

1. O Holy, blessed, glorious *Trinitie*
Of persons, still one God, in *Unitie.*
The faithfull mans beleeved Mysterie,
Helpe, helpe to lift
2. My selfe up to thee, harrow'd, torne, and bruis'd
By sinne, and Sathan; and my flesh misus'd,
As my heart lies in peeces, all confus'd,
O take my gift.
3. All-gracious God, the *Sinners sacrifice.*
A broken heart thou wert not wont despise,
But 'bove the fat of rammes, or bulls, to prize
An offring meet,
4. For thy acceptance. O, behold me right,
And take compassion on my grievous plight.
What odour can be, then a heart contrite,
To thee more sweet?
5. *Eternall Father,* God, who did'st create
This All of nothing, gavest it forme, and fate,
And breath'st into it, life, and light, with state
To worship thee.
6. *Eternall God the Sonne,* who not denyd'st
To take our nature, becam'st man, and dyd'st,
To pay our debts, upon thy Crosse, and cryd'st
All's done in me.
7. *Eternall Spirit,* God from both proceeding,
Father and Sonne; the Comforter, in breeding
Pure thoughts in man: with fiery zeale them feeding
For acts of grace.
8. Increase those acts, ô glorious *Trinitie*
Of persons, still one God in *Unitie;*
Till I attaine the long'd-for mysterie
of seeing your face.
9. Beholding one in three, and three in one,
A *Trinitie,* to shine in *Unitie;*
The gladdest light, darke man can thinke upon;
O grant it me!

10. Father, and Sonne, and Holy Ghost, you three
All coeternall in your Majestie,
Distinct in persons, yet in Unitie
One God to see.

11. My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier.
To heare, to meditate, sweeten my desire,
With grace, with love, with cherishing intire,
O, then how blest,

12. Among thy Saints elected to abide,
And with thy Angels, placed side, by side,
But in thy presence, truly glorified
Shall I there rest?

A Hymne to God the Father.

1. HEare mee, O God!
A broken heart,
Is my best part:
Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein, thy Love.

If thou hadst not
Beene sterne to mee,
But left me free,
I had forgot
My selfe and thee.

For, sin's so sweet.
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Untill they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Then thou hast done:
That gav'st a Sonne,
To free a slave?
First made of nought;
Withall since bought.

Sinne, Death, and Hell,
His glorious Name
Quite overcame,
Yet I rebell,
And slight the same.

But, I'le come in,
Before my losse,
Me farther tosse,
As sure to win
Under his Crosse.

A Hymne
On the Nativitie of my Saviour.

I Sing the birth, was borne to night,
The Author both of Life, and light;
The Angels so did sound it,
And like the raviſh'd Sheep'erds ſaid,
Who ſaw the light, and were afraid,
Yet ſearch'd, and true they found it.

The Sonne of God, th' Eternall King,
That did us all ſalvation bring,
And freed the ſoule from danger;
Hee whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven, and earth did make;
Was now laid in a Manger.

The Fathers wiſedome will'd it ſo,
The Sonnes obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one ſtature;
And as that wiſedome had decreed,
The Word was now made Fleſh indeed,
And tooke on him our Nature.

What comfort by him doe wee winne?
Who made himſelfe the price of ſinne,
To make us heires of glory?
To ſee this Babe, all innocence;
A Martyr borne in our defence;
Can man forget this Storie?

A Celebration of CHARIS in
ten Lyrick Peeces.

I.
His Excuſe for loving.

LEt it not your wonder move,
Leſſe your laughter; that I love.
Though I now write fiftie yeares,
I have had, and have my Peeres;
Poëts, though devine are men:
Some have lov'd as old agen.
And it is not alwayes face,
Clothes, or Fortune gives the grace;
Or the feature, or the youth:
But the Language, and the Truth,

With

With t. Ardor, and the Passion,
Gives t. over weight, and fashion.
If you t. will read the Storie,
First, prepare you to be sorie,
That you never knew till now,
Either whom to love, or how:
But be glad, as soone with me,
When you know, that this is she,
Of whose Beautie it was sung,
She shall make the old man young.
Keepe the middle age at stay,
And let nothing high decay.
Till she be the reason why,
All the world for love may die.

2.

How he saw her.

I Beheld her, on a Day,
When her looke out-flourisht May:
And her dressing did out-brave
All the Pride the fields than have:
Farre I was from being stupid,
For I ran and call'd on *Cupid*;
Love if thou wilt ever see
Marke of glorie, come with me;
Where's thy Quiver? bend thy Bow:
Here's a shaft, thou art to slow!
And (withall) I did untie
Every Cloud about his eye;
But, he had not gain'd his sight
Sooner, then he lost his might,
Or his courage; for away
Strait hee ran, and durst not stay,
Letting Bow and Arrow fall,
Nor for any threat, or Call,
Could be brought once back to looke,
I foole-hardie, there up tooke
Both the Arrow he had quit,
And the Bow: which thought to hit
This my object. But she threw
Such a Lightning (as I drew)
At my face, that tooke my sight,
And my motion from me quite;
So that there, I stood a stone,
Mock'd of all: and call'd of one
(Which with griefe and wrath I heard)
Cupids Statue with a Beard,
Or else one that plaid his Ape,
In a *Hercules*-his shape.

3.

What hee ſuffered.

AFter many ſcornes like theſe,
Which the prouder Beauties pleaſe,
She content was to reſtore
Eyes and limbes; to hurt me more
And would on Conditions, be
Reconcil'd to Love, and me
Firſt, that I muſt kneeling yeeld
Both the Bow, and ſhaft I held
Unto her; which love might take
At her hand, with oath, to make
Mee, the ſcope of his next draught
Aymed, with that ſelfe-ſame ſhaft
He no ſooner heard the Law,
But the Arrow home did draw
And (to gaine her by his Art)
Left it ſticking in my heart:
Which when ſhe beheld to bleed,
She repented of the deed,
And would faine have chang'd the fate;
But the Pittie comes too late.
Looſer-like, now, all my wreake
Is, that I have leave to ſpeake,
And in either Proſe, or Song,
To revenge me with my Tongue,
Which how Dexterouſly I doe
Heare and make Example too.

4.

Her Triumph.

SEE the Chariot at hand here of Love
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that drawes, is a Swan, or a Dove
And well the Carre Love guideth
As ſhe goes, all hearts doe duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamour'd, doe wiſh, ſo they might
But enjoy ſuch a ſight,
That they ſtill were, to run by her ſide,
Through Swords, through Seas, whether ſhe would ride.

Doe but looke on her eyes, they doe light
All that Loves world compriſeth!
Doe but looke on her Haire, it is bright
As Loves ſtarre when it riſeth!
Doe but marke her forhead's ſmoother
Then words that ſooth her!

And

And from her arched browes, such a grace
Sheds it selfe through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life.
All the Gaine, all the Good, of the Elements strife.

Have you seene but a bright Lillie grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Ha' you mark'd but the fall o'the Snow
Before the soyle hath smutch'd it?
Ha' you felt the wooll of Bever?
Or Swans Downe ever?
Or have smelt o'the bud o'the Brier?
Or the Nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the Bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

5.

His discourse with Cupid.

NOblest *Charis*, you that are
Both my fortune, and my Starre!
And doe governe more my blood,
Then the various Moone the flood!
Heare, what late Discourse of you,
Love, and I have had; and true.
'Mongst my Muses finding me,
Where he chanc't your name to see
Set, and to this softer straine;
Sure, said he, if I have Braine,
This here sung, can be no other
By description, but my Mother!
So hath *Homer* prais'd her haire;
So, *Anacreon* drawne the Ayre
Of her face, and made to rise
Just about her sparkling eyes,
Both her Browes, bent like my Bow:
By her lookes I doe her know,
Which you call my Shafts. And see!
Such my Mothers blushes be,
As the Bath your verse discloses
In her cheekes, of Milke, and Roses;
Such as oft I wanton in:
And, above her even chin,
Have you plac'd the banke of kisses,
Where you say, men gather blisses,
Rip'ned with a breath more sweet,
Then when flowers, and West-winds meet;
Nay, her white and polish'd neck,
With the Lace that doth it deck,

Is my Mothers! Hearts of ſlaine
Lovers, made into a Chaine!
And betweene each riſing breaſt,
Lyes the Valley, cal'd my neſt,
Where I ſit and proyne my wings
After flight; and put new ſtings
To my ſhafts! Her very Name,
With my Mothers is the ſame.
I confeſſe all, I replide,
And the Glaſſe hangs by her ſide;
And the Girdle 'bout her waſte,
All is *Venus*: ſave unchaſte.
But alas, thou ſeeſt the leaſt
Of her good, who is the beſt
Of her Sex; But could'ſt thou *Love*,
Call to mind the formes, that ſtrove
For the Apple, and thoſe three
Make in one, the ſame were ſhee.
For this Beauty yet doth hide,
Something more then thou haſt ſpi'd
Outward Grace weake love beguiles:
Shee is *Venus*, when ſhe ſmiles,
But ſhee's *Juno*, when ſhe walkes,
And *Minerva*, when ſhe talkes.

6.

Clayming a ſecond kiſſe by Deſert.

CHaris gueſſe, and doe not miſſe,
Since I drew a Morning kiſſe
From your lips, and ſuck'd an ayre
Thence, as ſweet, as you are faire.
What my Muſe and I have done:
Whether we have loſt, or wonne,
If by us, the oddes were laid,
That the Bride (allow'd a Maid)
Look'd not halfe ſo freſh, and faire,
With th'advantage of her haire,
And her Jewels, to the view
Of th'Aſſembly, as did you!
Or, that did you ſit, or walke,
You were more the eye, and talke
Of the Court, to day, then all
Elſe that gliſter'd in *White-hall*,
So, as thoſe that had your ſight,
Wiſht the Bride were chang'd to night,
And did thinke, ſuch Rites were due
To no other Grace but you!
Or, if you did move to night
In the Daunces, with what ſpight

Of your Peeres, you were beheld,
That at every motion ſweld
So to ſee a Lady tread,
As might all the Graces lead,
And was worthy (being ſo ſeene)
To be envi'd of the Queene.
Or if you would yet have ſtay'd,
Whether any would up-braid
To himſelfe his loſſe of Time;
Or have charg'd his ſight of Crime,
To have left all ſight for you:
Gueſſe of theſe, which is the true,
And, if ſuch a verſe as this,
May not claime another kiſſe.

7.

Begging another, on colour of mending the former.

FOr *Loves*-ſake, kiſſe me once againe,
I long, and ſhould not beg in vaine,
Here's none to ſpie, or ſee;
Why doe you doubt, or ſtay?
I'le taſte as lightly as the Bee,
That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.
Once more, and (faith) I will be gone
Can he that loves, aske leſſe then one?
Nay, you may erre in this,
And all your bountie wrong:
This could be call'd but halfe a kiſſe.
What w'are but once to doe, we ſhould doe long,
I will but mend the laſt, and tell
Where, how it would have reliſh'd well,
Joyne lip to lip, and try:
Each ſuck others breath.
And whilſt our tongues perplexed lie,
Let who will thinke us dead, or wiſh our death.

8.

Urging her of a promiſe.

CHaris one day in diſcourſe
Had of Love, and of his force,
Lightly promis'd, ſhe would tell
What a man ſhe could love well:
And that promiſe ſet on fire
All that heard her, with deſire.
With the reſt, I long expected,
When the worke would be effected:

But

But we find that cold delay,
And excuſe ſpun every day;
As, untill ſhe tell her one,
We all feare, ſhe loveth none.
Therefore, *Charis*, you muſt do't;
For I will ſo urge you to't,
You ſhall neither eat, nor ſleepe,
No, nor forth your window peepe,
With your emiſſarie eye,
To fetch in the Formes goe by:
And pronounce, which band or lace;
Better fits him, then his face;
Nay I will not let you ſit
'Fore your Idoll Glaſſe a whit,
To ſay over every purle
There; or to reforme a curle;
Or with Secretarie *Sis*
To conſult, if *Fucus* this
Be as good, as was the laſt:
All your ſweet of life is paſt;
Make accompt unleſſe you can;
(And that quickly) ſpeake your Man.

9.

Her man deſcribed by her owne Dictamen.

OF your Trouble, *Ben*, to eaſe me,
I will tell what Man would pleaſe me.
I would have him if I could,
Noble; or of greater Blood:
Titles, I confeſſe, doe take me.
And a woman, Gop did make me.
French to boote, at leaſt in faſhion,
And his Manners of that Nation.
Young I'd have him to, and faire,
Yet a man; with criſped haire
Caſt in thouſand ſnares, and rings
For *Loves* fingers, and his wings:
Cheſtnut colour, or more ſlack
Gold, upon a ground of black.
Venus, and *Minerva's* eyes
For he muſt looke wanton-wiſe.
Eye-brows bent like *Cupids* bow,
Front, an ample field of ſnow;
Even noſe, and cheeke (withall)
Smooth as is the Billiard Ball:
Chin, as woolly as the Peach,
And his lip ſhould kiſſing teach,
Till he cheriſh'd too much beard,
And make *Love* or me afeard.

He would have a hand as ſoft
As the Downe, and ſhew it oft;
Skin as ſmooth as any ruſh,
And ſo thin to ſee a bluſh
Riſing through it e're it came;
All his blood ſhould be a flame
Quickly fir'd as in beginners
In loves ſchoole, and yet no ſinners.
'Twere to long to ſpeake of all,
What we harmonie doe call
In a body ſhould be there.
Well he ſhould his clothes to weare;
Yet no Taylor help to make him
Dreſt, you ſtill for man ſhould take him;
And not thinke h' had eat a ſtake,
Or were ſet up in a Brake.
Valiant he ſhould be as fire,
Shewing danger more then ire.
Bounteous as the clouds to earth;
And as honeſt as his Birth.
All his actions to be ſuch,
As to doe nothing too much.
Nor o're-praiſe, nor yet condemne;
Nor out-valew, nor contemne;
Nor doe wrongs, nor wrongs receave;
Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
And from baſeneſſe to be free,
As he durſt love Truth and me.
Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one, if ſhort he came,
I can reſt me where I am.

10.

Another Lādyes exception preſent at the hearing.

FOr his Mind, I doe not care,
That's a Toy, that I could ſpare:
Let his Title be but great,
His Clothes rich, and band ſit neat,
Himſelfe young, and face be good,
All I wiſh is underſtood
What you pleaſe, you parts may call,
'Tis one good part I'ld lie withall.

The Musicall strife; In a Pastorall Dialogue.

SHEE.

Come with our Voyces, let us warre,
And challenge all the Spheares,
Till each of us be made a Starre,
And all the world turne Eares.

HEE.

At such a Call, what beast or fowle,
Of reason emptie is!
What Tree or stone doth want a soule?
What man but must lose his?

SHEE.

Mixe then your Notes, that we may prove
To stay the running floods?
To make the Mountaine Quarries move?
And call the walking woods?

HEE.

What need of mee? doe you but sing
Sleepe, and the Grave will wake,
No tunes are sweet, nor words have sting,
But what those lips doe make.

SHEE.

They say the Angells marke each Deed,
And exercise below,
And out of inward pleasure feed
On what they viewing know.

HEE.

O sing not you then, lest the best
Of Angels should be driven
To fall againe; at such a feast,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

SHEE.

Nay, rather both our soules bee strayn'd
To meet their high desire;
So they in state of Grace retain'd,
May wish us of their Quire.

A SONG.

OH doe not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them downe, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being:

O, be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor looke too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me;
O, doe not steepe them in thy Tares,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distract with feares,
Mine owne enough betray me.

In the person of Woman kind.

A Song Apologetique.

MEn if you love us, play no more
The fooles, or Tyrants with your friends,
To make us still sing o're, and o're,
Our owne false praises, for your ends:
Wee have both wits, and fancies too,
And if wee must, let's sing of you.

Nor doe we doubt, but that we can,
If wee would search with care, and paine,
Find some one good, in some one man;
So going thorow all your straine:
Wee shall at last, of parcells make
One good enough for a songs sake.

And as a cunning Painter takes
In any curious peece you see
More pleasure while the thing he makes
Then when 'tis made, why so will wee.
And having pleas'd our art, wee'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.

Another.

In defence of their Inconstancie.

A Song.

HAng up those dull, and envious fooles
That talke abroad of Womans change,
We were not bred to sit on stooles,
Our proper vertue is to range:
Take that away, you take our lives,
We are no women then, but wives.

Such as in valour would excell
Doe change, though man, and often fight
Which we in love must doe aswell,
If ever we will love aright.
The frequent varying of the deed,
Is that which doth perfection breed.

Nor is't inconstancie to change
For what is better, or to make
(By searching) what before was strange,
Familiar, for the uses sake;
The good, from bad, is not descride,
But as 'tis often vext and tri'd.

And this profession of a store
In love, doth not alone help forth
Our pleasure; but preserves us more
From being forsaken, then doth worth,
For were the worthiest woman curst
To love one man, hee'd leave her first.

A Nymphs Passion.

I Love, and he loves me againe,
Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the Nymphs should know my Swaine,
I feare they'd love him too;
Yet if it be not knowne,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our owne.

I'le tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envie me:
But then if I grow jealous madde,
And of them pittied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorne
And yet it cannot be forborne.
Unlesse my heart would as my thought be torne.

He is if they can find him, faire,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As Summers sky, or purged Ayre,
And lookes as Lillies doe,
That are this morning blowne,
Yet, yet I doubt he is not knowne,
And feare much more, that more of him be showne.

But he hath eyes so round, and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his Torches light
Though hate had put them out;

But then t'increaſe my feares,
What Nymph ſo e're his voyce but heares
Will be my Rivall, though ſhe have but eares.

I'le tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no
One un-becomming thought doth move
From either heart, I know;
But ſo exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a fame:
If Love, or feare, would let me tell his name.

The Houre-glaſſe.

DOe but conſider this ſmall duſt,
Here running in the Glaſſe,
By Atomes mov'd;
Could you beleeve, that this,
The body was
Of one that lov'd?
And in his Mrs. flame, playing like a flye,
Turn'd to cinders by her eye?
Yes; and in death, as life unbleſt,
To have't expreſt,
Even aſhes of lovers find no reſt.

My Picture left in Scotland.

1619

I Now thinke, Love is rather deafe, then blind,
For elſe it could not be,
That ſhe,
Whom I adore ſo much, ſhould ſo ſlight me,
And caſt my love behind:
I'm ſure my language to her, was as ſweet,
And every cloſe did meet
In ſentence, of as ſubtile feet,
As hath the youngeſt Hee,
That ſits in ſhadow of *Apollo's* tree.
Oh, but my conſcious feares,
That flie my thoughts betweene,
Tell me that ſhe hath ſeene
My hundreds of gray haires,
Told ſeven and fortie yeares.
Read ſo much waſt, as ſhe cannot imbrace
My mountaine belly, and my rockie face,
And all theſe through her eyes, have ſtopt her eares.

Against Iealousie.

WRetched and foolish Jealousie,
How cam'st thou thus to enter me?
I n're was of thy kind,
Nor have I yet the narrow mind
To vent that poore desire,
That others should not warme them at my fire,
I wish the Sun should shine
On all mens Fruit, and flowers, as well as mine.
But under the Disguise of love
Thou sai'st, thou only cam'st to prove
What my Affections were,
Think'st thou that love is help'd by feare?
Göe, get thee quickly forth
Loves sickneſſe, and his noted want of worth
Seeke doubting Men to please,
I ne're will owe my health to a disease.

The Dreame.

OR Scorne, or pittie on me take,
I must the true Relation make,
I am undone to Night,
Love in a subtile Dreame disguis'd,
Hath both my heart and me surpriz'd,
Whom never yet he durst attempt t' awake;
Nor will he tell me for whose sake
He did me the Delight,
Or Spight,
But leaves me to inquire,
In all my wild desire
Of sleepe againe, who was his Aid,
And sleepe so guiltie and afraid,
As since he dares not come within my sight.

An Epitaph on Master VINCENT CORBET.

I Have my Pietie too, which could
It vent it selfe, but as it would,
Would say as much, as both have done
Before me here, the Friend and Sonne;
For I both lost a friend and Father,
Of him whose bones this Grave doth gather:
Deare *Vincent Corbet* who so long
Had wrestled with Diseases strong,

That though they did poſſeſſe each limbe,
Yet he broke them, e're they could him,
With the juſt Canon of his life,
A life that knew nor noiſe, nor ſtrife:
But was by ſweetning ſo his will,
All order, and Diſpoſure, ſtill
His Mind as pure, and neatly kept,
As were his Nourceries; and ſwept
So of uncleanneſſe, or offence,
That never came ill odour thence:
And adde his Actions unto theſe,
They were as ſpecious as his Trees.
'Tis true, he could not reprehend
His very Manners, taught t'amend,
They were ſo even, grave, and holy;
No ſtubbornneſſe ſo ſtiffe, nor folly
To licence ever was ſo light,
As twice to treſpaſſe in his ſight,
His lookes would ſo correct it, when
It chid the vice, yet not the Men.
Much from him I profeſſe I wonne,
And more, and more, I ſhould have done,
But that I underſtood him ſcant,
Now I conceive him by my want,
And pray who ſhall my ſorrowes read,
That they for me their teares will ſhed;
For truly, ſince he left to be,
I feele, I'm rather dead than he.

Reader, whoſe life, and name, did e're become
An *Epitaph*, deſerv'd a *Tombe*:
Nor wants it here through penurie, or ſloth,
Who makes the *one*, ſo't be firſt makes *both*.

An Epiſtle to Sir EDVVARD SACVILE, *now Earle of* Dorſet.

IF *Sackvile*, all that have the power to doe
Great and good turns, as wel could time them too,
And knew their how, and where: we ſhould have, then
Leſſe liſt of proud, hard, or ingratefull Men,
For benefits are ow'd with the ſame mind
As they are done, and ſuch returnes they find:
You then whoſe will not only, but deſire
To ſuccour my neceſſities tooke fire,
Not at my prayers, but your ſenſe; which laid
The way to meet, what others would upbraid;
And in the Act did ſo my bluſh prevent,
As I did feele it done, as ſoone as meant:

You

You cannot doubt, but I who freely know
This Good from you, as freely will it owe;
And though my fortune humble me, to take
The ſmalleſt courteſies with thankes, I make
Yet choyce from whom I take them; and would ſhame
To have ſuch doe me good, I durſt not name:
They are the Nobleſt benefits, and ſinke
Deepeſt in Man, of which when he doth thinke,
The memorie delights him more, from whom
Then what he hath receiv'd. Gifts ſtinke from ſome,
They are ſo long a comming, and ſo hard
Where any Deed is forc't, the Grace is mard.
Can I owe thankes, for Curteſies receiv'd
Againſt his will that doe's 'hem? that hath weav'd
Excuſes, or Delayes? or done 'hem ſcant,
That they have more oppreſt me, then my want?
Or if he did it not to ſuccour me,
But by meere Chance? for intereſt? or to free
Himſelfe of farther trouble, or the weight
Of preſſure, like one taken in a ſtreight?
All this corrupts the thankes, leſſe hath he wonne,
That puts it in his Debt-booke e're't be done;
Or that doth ſound a Trumpet, and doth call
His Groomes to witneſſe; or elſe lets it fall
In that proud manner: as a good ſo gain'd,
Muſt make me ſad for what I have obtain'd.
No! Gifts and thankes ſhould have one cheerefull face;
So each, that's done, and tane, becomes a Brace.
He neither gives, or do's, that doth delay
A Benefit: or that doth throw't away
No more then he doth thanke, that will receive
Nought but in corners; and is loath to leave,
Leſt Ayre, or Print, but flies it: Such men would
Run from the Conſcience of it if they could.
As I have ſeene ſome Infants of the Sword
Well knowne, and practiz'd borrowers on their word,
Give thankes by ſtealth, and whiſpering in the eare,
For what they ſtreight would to the world forſweare;
And ſpeaking worſt of thoſe, from whom they went
But then, fiſt fill'd to put me off the ſent.
Now dam'mee, Sir, if you ſhall not command
My Sword ('tis but a poore Sword underſtand)
As farre as any poore Sword i'the Land,
Then turning unto him is next at hand,
Dam's whom he damn'd too, is the verieſt Gull,
H'as Feathers, and will ſerve a man to pull.
Are they not worthy to be anſwer'd ſo,
That to ſuch Natures let their full hands flow,
And ſeeke not wants to ſuccour: but enquire
Like Money-brokers; after Names, and hire

Their bounties forth, to him that last was made,
Or ſtands to be'n Commiſſion o'the blade?
Still, ſtill, the hunters of falſe fame apply
Their thoughts and meanes to making loude the cry;
But one is bitten by the Dog he fed,
And hurt ſeeks Cure, the Surgeon bids take bread,
And ſpunge-like with it dry up the blood quite:
Then give it to the Hound that did him bite;
Pardon, ſayes he, that were a way to ſee
All the Towne-curs take each their ſnatch at me.
O, is it ſo? knowes he ſo much? and will
Feed thoſe, at whom the Table points at ſtill?
I not deny it, but to helpe the need
Of any, is a Great and generous Deed:
Yea, of th'ingratefull: and he forth muſt tell
Many a pound, and piece will pace one well;
But theſe men ever want: their very trade
Is borrowing, that but ſtopt they doe invade
All as their prize, turne Pyrats here at Land,
Ha'their *Bermudas*, and their ſtreights i'th' *Strand*:
Man out of their Boates to th' Temple, and not ſhift
Now, but command; make tribute, what was gift;
And it is paid 'hem with a trembling zeale,
And ſuperſtition: I dare ſcarce reveale
If it were cleare, but being ſo in cloud
Carryed and wrapt, I only am aloud
My wonder! why? the taking a Clownes purſe,
Or robbing the poore Market-folkes ſhould nurſe
Such a religious horrour in the breſts
Of our Towne Gallantry! or why there reſts
Such worſhip due to kicking of a Punck!
Or ſwaggering with the Watch, or Drawer drunke;
Or feats of darkneſſe acted in Mid-Sun,
And told of with more Licence then th'were done!
Sure there is Miſterie in it, I not know
That men ſuch reverence to ſuch actions ſhow!
And almoſt deifie the Authors! make
Lowd ſacrifice of drinke, for their health-ſake
Reare Suppers in their Names! and ſpend whole nights
Unto their praiſe, in certaine ſwearing rites;
Cannot a man be reck'ned in the State
Of Valour, but at this Idolatrous rate?
I thought that Fortitude had beene a meane
'Twixt feare and raſhneſſe: not a luſt obſcene,
Or appetite of offending, but a skill,
Or Science of a diſcerning Good and Ill.
And you Sir know it well to whom I write,
That with theſe mixtures we put out her light
Her ends are honeſtie, and publike good!
And where they want, ſhe is not underſtood.

No

No more are theſe of us, let them then goe,
I have the lyſt of mine owne faults to know,
Looke too and cure; Hee's not a man hath none,
But like to be, that every day mends one,
And feeles it; Elſe he tarries by the Beaſt,
Can I diſcerne how ſhadowes are decreaſt,
Or growne; by height or lowneſſe of the Sunne?
And can I leſſe of ſubſtance? when I runne,
Ride, ſaile, am coach'd, know I how farre I have gone,
And my minds motion not? or have I none:
No! he muſt feele and know, that I will advance
Men have beene great, but never good by chance,
Or on the ſudden. It were ſtrange that he
Who was this Morning ſuch a one, ſhould be
Sydney e're night? or that did goe to bed
Coriat, ſhould riſe the moſt ſufficient head
Of Chriſtendome? And neither of theſe know
Were the Rack offer'd them how they came ſo;
'Tis by degrees that men arrive at glad
Profit in ought each day ſome little adde,
In time 'twill be a heape; This is not true
Alone in money, but in manners too.
Yet we muſt more then move ſtill, or goe on,
We muſt accompliſh; 'Tis the laſt Key-ſtone
That makes the Arch, The reſt that there were put
Are nothing till that comes to bind and ſhut.
Then ſtands it a triumphall marke! then Men
Obſerve the ſtrength, the height, the why, and when,
It was erected; and ſtill walking under
Meet ſome new matter to looke up and wonder!
Such Notes are vertuous men! they live as faſt
As they are high; are rooted and will laſt.
They need no ſtilts, nor riſe upon their toes,
As if they would belie their ſtature, thoſe
Are Dwarfes of Honour, and have neither weight
Nor faſhion, if they chance aſpire to height,
'Tis like light Canes, that firſt riſe big and brave,
Shoot forth in ſmooth and comely ſpaces; have
But few and faire Deviſions: but being got
Aloft, grow leſſe and ſtreightned; full of knot:
And laſt, goe out in nothing: You that ſee
Their difference, cannot chooſe which you will be.
You know (without my flatt'ring you) too much
For me to be your Indice. Keep you ſuch,
That I may love your Perſon (as I doe)
Without your gift, though I can rate that too,
By thanking thus the curteſie to life,
Which you will bury, but therein, the ſtrife
May grow ſo great to be example, when
(As their true rule or leſſon) either men

Donnor's or *Donnee's* to their practise shall
Find you to reckon nothing, me owe all.

An Epistle to Master IOHN SELDEN.

I Know to whom I write Here, I am sure,
Though I am short, I cannot be obscure:
Lesse shall I for the Art or dressing care,
Truth, and the Graces best, when naked are
Your Booke, my *Selden*, I have read, and much
Was trusted, that you thought my judgement such
To aske it: though in most of workes it be
A pennance, where a man may not be free,
Rather then Office, when it doth or may
Chance that the Friends affection proves Allay
Unto the Censure. Yours all need doth flie
Of this so vitious Humanitie,
Then which there is not unto Studie, a more
Pernitious enemie, we see before
A many of bookes, even good judgements wound
Themselves through favouring what is there not found:
But I on yours farre otherwise shall doe,
Not flie the Crime, but the Suspition too:
Though I confesse (as every Muse hath err'd,
And mine not least) I have too oft preferr'd
Men, past their termes, and prais'd some names too much,
But 'twas with purpose to have made them such,
Since being deceiv'd, I turne a sharper eye
Upon my selfe, and aske to whom? and why?
And what I write? and vexe it many dayes
Before men get a verse: much lesse a Praise;
So that my Reader is assur'd, I now
Meane what I speake: and still will keepe that Vow,
Stand forth my Object, then you that have beene
Ever at home: yet, have all Countries seene:
And like a Compasse keeping one foot still
Upon your Center, doe your Circle fill
Of generall knowledge; watch'd men, manners too,
Heard what times past have said, seene what ours doe:
Which Grace shall I make love too first? your skill,
Or faith in things? or is't your wealth and will
T'instruct and teach? or your unweary'd paine
Of Gathering? Bountie in pouring out againe?
What fables have you vext! what truth redeem'd!
Antiquities search'd! Opinions dis-esteem'd!
Impostures branded! and Authorities urg'd,
What blots and errours, have you watch'd and purg'd

Records, and Authors of! how rectified,
Times, manners, customes! Innovations spide!
Sought out the Fountaines, Sources, Creekes, paths, wayes,
And noted the beginnings and decayes!
Where is that nominall marke, or reall rite,
Forme Act or Ensigne, that hath scap'd your sight.
How are Traditions there examin'd: how
Conjectures reviv'd! And a Storie now
And then of times (besides the bare Conduct
Of what it tells us) weav'd in to instruct.
I wonder'd at the richnesse, but am lost,
To see the workmanship so exceed the cost!
To marke the excellent seas'ning of your Stile!
And manly elocution, not one while
With horrour rough, then rioting with wit!
But to the Subject, still the Colours fit
In sharpnesse of all Search, wisdome of Choise,
Newnesse of Sense, Antiquitie of voyce!
I yeeld, I yeeld, the matter of your praise
Flowes in upon me, and I cannot raise
A banke against it. Nothing but the round
Large claspe of Nature, such a wit can bound
Monarch in Letters! 'Mongst thy Titles showne
Of others honours, thus, enjoy their owne,
I first salute thee so; and gratulate
With that thy Stile, thy keeping of thy State;
In offering this thy worke to no great Name,
That would, perhaps, have prais'd, and thank'd the fame;
But nought beyond. He thou hast given it to,
Thy learned Chamber-fellow, knowes to doe
It true respects. He will not only love
Embrace, and cherish; but he can approve
And estimate thy Paines; as having wrought
In the same Mines of knowledge; and thence brought
Humanitie enough to be a friend,
And strength to be a Champion, and defend
Thy gift 'gainst envie. O how I doe count
Among my commings in, and see it mount,
The Graine of your two friendships! *Hayward* and
Selden! two Names that so much understand!
On whom I could take up, and ne're abuse
The Credit, what would furnish a tenth Muse!
But here's no time, nor place, my wealth to tell,
You both are modest. So am I. Farewell.

An Epiſtle to a Friend, to perſwade him to the Warres.

WAke, friend from forth thy Lethargie: the Drum
Beates brave, and loude in *Europe*, and bids come
All that dare rowſe: or are not loth to quit
Their vitious eaſe, and be o'rewhelm'd with it.
It is a call to keepe the ſpirits alive
That gaſpe for action, and would yet revive
Mans buried honour, in his ſleepie life:
Quickning dead Nature, to her nobleſt ſtrife.
All other Acts of Worldlings, are but toyle
In dreames, begun in hope, and end in ſpoile.
Looke on th'ambitious man, and ſee him nurſe,
His unjuſt hopes, with praiſes begg'd, or (worſe)
Bought Flatteries, the iſſue of his purſe,
Till he become both their, and his owne curſe!
Looke on the falſe, and cunning man, that loves
No perſon, nor is lov'd: what wayes he proves
To gaine upon his belly; and at laſt
Cruſh'd in the ſnakie brakes, that he had paſt;
See, the grave, ſower, and ſupercilious Sir
In outward face, but inward, light as Furre,
Or Feathers: lay his fortune out to ſhow
Till envie wound, or maime it at a blow!
See him, that's call'd, and thought the happieſt man,
Honour'd at once, and envi'd (if it can
Be honour is ſo mixt) by ſuch as would
For all their ſpight be like him if they could:
No part or corner man can looke upon,
But there are objects, bid him to be gone
As farre as he can flie, or follow Day,
Rather then here ſo bogg'd in vices ſtay
The whole world here leaven'd with madneſſe ſwells?
And being a thing, blowne out of nought, rebells
Againſt his Maker; high alone with weeds,
And impious rankneſſe of all Sects and ſeeds!
Not to be checkt, or frighted now with fate,
But more licentious made, and deſperate!
Our Delicacies are growne capitall,
And even our ſports are dangers! what we call
Friendſhip is now mask'd Hatred! Juſtice fled,
And ſhamefaſtneſſe together! All lawes dead
That kept man living! Pleaſures only ſought!
Honour and honeſtie, as poore things thought
As they are made! Pride, and ſtiffe Clownage mixt
To make up Greatneſſe! and mans whole good fix'd

In bravery, or gluttony, or coyne,
All which he makes the ſervants of the Groine,
Thither it flowes, how much did *Stallion* ſpend
To have his Court-bred-fillie there commend
His Lace and Starch; And fall upon her back
In admiration, ſtretch'd upon the rack
Of luſt, to his rich Suit and Title, Lord?
I, that's a Charme and halfe! She muſt afford
That all reſpect; She muſt lie downe: Nay more
'Tis there civilitie to be a whore;
Hee's one of blood, and faſhion! and with theſe
The bravery makes, ſhe can no honour leeſe
To do't with Cloth, or Stuffes, luſts name might merit
With Velvet, Pluſh, and Tiſſues, it is ſpirit.
O, theſe ſo ignorant Monſters! light, as proud,
Who can behold their Manners, and not clowd-
Like upon them lighten? If nature could
Not make a verſe; Anger, or laughter would
To ſee 'hem aye diſcourſing with their Glaſſe,
How they may make ſome one that day an Aſſe
Planting their Purles, and Curles ſpread forth like Net,
And every Dreſſing for a Pitfall ſet
To catch the fleſh in, and to pound a Prick
Be at their Viſits, ſee 'hem ſquemiſh, ſick
Ready to caſt, at one, whoſe band ſits ill,
And then, leape mad on a neat Pickardill;
As if a Brize were 'gotten i' their tayle,
And firke, and jerke, and for the Coach-man raile,
And jealous each of other, yet thinke long
To be abroad chanting ſome baudie ſong,
And laugh, and meaſure thighes, then ſqueake, ſpring, itch,
Doe all the tricks of a ſaut Lady Bitch;
For t'other pound of ſweet-meats, he ſhall feele
That payes, or what he will. The Dame is ſteele,
For theſe with her young Companie ſhee'll enter,
Where *Pittes*, or *Wright*, or *Modet* would not venter,
And comes by theſe Degrees, the Stile t'inherit
Of woman of faſhion, and a Lady of ſpirit:
Nor is the title queſtion'd with our proud,
Great, brave, and faſhion'd folke, theſe are allow'd
Adulteries now, are not ſo hid, or ſtrange,
They're growne Commoditie upon Exchange;
He that will follow but anothers wife,
Is lov'd, though he let out his owne for life:
The Husband now's call'd churliſh, or a poore
Nature, that will not let his Wife be a whore;
Or uſe all arts, or haunt all Companies
That may corrupt her, even in his eyes.
The brother trades a ſiſter; and the friend
Lives to the Lord, but to the Ladies end.

Leſſe muſt not be thought on then Miſtreſſe: or
If it be thought kild like her Embrions; for,
Whom no great Miſtreſſe, hath as yet infam'd
A fellow of courſe Letcherie, is nam'd
The Servant of the Serving-woman in ſcorne,
Ne're came to taſte the plenteous Mariage-horne.
Thus they doe talke. And are theſe objects fit
For man to ſpend his money on? his wit?
His time? health? ſoule? will he for theſe goe throw
Thoſe thouſands on his back, ſhall after blow,
His body to the Counters, or the Fleete?
Is it for theſe that fine man meets the ſtreet
Coach'd, or on foot-cloth, thrice chang'd every day;
To teach each ſuit, he has the ready way
From *Hide-Parke* to the Stage, where at the laſt
His deare and borrow'd Bravery he muſt caſt?
When not his Combes, his Curling-irons, his Glaſſe,
Sweet bags, ſweet Powders, nor ſweet words will paſſe
For leſſe Securitie? O for theſe
Is it that man pulls on himſelfe Diſeaſe?
Surfet? and Quarrell? drinkes the tother health?
Or by Damnation voids it? or by ſtealth?
What furie of late is crept into our Feaſts?
What honour given to the drunkenneſt Gueſts?
What reputation to beare one Glaſſe more?
When oft the Bearer, is borne out of dore?
This hath our ill-us'd freedome, and ſoft peace
Brought on us, and will every houre increaſe
Our vices, doe not tarry in a place,
But being in Motion ſtill (or rather in race)
Tilt one upon another, and now beare
This way, now that, as if their number were
More then themſelves, or then our lives could take,
But both fell preſt under the load they make.
I'le bid thee looke no more, but flee, flee friend,
This *Præcipice*, and Rocks that have no end,
Or ſide, but threatens Ruine. The whole Day
Is not enough now, but the Nights to play:
And whilſt our ſtates, ſtrength, body, and mind we waſte;
Goe make our ſelves the Uſurers at a caſt.
He that no more for Age, Cramps, Palſies, can
Now uſe the bones, we ſee doth hire a man
To take the box up for him; and purſues
The Dice with glaſſen eyes, to the glad viewers
Of what he throwes: Like letchers growne content
To be beholders, when their powers are ſpent.
Can we not leave this worme? or will we not?
Is that the truer excuſe? or have we got
In this, and like, an itch of Vanitie,
That ſcratching now's our beſt Felicitie?

Well,

Well, let it goe. Yet this is better, then
To loſe the formes, and dignities of men
To flatter my good Lord, and cry his Bowle
Runs ſweetly, as it had his Lordſhips Soule,
Although, perhaps it has, what's that to me,
That may ſtand by, and hold my peace? will he
When I am hoarſe, with praiſing his each caſt,
Give me but that againe, that I muſt waſt
In Sugar Candide, or in butter'd beere,
For the recovery of my voyce? No, there
Pardon his Lordſhip. Flattry's growne ſo cheape
With him, for he is followed with that heape
That watch, and catch, at what they may applaud
As a poore ſingle flatterer, without Baud
Is nothing, ſuch ſcarce meat and drinke he'le give,
But he that's both, and ſlave to both, ſhall live,
And be belov'd, while the Whores laſt. O times,
Friend flie from hence; and let theſe kindled rimes:
Light thee from hell on earth: where flatterers, ſpies,
Informers, Maſters both of Arts and lies;
Lewd ſlanderers, ſoft whiſperers that let blood
The life, and fame-vaynes (yet not underſtood
Of the poore ſufferers) where the envious, proud,
Ambitious, factious, ſuperſtitious, lowd
Boaſters, and perjur'd, with the infinite more
Prævaricators ſwarme. Of which the ſtore,
(Becauſe th'are every where amongſt Man-kind
Spread through the World) is eaſier farre to find,
Then once to number, or bring forth to hand,
Though thou wert Muſter-maſter of the Land.
Goe quit 'hem all. And take along with thee,
Thy true friends wiſhes, *Colby* which ſhall be,
That thine be juſt, and honeſt, that thy Deeds
Not wound thy conſcience, when thy body bleeds;
That thou doſt all things more for truth, then glory,
And never but for doing wrong be ſory;
That by commanding firſt thy ſelfe, thou mak'ſt
Thy perſon fit for any charge thou tak'ſt
That fortune never make thee to complaine,
But what ſhe gives, thou dar'ſt give her againe;
That whatſoever face thy fate puts on,
Thou ſhrinke or ſtart not; but be alwayes one,
That thou thinke nothing great, but what is good,
And from that thought ſtrive to be underſtood.
So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preſerve a fame
Still pretious, with the odour of thy name.
And laſt, blaſpheme not, we did never heare
Man thought the valianter, 'cauſe he durſt ſweare
No more, then we ſhould thinke a Lord had had
More honour in him, 'cauſe we 'ave knowne him mad:

These take, and now goe seeke thy peace in Warre,
Who falls for love of God, shall rise a Starre.

An Epitaph on Master PHILIP GRAY.

Reader stay,
And if I had no more to say,
But here doth lie till the last Day,
All that is left of PHILIP GRAY.
It might thy patience richly pay:
For, if such men as he could die,
What suretie of life have thou, and I.

Epistle To a Friend.

THey are not, Sir, worst Owers, that doe pay
Debts when they can: good men may breake their day;
And yet the noble Nature never grudge,
'Tis then a crime, when the Usurer is Judge.
And he is not in friendship. Nothing there
Is done for gaine: If't be 'tis not sincere.
Nor should I at this time protested be,
But that some greater names have broke with me,
And their words too; where I but breake my Band,
I adde that (but) because I understand
That as the lesser breach: for he that takes
Simply my Band, his trust in me forsakes,
And lookes unto the forfeit. If you be
Now so much friend, as you would trust in me,
Venter a longer time, and willingly:
All is not barren land, doth fallow lie.
Some grounds are made the richer, for the Rest;
And I will bring a Crop, if not the best.

An Elegie.

CAn Beautie that did prompt me first to write,
Now threaten, with those meanes she did invite:
Did her perfections call me on to gaze!
Then like, then love; and now would they amaze!
Or was she gracious a-farre off: but neere
A terror: or is all this but my feare:
That as the water makes things, put in't, streight,
Crooked appeare; so that doth my conceipt:

I can helpe that with boldneſſe, And love ſware,
And fortune once, t'aſſiſt the ſpirits that dare.
But which ſhall lead me on? both theſe are blind
Such Guides men uſe not, who their way would find.
Except the way be errour to thoſe ends:
And then the beſt are ſtill, the blindeſt friends!
Oh how a Lover may miſtake! to thinke,
Or love, or fortune blind, when they but winke
To ſee men feare: or elſe for truth, and State,
Becauſe they would free Juſtice imitate,
Vaile their owne eyes, and would impartially
Be brought by us to meet our Deſtinie.
If it be thus; Come love, and fortune goe,
I'le lead you on; or if my fate will ſo,
That I muſt ſend one firſt, my Choyce aſſignes,
Love to my heart, and fortune to my lines.

An Elegie.

BY thoſe bright Eyes, at whoſe immortall fires
Love lights his torches to inflame deſires;
By that faire Stand, your forehead, whence he bends
His double Bow, and round his Arrowes ſends;
By that tall Grove, your haire; whoſe globy rings
He flying curles, and criſpeth, with his wings.
By thoſe pure bathes your either cheeke diſcloſes,
Where he doth ſteepe himſelfe in Milke and Roſes;
And laſtly by your lips, the banke of kiſſes,
Where men at once may plant, and gather bliſſes:
Tell me (my lov'd Friend) doe you love or no?
So well as I may tell in verſe, 'tis ſo?
You bluſh, but doe not: friends are either none,
(Though they may number bodyes) or but one.
I'le therefore aske no more, but bid you love,
And ſo that either may example prove
Unto the other; and live patternes, how
Others, in time may love, as we doe now.
Slip no occaſion; As time ſtands not ſtill,
I know no beautie, nor no youth that will.
To uſe the preſent, then, is not abuſe,
You have a Husband is the juſt excuſe
Of all that can be done him; Such a one
As would make ſhift, to make himſelfe alone,
That which we can, who both in you, his Wife,
His Iſſue, and all Circumſtance of life
As in his place, becauſe he would not varie,
Is conſtant to be extraordinarie.

A Satyricall Shrub.

A Womans friendſhip! God whom I truſt in,
Forgive me this one fooliſh deadly ſin;
Amongſt my many other, that I may
No more, I am ſorry for ſo fond cauſe, ſay
At fifty yeares, almoſt, to value it,
That ne're was knowne to laſt above a fit:
Or have the leaſt of Good, but what it muſt
Put on for faſhion, and take up on truſt:
Knew I all this afore? had I perceiv'd,
That their whole life was wickedneſſe, though weav'd
Of many Colours; outward freſh, from ſpots,
But their whole inſide full of ends, and knots:
Knew I, that all their Dialogues, and diſcourſe,
were ſuch as I will now relate, or worſe.

Here, ſomething is wanting—

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Knew I this Woman? yes; And you doe ſee,
How penitent I am, or I ſhould be:
Doe not you aske to know her, ſhe is worſe
Then all Ingredients made into one curſe,
And that pour'd out upon Man-kind can be!
Thinke but the Sin of all her ſex, 'tis ſhe!
I could forgive her being proud! a whore!
Perjur'd! and painted! if ſhe were no more—,
But ſhe is ſuch, as ſhe might, yet foreſtall
The Divell; and be the damning of us all.

A little Shrub growing by.

ASke not to know this Man. If fame ſhould ſpeake
His name in any mettall, it would breake.
Two letters were enough the plague to teare
Out of his Grave, and poyſon every eare.
A parcell of Court-durt, a heape, and maſſe
Of all vice hurld together, there he was,
Proud, falſe, and trecherous, vindictive, all
That thought can adde, unthankfull, the lay-ſtall
Of putrid fleſh alive! of blood, the ſinke!
And ſo I leave to ſtirre him, leſt he ſtinke.

An

An Elegie.

THough Beautie be the Marke of praise,
And yours of whom I sing be such
As not the World can praise too much,
Yet is't your vertue now I praise.

A vertue, like Allay, so gone
Throughout your forme, as though that move,
And draw, and conquer all mens love,
This subjects you to love of one.

Wherein you triumph yet: because
'Tis of your selfe, and that you use
The noblest freedome, not to chuse
Against or Faith, or honours lawes.

But who should lesse expect from you,
In whom alone love lives agen?
By whom he is restor'd to men:
And kept, and bred, and brought up true?

His falling Temples you have rear'd
The withered Garlands tane away;
His Altars kept from the Decay,
That envie wish'd, and Nature fear'd.

And on them burne so chaste a flame,
With so much Loyalties expence
As Love t'aquit such excellence,
Is gone himselfe into your Name.

And you are he: the Dietie
To whom all Lovers are design'd,
That would their better objects find:
Among which faithfull troope am I.

Who as an off-spring at your shrine,
Have sung this Hymne, and here intreat
One sparke of your Diviner heat
To light upon a Love of mine.

Which if it kindle not, but scant
Appeare, and that to shortest view,
Yet give me leave t'adore in you
What I, in her, am griev'd to want.

An Ode. To himselfe.

WHere do'st thou careleſſe lie
Buried in eaſe and ſloth?
Knowledge, that ſleepes, doth die;
And this Securitie,
It is the common Moath,
That eats on wits, and Arts, and deſtroyes them both.

Are all th' *Aonian* ſprings
Dri'd up? lyes *Theſpia* waſt?
Doth *Clarius* Harp want ſtrings,
That not a Nymph now ſings?
Or droop they as diſgrac't,
To ſee their Seats and Bowers by chattring Pies defac't?

If hence thy ſilence be,
As 'tis too juſt a cauſe;
Let this thought quicken thee,
Minds that are great and free,
Should not on fortune pauſe,
'Tis crowne enough to vertue ſtill, her owne applauſe.

What though the greedie Frie
Be taken with falſe Baytes
Of worded Balladrie,
And thinke it Poëſie?
They die with their conceits,
And only pitious ſcorne, upon their folly waites.

Then take in hand thy Lyre,
Strike in thy proper ſtraine,
With *Japhets* lyne, aſpire
Sols Chariot for new fire,
To give the world againe:
Who aided him, will thee, the iſſue of *Joves* braine.

And ſince our Daintie age,
Cannot indure reproofe.
Make not thy ſelfe a Page,
To that ſtrumpet the Stage,
But ſing high and aloofe,
Safe from the wolves black jaw, and the dull Aſſes hoofe.

The mind of the Frontiſpice to a Booke.

FRom Death, and darke oblivion, ne're the ſame,
The Miſtreſſe of Mans life, grave Hiſtorie
Razing the World to good and evill fame
Doth vindicate it to eternitie.
Wiſe Providence would ſo, that nor the good
Might be defrauded, nor the great ſecur'd,
But both might know their wayes were underſtood,
When Vice alike in time with vertue dur'd.
Which makes that (lighted by the beamie hand
Of Truth that ſearcheth the moſt Springs
And guided by experience, whoſe ſtraite wand
Doth meet, whoſe lyne doth ſound the depth of things;)
Shee chearfully ſupporteth what ſhe reares,
Aſſiſted by no ſtrengths, but are her owne,
Some note of which each varied Pillar beares,
By which as proper titles, ſhe is knowne
Times witneſſe, herald of Antiquitie,
The light of Truth, and life of Memorie.

An Ode to IAMES Earle of Deſmond, writ in Queene ELIZABETHS time, ſince loſt, and recovered.

WHere art thou *Genius?* I ſhould uſe
Thy preſent Aide: Ariſe Invention,
Wake, and put on the wings of *Pindars* Muſe,
To towre with my intention
High, as his mind, that doth advance
Her upright head, above the reach of Chance,
Or the times envie:
Cynthius, I applie
My bolder numbers to thy golden *Lyre:*
O, then inſpire
Thy Prieſt in this ſtrange rapture; heat my braine
With *Delphick* fire:
That I may ſing my thoughts, in ſome unvulgar ſtraine.

Rich beame of honour, ſhed your light
On theſe darke rymes, that my affection
May ſhine (through every chincke) to every ſight
graced by your Reflection!
Then ſhall my Verſes, like ſtrong Charmes
Breake the knit Circle of her Stonie Armes,

That hold your ſpirit:
And keepes your merit
Lock't in her cold embraces, from the view
Of eyes more true,
Who would with judgement ſearch, ſearching conclude,
(As prov'd in you)
True noblêſſe. Palme growes ſtraight, though handled ne're ſo rude;

Nor thinke your ſelfe unfortunate,
If ſubject to the jealous errors
Of politique pretext, that wryes a State,
Sinke not beneath theſe terrors:
But whiſper; O glad Innocence
Where only a mans birth is his offence;
Or the diſ-favour,
Of ſuch as favour
Nothing, but practiſe upon honours thrall.
O vertues fall,
When her dead eſſence (like the Anatomie
in Surgeons hall)
Is but a Statiſts theame, to read Phlebotomie.

Let *Brontes*, and black *Steropes*,
Sweat at the forge, their hammers beating;
Pyracmon's houre will come to give them eaſe,
Though but while mettal's heating:
And, after all the *Ætnean* Ire,
Gold, that is perfect, will out-live the fire.
For fury waſteth,
As patience laſteth.
No Armour to the mind! he is ſhot free
From injurie,
That is not hurt; not he, that is not hit;
So fooles we ſee,
Oft ſcape an Imputation, more through luck, then wit.

But to your ſelfe moſt loyall Lord,
(Whoſe heart in that bright Sphere flames cleareſt;
Though many Gems be in your boſome ſtor'd,
Unknowne which is the Deareſt.)
If I auſpitiouſly devine,
(As my hope tells) that our faire *Phœb's* ſhine,
Shall light thoſe places,
With luſtrous Graces,
Where darkneſſe with her glomie Sceptred hand,
Doth now command.
O then (my beſt-beſt lov'd) let me importune,
That you will ſtand,
As farre from all revolt, as you are now from Fortune.

An Ode.

High ſpirited friend,
I ſend nor Balmes, nor Cor'ſives to your wound,
Your fate hath found,
A gentler, and more agile hand, to tend
The Cure of that, which is but corporall,
And doubtfull Dayes (which were nam'd *Critticall*,)
Have made their faireſt flight,
And now are out of ſight.
Yet doth ſome wholſome Phyſick for the mind,
Wrapt in this paper lie,
Which in the taking if you miſ-apply,
You are unkind.

Your covetous hand,
Happy in that faire honour it hath gain'd,
Muſt now be rayn'd.
True valour doth her owne renowne command
In one full Action; nor have you now more
To doe, then be a husband of that ſtore.
Thinke but how deare you bought,
This fame which you have caught,
Such thoughts wil make you more in love with truth
'Tis wiſdome and that high,
For men to uſe their fortune reverently,
Even in youth.

An Ode.

HEllen, did *Homer* never ſee
Thy beauties, yet could write of thee?
Did *Sappho* on her ſeven-tongu'd Lute,
So ſpeake (as yet it is not mute)
Of *Phaos* forme? or doth the Boy
In whom *Anacreon* once did joy,
Lie drawne to life, in his ſoft Verſe,
As he whom *Maro* did rehearſe?
Was *Lesbia* ſung by learn'd *Catullus*?
Or *Delia's* Graces, by *Tibullus*?
Doth *Cynthia*, in *Propertius* ſong
Shine more, then ſhe the Stars among?
Is *Horace* his each love ſo high
Rap't from the Earth, as not to die?
With bright *Lycoris*, *Gallus* choice,
Whoſe fame hath an eternall voice.
Or hath *Corynna*, by the name
Her *Ovid* gave her, dimn'd the fame

Of *Cæsars* Daughter, and the line
Which all the world then styl'd devine?
Hath *Petrarch* since his *Laura* rais'd
Equall with her? or *Ronsart* prais'd
His new *Cassandra*, 'bove the old,
Which all the Fate of *Troy* foretold?
Hath our great *Sydney*, *Stella* set,
Where never Star shone brighter yet?
Or *Constables* Ambrosiack Muse,
Made *Dian*, not his notes refuse?
Have all these done (and yet I misse
The Swan that so reliſh'd *Pancharis*)
And shall not I my *Celia* bring,
Where men may see whom I doe sing,
Though I, in working of my song
Come short of all this learned throng,
Yet sure my tunes will be the best,
So much my Subject drownes the rest.

A Sonnet.

To the noble Lady, the Lady MARY WORTH.

I That have beene a lover, and could shew it,
Though not in these, in rithmes not wholly dumbe,
Since I exscribe your Sonnets, am become
A better lover, and much better Poët.
Nor is my Muse, or I asham'd to owe it.
To those true numerous Graces; whereof some,
But charme the Senses, others over-come
Both braines and hearts; and mine now best doe know it:
For in your verse all Cupids *Armorie,*
His flames, his shafts, his Quiver, and his Bow,
His very eyes are yours to overthrow.
But then his Mothers sweets you so apply,
Her joyes, her smiles, her loves, as readers take
For Venus Ceston, *every line you make.*

A Fit of Rime against Rime.

RIme the rack of finest wits,
That expresseth but by fits,
True Conceipt
Spoyling Senses of their Treasure,
Cosening Judgement with a measure,
But false weight.
Wresting words, from their true calling;
Propping Verse, for feare of falling
To the ground.
Joynting Syllabes, drowning Letters,

Fastning

Faſtning Vowells, as with fetters
They were bound!
Soone as lazie thou wert knowne,
All good Poëtrie hence was flowne,
And are baniſh'd.
For a thouſand yeares together,
All *Parnaſſus* Greene did wither,
And wit vaniſh'd.
Pegaſus did flie away,
At the Wells no Muſe did ſtay,
But bewail'd.
So to ſee the Fountaine drie,
And *Apollo's* Muſique die,
All light failed!
Starveling rimes did fill the Stage,
Not a Poët in an Age,
Worth crowning.
Not a worke deſerving Baies,
Nor a lyne deſerving praiſe,
Pallas frowning;
Greeke was free from Rimes infection;
Happy Greeke by this protection!
Was not ſpoyled.
Whilſt the Latin, Queene of Tongues,
Is not yet free from Rimes wrongs,
But reſts foiled.
Scarce the hill againe doth flouriſh,
Scarce the world a Wit doth nouriſh,
To reſtore,
Phœbus to his Crowne againe;
And the Muſes to their braine;
As before.
Vulgar Languages that want
Words, and ſweetneſſe, and be ſcant
Of true meaſure,
Tyran Rime hath ſo abuſed,
That they long ſince have refuſed,
Other ceaſure;
He that firſt invented thee,
May his joynts tormented bee,
Cramp'd forever;
Still may Syllabes jarre with time,
Stil may reaſon warre with rime,
Reſting never.
May his Senſe when it would meet,
The cold tumor in his feet,
Grow unſounder.
And his Title be long foole,
That in rearing ſuch a Schoole,
Was the founder.

* An Epigram On William Lord Burl: Lo: high Treasurer of England.

* Presented upon a plate of Gold to his son *Rob. E.* of *Salisbury*, when he was also Treasurer.

If thou wouldst know the vertues of Man-kind
Read here in one, what thou in all canst find,
And goe no farther: let this Circle be
Thy Universe, though his *Epitome*
Cecill, the grave, the wise, the great, the good,
What is there more that can ennoble blood?
The *Orphans* Pillar, the true Subjects shield,
The poores full Store-house, and just servants field.
The only faithfull Watchman for the Realme,
That in all tempests, never quit the helme,
But stood unshaken in his Deeds, and Name,
And labour'd in the worke; not with the fame:
That still was good for goodnesse sake, nor thought
Upon reward, till the reward him sought.
Whose Offices, and honours did surprize,
Rather than meet him: And, before his eyes
Clos'd to their peace, he saw his branches shoot,
And in the noblest Families tooke root
Of all the Land, who now at such a Rate,
Of divine blessing, would not serve a State?

* An Epigram. To Thomas Lo: Elsmere, the last Terme he sate Chancellor.

* For a poore Man.

So justest Lord, may all your Judgements be
Lawes; and no change e're come to one decree:
So, may the King proclaime your Conscience is
Law, to his Law; and thinke your enemies his:
So, from all sickenesse, may you rise to health,
The Care, and wish still of the publike wealth,
So may the gentler Muses, and good fame
Still flie about the Odour of your Name;
As with the safetie, and honour of the Lawes,
You favour Truth, and me, in this mans Cause.

* Another to him.

* For the same.

The Judge his favour timely then extends,
When a good Cause is destitute of friends,
Without the pompe of Counsell; or more Aide,
Then to make falshood blush, and fraud afraid:

When

When those good few, that her Defenders be,
Are there for Charitie, and not for fee:
Such shall you heare to Day, and find great foes,
Both arm'd with wealth, and slander to oppose;
Who thus long safe, would gaine upon the times
A right by the prosperitie of their Crimes;
Who, though their guilt, and perjurie they know,
Thinke, yea and boast, that they have done it so
As though the Court pursues them on the sent,
They will come of, and scape the Punishment,
When this appeares, just Lord, to your sharp sight,
He do's you wrong, that craves you to doe right.

An Epigram to the Councellour that pleaded, and carried the Cause.

THat I hereafter, doe not thinke the Barre,
The Seat made of a more then civill warre;
Or the great Hall at *Westminster*, the field
Where mutuall frauds are fought, and no side yeild;
That henceforth, I beleeve not bookes, nor men,
Who 'gainst the Law, weave Calumnies my---
But when I read or heare the names so rife
Of hirelings, wranglers, stitchers-to of strife,
Hook-handed *Harpies*, gowned Vultures, put
Upon the reverend Pleaders; doe now shut
All mouthes, that dare entitle them (from hence)
To the Wolves studie, or Dogs eloquence;
Thou art my Cause: whose manners since I knew,
Have made me to conceive a Lawyer new.
So dost thou studie matter, men, and times,
Mak'st it religion to grow rich by Crimes!
Dar'st not abuse thy wisdome, in the Lawes,
Or skill to carry out an evill cause!
But first dost vexe, and search it! If not sound,
Thou prov'st the gentler wayes, to cleanse the wound,
And make the Scarre faire; If that will not be,
Thou hast the brave scorne, to put back the fee!
But in a businesse, that will bide the Touch,
What use, what strength of reason! and how much
Of Bookes, of Presidents, hast thou at hand?
As if the generall store thou didst command
Of Argument, still drawing forth the best,
And not being borrowed by thee, but possest.
So comm'st thou like a Chiefe into the Court
Arm'd at all peeces, as to keepe a Fort
Against a multitude; and (with thy Stile
So brightly brandish'd) wound'st, defend'st! the while
Thy Adversaries fall, as not a word
They had, but were a Reed unto thy Sword.

Then com'ſt thou off with Victorie and Palme,
Thy Hearers Nectar, and thy Clients Balme,
The Courts juſt honour, and thy Judges love.
And (which doth all Atchievements get above)
Thy ſincere practiſe, breeds not thee a fame
Alone, but all thy ranke a reverend Name.

An Epigram.

To the ſmall Poxe.

ENvious and foule Diſeaſe, could there not be
One beautie in an Age, and free from thee?
What did ſhe worth thy ſpight? were there not ſtore
Of thoſe that ſet by their falſe faces more
Then this did by her true? ſhe never ſought
Quarrell with Nature, or in ballance brought
Art her falſe ſervant; Nor, for Sir *Hugh Plot*,
Was drawne to practiſe other hue, then that
Her owne bloud gave her: Shee ne're had, nor hath
Any beliefe, in Madam Baud-bees bath,
Or Turners oyle of Talck. Nor ever got
Spaniſh receipt, to make her teeth to rot.
What was the cauſe then? Thought'ſt thou in diſgrace
Of Beautie, ſo to nullifie a face,
That heaven ſhould make no more; or ſhould amiſſe,
Make all hereafter, had'ſt thou ruin'd this,
I, that thy Ayme was; but her fate prevail'd:
And ſcorn'd, thou'aſt ſhowne thy malice, but haſt fail'd.

An Epitaph.

WHat Beautie would have lovely ſtilde,
What manners prettie, Nature milde,
What wonder perfect, all were fill'd,
Upon record in this bleſt child.
And, till the comming of the Soule
To fetch the fleſh, we keepe the Rowle.

A Song.

LOVER.

COme, let us here enjoy the ſhade,
For love, in ſhadow beſt is made.
Though Envie oft his ſhadow be,
None brookes the Sun-light worſe then he.

MISTRESS.

Where love doth ſhine, there needs no Sunne,
All lights into his one doth run,
Without which all the world were darke;
Yet he himſelfe is but a ſparke.

ARBITER.

A Sparke to ſet whole world a-fire,
Who more they burne, they more deſire,
And have their being, their waſte to ſee;
And waſte ſtill, that they ſtill might bee.

CHORVS.

Such are his powers, whom time hath ſtil'd,
Now ſwift, now ſlow, now tame, now wild;
Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now mild.
The eldeſt God, yet ſtill a Child.

An Epiſtle to a friend.

SIr, I am thankfull, firſt, to heaven, for you;
Next to your ſelfe, for making your love true:
Then to your love, and gift. And all's but due.

You have unto my Store added a booke,
On which with profit, I ſhall never looke,
But muſt confeſſe from whom what gift I tooke.

Not like your Countrie-neighbours, that commit
Their vice of loving for a Chriſtmaſſe fit;
Which is indeed but friendſhip of the ſpit:

But, as a friend, which name your ſelfe receave,
And which you (being the worthier) gave me leave
In letters, that mixe ſpirits, thus to weave.

Which, how moſt ſacred I will ever keepe,
So may the fruitfull Vine my temples ſteepe,
And Fame wake for me, when I yeeld to ſleepe.

Though you ſometimes proclaime me too ſevere,
Rigid, and harſh, which is a Drug auſtere
In friendſhip, I confeſſe: But deare friend, heare.

Little know they, that profeſſe Amitie,
And ſeeke to ſcant her comelie libertie,
How much they lame her in her propertie.

And leſſe they know, who being free to uſe
That friendſhip which no chance but love did chuſe,
Will unto Licence that faire leave abuſe.

It is an Act of tyrannie, not love
In practiz'd friendſhip wholly to reprove,
As flatt'ry with friends humours ſtill to move.

From each of which I labour to be free,
Yet if with eithers vice I teynted be,
Forgive it, as my frailtie, and not me.

For no man lives ſo out of paſſions ſway,
But ſhall ſometimes be tempted to obey
Her furie, yet no friendſhip to betray.

An Elegie.

'TIs true, I'm broke! Vowes, Oathes, and all I had
Of Credit loſt. And I am now run madde:
Or doe upon my ſelfe ſome deſperate ill;
This ſadneſſe makes no approaches, but to kill.
It is a Darkneſſe hath blockt up my ſenſe,
And drives it in to eat on my offence,
Or there to ſterve it, helpe O you that may
Alone lend ſuccours, and this furie ſtay,
Offended Miſtris, you are yet ſo faire,
As light breakes from you, that affrights deſpaire,
And fills my powers with perſwading joy,
That you ſhould be too noble to deſtroy.
There may ſome face or menace of a ſtorme
Looke forth, but cannot laſt in ſuch forme.
If there be nothing worthy you can ſee
Of Graces, or your mercie here in me
Spare your owne goodneſſe yet; and be not great
In will and power, only to defeat.
God, and the good, know to forgive, and ſave.
The ignorant, and fooles, no pittie have.
I will not ſtand to juſtifie my fault,
Or lay the excuſe upon the Vintners vault;
Or in confeſſing of the Crime be nice,
Or goe about to countenance the vice,
By naming in what companie 'twas in,
As I would urge Authoritie for ſinne.
No, I will ſtand arraign'd, and caſt, to be
The Subject of your Grace in pardoning me,
And (Stil'd your mercies Creature) will live more
Your honour now, then your diſgrace before,
Thinke it was frailtie, Miſtris, thinke me man,
Thinke that your ſelfe like heaven forgive me can,

Where

Where weakneſſe doth offend, and vertue grieve;
There greatneſſe takes a glorie to relieve.
Thinke that I once was yours, or may be now,
Nothing is vile, that is a part of you:
Errour and folly in me may have croſt
Your juſt commands; yet thoſe, not I be loſt.
I am regenerate now, become the child
Of your compaſſion; Parents ſhould be mild:
There is no Father that for one demerit,
Or two, or three, a Sonne will diſ-inherit,
That is the laſt of puniſhments is meant;
No man inflicts that paine, till hope be ſpent:
An ill-affected limbe (what e're it aile)
We cut not off, till all Cures elſe doe faile:
And then with pauſe; for ſever'd once, that's gone;
Would live his glory that could keepe it on:
Doe not deſpaire my mending; to diſtruſt
Before you prove a medicine, is unjuſt,
You may ſo place me, and in ſuch an ayre
As not alone the Cure, but ſcarre be faire.
That is, if ſtill your Favours you apply,
And not the bounties you ha' done, deny.
Could you demand the gifts you gave, againe!
Why was't? did e're the Cloudes aske back their raine?
The Sunne his heat, and light, the ayre his dew?
Or winds the Spirit, by which the flower ſo grew?
That were to wither all, and make a Grave
Of that wiſe Nature would a Cradle have?
Her order is to cheriſh, and preſerve,
Conſumptions nature to deſtroy, and ſterve:
But to exact againe what once is given,
Is natures meere obliquitie! as Heaven
Should aske the blood, and ſpirits he hath infus'd
In man, becauſe man hath the fleſh abus'd.
O may your wiſdome take example hence,
God lightens not at mans each fraile offence,
He pardons, ſlips, goes by a world of ills,
And then his thunder frights more, then it kills.
He cannot angrie be, but all muſt quake;
It ſhakes even him, that all things elſe doth ſhake.
And how more faire, and lovely lookes the world
In a calme skie; then when the heaven is horl'd
About in Cloudes, and wrapt in raging weather,
As all with ſtorme and tempeſt ran together.
O imitate that ſweet Serenitie
That makes us live; not that which calls to die
In darke, and ſullen mornes; doe we not ſay
This looketh like an Execution day?
And with the vulgar doth it not obtaine
The name of Cruell weather, ſtorme, and raine?

Be not affected with theſe markes too much
Of crueltie, leſt they doe make you ſuch.
But view the mildneſſe of your Makers ſtate,
As I the penitents here emulate:
He when he ſees a ſorrow ſuch as this,
Streight puts off all his Anger, and doth kiſſe
The contrite Soule, who hath no thought to win
Upon the hope to have another ſin
Forgiven him; And in that lyne ſtand I
Rather then once diſpleaſe you more, to die
To ſuffer tortures, ſcorne, and Infamie,
What Fooles, and all their Paraſites can apply;
The wit of Ale, and *Genius* of the Malt
Can pumpe for; or a Libell without ſalt
Produce; though threatning with a coale, or chalke
On every wall, and ſung where e're I walke.
I number theſe as being of the Chore
Of Contumelie, and urge a good man more
Then ſword, or fire, or what is of the race
To carry noble danger in the face:
There is not any puniſhment, or paine,
A man ſhould flie from, as he would diſdaine.
Then Maſters here, here let your rigour end,
And let your mercie make me aſham'd t'offend.
I will no more abuſe my vowes to you,
Then I will ſtudie falſhood, to be true.
O, that you could but by diſſection ſee
How much you are the better part of me;
How all my Fibres by your Spirit doe move,
And that there is no life in me, but love.
You would be then moſt confident, that tho
Publike affaires command me now to goe
Out of your eyes, and be awhile away;
Abſence, or Diſtance, ſhall not breed decay.
Your forme ſhines here, here fixed in my heart
I may dilate my ſelfe, but not depart.
Others by common Stars their courſes run,
When I ſee you, then I doe ſee my Sun,
Till then 'tis all but darkneſſe, that I have,
Rather then want your light, I wiſh a grave.

An Elegie.

TO make the Doubt cleare that no Woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it full in you.
Thought I but one had breath'd the purer Ayre,
And muſt ſhe needs be falſe, becauſe ſhe's faire?
It is your beauties Marke, or of your youth,
Or your perfection not to ſtudie truth;

Or thinke you heaven is deafe? or hath no eyes?
Or those it has, winke at your perjuries,
Are vowes so cheape with women? or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water;
And blowne away with wind? or doth their breath
Both hot and cold at once, threat life and death?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
Tun'd to our words, so many sighes should meet
Blowne from our hearts, so many oathes and teares
Sprinkled among? All sweeter by our feares,
And the Devine Impression of stolne kisses,
That seal'd the rest, could now prove emptie blisses?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? Signe, to breake,
Or must we read you quite from what you speake,
And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
He first desire you false, would wish you just?
O, I prophane! though most of women be,
The common Monster, Love shall except thee
My dearest Love, how ever jealousie,
With Circumstance might urge the contrarie.
Sooner I'le thinke the Sunne would cease to cheare
The teeming Earth, and that forget to beare;
Sooner that Rivers would run back, or Thames
With ribs of Ice in June would bind his streames:
Or Nature, by whose strength the world indures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours:
But, O, that trecherous breast, to whom, weake you
Did trust our counsells, and we both may rue,
Having his falshood found too late! 'twas he
That made me cast you Guiltie, and you me.
Whilst he black wretch, betray'd each simple word
We spake unto the comming of a third!
Curst may he be that so our love hath slaine,
And wander wretched on the earth, as *Cain*.
Wretched as he, and not deserve least pittie
In plaguing him let miserie be wittie.
Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
Till he be noysome as his infamie;
May be without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his soules price;
And after all selfe-torment, when he dyes
May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
Swyne eat his Bowels, and his falser Tongue,
That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung,
And let his carrion corse be a longer feast
To the Kings Dogs, then any other beast.
Now I have curst, let us our love receive,
In me the flame was never more alive.
I could begin againe to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes

Of my lifes leaſe; like Painters that doe take
Delight, not in made workes, but whilſt they make
I could renew thoſe times, when firſt I ſaw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the Law
To like what you lik'd, and at Maſques, or Playes,
Commend the ſelfe-ſame Actors, the ſame wayes
Aske how you did? and often with intent
Of being officious, grow impertinent;
All which were ſuch loſt paſtimes, as in theſe
Love was as ſubtly catch'd as a Diſeaſe.
But, being got, it is a treaſure, ſweet,
Which to defend, is harder then to get;
And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

An Elegie.

THat Love's a bitter ſweet, I ne're conceive
Till the ſower Minute comes of taking leave;
And then I taſte it. But as men drinke up
In haſt the bottome of a med'cin'd Cup,
And take ſome ſirrup after; ſo doe I
To put all reliſh from my memorie
Of parting, drowne it in the hope to meet
Shortly againe: and make our abſence ſweet.
This makes me Mrs. that ſometime by ſtealth
Under another Name, I take your health;
And turne the Ceremonies of thoſe Nights
I give, or owe my friends, into your Rites,
But ever without blazon, or leaſt ſhade
Of vowes ſo ſacred, and in ſilence made;
For though Love thrive, and may grow up with cheare,
And free ſocietie, hee's borne elſe-where,
And muſt be bred, ſo to conceale his birth,
As neither wine doe rack it out, or mirth.
Yet ſhould the Lover ſtill be ayrie and light
In all his Actions ratified to ſpright
Not like a *Midas* ſhut up in himſelfe,
And turning all he toucheth into pelfe,
Keepe in reſerv'd in his Dark-lanterne face,
As if that ex'lent Dulneſſe were Loves grace;
No Maſters no, the open merrie Man
Moves like a ſprightly River, and yet can
Keepe ſecret in his Channels what he breedes
'Bove all your ſtanding waters, choak'd with weedes.
They looke at beſt like Creame-bowles, and you ſoone
Shall find their depth: they're ſounded with a ſpoone.
They may ſay Grace, and for Loves Chaplaines paſſe;
But the grave Lover ever was an Aſſe;

Is fix'd upon one leg, and dares not come
Out with the other, for hee's ſtill at home;
Like the dull wearied Crane that (come on land)
Doth while he keepes his watch, betray his ſtand.
Where he that knowes will like a Lapwing flie
Farre from the Neſt, and ſo himſelfe belie.
To others as he will deſerve the Truſt
Due to that one, that doth believe him juſt.
And ſuch your Servant is, who vowes to keepe
The Jewell of your name, as cloſe as ſleepe
Can lock the Senſe up, or the heart a thought,
And never be by time, or folly brought,
Weakneſſe of braine, or any charme of Wine,
The ſinne of Boaſt, or other countermine
(Made to blow up loves ſecrets) to diſcover
That Article, may nor become our lover:
Which in aſſurance to your breſt I tell,
If I had writ no word, but Deare, farewell.

An Elegie.

SInce you muſt goe, and I muſt bid farewell,
Heare Maſters, your departing ſervant tell
What it is like: And doe not thinke they can
Be idle words, though of a parting Man;
It is as if a night ſhould ſhade noone-day,
Or that the Sun was here, but forc't away;
And we were left under that Hemiſphere,
Where we muſt feele it Darke for halfe a yeare.
What fate is this to change mens dayes and houres,
To ſhift their ſeaſons, and deſtroy their powers!
Alas I ha' loſt my heat, my blood, my prime,
Winter is come a Quarter e're his Time,
My health will leave me; and when you depart,
How ſhall I doe ſweet Miſtris for my heart?
You would reſtore it? No, that's worth a feare,
As if it were not worthy to be there:
O, keepe it ſtill; for it had rather be
Your ſacrifice, then here remaine with me.
And ſo I ſpare it, Come what can become
Of me, I'le ſoftly tread unto my Tombe;
Or like a Ghoſt walke ſilent amongſt men,
Till I may See both it and you agen.

An Elegie.

LEt me be what I am, as *Virgil* cold
As *Horace* fat; or as *Anacreon* old;
No Poets verſes yet did ever move,
Whoſe Readers did not thinke he was in love.

Who

Who ſhall forbid me then in Rithme to bee
As light, and Active as the youngeſt hee
That from the Muſes fountaines doth indorſe
His lynes, and hourely fits the Poets horſe
Put on my Ivy Garland, let me ſee
Who frownes, who jealous is, who taxeth me.
Fathers, and Husbands, I doe claime a right
In all that is call'd lovely: take my ſight
Sooner then my affection from the faire.
No face, no hand, proportion, line, or Ayre
Of beautie; but the Muſe hath intereſt in:
There is not worne that lace, purle, knot or pin,
But is the Poëts matter: And he muſt
When he is furious love, although not luſt.
But then content, your Daughters and your Wives,
(If they be faire and worth it) have their lives
Made longer by our praiſes. Or, if not
Wiſh, you had fowle ones, and deformed got;
Curſt in their Cradles, or there chang'd by Elves,
So to be ſure you doe injoy your ſelves.
Yet keepe thoſe up in ſackcloth too, or lether,
For Silke will draw ſome ſneaking Songſter thither.
It is a ryming Age, and Verſes ſwarme
At every ſtall; The Cittie Cap's a charme.
But I who live, and have liv'd twentie yeare
Where I may handle Silke, as free, and neere,
As any Mercer; or the whale-bone man
That quilts thoſe bodies, I have leave to ſpan:
Have eaten with the Beauties, and the wits,
And braveries of Court, and felt their fits
Of love, and hate: and came ſo nigh to know
Whether their faces were their owne, or no.
It is not likely I ſhould now looke downe
Upon a Velvet Petticote, or a Gowne,
Whoſe like I have knowne the Taylors Wife put on
To doe her Husbands rites in, e're 'twere gone
Home to the Cuſtomer: his Letcherie
Being, the beſt clothes ſtill to præoccupie.
Put a Coach-mare in Tiſſue, muſt I horſe
Her preſently? Or leape thy Wife of force.
When by thy ſordid bountie ſhe hath on,
A Gowne of that, was the Capariſon?
So I might dote upon thy Chaires; and Stooles
That are like cloath'd, muſt I be of thoſe fooles
Of race accompted, that no paſſion have
But when thy Wife (as thou conceiv'ſt) is brave?
Then ope thy wardrobe, thinke me that poore Groome
that from the Foot-man, when he was become
An Officer there, did make moſt ſolemne love,
To ev'ry Petticote he bruſh'd, and Glove.

He

He did lay up, and would adore the ſhooe,
Or ſlipper was left off, and kiſſe it too,
Court every hanging Gowne, and after that,
Lift up ſome one, and doe, I tell not what.
Thou didſt tell me; and wert o're-joy'd to peepe
In at a hole, and ſee theſe Actions creepe
From the poore wretch, which though he play'd in proſe;
He would have done in verſe, with any of thoſe
Wrung on the Withers, by Lord Loves deſpight,
Had he had the facultie to reade, and write!
Such Songſters there are ſtore of; witneſſe he
That chanc'd the lace; laid on a Smock, to ſee
And ſtraight-way ſpent a Sonnet; with that other
That (in pure Madrigall) unto his Mother
Commended the French-hood, and Scarlet gowne
The Lady Mayreſſe paſs'd in through the Towne;
Unto the Spittle Sermon. O, what ſtrange
Varietie of Silkes were on th'Exchange!
Or in Moore-fields! this other night, ſings one,
Another anſwers, 'Laſſe thoſe Silkes are none
In ſmiling *L'envoye*, as he would deride
Any Compariſon had with his Cheap-ſide.
And vouches both the Pageant, and the Day;
When not the Shops, but windowes doe diſplay
The Stuffes, the Velvets, Pluſhes, Fringes, Lace,
And all the originall riots of the place:
Let the poore fooles enjoy their follies, love
A Goat in Velvet; or ſome block could move
Under that cover; an old Mid-wives hat!
Or a Cloſe-ſtoole ſo cas'd; or any fat
Bawd, in a Velvet ſcabberd! I envy
None of their pleaſures! nor will aske thee, why
Thou art jealous of thy Wifes, or Daughters Cale:
More then of eithers manners, wit, or face!

An Execration upon Vulcan.

AND why to me this, thou lame Lord of fire,
What had I done that might call on thine ire?
Or urge thy Greedie flame, thus to devoure
So many my Yeares-labours in an houre?
I ne're attempted *Vulcan* 'gainſt thy life;
Nor made leaſt line of love to thy looſe Wife;
Or in remembrance of thy afront, and ſcorne
With Clownes, and Tradeſmen, kept thee clos'd in horne.
'Twas *Jupiter* that hurl'd thee headlong downe,
And *Mars*, that gave thee a Lanthorne for a Crowne!
Was it becauſe thou wert of old denied
By *Jove* to have *Minerva* for thy Bride.

That since thou tak'st all envious care and paine,
To ruine any issue of the braine?
Had I wrote treason there, or heresie,
Imposture, witchcraft, charmes, or blasphemie?
I had deserv'd then, thy consuming lookes,
Perhaps, to have beene burned with my bookes.
But, on thy malice, tell me, didst thou spie
Any, least loose, or surrile paper, lie
Conceal'd, or kept there, that was fit to be,
By thy owne vote, a sacrifice to thee?
Did I there wound the honours of the Crowne?
Or taxe the Glories of the Church, and Gowne?
Itch to defame the State? or brand the Times?
And my selfe most, in some selfe-boasting Rimes?
If none of these, then why this fire? Or find
A cause before; or leave me one behind.
Had I compil'd from *Amadis de Gaule*,
Th'*Esplandians*, *Arthur's*, *Palmerins*, and all
The learned Librarie of *Don Quixote*,
And so some goodlier monster had begot,
Or spun out Riddles, and weav'd fittie tomes
Of *Logogriphes*, and curious *Palindromes*,
Or pomp'd for those hard trifles *Anagrams*,
Or *Eteostichs*, or those finer flammes
Of Egges, and Halberds, Cradles, and a Herse,
A paire of Scisars, and a Combe in verse;
Acrostichs, and *Telestichs*, on jumpe names,
Thou then hadst had some colour for thy flames,
On such my serious follies; But, thou'lt say,
There were some pieces of as base allay,
And as false stampe there; parcels of a Play,
Fitter to see the fire-light, then the day;
Adulterate moneys, such as might not goe:
Thou should'st have stay'd, till publike fame said so.
Shee is the Judge, Thou Executioner,
Or if thou needs would'st trench upon her power,
Thou mightst have yet enjoy'd thy crueltie
With some more thrift, and more varietie:
Thou mightst have had me perish, piece, by piece,
To light Tobacco, or save roasted Geese.
Sindge Capons, or poore Pigges, dropping their eyes;
Condemn'd me to the Ovens with the pies;
And so, have kept me dying a whole age,
Not ravish'd all hence in a minutes rage.
But that's a marke, wherof thy Rites doe boast,
To make consumption, ever where thou go'st;
Had I fore-knowne of this thy least desire
T' have held a Triumph, or a feast of fire,
Especially in paper; that, that steame
Had tickled your large Nosthrill: many a Reame

To redeeme mine, I had ſent in enough,
Thou ſhould'ſt have cry'd, and all beene proper ſtuffe.
The *Talmud*, and the *Alcoran* had come,
With pieces of the *Legend*; The whole ſumme
Of errant Knight-hood, with the Dames, and Dwarfes;
The charmed Boates, and the inchanted Wharfes,
The *Triſtram's*, *Lanc'lots*, *Turpins*, and the *Peer's*,
All the madde *Rolands*, and ſweet *Oliveer's*;
To *Merlins* Marvailes, and his *Caballs* loſſe,
With the Chimæra of the *Roſie-Croſſe*,
Their Seales, their Characters, Hermetique rings,
Their Jemme of Riches, and bright Stone, that brings
Inviſibilitie, and ſtrength, and tongues:
The art of kindling the true Coale, by lungs
With *Nicholas Paſquill's*, Meddle with your match,
And the ſtrong lines, that ſo the time doe catch,
Or Captaine *Pamplets* horſe, and foot; that ſallie
Upon th' Exchange, ſtill out of Popes-head-Alley.
The weekly Corrants, with *Pauls* Seale; and all
Th'admir'd diſcourſes of the Prophet *Ball*:
Theſe, had'ſt thou pleas'd either to dine, or ſup,
Had made a meale for *Vulcan* to lick up.
But in my Deske, what was there to accite
So ravenous, and vaſt an appetite?
I dare not ſay a body, but ſome parts
There were of ſearch, and maſtry in the Arts.
All the old *Venuſine*, in *Poëtrie*,
and lighted by the *Stagerite*, could ſpie,
Was there mad Engliſh: with the Grammar too,
To teach ſome that, their Nurſes could doe.
The puritie of Language; and among
The reſt, my journey into *Scotland* ſong,
With all th'adventures; Three bookes not afraid
To ſpeake the fate of the *Sicilian* Maid
To our owne Ladyes; and in ſtorie there
Of our fift *Henry*, eight of his nine yeare;
Wherein was oyle, beſide the ſuccour ſpent,
Which noble *Carew*, *Cotton*, *Selden* lent:
And twice-twelve-yeares ſtor'd up humanitie,
With humble Gleanings in Divinitie;
After the Fathers, and thoſe wiſer Guides
Whom Faction had not drawne to ſtudie ſides.
How in theſe ruines *Vulcan*, thou doſt lurke,
All ſoote, and embers! odious, as thy worke!
I now begin to doubt, if ever Grace,
Or Goddeſſe, could be patient of thy face.
Thou woo *Minerva*! or to wit aſpire!
'Cauſe thou canſt halt, with us in Arts, and Fire!
Sonne of the Wind! for ſo thy mother gone
With luſt conceiv'd thee; Father thou hadſt none

When thou wert borne, and that thou look'ſt at beſt,
She durſt not kiſſe, but flung thee from her breſt.
And ſo did *Jove*, who ne're meant thee his Cup:
No mar'le the Clownes of *Lemnos* tooke thee up.
For none but Smiths would have made thee a God.
Some Alchimiſt there may be yet, or odde
Squire of the Squibs, againſt the Pageant day,
May to thy name a *Vulcanale* ſay;
And for it loſe his eyes with Gun-powder,
As th'other may his braines with Quickſilver.
Well-fare the Wiſe-man yet, on the *Banckſide*,
My friends, the Watermen! They could provide
Againſt thy furie, when to ſerve their needs,
They made a *Vulcan* of a ſheafe of Reedes,
Whom they durſt handle in their holy-day coates,
And ſafely truſt to dreſſe, not burne their Boates.
But, O thoſe Reeds! thy meere diſdaine of them,
Made thee beget that cruell Stratagem,
(Which, ſome are pleas'd to ſtile but thy madde pranck)
Againſt the *Globe*, the Glory of the *Banke*.
Which, though it were the Fort of the whole Pariſh,
Flanck'd with a Ditch, and forc'd out of a Mariſh,
I ſaw with two poore Chambers taken in
And raz'd, e're thought could urge, this might have beene!
See the worlds Ruines! nothing but the piles
Left! and wit ſince to cover it with Tiles.
The Brethren, they ſtreight nois'd it out for Newes,
'Twas verily ſome Relique of the Stewes.
And this a Sparkle of that fire let looſe
That was lock'd up in the *Wincheſtrian* Gooſe
Bred on the *Banck*, in time of Poperie,
When *Venus* there maintain'd in Miſterie.
But, others fell, with that conceipt by the eares,
And cry'd, it was a threatning to the beares,
And that accurſed ground, the *Pariſh-Garden*:
Nay, ſigh'd, ah Siſter 'twas the Nun, *Kate Arden*
Kindled the fire! But, then did one returne,
No Foole would his owne harveſt ſpoile, or burne!
If that were ſo, thou rather would'ſt advance
The place, that was thy Wives inheritance.
O no, cry'd all. *Fortune*, for being a whore,
Scap'd not his Juſtice any jot the more:
He burnt that Idoll of the *Revels* too:
Nay, let *White-Hall* with Revels have to doe,
Though but in daunces, it ſhall know his power;
There was a Judgement ſhew'n too in an houre.
Hee is true *Vulcan* ſtill! He did not ſpare
Troy, though it were ſo much his *Venus* care.
Foole, wilt thou let that in example come?
Did not ſhe ſave from thence, to build a *Rome*?

And what hast thou done in these petrie spights,
More then advanc'd the houses, and their rites?
I will not argue thee, from those of guilt,
For they were burnt, but to be better built,
'Tis true, that in thy wish they were destroy'd,
Which thou hast only vented, not enjoy'd.
So would'st th'have run upon the *Rolls* by stealth,
And didst invade part of the Common-wealth,
In those Records, which were all Chronicles gone,
Will be remembred by *Six Clerkes*, to one.
But, say all fixe, Good Men, what answer yee?
Lyes there no Writ, out of the *Chancerie*
Against this *Vulcan*? No Injunction?
No order? no Decree? Though we be gone
At *Common-Law*: Me thinkes in his despight
A Court of *Equitie* should doe us right.
But to confine him to the Brew-houses,
The Glasse-house, Dye-fats, and their Fornaces;
To live in Sea-coale, and goe forth in smoake,
Or lest that vapour might the Citie choake,
Condemne him to the Brick-kills, or some Hill-
foot (out in *Sussex*) to an iron Mill;
Or in small Fagots have him blaze about
Vile Tavernes, and the Drunkards pisse him out;
Or in the *Bell*-Mans Lanthorne like a spie,
Burne to a snuffe, and then stinke out, and die:
I could invent a sentence, yet were worse,
But I'le conclude all in a civill curse.
Pox on your flameship, *Vulcan*; if it be
To all as fatall as 't hath beene to me,
And to *Pauls-Steeple*; which was unto us
'Bove all your Fire-workes, had at *Epheſus*,
Or *Alexandria*; and though a Divine
Losse, remaines yet, as unrepair'd as mine.
Would you had kept your Forge at *Etna* still,
And there made Swords, Bills, Glaves, and Armes your fill!
Maintain'd the trade at *Bilbo*; or else-where,
Strooke in at *Millan* with the Cutlers there;
Or stay'd but where the Fryar, and you first met,
Who from the Divels-Arse did Guns beget,
Or fixt in the *Low-Country's*, where you might
On both sides doe your mischiefes with delight;
Blow up, and ruine; myne, and countermyne,
Make your Petards, and Granats, all your fine
Engines of Murder, and receive the praise
Of massacring Man-kind so many wayes.
We aske your absence here, we all love peace,
And pray the fruites thereof, and the increase;
So doth the *King*, and most of the *Kings men*
That have good places: therefore once agen,

Pox

Pox on thee *Vulcan*, thy *Pandora's* pox,
And all the Evils that flew out of her box
Light on thee: Or if thoſe plagues will not doo,
Thy Wives pox on thee, and *B. Bs.* too.

A ſpeach according to Horace.

WHy yet my noble hearts they cannot ſay,
But we have Powder ſtill for the Kings Day,
And Ord'nance too: ſo much as from the Tower
T'have wak'd, if ſleeping, *Spaines* Ambaſſadour
Old *Æſope Gundomar*: the French can tell,
For they did ſee it the laſt tilting well,
That we have Trumpets, Armour, and great Horſe,
Launces, and men, and ſome a breaking force.
They ſaw too ſtore of feathers, and more may,
If they ſtay here, but till Saint *Georges* Day.
All Enſignes of a Warre, are not yet dead,
Nor markes of wealth ſo from our Nation fled,
But they may ſee Gold-Chaines, and Pearle worne then,
Lent by the *London* Dames, to the Lords men;
Withall, the dirtie paines thoſe Citizens take,
To ſee the Pride at Court, their Wives doe make:
And the returne thoſe thankfull Courtiers yeeld
To have their Husbands drawne forth to the field,
And comming home, to tell what acts were done
Under the Auſpice of young *Swynnerton*.
What a ſtrong Fort old *Pimblicoe* had beene!
How it held out! how (laſt) 'twas taken in!
Well, I ſay thrive, thrive brave Artillerie yard,
Thou Seed-plot of the warre, that haſt not ſpar'd
Powder, or paper, to bring up the youth
Of *London*, in the Militarie truth,
Theſe ten yeares day; As all may ſweare that looke
But on thy practiſe, and the Poſture booke:
He that but ſaw thy curious Captaines drill,
Would thinke no more of *Vluſhing*, or the *Brill*:
But give them over to the common eare
For that unneceſſarie Charge they were
Well did thy craftie Clerke, and Knight, Sir *Hugh*
Supplant bold *Panton*; and brought there to view
Tranſlated *Ælian* tactickes to be read,
And the Greeke Diſcipline (with the moderne) ſhed:
So, in that ground, as ſoone it grew to be
The Cittie-Queſtion, whether *Tilly*, or he,
Were now the greater Captaine? for they ſaw
The *Berghen* ſiege, and taking in *Breda*,
So acted to the life, as *Maurice* might,
And *Spinola* have bluſhed at the ſight,

O happie Art! and wise Epitome
Of bearing Armes! most civill Soldierie!
Thou canst draw forth thy forces, and fight drie
The Battells of thy Aldermanrie;
Without the hazard of a drop of blood:
More then the surfets, in thee, that day stood.
Goe on, increast in vertue; and in fame:
And keepe the Glorie of the English name,
Up among Nations. In the stead of bold
Beauchamps, and *Nevills*, *Cliffords*, *Audley's* old;
Insert thy *Hodges*, and those newer men. *Walter.*
As *Stiles*, *Dike*, *Ditchfield*, *Millar*, *Cripi*, and *Fen*:
That keepe the warre, though now't be growne more tame
Alive yet, in the noise; and still the same
And could (if our great men would let their Sonnes
Come to their Schooles,) show'hem the use of Guns;
And there instruct the noble English heires
In Politique, and Militar Affaires;
But he that should perswade, to have this done
For education of our Lordings; Soone
Should he heare of billow, wind, and storme,
From the Tempestuous Grandlings, who'll informe
Us, in our bearing, that are thus, and thus,
Borne, bred, allied: what's he dare tutor us?
Are we by Booke-wormes to be awde? must we
Live by their Scale, that dare doe nothing free?
Why are we rich, or great, except to show
All licence in our lives? What need we know?
More then to praise a Dog? or Horse? or speake
The Hawking language? or our Day to breake
With Citizens? let Clownes, and Tradesmen breed
Their Sonnes to studie Arts, the Lawes, the Creed:
We will beleeve like men of our owne Ranke,
In so much land a yeare, or such a Banke,
That turnes us so much moneys, at which rate
Our Ancestors impos'd on Prince and State.
Let poore Nobilitie be vertuous: Wee,
Descended in a rope of Titles, be
From *Guy*, or *Bevis*, *Arthur*, or from whom
The Herald will. Our blood is now become,
Past any need of vertue. Let them care,
That in the Cradle of their Gentrie are;
To serve the State by Councels, and by Armes:
We neither love the Troubles, nor the harmes.
What love you then? your whore? what study? gate,
Carriage, and dressing. There is up of late?
The Academie, where the Gallants meet---
What to make legs? yes, and to smell most sweet,
All that they doe at Playes. O, but first here
They learne and studie; and then practise there.

But

But why are all these Irons i' the fire
Of severall makings? helps, helps, t' attire
His Lordship. That is for his Band, his haire
This, and that box his Beautie to repaire;
This other for his eye-browes; hence, away,
I may no longer on these pictures stay,
These Carkasses of honour; Taylors blocks,
Cover'd with Tissue, whose prosperitie mocks
The fate of things: whilst totter'd vertue holds
Her broken Armes up, to their emptie moulds.

An Epistle to Master Arth: Squib.

WHat I am not, and what I faine would be,
Whilst I informe my selfe, I would teach thee,
My gentle *Arthur*; that it might be said
One lesson we have both learn'd, and well read,
I neither am, nor art thou one of those
That hearkens to a Jacks-pulse, when it goes.
Nor ever trusted to that friendship yet
Was issue of the Taverne, or the Spit:
Much lesse a name would we bring up, or nurse,
That could but claime a kindred from the purse.
Those are poore Ties, depend on those false ends,
'Tis vertue alone, or nothing that knits friends:
And as within your Office, you doe take
No piece of money, but you know, or make
Inquirie of the worth: So must we doe,
First weigh a friend, then touch, and trie him too:
For there are many slips, and Counterfeits.
Deceit is fruitfull. Men have Masques and nets,
But these with wearing will themselves unfold:
They cannot last. No lie grew ever old.
Turne him, and see his Threds: looke, if he be
Friend to himselfe, that would be friend to thee.
For that is first requir'd, A man be his owne.
But he that's too-much that, is friend of none.
Then rest, and a friends value understand
It is a richer Purchase then of land.

Nothing is lasting that is feigned, it will have another face than it had ere long. As Euripides says, Ivie ever grows old.
Discoveries.
p. 96.

An Epigram on Sir Edward Coke, *when he was Lord chiefe Iustice of* England.

HE that should search all Glories of the Gowne,
And steps of all rais'd servants of the Crowne
He could not find, then thee of all that store
Whom Fortune aided lesse, or vertue more,

Such, *Coke*, were thy beginnings, when thy good
In others evill beſt was underſtood:
When, being the Strangers helpe, the poore mans aide,
Thy juſt defences made th' oppreſſor afraid.
Such was thy Proceſſe, when Integritie,
And skill in thee, now, grew Authoritie;
That Clients ſtrove, in Queſtion of the Lawes,
More for thy Patronage, then for their Cauſe,
And that thy ſtrong and manly Eloquence
Stood up thy Nations fame, her Crownes defence,
And now ſuch is thy ſtand; while thou doſt deale
Deſired Juſtice to the publique Weale
Like *Solons* ſelfe; explat'ſt the knottie Lawes
With endleſſe labours, whilſt thy learning drawes
No leſſe of praiſe, then readers in all kinds
Of worthieſt knowledge, that can take mens minds.
Such is thy All; that (as I ſung before)
None Fortune aided leſſe, or Vertue more.
Or if Chance muſt, to each man that doth riſe
Needs lend an aide, to thine ſhe had her eyes.

An Epiſtle anſwering to one that asked to be Sealed of the Tribe of BEN.

MEn that are ſafe, and ſure, in all they doe,
Care not what trials they are put unto;
They meet the fire, the Teſt, as Martyrs would;
And though Opinion ſtampe them, not are gold,
I could ſay more of ſuch, but that I flie
To ſpeake my ſelfe out too ambitiouſly,
And ſhewing ſo weake an Act to vulgar eyes;
Put conſcience and my right to comprimiſe.
Let thoſe that meerely talke, and never thinke,
That live in the wild Anarchie of Drinke
Subject to quarrell only; or elſe ſuch
As make it their proficiencie, how much
They'ave glutted in, and leteher'd out that weeke,
That never yet did friend, or friendſhip ſeeke
But for a Sealing: let theſe men proteſt.
Or th'other on their borders, that will jeaſt
On all Soules that are abſent; even the dead
Like flies, or wormes, which mans corrupt parts fed:
That to ſpeake well, thinke it above all ſinne,
Of any Companie but that they are in,
Call every night to Supper in theſe fitts,
And are receiv'd for the Covey of Witts;
That cenſure all the Towne, and all th'affaires,
And know whoſe ignorance is more then theirs;

Let these men have their wayes, and take their times
To vent their Libels, and to issue rimes,
I have no portion in them, nor their deale
Of newes they get, to strew out the long meale,
I studie other friendships, and more one,
Then these can ever be; or else wish none.
What is't to me whether the French Designe
Be, or be not, to get the *Val-telline*?
Or the States Ships sent forth belike to meet
Some hopes of *Spaine* in their West-Indian Fleet?
Whether the Dispensation yet be sent,
Or that the Match from *Spaine* was ever meant?
I wish all well, and pray high heaven conspire
My Princes safetie, and my Kings desire,
But if for honour, we must draw the Sword,
And force back that, which will not be restor'd,
I have a body, yet, that spirit drawes
To live, or fall, a Carkasse in the cause.
So farre without inquirie what the States,
Brunsfield, and *Mansfield* doe this yeare, my fates
Shall carry me at Call; and I'le be well,
Though I doe neither heare these newes, nor tell
Of *Spaine* or *France*; or were not prick'd downe one
Of the late Mysterie of reception,
Although my Fame, to his, not under-heares,
That guides the Motions, and directs the beares.
But that's a blow, by which in time I may
Lose all my credit with my Christmas Clay,
And animated *Porc' lane* of the Court,
I, and for this neglect, the courser sort
Of earthen Jarres, there may molest me too:
Well, with mine owne fraile Pitcher, what to doe
I have decreed; keepe it from waves, and presse;
Lest it be justled, crack'd made nought, or lesse:
Live to that point I will, for which I am man,
And dwell as in my Center, as I can
Still looking too, and ever loving heaven;
With reverence using all the gifts then given.
'Mongst which, if I have any friendships sent
Such as are square, wel-tagde, and permanent,
Not built with Canvasse, paper, and false lights
As are the Glorious Scenes, at the great sights;
And that there be no fev'ry heats, nor colds,
Oylie Expansions, or shrunke durtie folds,
But all so cleare, and led by reasons flame,
As but to stumble in her sight were shame.
These I will honour, love, embrace, and serve:
And free it from all question to preserve.
So short you read my Character, and theirs
I would call mine, to which not many Staires

Are

Are asked to climbe. First give me faith, who know
My selfe a little. I will take you so,
As you have writ your selfe. Now stand, and then
Sir, you are Sealed of the Tribe of *Ben*.

The Dedication of the Kings new Cellar. To Bacchus.

SInce, *Bacchus*, thou art father
Of Wines, to thee the rather
We dedicate this Cellar,
Where new, thou art made Dweller;
And seale thee thy Commission:
But 'tis with a condition,
That thou remaine here taster
Of all to the great Master.
And looke unto their faces,
Their Qualities, and races,
That both, their odour take him,
And relish merry make him.
For *Bacchus* thou art freer
Of cares, and over-seer,
Of feast, and merry meeting,
And still begin'st the greeting:
See then thou dost attend him
Lyæus, and defend him,
By all the Arts of Gladnesse
From any thought like sadnesse.
So mayst thou still be younger
Then *Phœbus*; and much stronger
To give mankind their eases,
And cure the Worlds diseases:
So may the Muses follow
Thee still, and leave *Apollo*
And thinke thy streame more quicker
Then *Hippocrenes* liquor:
And thou make many a Poet,
Before his braine doe know it;
So may there never Quarrell
Have issue from the Barrell,
But *Venus* and the Graces
Pursue thee in all places,
And not a Song be other
Then *Cupid*, and his Mother.
That when King *James*, above here
Shall feast it, thou maist love there
The causes and the Guests too,
And have thy tales and jests too,

Thy Circuits, and thy Rounds free
As ſhall the feaſts faire grounds be.
Be it he hold Communion
In great Saint *Georges* Union,
Or gratulates the paſſage
Of ſome wel-wrought Embaſſage:
Whereby he may knit ſure up
The wiſhed Peace of *Europe*:
Or elſe a health advances,
To put his Court in dances,
And ſet us all on skipping,
When with his royall ſhipping
The narrow Seas are ſhadie,
And *Charles* brings home the Ladie.

Acceßit fervor Capiti, Numeroſq; Lucernæ.

An Epigram on The Court Pucell.

DO's the Court-Pucell then ſo cenſure me,
And thinkes I dare not her? let the world ſee.
What though her Chamber be the very pit
Where fight the prime Cocks of the Game, for wit?
And that as any are ſtrooke, her breath creates
New in their ſtead, out of the Candidates?
What though with Tribade luſt ſhe force a Muſe,
And in an Epicæne fury can write newes
Equall with that, which for the beſt newes goes
As aërie light, and as like wit as thoſe?
What though ſhe talke, and cannot once with them,
Make State, Religion, Bawdrie, all a theame.
And as lip-thirſtie, in each words expence,
Doth labour with the Phraſe more then the ſenſe?
What though ſhe ride two mile on Holy-dayes
To Church, as others doe to Feaſts and Playes,
To ſhew their Tires? to view, and to be view'd?
What though ſhe be with Velvet gownes indu'd,
And ſpangled Petticotes brought forth to eye,
As new rewards of her old ſecrecie!
What though ſhe hath won on Truſt, as many doe,
And that her truſter feares her? Muſt I too?
I never ſtood for any place: my wit
Thinkes it ſelfe nought, though ſhe ſhould valew it.
I am no States-man, and much leſſe Divine
For bawdry, 'tis her language, and not mine.
Fartheſt I am from the Idolatrie
To ſtuffes and Laces, thoſe my Man can buy.

And

And trust her I would least, that hath forsworе
In Contract twice, what can shee perjure more?
Indeed, her Dressing some man might delight,
Here face there's none can like by Candle light.
Not he, that should the body have, for Case
To his poore Instrument, now out of grace.
Shall I advise thee *Pucell?* steale away
From Court, while yet thy fame hath some small day;
The wits will leave you, if they once perceive
You cling to Lords, and Lords, if them you leave
For Sermoneeres: of which now one, now other,
They say you weekly invite with fits o' th' Mother;
And practise for a Miracle; take heed
This Age would lend no faith to *Dorrels* Deed;
Or if it would, the Court is the worst place,
Both for the Mothers, and the Babes of grace,
For there the wicked in the Chaire of scorne,
Will cal't a Bastard, when a Prophet's borne.

An Epigram.
To the honour'd
---Countesse of ---

THe Wisdome Madam of your private Life,
Where with this while you live a widowed wife,
And the right wayes you take unto the right,
To conquer rumour, and triumph on spight;
Not only shunning by your act, to doe
Ought that is ill, but the suspition too,
Is of so brave example, as he were
No friend to vertue, could be silent here.
The rather when the vices of the Time
Are growne so fruitfull, and false pleasures climbe
By all oblique Degrees, that killing height
From whence they fall, cast downe with their owne weight.
And though all praise bring nothing to your name,
Who (herein studying conscience, and not fame)
Are in your selfe rewarded; yet 't will be
A cheerefull worke to all good eyes, to see
Among the daily Ruines that fall foule,
Of State, of fame, of body, and of soule,
So great a Vertue stand upright to view,
As makes *Penelopes* old fable true,
Whilst your *Ulisses* hath ta'ne leave to goe,
Countries, and Climes manners, and men to know.
Only your time you better entertaine,
Then the great *Homers* wit, for her, could faine;
For you admit no companie, but good,
And when you want those friends, or neere in blood,

Or your Allies, you make your bookes your friends,
And ſtudie them unto the nobleſt ends,
Searching for knowledge, and to keepe your mind
The ſame it was inſpir'd, rich, and refin'd.
Theſe Graces, when the reſt of Ladyes view
Not boaſted in your life, but practis'd true,
As they are hard, for them to make their owne,
So are they profitable to be knowne:
For when they find ſo many meet in one,
It will be ſhame for them, if they have none.

Lord BACON's *Birth-day.*

HAile happie *Genius* of this antient pile!
How comes it all things ſo about the ſmile?
The fire, the wine, the men! and in the midſt,
Thou ſtand'ſt as if ſome Myſterie thou did'ſt!
Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
For whoſe returnes, and many, all theſe pray:
And ſo doe I. This is the ſixtieth yeare
Since *Bacon*, and thy Lord was borne, and here;
Sonne to the grave wiſe Keeper of the Seale,
Fame, and foundation of the Engliſh Weale.
What then his Father was, that ſince is hee,
Now with a Title more to the Degree,
Englands high Chancellor: the deſtin'd heire
In his ſoft Cradle to his Fathers Chaire,
Whoſe even Thred the Fates ſpinne round, and full,
Out of their Choyſeſt, and their whiteſt wooll.
'Tis a brave cauſe of joy, let it be knowne,
For 't were a narrow gladneſſe, kept thine owne.
Give me a deep-crown'd-Bowle, that I may ſing
In rayſing him the wiſdome of my King.

A Poëme ſent me by Sir William Burlaſe.

The Painter to the Poet.

TO paint thy Worth, if rightly I did know it,
And were but Painter halfe like thee, a Poët;
Ben, I would ſhow it:
But in this skill, m'unskilfull pen will tire,
Thou, and thy worth, will ſtill be found farre higher;
And I a Lier.
Then, what a Painter's here? or what an eater
Of great attempts! when as his skil's no greater,
And he a Cheater?
Then what a Poet's here! whom, by Confeſſion
Of all with me, to paint without Digreſſion
There's no Expreſſion,

My Answer.
The Poet to the Painter.

WHy? though I seeme of a prodigious waste,
I am not so voluminous, and vast,
But there are lines, wherewith I might b'embrac'd.

'Tis true, as my wombe swells, so my backe stoupes,
And the whole lumpe growes round, deform'd, and droupes,
But yet the Tun at *Heidelberg* had houpes.

You were not tied, by any Painters Law
To square my Circle, I confesse; but draw
My Superficies: that was all you saw.

Which if in compasse of no Art it came
To be described by a *Monogram*,
With one great blot, yo'had form'd me as I am.

But whilst you curious were to have it be
An *Archetipe*, for all the world to see,
You made it a brave piece, but not like me.

O, had I now your manner, maistry, might,
Your Power of handling, shadow, ayre, and spright,
How I would draw, and take hold and delight.

Put, you are he can paint; I can but write:
A Poet hath no more but black and white,
Ne knowes he flatt'ring Colours, or false light.

Yet when of friendship I would draw the face
A letter'd mind, and a large heart would place
To all posteritie; I will write *Burlase*.

An Epigram.

To,
WILLIAM, *Earle of* Newcastle.

WHen first my Lord, I saw you backe your horse,
Provoke his mettall, and command his force
To all the uses of the field, and race,
Me thought I read the ancient Art of *Thrace*,
And saw a Centaure, past those tales of *Greece*,
So seem'd your horse, and you both of a peece!
You shew'd like *Perseus* upon *Pegasus*;
Or *Castor* mounted on his *Cyllarus*:

Or what we heare our home-borne Legend tell,
Of bold Sir *Bevis*, and his *Arundell*:
Nay, ſo your Seate his beauties did endorſe,
As I began to wiſh my ſelfe a horſe:
And ſurely had I but your Stable ſeene
Before: I thinke my wiſh abſolv'd had beene.
For never ſaw I yet the Muſes dwell,
Nor any of their houſhold halfe ſo well.
So well! as when I ſaw the floore, and Roome
I look'd for *Hercules* to be the Groome:
And æri'd, away, with the *Cæſarian* bread,
At theſe Immortall Mangers *Virgil* fed.

Epiſtle
To Mr. ARTHUR SQUIB.

I Am to dine, Friend, where I muſt be weigh'd
For a juſt wager, and that wager paid
If I doe loſe it: And, without a Tale
A Merchants Wife is Regent of the Scale.
Who when ſhee heard the match, concluded ſtreight,
An ill commoditie! 'T muſt make good weight.
So that upon the point, my corporall feare
Is, ſhe will play Dame Juſtice, too ſevere;
And hold me to it cloſe; to ſtand upright
Within the ballance; and not want a mite;
But rather with advantage to be found
Full twentie ſtone; of which I lack two pound;
That's ſix in ſilver; now within the Socket
Stinketh my credit, if into the Pocket
It doe not come: One piece I have in ſtore,
Lend me, deare *Arthur*, for a weeke five more,
And you ſhall make me good, in weight, and faſhion,
And then to be return'd; or proteſtation
To goe out after ---- till when take this letter
For your ſecuritie. I can no better.

To
Mr. IOHN BURGES.

WOuld God my *Burges*, I could thinke
Thoughts worthy of thy gift, this Inke;
Then would I promiſe here to give
Verſe, that ſhould thee, and me out-live.
But ſince the Wine hath ſteep'd my braine
I only can the Paper ſtaine;
Yet with a Dye, that feares no Moth,
But Scarlet-like out-laſts the Cloth.

Epiſtle.
To my Lady COVELL.

YOu won not Verſes, Madam, you won mee,
When you would play ſo nobly, and ſo free.
A booke to a few lynes: but, it was fit
You won them too, your oddes did merit it,
So have you gain'd a Servant, and a Muſe:
The firſt of which I feare, you will refuſe;
And you may juſtly, being a tardie cold,
Unprofitable Chattell, fat and old,
Laden with Bellie, and doth hardly approach
His friends, but to breake Chaires, or cracke a Coach.
His weight is twenty Stone within two pound; ×
And that's made up as doth the purſe abound.
Marrie the Muſe is one, can tread the Aire,
And ſtroke the water, nimble, chaſt, and faire,
Sleepe in a Virgins boſome without feare,
Run all the Rounds in a ſoft Ladyes eare,
Widow or Wife, without the jealouſie
Of either Suitor, or a Servant by.
Such, (if her manners like you) I doe ſend:
And can for other Graces her commend,
To make you merry on the Dreſſing ſtoole,
A mornings, and at afternoones, to foole
Away ill company, and helpe in rime,
Your *Foane* to paſſe her melancholie time.
By this, although you fancie not the man
Accept his Muſe; and tell, I know you can:
How many verſes, Madam, are your Due!
I can loſe none in tendring theſe to you.
I gaine, in having leave to keepe my Day,
And ſhould grow rich, had I much more to pay.

To Maſter Iohn Burges.

FAther *John Burges*,
Neceſſitie urges
My wofull crie,
To Sir *Robert Pie*:
And that he will venter
To ſend my *Debentur*:
Tell him his *Ben*
Knew the time, when
He lov'd the Muſes;
Though now he refuſes,
To take Apprehenſion
Of a yeares Penſion,

And more is behind:
Put him in mind
Chriſtmas is neere;
And neither good Cheare,
Mirth, fooling, nor wit,
Nor any leaſt fit
Of gambol, or ſport
Will come at the Court,
If there be no money,
No Plover, or Coney
Will come to the Table,
Or Wine to enable
The Muſe, or the Poet,
The Pariſh will know it.
Nor any quick-warming-pan helpe him to bed,
If the 'Chequer be emptie, ſo will be his Head.

Epigram, to my Book-ſeller.

THou, Friend, wilt heare all cenſures; unto thee
All mouthes are open, and all ſtomacks free:
Bee thou my Bookes intelligencer, note
What each man ſayes of it, and of what coat
His judgement is; If he be wiſe, and praiſe,
Thanke him: if other, hee can give no Bayes.
If his wit reach no higher, but to ſpring
Thy Wife a fit of laughter; a Cramp-ring
Will be reward enough: to weare like thoſe,
That hang their richeſt jewells i' their noſe;
Like a rung Beare, or Swine: grunting out wit
As if that part lay for a [ ] moſt fit!
If they goe on, and that thou lov'ſt a-life
Their perfum'd judgements, let them kiſſe thy Wife.

An Epigram.
To WILLIAM *Earle of* Newcaſtle.

THey talke of Fencing, and the uſe of Armes,
The art of urging, and avoyding harmes,
The noble Science, and the maiſtring skill
Of making juſt approaches how to kill:
To hit in angles, and to claſh with time:
As all defence, or offence were a chime!
I hate ſuch meaſur'd, give me mettall'd fire
That trembles in the blaze, but (then) mounts higher!
A quick, and dazeling motion! when a paire
Of bodies, meet like rarified ayre!

Their

Their weapons ſhot out, with that flame, and force,
As they out-did the lightning in the courſe;
This were a ſpectacle! A ſight to draw
Wonder to Valour! No, it is the Law
Of daring, not to doe a wrong, is true
Valour! to ſleight it, being done to you!
To know the heads of danger! where 'tis fit
To bend, to breake, provoke, or ſuffer it!
All this (my Lord) is Valour! This is yours!
And was your Fathers! All your Anceſtours!
Who durſt live great, 'mongſt all the colds, and heates,
Of humane life! as all the froſts, and ſweates
Of fortune! when, or death appear'd, or bands!
And valiant were, with, or without their hands.

An Epitaph, on HENRY *L.* La-ware. *To the Paſſer-by.*

IF, Paſſenger, thou canſt but reade:
Stay, drop a teare for him that's dead,
Henry, the brave young Lord *La-ware*,
Minerva's and the *Muſes* care!
What could their care doe 'gainſt the ſpight
Of a Diſeaſe, that lov'd no light
Of honour, nor no ayre of good?
But crept like darkneſſe through his blood?
Offended with the dazeling flame
Of Vertue, got above his name?
No noble furniture of parts,
No love of action, and high Arts.
No aime at glorie, or in warre,
Ambition to become a Starre,
Could ſtop the malice of this ill,
That ſpread his body o're, to kill:
And only, his great Soule envy'd,
Becauſe it durſt have noblier dy'd.

An Epigram.

THat you have ſeene the pride, beheld the ſport,
And all the games of Fortune, plaid at Court;
View'd there the mercat, read the wretched rate
At which there are, would ſell the Prince, and State:
That ſcarce you heare, a publike voyce alive,
But whiſper'd Counſells, and thoſe only thrive;
Yet are got off thence, with cleare mind, and hands
To lift to heaven: who is't not underſtands

Your happineſſe, and doth not ſpeake you bleſt,
To ſee you ſet apart, thus, from the reſt,
T' obtaine of God, what all the Land ſhould aske?
A Nations ſinne got pardon'd! 'twere a taske:
Fit for a Biſhops knees! O bow them oft,
My Lord, till felt griefe make our ſtone hearts ſoft,
And wee doe weepe, to water, for our ſinne.
He, that in ſuch a flood, as we are in
Of riot, and conſumption knowes the way,
To teach the people, how to faſt, and pray,
And doe their penance, to avert Gods rod,
He is the Man, and Favorite of God.

An Epigram.
To K. CHARLES
for a 100. *pounds he ſent me in my ſickneſſe.*

GReat CHARLES, among the holy gifts of grace
Annexed to thy Perſon, and thy place,
'Tis not enough (thy pietie is ſuch)
To cure the call'd *Kings Evill* with thy touch;
But thou wilt yet a Kinglier maſtrie trie,
To cure the *Poëts Evill*, Povertie:
And, in theſe Cures, do'ſt ſo thy ſelfe enlarge,
As thou doſt cure our *Evill*, at thy charge.
Nay, and in this, thou ſhow'ſt to value more
One *Poët*, then of other folke ten ſcore.
O pietie! ſo to weigh the poores eſtates!
O bountie! ſo to difference the rates!
What can the *Poët* wiſh, his *King* may doe,
But, that he cure the Peoples Evill too?

To K. CHARLES, *and Q.* MARY.
For the loſſe of their firſt-borne,
An Epigram Conſolatorie.

WHo dares denie, that all firſt fruits are due
To God, denies the God-head to be true:
Who doubts, thoſe fruits God can with gaine reſtore,
Doth by his doubt, diſtruſt his promiſe more.
Hee can, he will, and with large int'reſt pay,
What (at his liking) he will take away.
Then Royall CHARLES, and MARY, doe not grutch
That the Almighties will to you is ſuch:

But

But thanke his greatneſſe, and his goodneſſe too;
And thinke all ſtill the beſt, that he will doe.
That thought ſhall make, he will this loſſe ſupply
With a long, large, and bleſt poſteritie!
For God, whoſe eſſence is ſo infinite,
Cannot but heape that grace, he will requite.

An Epigram.

To our great and good K. CHARLES

On his Anniverſary Day.

HOW happy were the Subject! if he knew
Moſt pious King, but his owne good in you!
How many times, live long, CHARLES, would he ſay,
If he but weigh'd the bleſſings of this day?
And as it turnes our joyfull yeare about,
For ſafetie of ſuch majeſtie, cry out?
Indeed, when had great *Brittaine* greater cauſe
Then now, to love the Soveraigne, and the Lawes?
When you that raigne, are her Example growne,
And what are bounds to her, you make your owne?
When your aſſiduous practiſe doth ſecure
That Faith, which ſhe profeſſeth to be pure?
When all your life's a preſident of dayes,
And murmure cannot quarrell at your wayes?
How is ſhe barren growne of love! or broke!
That nothing can her gratitude provoke!
O Times! O Manners! Surfet, bred of eaſe
The truly Epidemicall diſeaſe!
'T is not alone the Merchant, but the Clowne,
Is Banke-rupt turn'd! the Caſſock, Cloake, and Gowne,
Are loſt upon accompt! And none will know
How much to heaven for thee, great CHARLES they owe!

An Epigram on the Princes birth

AND art thou borne, brave Babe? Bleſt be thy birth?
That ſo hath crown'd our hopes, our ſpring, and earth
The bed of the chaſt *Lilly*, and the *Roſe*!
What Month then *May*, was fitter to diſcloſe
This Prince of flowers? Soone ſhoot thou up, and grow
The ſame that thou art promis'd, but be ſlow,
And long in changing. Let our Nephewes ſee
Thee, quickly the gardens eye to bee,
And there to ſtand ſo. Haſt, now envious Moone,
And interpoſe thy ſelfe, (I care not how ſoone.)

And threat' the great Eclipſe. Two houres but runne,
Sol will re-ſhine. If not, CHARLES hath a Sonne.

——— Non diſplicuiſſe meretur
Feſtinat Cæſar qui placuiſſe tibi.

An Epigram to the Queene, then lying in. 1630.

HAile *Mary*, full of grace, it once was ſaid,
And by an Angell, to the bleſſed'ſt Maid
The Mother of our Lord: why may not I
(Without prophaneneſſe) yet, a Poët, cry
Haile *Mary*, full of honours, to my Queene,
The Mother of our Prince? When was there ſeene
(Except the joy that the firſt *Mary* brought,
Whereby the ſafetie of Man-kind was wrought.)
So generall a gladneſſe to an Iſle!
To make the hearts of a whole Nation ſmile,
As in this Prince? Let it be lawfull, ſo
To compare ſmall with great, as ſtill we owe
Glorie to God. Then, Haile to *Mary*! ſpring
Of ſo much ſafetie to the Realme, and King.

An Ode, or Song, by all the Muſes. In celebration of her Majeſties birth-day. 1630.

1. CLIO. *UP publike joy, remember*
This ſixteenth of November,
Some brave un-common way:
And though the Pariſh-ſteeple
Be ſilent, to the people,
Ring thou it Holy-day.

2. MEL. *What, though the thriftie Tower*
And Gunnes there, ſpare to poure
Their noiſes forth in Thunder:
As fearfull to awake
This Citie, or to ſhake
Their guarded gates aſunder?

3. THAL. *Yet, let our Trumpets ſound,*
And cleave both ayre and ground,
With beating of our Drum's:
Let every Lyre be ſtrung,
Harpe, Lute, Theorbo ſprung,
With touch of daintie thum's!

4. EVT. *That when the Quire is full,*
The Harmony may pull
The Angels from their Spheares:
And each intelligence
May wish it selfe a sense;
Whilst it the Ditties heares.

5. TERP. *Behold the royall* Mary,
The Daughtrr of great Harry!
And Sister to just Lewis!
Comes in the pompe, and glorie
Of all her Brothers storie,
And of her Fathers prowesse!

6. ERAT. *Shee showes so farre above*
The fained Queene of Love,
This sea-girt Isle upon:
As here no Venus *were;*
But, that shee raigning here,
Had got the Cestos *on!*

7. CALLI. *See, see our active* King
Hath taken twice the Ring
Upon his pointed Lance:
Whilst all the ravish'd rout
Doe mingle in a shout,
Hay! for the flowre of France!

8. URA. *This day the Court doth measure*
Her joy in state, and pleasure;
And with a reverend feare,
The Revells, and the Play,
Summe up this crowned day,
Her two and twenti'th yeare!

9. POLY. *Sweet! happy* Mary! *All*
The People her doe call!
And this the wombe divine!
So fruitfull, and so faire,
Hath brought the Land an Heire!
And CHARLES *a* Caroline.

An Epigram, To the House-hold.

WHat can the cause be, when the *K.* hath given
His *Poët* Sack, the *House-hold* will not pay?
Are they so scanted in their store? or driven
For want of knowing the *Poët*, to say him nay?
Well, they should know him, would the *K.* but grant
His *Poët* leave to sing his *House-hold* true;
Hee'ld frame such ditties of their store, and want,
Would make the very *Greene-cloth* to looke blew:

And

And rather wiſh, in their expence of Sack,
So, the allowance from the King to uſe,
As the old *Bard*, ſhould no Canary lack,
T'were better ſpare a Butt, then ſpill his *Muſe*.
For in the *Genius* of a *Poets* Verſe,
The Kings fame lives. Go now, denie his *teirce*.

Epigram.
To a Friend, and Sonne.

SOnne, and my Friend, I had not call'd you ſo
To mee; or beene the ſame to you; if ſhow,
Profit, or Chance had made us: But I know
What, by that name, wee each to other owe,
Freedome, and Truth; with love from thoſe begot.
Wiſe-crafts, on which the flatterer ventures not.
His is more ſafe commoditie, or none:
Nor dares he come in the compariſon.
But as the wretched Painter, who ſo ill
Painted a Dog, that now his ſubtler skill
Was, t'have a Boy ſtand with a Club, and fright
All live dogs from the lane, and his ſhops ſight.
Till he had ſold his Piece, drawne ſo unlike:
So doth the flattrer, with farre cunning ſtrike
At a Friends freedome, proves all circling meanes
To keepe him off; and how-ſo-e're he gleanes
Some of his formes, he lets him not come neere
Where he would fixe, for the diſtinctions feare.
For as at diſtance, few have facultie
To judge; So all men comming neere can ſpie,
Though now of flattery, as of picture are
More ſubtles workes, and finer pieces farre,
Then knew the former ages: yet to life,
All is but web, and painting; be the ſtrife
Never ſo great to get them: and the ends,
Rather to boaſt rich hangings, then rare friends.

To the immortall memorie, and friendſhip of that noble paire, Sir LVCIVS CARY, *and Sir* H. MORISON.

The Turne.

BRave Infant of *Saguntum*, cleare
Thy comming forth in that great yeare,
When the Prodigious *Hannibal* did crowne
His rage, with razing your immortall Towne,

Thou

Thou, looking then about,
E're thou wert halfe got out,
Wiſe child, did'ſt haſtily returne,
And mad'ſt thy Mothers wombe thine urne.
How ſumm'd a circle didſt thou leave man-kind
Of deepeſt lore, could we the Center find!

The Counter-turne.

Did wiſer Nature draw thee back,
From out the horrour of that ſack,
Where ſhame, faith, honour, and regard of right
Lay trampled on; the deeds of death, and night;
Urg'd, hurried forth, and horld
Upon th'affrighted world:
Sword, fire, and famine, with fell fury met;
And all on utmoſt ruine ſet;
As, could they but lifes miſeries fore-ſee,
No doubt all Infants would returne like thee!

The Stand.

For, what is life, if meaſur'd by the ſpace,
Not by the act?
Or maſked man, if valu'd by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one out-liv'd his Peeres,
And told forth foureſcore yeares;
He vexed time, and buſied the whole State;
Troubled both foes, and friends;
But ever to no ends:
What did this Stirrer, but die late?
How well at twentie had he falne, or ſtood!
For three of his foure-ſcore, he did no good.

The Turne.

Hee entred well, by vertuous parts,
Got up and thriv'd with honeſt arts:
He purchas'd friends, and fame, and honours then,
And had his noble name advanc'd with men:
But weary of that flight,
Hee ſtoop'd in all mens ſight
To ſordid flatteries, acts of ſtrife,
And ſunke in that dead ſea of life
So deep, as he did then death's waters ſup;
But that the Corke of Title boy'd him up.

The Counter-turne.

Alas, but *Moriſon* fell young:
Hee never fell, thou fall'ſt my tongue.
Hee ſtood, a Souldier to the laſt right end,
A perfect Patriot, and a noble friend,

But moſt a vertuous Sonne.
All Offices were done
By him, ſo ample, full, and round,
In weight, in meaſure, number, ſound,
As though his age imperfect might appeare,
His life was of Humanitie the Spheare.

The Stand.

Goe now, and tell out dayes ſumm'd up with feares,
And make them yeares;
Produce thy maſſe of miſeries on the Stage,
To ſwell thine age;
Repeat of things a throng,
To ſhew thou haſt beene long,
Not liv'd; for life doth her great actions ſpell,
By what was done and wrought
In ſeaſon, and ſo brought
To light: her meaſures are, how well
Each ſyllab'e anſwer'd, and was form'd, how faire;
Theſe make the lines of life, and that's her ayre.

The Turne.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulke, doth make man better bee;
Or ſtanding long an Oake, three hundred yeare,
To fall a logge, at laſt, dry, bold, and feare:
A Lillie of a Day,
Is fairer farre, in May,
Although it fall, and die that night;
It was the Plant, and flowre of light.
In ſmall proportions, we juſt beauties ſee:
And in ſhort meaſures, life may perfect bee.

The Counter-turne.

Call, noble *Lucius*, then for Wine,
And let thy lookes with gladneſſe ſhine:
Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
And thinke, nay know, thy *Moriſon*'s not dead.
Hee leap'd the preſent age,
Poſſeſt with holy rage,
To ſee that bright eternall Day:
Of which we *Prieſts*, and *Poëts* ſay
Such truths, as we expect for happy men,
And there he lives with memorie; and *Ben*.

The Stand.

Johnſon, who ſung this of him, e're he went
Himſelfe to reſt,
Or taſte a part of that full joy he meant
To have expreſt,

In this bright *Asterisme:*
Where it were friendships schisme,
(Were not his *Lucius* Long with us to tarry)
To separate these twi-
Lights, the *Dioscuri*;
And keepe the one halfe from his *Harry*.
But fate doth so alternate the design,
Whilst that in heav'n, this light on earth must shine.

The Turne.

And shine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendship, but one Starre:
Of hearts the union. And those not by chance
Made, or indenture, or leas'd out t' advance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vaine did chime,
Of rimes, or ryots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drinke, or fain'd protests:
But simple love of greatnesse, and of good;
That knits brave minds, and manners, more then blood.

The Counter-turne.

This made you first to know the Why
You lik'd, then after, to apply
That liking; and approach so one the tother,
Till either grew a portion of the other:
Each stiled by his end,
The Copie of his friend.
You liv'd to be the great surnames,
And titles, by which all made claimes
Unto the Vertue. Nothing perfect done,
But as a CARY, or a MORISON.

The Stand.

And such a force the faire example had,
As they that saw
The good, and durst not practise it, were glad
That such a Law
Was left yet to Man-kind;
Where they might read, and find
Friendship, indeed, was written, not in words:
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men,
Whose lines her rowles were, and records.
Who, e're the first downe bloomed on the chin,
Had sow'd these fruits, and got the harvest in.

To the Right Honourable, the Lord high Treasurer of England.

An Epistle Mendicant. 1631.

My Lord;

POore wretched states, prest by extremities,
Are faine to seeke for succours, and supplies
Of *Princes* aides, or *good mens* Charities.

Disease, the Enemie, and his Ingineeres
Want, with the rest of his conceal'd compeeres,
Have cast a trench about mee, now five yeares.

And made those strong approaches, by *False braies*,
Reduicts, *Halfe-moones*, *Horne-workes*, and such close wayes,
The *Muse* not peepes out, one of hundred dayes.

But lyes block'd up, and straightned, narrow'd in,
Fix'd to the bed, and boords, unlike to win
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never bin.

Unlesse some saving-*Honour* of the *Crowne*,
Dare thinke it, to relieve, no lesse renowne,
A *Bed-rid* Wit, then a *besieged* Towne.

To the King. On his Birth-day. November 19 1632.

An Epigram Anniversarie.

THis is King Charles his Day. Speake it thou *Towre*
Unto the *Ships*, and they from *tier*, to *tier*,
Discharge it 'bout the *Iland*, in an houre,
As lowd as Thunder, and as swift as fire.
Let *Ireland* meet it out at Sea, halfe way,
Repeating all Great *Brittain's* joy, and more,
Adding her owne glad accents, to this *Day*,
Like *Eccho* playing from the other shore.
What *Drum's* or *Trumpets*, or great *Ord'nance* can,
The *Poetrie* of *Steeples*, with the *Bells*,
Three Kingdomes Mirth, in light, and aërie man,
Made lighter with the Wine. All noises else,
At *Bonefires*, *Rockets*, *Fire-workes*, with the *Shoutes*
That cry that gladnesse, which their hearts would pray,

Had they but grace, of thinking, at theſe routes,
On th' often comming of this *Holy-day*:
And ever cloſe the burden of the Song,
Still to have ſuch a CHARLES, but this CHARLES long.

The wiſh is great; but where the Prince is ſuch,
What prayers (*People*) can you thinke too much!

On the Right Honourable, and vertuous Lord Weſton, *L. high Treaſurer of* England.

Upon the Day,

Hee was made Earle of Portland.

17. *Febr.* 1632.

To the Envious.

LOoke up thou ſeed of envie, and ſtill bring
Thy faint, and narrow eyes, to reade the *King*
In his great Actions: view whom his large hand,
Hath rais'd to be the *Port* unto his *Land*!
WESTON! That waking man! that Eye of State!
Who ſeldome ſleepes! whom bad men only hate!
Why doe I irritate, or ſtirre up thee,
Thou ſluggiſh ſpawne, that canſt, but wilt not ſee!
Feed on thy ſelfe for ſpight, and ſhew thy *Kind*:
To vertue, and true worth, be ever blind.
Dreame thou could'ſt hurt it, but before thou wake,
T' effect it; Feele, thou 'aſt made thine owne heart ake.

To the Right hon^ble *Hierome*, L. *Weſton*.

An Ode gratulatorie.

For his Returne from
his Embaſſie. 1632.

SUch pleaſure as the teeming Earth,
Doth take in eaſie Natures *birth*,
When ſhee puts forth the life of ev'ry thing:
And in a dew of ſweeteſt Raine,
Shee lies deliver'd without paine,
Of the prime beautie of the yeare, the Spring.
The Rivers in their ſhores doe run;
The Clowdes rack cleare before the Sun,
The rudeſt Winds obey the calmeſt Ayre:
Rare Plants from ev'ry banke doe riſe,
And ev'ry Plant the ſenſe ſurprize,
Becauſe the order of the whole *is faire!*

The very verdure of her nest,
Wherein she sits so richly drest,
As all the wealth of Season, *there was spread;*
Doth show, the Graces, *and the* Houres
Have multipli'd their arts, and powers,
In making soft her aromatique bed.
Such joyes, such sweet's doth your Returne
Bring all your friends, (faire Lord) that burne
With love, to heare your modestie relate,
The busʼnesse of your blooming wit,
With all the fruit shall follow it,
Both to the honour of the King *and* State.
O how will then our Court be pleas'd,
To see great Charles *of Travaile eas'd,*
When he beholds a graft of his owne hand,
Shoot up an Olive *fruitfull, faire,*
To be a shadow to his Heire,
And both a strength, and Beautie to his Land!

EPITHAL-

EPITHALAMION;
OR,
A SONG:
CELEBRATING THE NVPTIALS OF THAT NOBLE Gentleman, Mr. HIEROME WESTON, Son, and Heire, of the Lord WESTON, Lord high Treasurer of *England*, with the Lady FRANCES STUART, Daughter of ESME D. of *Lenox* deceased, and Sister of the Surviving Duke of the same name.

EPITHALAMION.

THough thou hast past thy Summer standing, stay
A-while with us bright Sun, and helpe our light;
Thou can'st not meet more Glory, on the way,
Betweene thy Tropicks, to arrest thy sight,
Then thou shalt see to day:
We wooe thee, stay
And see, what can be seene,
The bountie of a King, and beautie of his Queene!

See, the Procession! what a Holy day
(Bearing the promise of some better fate)
Hath filed, with *Cacoches*, all the way,
From *Greenwich*, hither, to *Row-hampton* gate!
When look'd the yeare, at best,
So like a feast?
Or were Affaires in tune,
By all the Spheares consent, so in the heart of June?

What Beautie of beauties, and bright youth's at charge
Of Summers Liveries, and gladding greene;
Doe boast their Loves, and Brav'ries so at large,
As they came all to see, and to be seene!

When

When look'd the Earth so fine,
Or so did shine,
In all her bloome, and flower;
To welcome home a Paire, and deck the nuptiall bower?

It is the kindly Season of the time,
The Month of youth, which calls all Creatures forth
To doe their Offices in Natures Chime,
And celebrate (perfection at the worth)
Mariage, the end of life,
That holy strife,
And the allowed warre:
Through which not only we, but all our *Species* are.

Harke how the Bells upon the waters play
Their Sister-tunes, from *Thames* his either side,
As they had learn'd new changes, for the day,
And all did ring th'approches of the Bride;
The Lady *Frances*, dreſt
Above the rest
Of all the Maidens faire;
In gracefull Ornament of Garland, Gemmes, and Haire.

See, how she paceth forth in Virgin-white,
Like what she is, the Daughter of a Duke,
And Sister: darting forth a dazling light
On all that come her Simpléſſe to rebuke!
Her treſſes trim her back,
As she did lack
Nought of a Maiden Queene,
With Modeſtie so crown'd, and Adoration seene.

Stay, thou wilt see what rites the Virgins doe!
The choiſeſt Virgin-troup of all the Land!
Porting the Enſignes of united Two,
Both Crownes, and Kingdomes in their either hand;
Whoſe Majeſties appeare,
To make more cleare
This Feaſt, then can the Day
Although that thou, O Sun, at our intreaty stay!

See, how with Roſes, and with Lillies shine,
(Lillies and Roſes, Flowers of either Sexe)
The bright Brides paths, embelish'd more then thine
With light of love, this Paire doth intertexe!
Stay, see the Virgins sow,
(Where she shall goe)
The Emblemes of their way.
O, now thou smil'ſt, faire Sun, and shin'ſt, as thou wouldſt stay!

With

With what full hands, and in how plenteous ſhowers
Have they bedew'd the Earth, where ſhe doth tread,
As if her ayrie ſteps did ſpring the flowers,
And all the Ground, were Garden, where ſhe led!
See, at another doore,
On the ſame floore,
The Bridegroome meets the Bride
With all the pompe of Youth, and all our Court beſide.

Our Court, and all the Grandees; now, Sun, looke,
And looking with thy beſt Inquirie, tell,
In all thy age of Journals thou haſt tooke,
Saw'ſt thou that Paire, became theſe Rites ſo well,
Save the preceding Two?
Who, in all they doe,
Search, Sun, and thou wilt find
They are th' exampled Paire, and mirrour of their kind.

Force from the Phœnix then, no raritie
Of Sex, to rob the Creature; but from Man
The king of Creatures, take his paritie
With Angels, Muſe, to ſpeake theſe: Nothing can
Illuſtrate theſe, but they
Themſelves to day,
Who the whole Act expreſſe;
All elſe we ſee beſide, are Shadowes, and goe leſſe.

It is their Grace, and favour, that makes ſeene,
And wonder'd at the bounties of this day:
All is a ſtory of the King and Queene!
And what of Dignitie, and Honour may
Be duly done to thoſe
Whom they have choſe,
And ſet the marke upon
To give a greater Name, and Title to! Their owne!

Weſton, their Treaſure, as their Treaſurer,
That Mine of Wiſdome, and of Counſells deep,
Great Say-Maſter of State, who cannot erre,
But doth his Carract, and juſt Standard keepe
In all the prov'd aſſayes,
And legall wayes
Of Tryals, to worke downe
Mens Loves unto the Lawes, and Lawes to love the Crowne.

And this well mov'd the Judgement of the King
To pay with honours, to his noble Sonne
To day, the Fathers ſervice; who could bring
Him up, to doe the ſame himſelfe had done.
That farre-all-ſeeing Eye
Could ſoone eſpie

What kind of waking Man
He had ſo highly ſet; and, in what *Barbican.*

Stand there; for when a noble Nature 's rais'd,
It brings Friends Joy, Foes Griefe, Poſteritie Fame;
In him the times, no leſſe then Prince, are prais'd,
And by his Riſe, in active men, his Name
Doth Emulation ſtirre;
To th' dull, a Spur
It is: to th' envious meant,
A meere upbraiding Griefe, and tort'ring puniſhment.

See, now the Chappell opens; where the King
And Biſhop ſtay, to conſummate the Rites:
The holy Prelate prayes, then takes the Ring,
Askes firſt, Who gives her (I *Charles*) then he plights
One in the others hand,
Whilſt they both ſtand
Hearing their charge, and then
The Solemne Quire cryes, Joy; and they returne, Amen.

O happy bands! and thou more happy place,
Which to this uſe, wer't built and conſecrate!
To have thy God to bleſſe, thy King to grace,
And this their choſen Biſhop celebrate;
And knit the Nuptiall knot,
Which Time ſhall not,
Or canker'd Jealouſie,
With all corroding Arts, be able to untie!

The Chappell empties, and thou may'ſt be gone
Now, Sun, and poſt away the reſt of day:
Theſe two, now holy Church hath made them one,
Doe long to make themſelves, ſo, another way:
There is a Feaſt behind,
to them of kind,
Which their glad Parents taught
One to the other, long e're theſe to light were brought.

Haſte, haſte, officious Sun, and ſend them Night
Some houres before it ſhould, that theſe may know
All that their Fathers, and their Mothers might
Of Nuptiall Sweets, at ſuch a ſeaſon, owe,
To propagate their Names,
And keepe their Fames
Alive, which elſe would die,
For Fame keepes Vertue up, and it Poſteritie.

Th' Ignoble never liv'd, they were a-while
Like Swine, or other Cattell here on earth:
Their names are not recorded on the File
Of Life, that tell ſo; Chriſtians know their birth.

Alone,

Alone, and such a race,
We pray may grace,
Your fruitfull spreading Vine,
But dare, not aske our wish in Language *fescennine*:

Yet, as we may, we will, with chast desires,
(The holy perfumes of the Mariage bed.)
Be kept alive, those Sweet, and Sacred fires
Of Love betweene you, and your Lovely-head:
That when you both are old,
You find no cold
There; but, renewed, say,
(After the last child borne;) This is our wedding day.

Till you behold a race to fill your Hall,
A *Richard*, and a *Hierome*, by their names
Upon a *Thomas*, or a *Francis* call;
A *Kate*, a *Frank*, to honour their Grand-dames,
And 'tweene their Grandsires thighes,
Like pretty Spies,
Peepe forth a Gemme; to see
How each one playes his part, of the large Pedigree.

And never may there want one of the Stem,
To be a watchfull Servant for this State;
But like an Arme of Eminence 'mongst them,
Extend a reaching vertue, early and late:
Whilst the maine tree still found
Upright and sound,
By this Sun's Noone sted 's made
So great; his Body now alone projects the shade.

They both are slip'd to Bed; Shut fast the Doore,
And let him freely gather Loves First-fruits,
Hee's Master of the Office; yet no more
Exacts then she is pleas'd to pay: no suits
Strifes, murmures, or delay,
Will last till day;
Night, and the sheetes will show,
The longing Couple, all that elder Lovers know.

The humble Petition of poore Ben. To th'best of Monarchs, Masters, Men, King CHARLES.

—Doth most humbly show it,
To your Majestie your Poët:

That whereas your royall *Father*
JAMES *the blessed*, pleas'd the rather,
Of his speciall grace to *Letters*,
To make all the MUSES debters
To his bountie; by extension
Of a free Poëtique Pension,
A large hundred Markes annuitie,
To be given me in gratuitie
For done service, and to come:
And that this so accepted summe,
Or dispenc'd in bookes, or bread,
(For with both the MUSE was fed)
Hath drawne on me, from the times,
All the envie of the *Rymes*,
And the ratling pit-pat-noyse,
Of the lesse-*Poëtique* boyes;
When their pot-guns ayme to hit,
With their pellets of small wit,
Parts of me (they judg'd) decay'd,
But we last out, still unlay'd.
Please your Majestie to make
Of your grace, for goodnesse sake,
Those your *Fathers Markes*, your *Pounds*;
Let their spite (which now abounds)
Then goe on, and doe its worst;
This would all their envie burst:
And so warme the *Poëts* tongue
You'ld reade a Snake, in his next Song.

To the right Honourable, the Lord Treasurer of England.

An Epigram.

IF to my mind, great Lord, I had a state,
I would present you now with curious plate
Of *Noremberg*, or *Turkie*; hang your roomes
Not with the Arras, but the *Persian* Loomes.
I would, if price, or prayer could them get,
Send in, what or *Romano*, *Tintaret*,

Titian, or *Raphael*, *Michael Angelo*
Have left in fame to equall, or out-goe
The old Greek-hands in picture, or in stone.
This I would doe, could I know *Weston*, one
Catch'd with these Arts, wherein the Judge is wise
As farre as sense, and onely by the eyes.
But you, I know, my Lord; and know you can
Discerne betweene a Statue, and a Man;
Can doe the things that Statues doe deserve,
And act the businesse, which they paint, or carve.
What you have studied are the arts of life;
To compose men, and manners; stint the strife
Of murmuring Subjects; make the Nations know
What worlds of blessings to good Kings they owe!
And mightiest Monarchs feele what large increase
Of sweets, and safeties, they possesse by Peace.
These I looke up at, with a reverent eye,
And strike Religion in the standers-by;
Which, though I cannot as an Architect
In glorious Piles, or Pyramids erect
Unto your honour: I can tune in song
Aloud; and (happ'ly) it may last as long.

An Epigram
To my MVSE, *the Lady* Digby, *on her Husband, Sir* KENELME DIGBY.

THo', happy *Muse*, thou know my *Digby* well;
Yet read him in these lines: He doth excell
In honour, courtesie, and all the parts
Court can call hers, or Man could call his Arts.
Hee's prudent, valiant, just, and temperate;
In him all vertue is beheld in State:
And he is built like some imperiall roome
For that to dwell in, and be still at home.
His brest is a brave Palace, a broad Street
Where all heroique ample thoughts doe meet:
Where Nature such a large survey hath ta'en,
As other soules to his dwelt in a Lane:
Witnesse his Action done at *Scanderone*,
Upon my Birth-day the eleventh of *June*;
When the Apostle *Barnabee* the bright
Unto our yeare doth give the longest light,
In signe the Subject, and the Song will live
Which I have vow'd posteritie to give.
Goe, *Muse*, in, and salute him. Say he be
Busie, or frowne at first; when he sees thee,
He will cleare up his forehead: thinke thou bring'st
Good *Omen* to him, in the note thou sing'st,

For he doth love my Verſes, and will looke
Upon them, (next to *Spenſer*'s noble booke.)
And praiſe them too. O! what a fame 't will be?
What reputation to my lines, and me,
When hee ſhall read them at the Treaſurers bord?
The knowing *Weſton*, and that learned Lord
Allowes them? Then, what copies ſhall be had,
What tranſcripts begg'd? how cry'd up, and how glad,
Wilt thou be, *Muſe*, when this ſhall them befall?
Being ſent to one, they will be read of all.

NEw yeares, expect new gifts: Siſter, your Harpe,
Lute, Lyre, Theorbo, all are call'd to day.
Your change of Notes, the flat, the meane, the ſharpe,
To ſhew the rites, and t' uſher forth the way
Of the New Yeare, *in a new ſilken warpe.*
To fit the ſofineſſe of our Yeares-gift: *When*
We ſing the beſt of Monarchs, Maſters, Men;
For, had we here ſaid leſſe, we had ſung nothing then.

A New-yeares-Gift ſung to King CHARLES, 1635.

Rector. *TO day old* Janus *opens the new yeare,*
Chori. *And ſhuts the old. Haſte, haſte, all loyall Swaines,*
That know the times, and ſeaſons when t' appeare,
And offer your juſt ſervice on theſe plaines,
Beſt Kings expect firſt-fruits of your glad gaines.

1. *PAN is the great Preſerver of our bounds.*
2. *To him we owe all profits of our grounds.*
3. *Our milke.* 4. *Our fells.* 5. *Our fleeces.* 6. *and firſt Lambs.*
7. *Our teeming Ewes,* 8. *and luſtie-mounting Rammes.*
9. *See where he walkes with* MIRA *by his ſide.*

Chor. *Sound, ſound his praiſes loud, and with his, hers divide.*

Of PAN *wee ſing, the beſt of Hunters,* PAN,
That drives the Hart to ſeeke unuſed wayes,
Shep. *And in the chaſe, more then* SYLVANUS *can,*
Chor. *Heare, ô you Groves, and, Hills, reſound his praiſe.*

Of brighteſt MIRA, *doe we raiſe our Song,*
Siſter of PAN, *and glory of the Spring:*
Nym. *Who walkes on Earth as* May *ſtill went along,*
Chor. *Rivers, and Vallies,* Eccho *what wee ſing.*

of

Of PAN wee ſing, the Chiefe of Leaders, PAN,
That leades our flocks and us, and calls both forth
To better Paſtures then great PALES can: **Shep. Chor.**
Heare, O you Groves, and, Hills, reſound his worth.

Of brighteſt MIRA, is our Song; the grace
Of all that Nature, yet, to life did bring; **Nymp. Chor.**
And were ſhee loſt, could beſt ſupply her place,
Rivers, and Valleys Eccho *what wee ſing.*

1. *Where ere they tread th' enamour'd ground,*
The Faireſt flowers are alwayes found;
2. *As if the beauties of the yeare,*
Still waited on 'hem where they were.
1. *Hee is the Father of our peace;*
2. *Shee, to the Crowne, hath brought encreaſe.*
1. *Wee know no other power then his,*
PAN only our great Shep'ard is,
Our great, our good. Where one's ſo dreſt **Chorus.**
In truth of colours, both are beſt.

Haſte, haſte you hither, all you gentler Swaines,
That have a Flock, or Herd, upon theſe plaines;
This is the great Preſerver of our bounds,
To whom you owe all duties of your grounds;
Your Milkes, your Fells, your Fleeces, and firſt Lambes,
Your teeming Ewes, aſwell as mounting Rammes.
Whoſe praiſes let's report unto the Woods,
That they may take it eccho'd by the Floods.
'T is hee, 'tis hee, in ſinging hee,
And hunting, PAN, exceedeth thee.
Hee gives all plentie, and encreaſe,
Hee is the author of our peace.

Where e're he goes upon the ground,
The better graſſe, and flowers are found.
To ſweeter Paſtures lead hee can,
Then ever PALES could, or PAN;
Hee drives diſeaſes from our Folds,
The theefe from ſpoyle, his preſence holds,
PAN knowes no other power then his,
This only the great Shep'ard is.
'T is hee, 't is hee, &c.

Faire Friend, 't is true, your beauties move
My heart to a reſpect:
Too little to bee paid with love,
Too great for your neglect.

Inei-

I neither love, nor yet am free,
For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
'T is of the pureſt kind.

It little wants of love, but paine,
Your beautie takes my ſenſe,
And leſt you ſhould that priee diſdaine,
My thoughts, too, feele the influence.

'Tis not a paſſions firſt acceſſe
Readie to multiply,
But like Loves calmeſt State it is
Poſſeſt with victorie.

It is like Love to Truth reduc'd
All the falſe value's gone,
Which were created, and induc'd
By fond imagination.

'T is either Fancie, or 't is Fate,
To love you more then I;
I love you at your beauties rate,
Leſſe were an Injurie.

Like unſtamp'd Gold, I weigh each grace,
So that you may collect,
Th' intrinſique value of your face,
Safely from my reſpect.

And this reſpect would merit love,
Were not ſo faire a ſight
Payment enough; for, who dare move
Reward for his delight?

On the Kings Birth-day.

ROwſe up thy ſelfe, my gentle Muſe,
Though now our greene conceits be gray,
And yet once more doe not refuſe
To take thy Phrygian Harp, and play
In honour of this cheerefull Day:
Long may they both contend to prove,
That beſt of Crownes is ſuch a love,

Make firſt a Song of Joy, and Love,
Which chaſtly flames in royall eyes,
Then tune it to the Spheares above,
When the benigneſt Stars doe riſe,

And

And ſweet Conjunctions grace the skies.
Long may, &c.

To this let all good hearts reſound,
Whilſt Diadems inveſt his head;
Long may he live, whoſe life doth bound
More then his Lawes, and better led
By high Example, then by dread.
Long may, &c.

Long may he round about him ſee
His Roſes, and his Lillies blowne:
Long may his only Deare, and Hee
Joy in Ideas of their owne,
And Kingdomes hopes ſo timely ſowne.
Long may they both contend to prove,
That beſt of Crownes is ſuch a love.

To my L. the King, On the Chriſtning His ſecond Sonne IAMES.

THat thou art lov'd of God, this worke is done,
Great King, thy having of a ſecond Sonne:
And by thy bleſſing, may thy *People* ſee
How much they are belov'd of God, in thee;
Would they would underſtand it! Princes are
Great aides to Empire, as they are great care
To pious Parents, who would have their blood
Should take firſt Seiſin of the publique good;
As hath thy JAMES, cleans'd from originall droſſe,
This day, by Baptiſme, and his Saviours croſſe:
Grow up, ſweet Babe, as bleſſed, in thy Name,
As in renewing thy good Grandſires fame;
Me thought, *Great Brittaine* in her Sea, before,
Sate ſafe enough, but now ſecured more.
At land ſhe triumphs in the triple ſhade,
Her Roſe, and Lilly, intertwind, have made.

Oceano ſecura meo, ſecurior umbris.

An Elegie
On the Lady ANNE PAVLET, Marchion: of Winton.

WHat gentle Ghoſt, beſprent with *April* deaw,
Hayles me, ſo ſolemnly, to yonder Yewgh?
And beckning wooes me, from the fatall tree
To pluck a Garland, for her ſelfe, or mee?
I doe obey you, Beautie! for in death,
You ſeeme a faire one! O that you had breath,
To give your ſhade a name! Stay, ſtay, I feele
A horrour in mee! all my blood is ſteele!
Stiffe! ſtarke! my joynts 'gainſt one another knock!
Whoſe Daughter? ha? Great *Savage* of the Rock?
Hee's good, as great. I am almoſt a ſtone!
And e're I can aske more of her ſhee's gone!
Alas, I am all Marble! write the reſt
Thou wouldſt have written, Fame, upon my breſt:
It is a large faire table, and a true,
And the diſpoſure will be ſomething new,
When I, who would the Poët have become,
At leaſt may beare th'inſcription to her Tombe.
Shee was the Lady *Fane*, and *Marchioniſſe*
Of *Wincheſter*; the Heralds can tell this.
Earle *Rivers* Grand-Child—ſerve not formes, good Fame,
Sound thou her Vertues, give her ſoule a Name.
Had I a thouſand Mouthes, as many Tongues,
And voyce to raiſe them from my brazen Lungs,
I durſt not aime at that: The dotes were ſuch
Thereof, no notion can expreſſe how much
Their Carract was! I, or my trump muſt breake,
But rather I, ſhould I of that part ſpeake!
It is too neere of kin to Heaven, the Soule,
To be deſcrib'd! Fames fingers are too foule
To touch theſe Myſteries! We may admire
The blaze, and ſplendor, but not handle fire!
What ſhe did here, by great example, well,
t' inlive poſteritie, her Fame may tell!
And, calling truth to witneſſe, make that good
From the inherent Graces in her blood!
Elſe, who doth praiſe a perſon by a new,
But a fain'd way, doth rob it of the true.
Her Sweetneſſe, Softneſſe, her faire Courteſie,
Her wary guardes, her wiſe ſimplicitie,
Were like a ring of Vertues, 'bout her ſet,
And pietie the Center, where all met.

A reverend State she had, an awfull Eye,
A dazling, yet inviting, Majestie:
What Nature, Fortune, Institution, Fact
Could summe to a perfection, was her Act!
How did she leave the world? with what contempt?
Just as she in it liv'd! and so exempt
From all affection! when they urg'd the Cure
Of her disease, how did her soule assure
Her suffrings, as the body had beene away!
And to the Torturers (her Doctors) say,
Stick on your Cupping-glasses, feare not, put
Your hottest Caustick to, burne, lance, or cut:
'T is but a body which you can torment,
And I, into the world, all Soule, was sent!
Then comforted her Lord! and blest her Sonne!
Chear'd her faire Sisters in her race to runne!
With gladnesse temper'd her sad Parents teares!
Made her friends joyes, to get above their feares!
And, in her last act, taught the Standers-by,
With admiration, and applause to die!
Let Angels sing her glories, who did call
Her spirit home, to her originall!
Who saw the way was made it! and were sent
To carry, and conduct the Complement
'Twixt death and life! Where her mortalitie
Became her Birth-day to Eternitie!
And now, through circumfused light, she lookes
On Natures secrets, there, as her owne bookes:
Speakes Heavens Language! and discovereth free
To every *Order*, ev'ry *Hierarchie*!
Beholds her Maker! and, in him, doth see
What the beginnings of all beauties be;
And all beatitudes, that thence doe flow:
Which they that have the Crowne are sure to know!
Goe now, her happy Parents, and be sad
If you not understand, what Child you had.
If you dare grudge at Heaven, and repent
T' have paid againe a blessing was but lent,
And trusted so, as it deposited lay
At pleasure, to be call'd for, every day!
If you can envie your owne Daughters blisse,
And wish her state lesse happie then it is!
If you can cast about your either eye,
And see all dead here, or about to dye!
The Starres, that are the Jewels of the Night,
And Day, deceasing! with the Prince of light,
The Sunne! great Kings! and mightiest Kingdomes fall!
Whole Nations! nay Mankind! the World, with all
That ever had beginning there, to'ave end!
With what injustice should one soule pretend

T' escape this common knowne neceſſitie,
When we were all borne, we began to die;
And, but for that Contention, and brave ſtrife
The Chriſtian hath t' enjoy the future life,
Hee were the wretched'ſt of the race of men:
But as he ſoares at that, he bruiſeth then
The Serpents head: Gets above Death, and Sinne,
And, ſure of Heaven, rides triumphing in.

EVPHEME

EUPHEME;

OR,

THE FAIRE FAME.

LEFT TO POSTERITIE

Of that truly-noble Lady, the Lady VENETIA DIGBY, late Wife of Sir KENELME DIGBY, Knight: A Gentleman absolute in all Numbers;

Consisting of these Ten Pieces.

The Dedication of her CRADLE.
The Song of her DESCENT.
The Picture of her BODY.
Her MIND.
Her being chosen a MUSE.
Her faire OFFICES.
Her happie MATCH.
Her hopefull ISSUE.
Her ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, *or Relation to the Saints.*
Her Inscription, or CROWNE.

Vivam amare voluptas, defunctam Religio.
Stat.

I.

The Dedication of her CRADLE.

FAire FAME, who art ordain'd to crowne
With ever-greene, and great renowne,
Their Heads, that ENVY would hold downe
With her, in shade
Of Death, and Darkneſſe; and deprive
Their names of being kept alive,
By THEE, and CONSCIENCE, both who thrive
By the juſt trade

Of

Of Goodneſſe ſtill: Vouchſafe to take
This CRADLE, and for Goodneſſe ſake,
A dedicated Enſigne make
Thereof, to TIME.

That all Poſteritie, as wee,
Who read what the CREPUNDIA bee,
May ſomething by that twilight ſee
'Bove rattling Rime.

For, though that Rattles, Timbrels, Toyes,
Take little Infants with their noyſe,
As prop'reſt gifts, to Girles, and Boyes
Of light expence;

Their Corrals, Whiſtles, and prime Coates,
Their painted Maskes, their paper Boates,
With Sayles of ſilke, as the firſt notes
Surprize their ſenſe:

Yet, here are no ſuch Trifles brought,
No cobweb Call's; no Surcoates wrought
With Gold, or Claſpes, which might be bought
On every Stall.

But, here's a Song of her DESCENT;
And Call to the high Parliament
Of Heaven; where SERAPHIM take tent
Of ord'ring all.

This, utter'd by an antient BARD,
Who claimes (of reverence) to be heard,
As comming with his Harpe, prepar'd
To chant her 'gree,

Is ſung: as als' her getting up
By JACOBS Ladder, to the top
Of that eternall Port kept ope'
For ſuch as SHEE.

2.

The Song of her DESCENT.

I Sing the juſt, and uncontrol'd Deſcent
Of Dame VENETIA DIGBY, *ſtyl'd The Faire;*
For Mind, and Body, the moſt excellent
That ever Nature, or the later Ayre
Gave two ſuch Houſes as NORTHUMBERLAND,
And STANLEY, *to the which ſhee was Co-heire.*

Speake

Speake it, you bold PENATES, *you that ſtand*
At either Stemme, and know the veines of good
Run from your rootes; Tell, teſtifie the grand
Meeting of Graces, that ſo ſwell'd the flood
Of vertues in her, as, in ſhort, ſhee grew
The wonder of her Sexe, and of your Blood.
And tell thou, ALDE-LEGH, *None can tell more true*
Thy Neeces line, then thou that gav'ſt thy Name
Into the Kindred, whence thy Adam *drew*
Meſchines *honour with the* Ceſtrian *fame*
Of the firſt Lupus, *to the Familie*
By Ranulph ———

The reſt of this Song is loſt.

3.

The Picture of the BODY.

SItting, and ready to be drawne,
What makes theſe Velvets, Silkes, and Lawne,
Embroderies, Feathers, Fringes, Lace,
Where every lim takes like a face?

Send theſe ſuſpected helpes, to aide
Some Forme defective, or decay'd;
This beautie without falſhood fayre,
Needs nought to cloath it but the ayre.

Yet ſomething, to the Painters view,
Were fitly interpos'd; ſo new:
Hee ſhall, if he can underſtand,
Worke with my fancie, his owne hand.

Draw firſt a Cloud: all ſave her neck;
And, out of that, make Day to breake;
Till, like her face, it doe appeare,
And Men may thinke, all light roſe there.

Then let the beames of that, diſperſe
The Cloud, and ſhow the Univerſe;
But at ſuch diſtance, as the eye
May rather yet adore, then ſpy.

The Heaven deſign'd, draw next a Spring,
With all that Youth, or it can bring:
Foure Rivers branching forth like Seas,
And Paradiſe confining theſe.

Laſt, draw the circles of this Globe,
And let there be a ſtarry Robe

Of Conſtellations 'bout her horld;
And thou haſt painted beauties world.

But, Painter, ſee thou doe not ſell
A Copie of this peece; nor tell
Whoſe 'tis: but if it favour find,
Next ſitting we will draw her mind.

4.
The MIND.

PAinter yo' are come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This worke I can performe alone;
And give you reaſons more then one.

Not, that your Art I doe refuſe:
But here I may no colours uſe.
Beſide, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot ſit.

You could make ſhift to paint an Eye,
An Eagle towring in the skye,
The Sunne, a Sea, or ſoundleſſe Pit;
But theſe are like a Mind, not it.

No, to expreſſe a Mind to ſenſe,
Would aske a Heavens Intelligence;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kinne to whence it came.

Sweet Mind, then ſpeake your ſelfe, and ſay,
As you goe on, by what brave way
Our ſenſe you doe with knowledge fill,
And yet remaine our wonder ſtill.

I call you *Muſe*; now make it true:
Hence-forth may every line be you;
That all may ſay, that ſee the frame,
This is no Picture, but the ſame.

A Mind ſo pure, ſo perfect fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine:
And ſo diſdaining any tryer;
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There, high exalted in the Spheare,
As it another Nature were,

It moveth all; and makes a flight
As circular, as infinite.

Whose Notions when it will expresse
In speech; it is with that excesse
Of grace, and Musique to the eare,
As what it spoke, it planted there.

The Voyce so sweet, the words so faire;
As some soft chime had stroak'd the ayre;
And, though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an Eccho in the sense.

But, that a Mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
It selfe to us, and come so nigh
Earths grossnesse; There's the how; and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And stuck in clay here, it would pull
Us forth, by some Celestiall slight
Up to her owne sublimed hight?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some Paradise, or Palace found
In all the bounds of beautie fit
For her t'inhabit? There is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so loftie forme, so streight,
So polisht, perfect, round, and even,
As it slid moulded off from Heaven.

Not swelling like the Ocean proud,
But stooping gently, as a Cloud,
As smooth as Oyle pour'd forth, and calme
As showers; and sweet as drops of Balme.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a floud
Where it may run to any good;
And where it stayes, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice, and gummes.

In action, winged as the wind,
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a banke, or field of flowers,
Begotten by that wind, and showers.

In thee, faire Mansion, let it rest,
Yet know, with what thou art possest,

Thou entertaining in thy breſt,
But ſuch a Mind, mak'ſt God thy Gueſt.

A whole quaternion in the middeſt of this Poem is loſt, containing entirely the three next pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole, is the eighth) excepting the very end: which at the top of the next quaternion goeth on thus:

BUt, for you (growing Gentlemen) the happy branches of two ſo illuſtrious Houſes as theſe, where from your honour'd Mother, is in both lines deſcended; let me leave you this laſt Legacie of Counſell; which ſo ſoone as you arrive at yeares of mature Underſtanding, open you (Sir) that are the eldeſt, and read it to your Brethren, for it will concerne you all alike. Vowed by a faithfull Servant, and Client of your Familie, with his lateſt breath expiring it

B. I.

To KENELME, IOHN, GEORGE.

BOaſt not theſe Titles of your Anceſtors;
(Brave Youths) th'are their poſſeſſions, none of yours:
When your owne Vertues, equall'd have their Names,
'T will be but faire, to leane upon their *Fames*;
For they are ſtrong Supporters: But, till then,
The greateſt are but growing Gentlemen.
It is a wretched thing to truſt to reedes;
Which all men doe, that urge not their owne deeds
Up to their Anceſtors; the rivers ſide,
By which yo'are planted, ſhew's your fruit ſhall bide:
Hang all your roomes, with one large Pedigree;
'Tis Vertue alone, is true Nobilitie.
Which Vertue from your Father, ripe, will fall;
Study illuſtrious Him, and you have all.

9.

Elegie on my Muſe.

THe truly honoured Lady, the Lady VENETIA DIGBY, who living, gave me leave to call her ſo.

Being

Her ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, *or Relation to the Saints.*

Sera quidem tanto ſiruitur medicina dolori.

Elegie

An Elegie on my Muſe.

'Twere time that I ty'd too, now ſhee is dead,
Who was my *Muſe*, and life of all I dy'd.
The Spirit that I wrote with, and conceiv'd,
All that was good, or great in me ſhe weav'd,
And ſet it forth; the reſt were Cobwebs fine,
Spun out in name of ſome of the old *Nine*!
To hang a window, or make darke the roome,
Till ſwept away, th' were cancell'd with a broome!
Nothing, that could remaine, or yet can ſtirre
A ſorrow in me, fit to wait to her!
O! had I ſeene her laid out a faire Corſe,
By *Death*, on Earth, I ſhould have had remorſe
On *Nature*, for her: who did let her lie,
And ſaw that portion of her ſelfe to die.
Sleepie, or ſtupid Nature, couldſt thou part
With ſuch a *Raritie*, and not rowſe *Art*
With all her aydes, to ſave her from the ſeize
Of *Vulture death*, and thoſe relentleſſe cleies?
Thou wouldſt have loſt the *Phœnix*, had the kind
Beene truſted to thee: not to't ſelfe aſſign'd.
Looke on thy ſloth, and give thy ſelfe undone,
(For ſo thou art with me) now ſhee is gone,
My wounded mind cannot ſuſtaine this ſtroke,
It rages, runs, flies, ſtands, and would provoke
The world to ruine with it; in her *Fall*,
I ſumme up mine owne breaking, and wiſh all.
Thou haſt no more blowes, *Fate*, to drive at one,
What's left a *Poët*, when his *Muſe* is gone?
Sure, I am dead, and know it not! I feele
Nothing I doe; but, like a heavie wheele,
Am turned with an others powers. My Paſſion
Whoorles me about, and to blaſpheme in faſhion!
I murmure againſt *God*, for having ta'en
Her bleſſed Soule, hence, forth this valley vane
Of teares, and dungeon of calamitie!
I envie it the Angels amitie!
The joy of Saints! the *Crowne* for which it lives,
The glorie, and gaine of reſt, which the place gives!
Dare I prophane, ſo irreligious bee
To greet, or grieve her ſoft Euthanaſee!
So ſweetly taken to the Court of bliſſe,
As ſpirits had ſtolne her *Spirit*, in a kiſſe,
From off her pillow, and deluded bed;
And left her lovely body unthought dead!
Indeed, ſhe is not dead! but laid to ſleepe
In earth, till the laſt *Trumpe* awake the *ſheepe*

And *Goates* together, whither they must come
To heare their Judge, and his eternall doome.
To have that finall retribution,
Expected with the fleshes restitution.
For, as there are three *Natures*, *Schoolemen* call
One *corporall*, only; th'other *spirituall*,
Like single; so, there is a third, commixt,
Of *Body* and *Spirit* together, plac'd betwixt
Those other two; which must be judg'd, or crown'd:
This as it guilty is, or guiltlesse found,
Must come to take a sentence, by the sense
Of that great Evidence, the *Conscience*!
Who will be there, against that day prepar'd,
T'accuse, or quit all *Parties* to be heard!
O *Day* of joy, and suretie to the just!
Who in that feast of *Resurrection* trust!
That great eternall *Holy-day* of rest,
To Body, and Soule! where *Love* is all the guest!
And the whole *Banquet* is full sight of *God*!
Of joy the *Circle*, and sole *Period*!
All other gladnesse, with the thought is barr'd;
Hope, hath her end! and *Faith* hath her reward!
This being thus: why should my tongue, or pen
Presume to interpell that fulnesse, when
Nothing can more adorne it, then the seat
That she is in, or, make it more compleat?
Better be dumbe, then superstitious!
Who violates the God-head, is most vitious
Against the Nature he would worship. *Hee*
Will honour'd be in all simplicitie!
Have all his actions, wondred at, and view'd
With silence, and amazement! not with rude,
Dull, and prophane, weake, and imperfect eyes,
Have busie search made in his mysteries!
Hee knowes, what worke h'hath done, to call this *Guest*,
Out of her noble body, to this *Feast*:
And give her place, according to her blood
Amongst her *Peeres*, those Princes of all good!
Saints, *Martyrs*, *Prophets*, with those *Hierarchies*,
Angels, *Arch-angels*, *Principalities*,
The *Dominations*, *Vertues*, and the *Powers*,
The *Thrones*, the *Cherube*, and *Seraphick* bowers,
That, planted round, there sing before the *Lamb*,
A new Song to his praise, and great *I AM*:
And she doth know, out of the shade of Death,
What 't is t'enjoy, an everlasting breath!
To have her captiv'd spirit freed from flesh,
And on her Innocence, a garment fresh
And white, as that, put on: and in her hand
With boughs of Palme, a crowned *Victrice* stand!

And will you, worthy Sonne, Sir, knowing this;
Put black, and mourning on? and say you misse
A *Wife*, a *Friend*, a *Lady*, or a *Love*;
Whom her *Redeemer*, honour'd hath above
Her fellowes, with the oyle of gladnesse, bright
In heaven *Empyre*, and with a robe of light?
Thither, you hope to come; and there to find
That pure, that pretious, and exalted mind
You once enjoy'd: A short space severs yee,
Compar'd unto that long eternitie,
That shall re-joyne yee. Was she, then, so deare,
When shee departed? you will meet her there,
Much more desir'd, and dearer then before,
By all the wealth of blessings, and the store
Accumulated on her, by the *Lord*
Of life, and light, the Sonne of *God*, the *Word*!
There, all the happy soules, that ever were,
Shall meet with gladnesse in one *Theatre*;
And each shall know, there, one anothers face:
By beatifick vertue of the Place.
There shall the Brother, with the Sister walke,
And Sons, and Daughters, with their Parents talke;
But all of *God*; They still shall have to say,
But make him *All in All*, their *Theme*, that *Day*:
That happy *Day*, that never shall see night!
Where *Hee* will be, all Beautie to the *Sight*;
Wine, or delicious fruits, unto tee *Taste*;
A Musique in the *Eares*, will ever last;
Unto the *Sent*, a Spicerie, or Balme,
And to the *Touch*, a Flower, like soft as Palme.
Hee will all Glory, all Perfection be,
God, in the *Union*, and the *Trinitie*!
That holy, great, and glorious Mystetie,
Will there revealed be in Majestie!
By light, and comfort of spirituall *Grace*;
The vision of our *Saviour*, face, to face
In his humanitie! To heare him preach
The price of our *Redemption*, and to teach
Through his inherent righteousnesse, in death,
The safetie of our soules, and forfeit breath!
What fulnesse of beatitude is here?
What love with mercy mixed doth appeare?
To style us Friends, who were, by Nature, Foes?
Adopt us Heires, by grace, who were of those
Had lost our selves? and prodigally spent
Our native portions, and possessed rent;
Yet have all debts forgiven us, and advance
B' imputed right to an inheritance
In his eternall Kingdome, where we sit
Equall with Angels, and Co-heires of it.

Not

Nor dare we under blaſphemy conceive
He that ſhall be our ſupreme Judge, ſhould leave
Himſelfe ſo un-inform'd of his elect
Who knowes the hearts of all, and can diſſect
The ſmalleſt Fibre of our fleih; he can
Find all our Atomes from a point t' a ſpan!
Our cloſeſt Creekes, and Corners, and can trace
Each line, as it were graphick, in the face.
And beſt he knew her noble Character,
For 't was himſelfe who form'd, and gave it her.
And to that forme, lent two ſuch veines of blood
As nature could not more increaſe the flood
Of title in her! All nobilitie
(But pride, that ſchiſme of incivilitie)
She had, and it became her! ſhe was fit
T' have knowne no envy, but by ſuffring it!
She had a mind as calme, as ſhe was faire;
Not toſt or troubled with light Lady-aire;
But, kept an even gate, as ſome ſtreight tree
Mov'd by the wind, ſo comely moved ſhe.
And by the awfull manage of her Eye
She ſwaid all buſ'neſſe in the Familie!
To one ſhe ſaid, Doe this, he did it; So
To another, Move; he went; To a third, Go;
He run; and all did ſtrive with diligence
T' obey, and ſerve her ſweet Commandements.
She was in one, a many parts of life;
A tender *Mother*, a diſcreeter *Wife*,
A ſolemne *Miſtreſſe*, and ſo good a *Friend*,
So charitable, to religious end
In all her petite actions, ſo devote,
As her whole life was now become one note
Of Pietie, and private holineſſe.
She ſpent more time in teares her ſelfe to dreſſe
For her devotions, and thoſe ſad eſſayes
Of ſorrow, then all pompe of gaudy daies:
And came forth ever cheered, with the rod
Of divine Comfort, when ſh' had talk'd with *God*,
Her broken ſighes did never miſſe whole ſenſe:
Nor can the bruiſed heart want eloquence:
For, Prayer is the Incenſe moſt perfumes
The holy Altars, when it leaſt preſumes.
And hers were all Humilitie! they beat
The doore of *Grace*, and found the *Mercy-Seat*.
In frequent ſpeaking by the pious Pſalmes
Her ſolemne houres ſhe ſpent, or giving Almes,
Or doing other deeds of Charitie,
To cloath the naked, feed the hungry. Shee
Would ſit in an Infirmer, whole dayes
Poring, as on a Map, to find the wayes

To that eternall Reſt, where now ſh'hath place
By ſure Election, and predeſtin'd grace!
Shee ſaw her Saviour, by an early light,
Incarnate in the Manger, ſhining bright
On all the world! Shee ſaw him on the Croſſe
Suffring, and dying to redeeme our loſſe!
Shee ſaw him riſe, triumphing over Death
To juſtifie, and quicken us in breath!
Shee ſaw him too, in glory to aſcend
For his deſigned worke the perfect end
Of raiſing, judging, and rewarding all
The kind of Man, on whom his doome ſhould fall!
All this by *Faith* ſhe ſaw, and fram'd a Plea,
In manner of a daily *Apoſtrophe*,
To him ſhould be her Judge, true *God*, true *Man*,
Jeſus, the onely gotten *Chriſt*! who can
As being Redeemer, and Repairer too
(Of lapſed Nature) beſt know what to doe,
In that great Act of judgement: which the *Father*
Hath given wholly to the Sonne (the rather
As being the Sonne of *Man*) to ſhew his *Power*,
His *Wiſdome*, and his *Juſtice*, in that houre,
The laſt of houres, and ſhutter up of all;
Where firſt his *Power* will appeare, by call
Of all are dead to life! His *Wiſdome* ſhow
In the diſcerning of each conſcience, ſo!
And moſt his *Juſtice*, in the fitting parts,
And giving dues to all Mankinds deſerts!
In this ſweet *Extaſie*, ſhe was rapt hence.
Who reades, will pardon my Intelligence,
That thus have ventur'd theſe true ſtraines upon;
To publiſh her a *Saint*. My *Muſe* is gone.

In pietatis memoriam
quam præſtas
Venetiæ *tuæ illuſtriſſim:*
Marit: dign: Digbeie
Hanc ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΝ, *tibi, tuiſq; ſacro.*

The Tenth, being her Inſcription, or CROWNE, is loſt.

Vitæ

Vitæ Rusticæ Laudes.

BEatus *ille, qui procul negotiis,*
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fœnore:
Nec excitatur classico miles truci,
Nec horret Iratum mare:
Forumq; vitat, & superba Civium
Potentiorum limina.
Ergo aut adultâ vitium propagine
Altas maritat Populos:
Aut in reducta valle mugientium
Prospectat erranteis Greges:
Inutileisque falce ramos amputans,
Fœliciores inserit:
Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,
Aut tondet infirmis Oveis:
Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus arvis extulit:
Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,
Certantem & uvam Purpuræ,
Quâ muneretur te, Priape, & te, Pater
Sylvane, *tutor finium!*
Libet jacere modò sub antiqua Ilice:
Modò in tenaci gramine.
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ:
Queruntur in Sylvis aves;
Fonteſque Lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leveis.
At cum tonantis annus hibernus Jovis
Imbreis niveisque comparat;
Aut trudit acreis hinc, & hinc multâ cane
Apros in obstanteis plagas:
Aut amite levi rara tendit retia;
Turdis edacibus dolos,
Pavidumque leporem, & advenam laqueo gruem
Jucunda captat præmia:
Quis non malorum, quas amor curas habet
Hæc inter obliviscitur?
Quòd si pudica Mulier in partem juvet
Domum, atque dulces liberos,
(Sabina *qualis, aut perusta solibus*
Pernicis uxor Appuli
Sacrum vetustis extruit lignis focum
Lassi sub adventum viri)
Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus
Distenta siccet ubera;

The praises of a Countrie life.

HAppie is he, that from all Businesse cleere,
As the old race of Mankind were,
With his owne Oxen tills his Sires left lands,
And is not in the Usurers bands:
Nor Souldier-like started with rough alarmes,
Nor dreads the Seas inraged harmes:
But flees the Barre and Courts, with the proud bords,
And waiting Chambers of great Lords.
The Poplar tall, he then doth marrying twine
With the growne issue of the Vine;
And with his hooke lops off the fruitlesse race,
And sets more happy in the place:
Or in the bending Vale beholds a-farre
The lowing herds there grazing are:
Or the prest honey in pure pots doth keepe
Of Earth, and sheares the tender Sheepe:
Or when that Autumne, through the fields lifts round
His head, with mellow Apples crown'd,
How plucking Peares, his owne hand grafted had,
And purple-matching Grapes, hee's glad!
With which, *Priapus*, he may thanke thy hands,
And, *Sylvane*, thine that kept'st his Lands!
Then now beneath some ancient Oke he may
Now in the rooted Grasse him lay,
Whilst from the higher Bankes doe slide the floods:
The soft birds quarrell in the Woods,
The Fountaines murmure as the streames doe creepe,
And all invite to easie sleepe.
Then when the thundring *Jove*, his Snow and showres
Are gathering by the Wintry houres;
Or hence, or thence, he drives with many a Hound
Wild Bores into his toyles pitch'd round:
Or straines on his small forke his subtill nets
For th' eating Thrussh, or Pit-falls sets:
And snares the fearfull Hare, and new-come Crane,
And 'counts them sweet rewards so ta'en.
Who (amongst these delights) would not forget
Loves cares so evill, and so great:
But if, to boot with these, a chaste Wife meet
For houshold aid, and Children sweet;
Such as the *Sabines*, or a Sun-burnt-blowse,
Some lustie quick *Apulians* spouse,
To deck the hallow'd Harth with old wood fir'd
Against the Husband comes home tir'd;
That penning the glad flock in hurdles by
Their swelling udders doth draw dry:

Et horna dulci Vina promens dolio
Dapes inemptas apparet;
Non me Lucrina *juverint Conchylia,*
Magisve Rhombus, aut Scari,
Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
Hiems ad hoc vertat Mare:
Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum:
Non Attagen Ionicus
Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguissimis
Oliva ramis arborum:
Aut herba Lapathi prata amantis, & gravi
Malvæ salubres corpori:
Vel Agna festis cæsa Terminalibus:
Vel Hædus ereptus Lupo.
Has inter epulas, ut juvat pastas Oveis
Videre properanteis domum!
Videre fessos vomerem inversum Boves
Collo trahenteis languido;
Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
Circum renidenteis Lareis!
Hæc ubi locutus fœnerator Alphius,
Jam jam futurus rusticus,
Omnem relegit Idibus pecuniam,
Quærit Calendis ponere.

Ode 1.
Lib. quarto.
Ad Venerem.

*I*Ntermissa Venus *diu,*
Rursus bella moves: parce precor, precor,
Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ: *desine, dulcium*
Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere Mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quò blandæ Juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempestivius in domo
Pauli *purpureis ales oloribus,*
Comessabere Maximi,
Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
Namque & nobilis, & decens,
Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis.
Et centum puer Artium,
Latè Signa feret militiæ tuæ.
Et quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,
Albanos *prope te lacus*
Ponet marmoream sub trabe Cypriâ.

Illic

And from the ſweet Tub Wine of this yeare takes,
And unbought viands ready makes:
Not Lucrine Oyſters I could then more prize,
Nor Turbot, nor bright Golden eyes:
If with bright floods, the Winter troubled much,
Into our Seas ſend any ſuch:
Th' Ionian God-wit, nor the Ginny hen
Could not goe downe my belly then
More ſweet then Olives, that new gather'd be
From fatteſt branches of the Tree:
Or the herb Sorrell, that loves Meadows ſtill,
Or Mallowes looſing bodyes ill:
Or at the Feaſt of Bounds, the Lambe then ſlaine,
Or Kid forc't from the Wolfe againe.
Among theſe Cates how glad the ſight doth come
Of the fed flocks approaching home!
To view the weary Oxen draw, with bare
And fainting necks, the turned Share!
The wealthy houſhold ſwarme of bondmen met,
And 'bout the ſteeming Chimney ſet!
Theſe thoughts when Uſurer *Alphius*, now about
To turne more farmer, had ſpoke out
'Gainſt th' Ides, his moneys he gets in with paine,
At th' Calends, puts all out againe.

Ode the firſt.
The fourth Booke.
To Venus.

Venus againe thou mov'ſt a warre
Long intermitted, pray thee, pray thee ſpare:
I am not ſuch, as in the Reigne
Of the good *Cynara* I was: Refraine,
Sower Mother of ſweet Loves, forbeare
To bend a man now at his fiftieth yeare
Too ſtubborne for Commands, ſo ſlack:
Goe where Youths ſoft intreaties call thee back.
More timely hie thee to the houſe,
With thy bright Swans of *Paulus Maximus:*
There jeſt, and feaſt, make him thine hoſt,
If a fit livor thou doſt ſeeke to toaſt;
For he 's both noble, lovely, young,
And for the troubled Clyent fyl's his tongue,
Child of a hundred Arts, and farre
Will he diſplay the Enſignes of thy warre.
And when he ſmiling finds his Grace
With thee 'bove all his Rivals gifts take place,
He will thee a Marble Statue make
Beneath a Sweet-wood Roofe, neere *Alba Lake:*

Illic plurima Naribus
Duces tura, lyræq́, & Berecynthiæ
Delectabere tibiæ
Mistis carminibus non sine fistula.
Illic bis pueri die,
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In mortem Salium *ter quatient humum.*
Me nec fœmina, nec puer,
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero:
Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu Ligurine, *cur*
Manat rara meas lachryma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
Nocturnis te ego Somniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor:
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubileis.

Ode ix. lib. 3. Ad *Lydiam.*
Dialogus *Horatii* & *Lydiæ.*

HOR. *DOnec gratus eram tibi,*
Nec quisquam potior brachia candida
Cervici juvenis dabat;
Persarum vigui rege beatior.
LYD. *Donec non alia magis*
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia *post* Chloën,
Multi Lydia *nominis*
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.
HOR. *Me nunc* Thressa Cloë *regit,*
Dulceis docta modos, & Citharæ sciens:
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.
LYD. *Me torret face mutua*
Thurini Calais *filius* Ornithi:
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.
HOR. *Quid si priscaredit* Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?
LYD. *Quanquam sidere pulchrior*
Ille est, tu levior Cortice, & improbo
iracundior Adria,
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

Fragmentum

There ſhall thy dainty Noſtrill take
In many a Gumme, and for thy ſoft eares ſake
Shall Verſe be ſet to Harpe and Lute,
And *Phrygian* Hau'boy, not without the Flute.
There twice a day in ſacred Laies,
The Youths and tender Maids ſhall ſing thy praiſe:
And in the *Salian* manner meet
Thrice 'bout thy Altar with their Ivory feet.
Me now, nor Wench, nor wanton Boy,
Delights, nor credulous hope of mutuall Joy,
Nor care I now healths to propound;
Or with freſh flowers to girt my Temple round.
But, why, oh why, my *Ligurine*,
Flow my thin teares, downe theſe pale cheeks of mine?
Or why, my well-grac'd words among,
With an uncomely ſilence failes my tongue?
Hard-hearted, I dreame every Night
I hold thee faſt! but fled hence, with the Light;
Whether in *Mars* his field thou bee,
Or *Tybers* winding ſtreames, I follow thee.

Ode IX. 3 *Booke, to* Lydia.
Dialogue of Horace, *and* Lydia.

HOR. WHilſt, *Lydia*, I was lov'd of thee,
And ('bout thy Ivory neck,) no youth did fling,
His armes more acceptable free,
I thought me richer then the Perſian King.
LYD. Whilſt *Horace* lov'd no Miſtres more,
Nor after *Cloë* did his *Lydia* found;
In name, I went all names before,
The Roman *Ilia* was not more renown'd.
HOR. 'T is true, I'am *Thracian Chloes*, I
Who ſings ſo ſweet, and with ſuch cunning plaies,
As, for her, I'd not feare to die;
So Fate would give her life, and longer daies.
LYD. And, I am mutually on fire
With gentle *Calais Thurine, Orniths* Sonne;
For whom I doubly would expire,
So Fates would let the Boy a long thred run.
HOR. But, ſay old Love returne ſhould make,
And us diſ-joyn'd force to her brazen yoke,
That I bright *Cloë* off ſhould ſhake;
And to left-*Lydia*, now the gate ſtood ope.
LYD. Though he be fairer then a Starre;
Thou lighter then the barke of any tree,
And then rough *Adria*, angrier, farre;
Yet would I wiſh to love, live, die with thee;

The

Fragmentum Petron. Arbitr.

Foeda est in coitu, & brevis voluptas,
Et tædet Veneris statim peractæ.
Non ergo ut pecudes libidinosæ,
Cæci protinùs irruamus illuc:
Nam langueſcit Amor peritq; Flamma.
Sed sic, sic, sine fine feriati,
Et tecum jaceamus osculantes:
Hìc nullus labor est, ruborq; nullus;
Hoc juvit, juvat, & diu juvabit:
Hoc non deficit, incipitq; semper.

Epigramma Martialis. Lib. viii. Lxxvii.

Liber, amicorum dulcißima cura tuorum,
Liber in æterna vivere digne rosa;
Si sapis Assyrio *semper tibi crinis amomo*
Splendeat, & cingant florea serta caput:
Candida nigreſcant vetulo chriſtalla Falerno,
Et caleat blando mollis amore thorus.
Qui sic, vel medio finitus vixit in ævo,
Longior huic facta, quam data vita fuit.

THE

The same translated.

DOing, a filthy pleasure is, and short;
And done, we straight repent us of the sport:
Let us not then rush blindly on unto it,
Like lustfull beasts, that onely know to doe it:
For lust will languish, and that heat decay,
But thus, thus, keeping endlesse Holy-day,
Let us together closely lie, and kisse,
There is no labour, nor no shame in this;
This hath pleas'd, doth please, and long will please; never
Can this decay, but is beginning ever.

The same translated.

Liber, of all thy friends, thou sweetest care,
Thou worthy in eternall Flower to fare,
If thou be'st wise, with *Syrian* Oyle let shine
Thy locks, and rosie garlands crowne thy head;
Darke thy cleare glasse with old *Falernian* Wine;
And heat, with softest love, thy softer bed.
Hee, that but living halfe his dayes, dies such,
Makes his life longer then 't was given him, much.

THE

Fragmentum Petron. Arbitr.

Foeda est in coitu, & brevis voluptas,
Et tædet Veneris statim peractæ.
Non ergo ut pecudes libidinosæ,
Cæci protinùs irruamus illuc:
Nam languescit Amor peritq; Flamma.
Sed sic, sic, sine fine feriati,
Et tecum jaceamus osculantes:
Hic nullus labor est, ruborq; nullus;
Hoc juvit, juvat, & diu juvabit:
Hoc non deficit, incipitq; semper.

Epigramma Martialis. Lib. viii. Lxxvii.

Liber, amicorum dulcissima cura tuorum,
Liber in æterna vivere digne rosa;
Si sapis Assyrio *semper tibi crinis amomo*
Splendeat, & cingant florea serta caput:
Candida nigrescant vetulo christalla Falerno,
Et caleat blando mollis amore thorus.
Qui sic, vel medio finitus vixit in ævo,
Longior huic facta, quam data vita fuit.

THE

The ſame tranſlated.

DOing, a filthy pleaſure is, and ſhort;
And done, we ſtraight repent us of the ſport:
Let us not then ruſh blindly on unto it,
Like luſtfull beaſts, that onely know to doe it:
For luſt will languiſh, and that heat decay,
But thus, thus, keeping endleſſe Holy-day,
Let us together cloſely lie, and kiſſe,
There is no labour, nor no ſhame in this;
This hath pleas'd, doth pleaſe, and long will pleaſe; never
Can this decay, but is beginning ever.

The ſame tranſlated.

Liber, of all thy friends, thou ſweeteſt care,
Thou worthy in eternall Flower to fare,
If thou be'ſt wiſe, with *Syrian* Oyle let ſhine
Thy locks, and roſie garlands crowne thy head;
Darke thy cleare glaſſe with old *Falernian* Wine;
And heat, with ſofteſt love, thy ſofter bed.
Hee, that but living halfe his dayes, dies ſuch,
Makes his life longer then 't was given him, much.

THE KINGS ENTERTAINMENT AT *WELBECK*, IN NOTTINGHAM-SHIRE,

A house of the Right Honourable, WILLIAM Earle of *Newcastle*, Vicount *Mansfield*, Baron of *Botle*, and *Bolsover*, &c.

At his going into *Scotland*.
1633.

His Matie being set at Dinner,

A Song was sung:
A Dialogue betweene the *Passions*, *Doubt* and *Love*.

DOVBT. *WHat softer sounds are these salute the Eare*
From the large Circle *of the* Hemisphеare,
As if the Center *of all sweets met here!*
LOVE. *It is the breath, and Soule of every thing,*
Put forth by Earth, by Nature, and the Spring,
To speake the Welcome, Welcome *of the* King.

CHORVS. Of Affections, Joy. Delight, &c.
The joy of plants. The spirit of flowers,
The smell, and verdure of the bowers,
The waters murmure; with the showers
Distilling on the new-fresh bowers:
The whistling winds, and birds, that sing
The Welcome *of our great, good* King.
Welcome, *O* Welcome, *is the generall voyce,*
Wherein all Creatures practize to rejoyce.

The second Straine.

LOVE. *WHen was old* Sherewood's *head more quaintly curl'd?*
Or look'd the Earth more greene upon the world?
Or Natures Cradle more inchas'd, and purl'd?

When

When did the Aire so smile, the Winds so chime?
As Quiristers of Season, *and the* Prime!
Dou. *If what they doe, be done in their due time.*

CHORVS.

Hee makes the time for whom 't is done,
From whom the warmth, heat, life, begun,
Into whose fostring armes doe run
All that have being from the Sun.
Such is the fount of light, the King,
The heart, that quickens ev'ry thing,
And makes the Creatures language all one voyce;
In Welcome, Welcome, Welcome, *to rejoyce:*
Welcome *is all our Song, is all our sound,*
The Treble *part, the* Tenor, *and the* Ground.

After Dinner.

THe King, and the Lords being come downe, and ready to take horse; In the Crowd were discover'd two notorious persons, and men of businesse, as by their eminent dressing, and habits did soone appeare.

One in a costly Gassock of black Buckram girt unto him, whereon was painted *Party-per pale:*

On the one side.		On the other side.	
Noune.	declined	*Adverbe.*	Undeclined.
Pronoune.		*Conjunction.*	
Verbe.		*Præposition.*	
Participle.		*Interjection.*	

With his Hatt, Hat-band, Stockings, and Sandals suted, and marked, *A.B.C.* &c.

The other in a Taberd, or Heralds Coat of *Azure*, and *Gules* quarterly chang'd of Buckram; Limn'd with yellow, in stead of Gold, and pasted over with old Records of the two Shires, and certaine fragments of the Forrest, as a Coat of *Antiquitie*, and *President*, willing to be seene, but heard to be read, and as loth to be understood, without the Interpreter, who wore it: For the wrong end of the letters were turn'd upward, therefore was a labell fix'd to, *To the Curious Prier, advertising:*

Looke not so neere, with hope to understand,
Except, Sir, you can read with the left hand.

Their Names were, Accidence, Fitz-Ale.

Acci. BY your faire leave Gentlemen of Court; for leave is ever faire being ask'd; and granted is as light, according to our Engliſh Proverbe, *Leave is light.* Which is the *King* I pray you?

Fitz. Or rather the *Kings* Lieutenant? For we have nothing to ſay to the *King*, till we have ſpoken with my *Lord* Lieutenant.

Acc. Of *Nottinghamſhire.*

Fitz. And *Darbyſhire*, for he is both. And we have buſineſſe to both ſides of him from either of the Counties.

Acc. As farre as his Command ſtretches.

Fitz. Is this he?

Acc. This is no great man by his *timber* (as we ſay i' the Forreſt) by his *thewes* he may. I'll venture a Part of Speech, two, or three at him; to ſee how hee is declin'd. My Lord, Pleaſeth your good Lordſhip, I am a poore Neighbour, here, of your Honours, i' the Countie.

Fitz. Mr. *A-B-Cee Accidence*, my good Lord, Schoole-maſter of *Mansfield*, the painfull Inſtructer of our Youth in their Countrey elements, as appeareth by the ſigne of correction, in his hat, with the truſt of the Towne-Pen-and-Inkehorne, committed to the Sure-tie of his Girdle, from the whole Corporation.

Acc. This is the more remarkeable man, my very good Lord; Father *Fitz-ale*, Herald of *Darbie*, Light, and Lanthorne of both Counties; the learned *Antiquarie* o' the North: Conſerver of the Records of either Forreſt, as witneſſeth the briefe Tabard, or Coat Armour he carries, being an induſtrious Collection of all the written, or reported *Wonders* of the *Peake.*

SAint *Anne* of *Buxſtons* boyling Well,
Or *Elden* bottomleſſe, like Hell:
Pooles-hole, or *Satans* ſumptuous Arſe,
(Surreverence) with the Mine-mens Farce.
Such a light, and metall'd Dance
Saw you never yet in *France.*
And by Lead-men, for the nonce,
That turne round like grindleſtones:
Which they dig out fro' the Delves,
For their Bairnes-bread, Wives, and ſell's:
Whom the Whetſtone ſharpes to eat,
And cry Milſtones are good meat.
He can flie o're hills, and dales,
And report you more odde tales,
Of our Outlaw *Robinhood*
That revell'd here in *Shertwood*;
And more ſtories of him ſhow
(Though he ne're ſhot in his Bow.)
Then au' men, or beleeve, or know.

Fitz.

FITZ. Stint, ſtint, your Court;
Grow to be ſhort,
Throw by your Clatter,
And handle the matter:
We come with our Peeres,
And crave your eares,
To preſent a Wedding,
Intended a bedding,
Of both the Shires.
Father *Fitz-ale*
Hath a Daughter ſtale
In *Darbie*-Towne,
Knowne, up, and downe
For a geat Antiquitie:
And *Pem* ſhe hight
A ſolemne Wight
As you ſhould meet
In any ſtreet,
In that Ubiquitie.
Her, he hath brought
As having ſought
By many a draught
Of Ale, and Craft;
With skill to graft
In ſome old Stock,
O' the Yeoman block,
And Forreſt-blood,
Of old *Sherewood.*
And he hath found
Within the ground,
At laſt no Shrimpe,
Whereon to impe,
His jolly Club,
But a bold Stub
O' the right wood,
FITZ. A Champion good;
Who here in place,
Preſents himſelfe,
Like doughtie Elfe,
Of *Greenwood* Chaſe.

Here *Stub* the Bridegroome preſented himſelfe, being apparelled in a yellow Canvas Doublet, cut, a greene Jerkin, and Hoſe, like a Ranger. A Munmouth Cap, with a yellow Feather, yellow Stockings, and Shooes, for being to dance, he would not trouble himſelfe with Bootes.

Stub of *Stub-hall*,
Some doe him call;
But moſt doe ſay
Hee's *Stub*, will ſtay;

To run his race,
Not run away.

Acc. At *Quintin*, hee,
In honour of this Bridaltee,
Hath challeng'd either wide Countee;
Come *Cut*, and *Long-taile*. For there be
Sixe Batchelers, as bold as hee,
Adjuting to his Compance,
And each one hath his Liverie;

Fitz. Sixe *Hoods* they are, and of the blood,
They tell of ancient *Robinhood*.

Here the sixe *Hoods* presented themselves severally, in their Livory Hoods, whil'st *Fitz-ale* spoke on.

Red-hood the first that doth appeare — Red-hood.
In Stamel. Acc. Scarlet is too deare.

Fitz. Then *Green-hood*. Ac. He's in *Kendal* Green, — Green-hood.
As in the Forrest Colour seene.

Fitz. Next *Blew-hood* is, and in that hue — Blew-hood.
Doth vaunt a heart as pure, and true
As is the Skie; (give him his due.)

Acc. Of old *England* the Yeoman blew.

Fitz. Then *Tawney* fra' the Kirke that came. — Tawney-hood.

Acc. And cleped was the Abbots man.

Fitz. With *Motley-hood*, the Man of Law. — Motley-hood.

Acc. And *Russet-hood* keepes all in Awe. — Russet-hood.
Bold Batchelers they are, and large,
And come in at the Countrey charge,
Horse, Bridles, Saddles, Stirrups, Girts,
All reckon'd o' the *Countie* skirts!
And all their Courses, misse, or hit,
Intended are, for the *Sheere-wit*,
And so to be receiv'd. Their game
Is Countrey sport, and hath a name
From the Place that beares the cost,
Else all the *Fat i' the Fire* were lost.
Goe Captaine *Stub*, lead on, and show
What house you come on, by the blow
You give Sir *Quintin*, and the Cuffe,
You scape o' th' Sand-bags Counterbuffe.

A Flourish. — *Stubs Course.*

Acc. O well run, Yeoman *Stub*!
Thou hast knock'd it, like a Club,
And made Sir *Quintin* know:
By this his race so good,
He himselfe is also wood;
As by his furious blow.

Flourish.

Flouriſh. Red-hoods Courſe. 2.

FITZ. Bravely run *Red-hood*,
There was a ſhock,
To have buff'd out the blood
From ought but a block.

Flouriſh. Greene-hoods Courſe. 3.

ACC. Well run *Green-hood*, got betweene;
Under the Sand-bag, he was ſeene,
Lowting low, like a For'ſter greene:
FITZ. Hee knowes his tackle, and his treene.

Flouriſh. Blew-hoods Courſe. 4.

ACC. Gi' the old *England* Yeoman his due,
H' has hit Sir *Quin:* juſt i' the *Qu:*
Though that be black, yet he is blew.
It is a brave patch, and a new!

Flouriſh. Tawny-hoods Courſe. 5.

FITZ. Well run *Tawney*, the Abbots Churle
His Jade gave him a Jerk,
As he woul' have his Rider hurle
His Hood after the Kirke.
But he was wiſer, and well beheft,
For this is all, that he hath left.

Flouriſh. Motley-hoods Courſe. 6.

FITZ. Or the Saddle turn'd round, or the Girths brake,
For low on the ground (wo' for his ſake)
The Law is found.
ACC. Had his paire of tongues, not ſo much good,
To keepe his head, in his *Motley*-hood?

Flouriſh. Ruſſet-hoods Courſe. 7.

FITZ. *Ruſſet* ran faſt, though he be throwne,
ACC. He loſt no ſtirrup, for he had none.

His

1. His horſe, it is the Heralds weſt.
2. No 'tis a mare, and hath a cleft.
3. She is Countrey-borrow'd, and no vaile,
But 's hood is forfeit to *Fitz-ale.*

Here *Accidence* did breake them of, by calling them to the Dance, and to the *Bride*, who was dreſt like an old *May-Lady*, with Skarfes, and a great wrought Handkerchiefe, with red, and blew, and other habiliments. Sixe Maids attending on her, attir'd, with Buckram Bride-laces beguilt: White ſleeves, and Stammell Petticotes, dreſt after the cleanlieſt Countrey guiſe; among whom Miſtris *Alphabet*, Maſter *Accidence's* Daughter, did beare a prime ſway.

The two Bride Squires, the *Cake-bearer*, and the *Boll-bearer*, were in two yellow leather Doublets, and ruſſet Hoſe, like two twin-Clownes preſt out for that office, with Livery Hatts, and Ribbands.

Acc. Come to the Bride; another fit,
Yet ſhow, Sirs, o' your Countrey wit,
But o' your beſt. Let all the Steele
Of back, and braines fall to the heele;
And all the Quick-ſilver i' the mine
Run i' the foot-veines, and refine
Your *Firk-hum-Jerk-hum* to a Dance,
Shall fetch the Fiddles out of *France*,
To wonder at the Horne-pipes, here,
Of *Nottingham*, and *Darbiſhire.*
Fitz. With the Phant'ſies of *Hey-troll*,
Trol about the Bride-all Boll,
And divide the broad Bride-Cake
Round about the Brides-ſtake.
Acc. With, here is to the fruit of *Pem*,
Fitz. Grafted upon *Stub* his Stem,
Acc. With the *Peakiſh* Nicetie,
Fitz. And old *Sherewoods* Vicetie.

The laſt of which words were ſet to a Tune, and ſung to the Bagpipe, and Meaſure of their Dance; the Clownes, and companie of Spectators drinking, and eating the while.

The Song.

LEt's ſing about, and ſay, Hey-trol,
Troll to me the Bridall Boll,
And divide the broad Bride-Cake,
Round about the Brides-ſtake.
With, Here, is to the fruit of Pem,
Grafted upon Stub *his ſtem;*
With the Peakiſh *Nicetie,*
And old Sherewoods *Vicetie.*

But

But well daunc'd Pem *upon record,*
Above thy Yeoman, *or* May-Lord.

Here it was thought neceſſarie they ſhould be broken off, by the coming in of an Officer, or ſervant of the *Lord Lieutenants*, whoſe face had put on, with his Clothes, an equall authoritie for the buſineſſe.

Gentleman.

GIve end unto your rudeneſſe: Know at length
Whoſe time, and patience you have urg'd, the *Kings*;
Whom if you knew, and truly, as you ought,
'T would ſtrike a reverence in you, even to bluſhing,
That *King* whoſe love it is, to be your Parent!
Whoſe Office, and whoſe Charge, to be your Paſtor!
Whoſe ſingle watch, defendeth all your ſleepes!
Whoſe labours, are your reſts! whoſe thoughts and cares,
Breed you delights! whoſe bus'neſſe, all your leaſures!
And you to interrupt his ſerious houres,
With light, impertinent, unworthy objects,
Sights for your ſelves, and ſav'ring your owne taſt's;
You are too blame. Know your diſeaſe, and cure it,
Sports ſhould not be obtruded on great Monarchs,
But wait when they will call for them as ſervants,
And meaneſt of their ſervants, ſince their price is
At higheſt, to be ſtyl'd, but of their pleaſures!
Our *King* is going now to a great worke
Of higheſt Love, Affection, and Example,
To ſee his Native *Countrey*, and his Cradle,
And find thoſe manners there, which he ſuck'd in
With Nurſes Milke, and Parents pietie!
O Siſter *Scotland*! what haſt thou deſerv'd
Of joyfull *England*, giving us this *King*!
What Union (if thou lik'ſt) haſt thou not made?
In knitting for Great *Brittaine* ſuch a Garland?
And letting him, to weare it? Such a *King*!
As men would wiſh, that knew not how to hope
His like, but ſeeing him! A Prince, that's Law
Unto himſelfe. Is good, for goodneſſe-ſake;
And ſo becomes the Rule unto his Subjects!
That ſtudies not to ſeeme, or to ſhow great,
But be! Not dreſt for others eyes, and eares,
With Vizors, and falſe rumours; but make Fame
Wait on his Actions, and thence ſpeake his Name!
O bleſſe his Goings out, and Commings in,
Thou mighty God of Heaven, lend him long
Unto the Nations, which yet ſcarcely know him,
Yet are moſt happy, by his Government.
Bleſſe his faire *Bed-mate*, and their certaine *Pledges*,
And never may he want thoſe nerves in Fate;

For

For ſure Succeſſion fortifies a State.
Whilſt he himſelfe is mortall, let him feele
Nothing about him mortall, in his houſe;
Let him approve his young increaſing *Charles*,
A loyall Sonne: and take him long to be
An aid, before he be a Succeſſor.
Late, come that day, that Heaven will aske him from us:
Let our Grand-child, and their iſſue, long
Expect it, and not ſee it. Let us pray
That Fortune never know to exerciſe
More power upon him, then as *Charles* his ſervant,
And his great *Brittaines* ſlave: ever to waite
Bond-woman to the GENIUS of this State.

Perform'd, the xxi. of May.
1633.

LOVE

LOVES VVEL-COME.

THE KING AND QVEENES ENTERTAINMENT AT *BOLSOVER*: AT The Earle of *Newcastles*, The thirtieth of Iuly, 1634.

The Song at the Banquet; Sung by two *Tenors*, and a *Base*.

IF Love *be call'd a lifting of the* Sense
To knowledge of that pure intelligence, CHORUS.
Wherein the Soule *hath rest, and residence:*

1. TEN. *When were the* Senses *in such order plac'd?*
2. TEN. *The* Sight, *the* Hearing, Smelling, Touching, Taste,
All at one Banquet? BAS. *Would it ever last!*

1. *Wee wish the same: who set it forth thus?* BAS. *Love!*
2. *But to what end, or to what object?* BAS. *Love!*
1. *Doth* Love *then feast it selfe?* BAS. *Love will feast* Love!

2. *You make of* Love, *a riddle, or a chaine,*
A circle, a mere knott, untie't againe.

BAS. Love *is a Circle, both the first, and last*
Of all our Actions, and his knotts, too, fast.

1. *A true-love Knot, will hardly be unti'd,*
And if it could, who would this Payre divide.

2. Bas. *God made them such, and* Love. Tan. *Who is aring,*
The likest to the yeare of anything,
2. *And runs into it selfe.* Bas. *Then let us sing,*
And run into one sound.

Chorvs { *Let* Welcome *fill*
Our thoughts, hearts, voyces, and that one word trill,
Through all our Language, Welcome, Welcome *fill,*

Complement.

1. *Could we put on the beautie of all Creatures,*
2. *Sing in the Aire, and notes of Nightingales,*
1. *Exhale the sweets of Earth, and all her features,*
2. *And tell you, softer then in Silke, these tales,*
Bas. Welcome *should season all for* Taste.

Chorvs { *And hence,*
At every reall banquet to the Sense,
Welcome, *true* Welcome *fill the* Complements.

After the Banquet, the King and Queene retir'd, were entertain'd with Coronell Vitruvius *his Oration to his Dance of Mechanickes.*

Vit. COme forth, boldly put forth, i' your Holy-day Clothes, every Mothers Sonne of you. This is the *King*, and *Queenes*, Majesticall Holy-day. My Lord has it granted from them; I had it granted from my Lord: and doe give it unto you *gratis*, that is *bonâ fide*, with the faith of a Surveyour, your Coronell *Vitruvius*. Doe you know what a Surveyour is now? I tell you a Supervisor! A hard word, that; but it may be softned, and brought in, to signifie something. An Overseer! One that oversee-eth you. A busie man! And yet I must seeme busier then I am, (as the Poet sings, but which of them. I will not now trouble my selfe to tell you.) O Captaine *Smith*! or Hammer-armed *Vulcan*! with your three Sledges, you are our Musique, you come a little too tardie; but wee remit that, to your polt-foot, we know you are lame. Plant your selves there, and beat your time out at the Anvile. *Time*, and *Measure*, are the Father, and Mother of Musique,

The first Quaternio. Captaine *Smith*, or *Vulcan*, with three *Cyclops*.

Musique, you know, and your Coronell *Vitruvius* knowes a little. O *Chesil*! our curious Carver! and Master *Maul*, our Free-Mason; *Squire Summer*, our Carpenter, and *Twybil* his Man; stand you foure, there, i' the second ranke, worke upon that ground. And you *Dresser*, the Plomber; *Quarrel*, the Glasier; *Fret*, the Plaisterer; and *Beater*, the Morterman; put all you on i' the reere, as finishers in true footing, with Time, and Measure. *Measure* is the Soule of a Dance, and *Time* the Tickle-foot thereof. Use Holy-day legges, and have 'hem: Spring, Leape, Caper, and Gingle; Pumpes, and Ribbands, shall be your reward, till the Soles of your feet swell, with the surfet of your light and nimble Motion.

The second Quatern: *Chesil*. The Carver. *Maul*. The Free-Mason. *Sq. Sümer*. The Carpenter. *Twybil*. His Man. The third *Quaternio*. *Dresser*. The Plomber. *Quarel*. The Glasier. *Fret*. The Plaisterer. *Beater*. The Morter-man.

Well done, my Musicall, Arithmeticall, Geometricall Gamesters! or rather my true Mathematicall Boyes! It is carried, in number, weight, and measure; as if the Aires were all Harmonie, and the Figures a well-tim'd Proportion! I cry still, Deserve Holy-dayes, and have 'hem. I'le have a whole Quarter of the yeare cut out for you in Holy-dayes, and lac'd with Statute-Tunes, and Dances; fitted to the activitie of your Tressels, to which you shall trust, Ladds, in the name of your *Iniquo Vitruvius*. Hay for the Lilly, for, and the blended Rose.

They begun to Dance,

The Dance ended.

And the King, and Queene, having a second Banquet, set downe before them from the Cloudes by two Loves; One, as the Kings, the other as the Queenes; differenced by their Garlands only: His of White, and Red Roses, the other of Lilly's inter-weav'd, Gold, Silver, Purple, *&c.* With a bough of Palme (in his hand) cleft a little at the top. They were both arm'd, and wing'd: with Bowes and Quivers, Cassocks, Breeches, Buskins, Gloves, and Perukes alike. They stood silent awhile, wondring at one another, till at last the lesser of them began to speake.

Eros. Anteros.

ER. ANother *Cupid?* AN. Yes, your second selfe,
A Sonne of *Venus*, and as meere an elfe,
And wagge as you. ER. *Eros?* AN. No, *Anteros*:
Your Brother, *Cupid*, yet not sent to crosse',
Or spie into your favours, here, at Court.
EROS. What then? AN. To serve you, Brother, and report
Your graces from the Queenes side to the Kings,
In whose name I salute you. ER. Breake my wings
I feare you will. AN. O be not jealous, Brother!
What bough is this? ER. A Palme. AN. Give me't. ER. Another
You may have. AN. I will this. ER. Divide it. AN. So.
This was right Brother-like! The world will know

Antero. snatch'd at the Palme, but Eros divided it.

By

By this one Act, both natures. You are *Love*,
I *Love*, againe. In these two Spheares we move,
Eros, and *Anteros*. Er. We ha' cleft the bough,
And struck a tallie of our loves, too, now.
An. I call to mind the wisdome of our Mother
Venus, who would have *Cupid* have a Brother——
Er. To looke upon, and thrive. Mee seemes I grew
Three inches higher sin' I met with you.
It was the Counsell, that the *Oracle* gave
Your Nurses the glad *Graces*, sent to crave
Themis advice. You doe not know (quoth shee)
The nature of this Infant. *Love* may be
Brought forth thus little, live a-while alone,
But ne're will prosper, if he have not one
Sent after him to play with. Er. Such another
As you are *Anteros*, our loving brother.
An. Who would be alwayes, planted, in your eye;
For Love, by Love increaseth mutually.
Er. Wee, either, looking on each other, thrive;
An. Shoot up, grow galliard — Er. Yes, and more alive!
An. When one's away, it seemes we both are lesse.
Er. I was a Dwarfe, an Urchin, I confesse,
Till you were present. An. But a bird of wing,
Now, fit to flie before a Queene, or King.
Er. I ha' not one sick feather sin' you came,
But turn'd a jollier *Cupid*. An. Then I am.
Er. I love my Mothers braine, could thus provide
For both in Court, and give us each our side,
Where we might meet. An. Embrace. Er. Circle each other.
An. Conferre, and whisper. Er. Brother, with a Brother.
An. And by this sweet Contention for the *Palme*,
Unite our appetites, and make them calme.
Er. To will, and nill one thing. An. And so to move
Affection in our Wills, as in our Love.
Er. It is the place sure breeds it, where wee are,
An. The King, and Queenes Court, which is circular,
And perfect. Er. The pure schoole that we live in,
And is of purer Love, a Discipline.

Philalethes.

NO more of your Poetrie (prettie *Cupids*) lest presuming on your little wits, you prophane the intention of your service. The Place I confesse, wherein (by the Providence of your Mother *Venus*) you are now planted, is the divine Schoole of Love. An Academie, or Court, where all the true lessons of Love are throughly read and taught. The Reasons, the Proportions, and Harmonie, drawne forth in analytick Tables, and made demonstrable to the *Senses*. Which if you (Brethren) should report, and sweare to, would hardly get credit above a Fable, here in the edge of *Darbyshire* (the region of Ale) because you relate in

Rime. O, that Rime is a ſhrewd diſeaſe, and makes all ſuſpected it would perſwade. Leave it, prettie *Cupids*, leave it. Rime will undoe you, and hinder your growth, and reputation in Court, more then any thing beſide you have either mention'd, or fear'd. If you dable in Poëtrie once, it is done of your being believ'd, or underſtood here. No man will truſt you in this Verge, but conclude you for a meere caſe of Canters, or a paire of wandring Gipſies.

Returne to your ſelves (little Deities) and admire the Miracles you ſerve, this excellent *King*, and his unparallel'd *Queene*, who are the Canons, the Decretals, and whole Schoole-Divinitie of Love. Contemplate, and ſtudie them. Here ſhall you read *Hymen*, having lighted two Torches, either of which enflame mutually, but waſte not. One Love by the others aſpect increaſing, and both in the right lines of aſpiring. The Fates ſpinning them round and even threds, and of their whiteſt wooll, without brack, or purle. Fortune, and Time fetter'd at their feet with Adamantine Chaines, their wings deplum'd, for ſtarting from them. All amiableneſſe in the richeſt dreſſe of delight and colours, courting the ſeaſon to tarry by them, and make the *Idea* of their Felicitie perfect; together with the love, knowledge, and dutie of their Subjects perpetuall. So wiſheth the glad, and gratefull Client, ſeated here, the over-joy'd Maſter of the houſe; and prayeth that the whole Region about him could ſpeake but his language. Which is, that firſt the Peoples love would let that People know their owne happineſſe, and that knowledge could confirme their duties, to an admiration of your ſacred Perſons; diſcended, one from the moſt peacefull, the other the moſt warlike, both your pious, and juſt progenitors; from whom, as out of Peace came Strength, and out of the Strong came ſweetneſſe, alluding to the holy Riddle, ſo in you joyn'd by holy marriage in the flower and ripeneſſe of yeares, live the promiſe of a numerous Succeſſion to your Scepters, and a ſtrength to ſecure your owne Ilands, with their owne Ocean, but more your owne Palme-branches, the Types of perpetuall Victorie. To which, two words be added, a zealous *Amen*, and ever rounded, with a Crowne of *Welcome*. Welcome,

Welcome.

* *
*

MORTIMER
HIS
FALL.

A
TRAGEDIE,
VVRITTEN
BY
BEN. IOHNSON.

HOR. in Art. Poëtic.

Et decuit magnumq; loqui, nitiq; cothurno.

Printed M.DC.XL.

MORTIMER

HIS

FALL.

A

TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN

BY

MR. JOHNSON.

Hor. in Art. Poetic.

Et decent magnum, lapsi, nisi cardine, verba.

Printed M.DCC.XL.

The Persons Names.

MORTIMER.	Earle of *March.*
ISABEL.	Queene Mother.
ADAM D'ORLTON.	B. of *Worc'ter.*
CHORUS.	Of Ladies, Knights, and Squires.
EDWARD. 3.	K. of *England.*
JOHN, the K. Brother.	Earle of *Cornwall.*
HEN. the K. Cosin.	Earle of *Lancaster.*
W. MOUNTACUTE.	K. Servant.
RO. D'ELAND.	Const. of *Nott.* Castle.
NUNCIUS.	Or a Herald.

Argu-

Arguments.

THe first Act comprehends Mortimers *pride and ſecuritie, rayſed to the degree of an Earle, by the Queenes favour, and love; with the Counſells of* Adam D'orlton, *the politique B. of* Worc'ter, *againſt* Lancaſter.

The Chorus of Ladyes, celebrating the worthineſſe of the Queene; in rewarding *Mortimers* ſervices, and the Biſhops.

The ſecond Act ſhewes the Kings love, and reſpect to his Mother, that will heare nothing againſt Mortimers *greatneſſe, or beleeve any report of her extraordinary favours to him, but imputes all to his Coſin* Lancaſters *envie; and commands there-after, an utter ſilence of thoſe matters.*

The *Chorus* of Courtiers, celebrating the Kings worthineſſe of Nature, and Affection to his Mother, who will heare nothing, that may trench upon her honour, though deliver'd by his Kinſman, of ſuch neereneſſe, and thereby take occaſion to extoll the Kings pietie, and their owne happineſſe under ſuch a King.

The third Act relates (by the occaſion of a viſion, the blind Earle of L. had) to the Kings Brother E. of Cornwall, *the horrour of their Fathers death, and the cunning making away of their Uncle, the Earle of* K. *by* Mortimers *hired practiſe.*

The *Chorus* of Countrey Juſtices, and their Wives, telling how they were deluded, and made beleeve, the old King liv'd, by the ſhew of him in *Corfe* Caſtle; and how they ſaw him eat, and uſe his knife, like the old King, *&c.* with the deſcription of the feigned Lights, and Maſques there, that deceiv'd them, all which came from the Court.

The fourth Act expreſſeth by conference betweene the K. *and his Brother a change, and intention to explore the truth of thoſe reports, and a charge of employing* W. Montacute, *to get the keyes of the Caſtle of* Nott. *into the K. power, and draw the Conſtable,* Sir Rob. D'Eland, *to their party.*

Mortimers *ſecuritie, ſcorne of the Nobilitie, too much familiaritie with the Queene, related by the* Chorus, *the report of the Kings ſurprizing him in his Mothers bed-chamber, a generall gladneſſe, his being ſent to execution.*

The fifth Act, the Earle of Lancaſters *following the crie, and meeting the report. The Celebration of the Kings Juſtice.*

MOR-

MORTIMER HIS FALL.

Act I.

MORTIMER.

THis Riſe is made, yet! and we now ſtand, ranck'd,
To view about us, all that were above us!
Nought hinders now our proſpect, all are even,
We walke upon a Levell. *Mortimer*
Is a great Lord of late, and a new thing! —— *A Prince, an Earle, and*
At what a divers price, doe divers men *Coſin to the King.*
Act the ſame things! Another might have had
Perhaps the Hurdle, or at leaſt the Axe,
For what I have this Crownet, Robes, and Waxe.
There is a Fate, that flies with towring ſpirits
Home to the marke, and never checks at conſcience.
Poore plodding Prieſts, and preaching Friars may make
Their hollow Pulpits, and the empty Iles
Of Churches ring with that round word: But wee
That draw the ſubtile, and more piercing ayre,
In that ſublimed region of Court,
Know all is good, we make ſo, and goe on
Secur'd by the proſperity of our crimes.
To day, is *Mortimer* made Earle of *March*.
For what? For that, the very thinking it
Would make a Citizen ſtart! ſome politique Tradeſman
Curle with the Caution of a Conſtable!
But I, who am no common Councell man,
Knew, injuries of that darke nature done
Were to be throughly done, and not be left
To feare of a revenge. They are light offences
Which admit that. The great ones get above it.
Man doth not nurſe a deadlier peece of follie
To his high temper, and brave ſoule, then that
Of fancying goodneſſe, and a ſeale to live by
So differing from mans life. As if with Lyons,
Beares, Tigers, Wolves, and all thoſe beaſts of Prey,
He would affect to be a Sheepe! Can man

Neglect

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Know all is good, we make ſo, and goe on
Secur'd by the proſperity of our crimes.
To day, is *Mortimer* made Earle of *March*.
For what? For that, the very thinking it
Would make a Citizen ſtart! ſome politique Tradeſman
Curle with the Caution of a Conſtable!
But I, who am no common Councell man,
Knew, injuries of that darke nature done
Were to be throughly done, and not be left
To feare of a revenge. They are light offences
Which admit that. The great ones get above it.
Man doth not nurſe a deadlier peece of follie
To his high temper, and brave ſoule, then that
Of fancying goodneſſe, and a ſeale to live by
So differing from mans life. As if with Lyons,
Beares, Tigers, Wolves, and all thoſe beaſts of Prey,
He would affect to be a Sheepe! Can man

Neglect

Neglect what is, ſo, to attaine what ſhould be,
As rather he will call on his owne ruine,
Then worke t' aſſure his ſafetie? I ſhould thinke
When 'mongſt a world of bad, none can be good,
(I meane ſo abſolutely good, and perfect,
As our religious Confeſſors would have us)
It is enough, we doe decline the rumour
Of doing monſtrous things: And, yet, if thoſe
Were of emolument, unto our ends,
Even of thoſe, the wiſeman will make friends
For all the brand, and ſafely doe the ill,
As Uſurers rob, or our Phyſicians kill.

ISABEL. MORTIMER.

My Lord! ſweet *Mortimer*! Mor. My Q. my Miſtreſſe!
My Soveraigne! nay, my Goddeſſe! and my *Juno!*
What name, or title, as a marke of Power
Upon me, ſhould I give you? Isa. *Iſabel,*
Your *Iſabel,* and you my *Mortimer:*
Which are the markes of Paritie, not power
And theſe are titles, beſt become our love.
Mor. Can you fall under thoſe? Isa. Yes, and be happie.
Walke forth, my lov'd, and gentle *Mortimer,*
And let my longing eyes enjoy their feaſt,
And fill of thee; my faire-ſhap'd, God-like man:
Thou art a banquet unto all my Senſes;
Thy forme doth feaſt mine eye, thy voyce mine eare,
Thy breath, my ſmell, thy every kiſſe my taſte;
And ſoftneſſe of thy skin, my very touch:
As if I felt it dactile through my blood.
I ne're was reconciled to theſe robes,
This garbe of *England,* till I ſaw thee in them.
Thou mak'ſt, they ſeeme not boiſtrous, nor rude,
Like my rough haughty Lords *de Engle-terre,*
With whom I have ſo many yeares beene troubled.
Mor. But now redeem'd, and ſet at libertie,
Queene of your ſelfe, and them.

Hee dy'd, and left it unfiniſhed.

THE MAGNETICK LADY:

OR,

HVMORS RECONCILD.

First acted in Oct. 1632.

A COMEDY composed

By

BEN: IOHNSON.

Iam lapides ſuus ardor agit ferrumq; tenetur,
Illecebris.—— Claud. de Magnet.

LONDON,
Printed M. CD. XL.

THE MAGNETICK LADY:

OR,

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THE SCENE, LONDON.

The Persons that act.

LADY *Loadstone*,	The Magnetick Lady.
Mrs. *Polish*,	Her Gossip, and she-Parasite.
Mrs. *Placentia*,	Her Neice.
Pleasance,	Her Waiting-woman.
Mrs. *Keepe*,	The Neices Nourse.
MOTHER *Chaire*,	The Midwife.
Mr. *Compasse*,	A Scholler, Mathematick.
CAPTAINE *Ironside*,	A Souldier.
PARSON *Palate*,	Prelate of the Parish.
DOCTOR *Rut*,	Physician to the house.
Tim Item,	His Apothecary.
SIR *Diaph Silkworm*,	A Courtier.
Mr. *Practise*,	A Lawyer.
SIR *Moath Interest*,	An Vsurer, or Money-baud.
Mr. *Bias*,	A Vi-politique, or Sub-secretary.
Mr. *Needle*,	The Ladies Steward, and Taylor.

CHORVS by way of Induction.

THE CHORUS

INTRODUCTION.

THE SCENE

THE INDVCTION, OR, CHORUS.

Two Gentlemen entring upon the Stage.

Mr. PROBEE and Mr. DAMPLAY.

A BOY of the house, *meets them.*

Boy. What doe you lack, Gentlemen? what is't you lack? any fine Phanſies, Figures, Humors, Characters, Idæas, Definitions of Lords, and Ladies? Waiting-women, Paraſites, Knights, Captaines, Courtiers, Lawyers? what doe you lack?

Pro. A pretty prompt Boy for the Poëtique Shop.

Dam. And a bold! where's one o' your Maſters, Sirrah, the Poet?

Boy. Which of 'hem? Sir wee have divers that drive that trade, now: Poëts, Poet'accios, Poetaſters, Poetito's--

Dam. And all Haberdaſhers of ſmall wit, I preſume: wee would ſpeake with the Poët o' the day, *Boy*.

Boy. Sir, hee is not here. But, I have the dominion of the Shop, for this time, under him; and can ſhew you all the variety the Stage will afford for the preſent.

Pro. Therein you will expreſſe your owne good parts, *Boy*.

Dam. And tye us two, to you, for the gentle office.

Pro. Wee are a paire of publique perſons (this Gentleman, and my ſelfe) that are ſent, thus coupled unto you upon ſtate-buſines.

Boy. It concernes but the ſtate of the Stage I hope!

Dam. O, you ſhall know that by degrees, *Boy*. No man leaps into a buſines of ſtate, without fourding firſt the ſtate of the buſines.

Pro. Wee are ſent unto you, indeed from the people.

Boy. The people! which ſide of the people?

Dam. The Veniſon ſide, if you know it, *Boy*.

Boy. That's the left ſide. I had rather they had beene the right.

Pro. So they are. Not the *Puter*, or grounds of your people, that is

in the oblique caves and wedges of your houſe, your ſinfull ſixe-penny Mechanicks--

Dam. But the better, and braver ſort of your people! Pluſh and Velvet-outſides! that ſtick your houſe round like ſo many eminences—

Boy. Of clothes, not underſtandings: They are at pawne. Well, I take theſe as a part of your people though; what bring you to me from theſe people?

Dam. You have heard, *Boy*, the ancient Poëts had it in their purpoſe, ſtill to pleaſe this people.

Pro. I, their chiefe aime was—

Dam. Populo ut placerent: (if hee underſtands ſo much.)

Boy. Quas feciſſent fabulas.) I underſtand that, ſin' I learn'd *Terence*, i'the third forme at *Weſtminſter*: go on Sir.

Pro. Now, theſe people have imployed us to you, in all their names, to intreat an excellent Play from you.

Dam. For they have had very meane ones, from this ſhop of late, the Stage as you call it.

Boy. Troth, Gentlemen, I have no wares, which I dare thruſt upon the people with praiſe. But this, ſuch as it is, I will venter with your people, your gay gallant people: ſo as you, againe, will undertake for them, that they ſhall know a good *Play* when they heare it; and will have the conſcience, and ingenuity beſide, to confeſſe it.

Prob. Wee'll paſſe our words for that: you ſhall have a brace of us to ingage our ſelves.

Boy. You'l tender your names, *Gentlemen*, to our booke then?

Dam. Yes, here's Mr. *Probee*, A man of moſt powerfull ſpeech, and parts to perſwade.

Pro. And Mr. *Damplay*, will make good all hee undertakes.

Boy. Good Mr. *Probee*, and Mr. *Damplay*! I like your ſecurities: whence doe you write your ſelves?

Pro. Of *London*, Gentlemen: but Knights brothers, and Knights friends, I aſſure you.

Dam. And Knights fellow's too. Every Poët writes Squire now.

Boy. You are good names! very good men, both of you! I accept you.

Dam. And what is the Title of your *Play*, here? *The Magnetick Lady?*

Boy. Yes, Sir, an attractive title the Author has given it.

Pro. A Magnete, I warrant you.

Dam. O, no, from *Magnus, Magna, Magnum.*

Boy. This Gentleman, hath found the true magnitude—

Dam. Of his portall, or entry to the worke, according to *Vitruvius.*

Boy. Sir all our worke is done without a Portall-- or *Vitruvius.* In *Foro*, as a true Comœdy ſhould bee. And what is concealed within, is brought out, and made preſent by report.

Dam. Wee ſee not that alwayes obſerv'd, by your Authors of theſe times: or ſcarce any other.

Boy. Where it is not at all knowne, how ſhould it be obſerv'd? The moſt of thoſe your people call *Authors*, never dreamt of any *Decorum*, or what was proper in the *Scene*; but grope at it, i'the darke, and feele, or fumble for it; I ſpeake it, both with their leave, and the leave o' your people.

Dam.

Dam. But, why *Humors reconcil'd?* I would faine know?

Boy. I can ſatisfie you there, too: if you will. But, perhaps you deſire not to be ſatisfied.

Dam. No? why ſhould you conceive ſo, *Boy?*

Boy. My conceit is not ripe, yet: Ile tell you that anon. The *Author*, beginning his ſtudies of this kind, with every man in his Humour; and after, every man out of his Humour; and ſince, continuing in all his *Playes*, eſpecially thoſe of the *Comick* thred, whereof the *New-Inne* was the laſt, ſome recent humours ſtill, or manners of men, that went along with the times, finding himſelfe now neare the cloſe, or ſhutting up of his Circle, hath phant'ſied to himſelfe, in *Idea*, this *Magnetick Miſtris*. A Lady a brave bountifull Houſe-keeper, and a vertuous Widow: who having a young Neice, ripe for a man and marriageable, hee makes that his Center attractive, to draw thither a diverſity of Gueſts, all perſons of different humours to make up his *Perimiter*. And this hee hath call'd *Humors reconcil'd.*

Pro. A bold undertaking! and farre greater, then the reconciliation of both Churches, the quarrell betweene humours having beene much the ancienter, and, in my poore opinion, the root of all Schiſme, and Faction, both in Church and Common-wealth.

Boy. Such is the opinion of many wiſe men, that meet at this ſhop ſtill; but how hee will ſpeed in it, wee cannot tell, and hee himſelfe (it ſeems) leſſe cares. For hee will not be intreated by us, to give it a *Prologue*. He has loſt too much that way already, hee ſayes. Hee will not woo the gentile ignorance ſo much. But careleſſe of all vulgar cenſure, as not depending on common approbation, hee is confident it ſhall ſuper-pleaſe judicious Spectators, and to them he leaves it to worke, with the reſt by example, or otherwiſe.

Dam. Hee may be deceived in that, *Boy*: Few follow examples now, eſpecially, if they be good.

Boy. The *Play* is ready to begin, *Gentlemen*, I tell you, leſt you might defraud the expectation of the people, for whom you are Delegates! Pleaſe you take a couple of Seates, and plant your ſelves, here, as neere my ſtanding as you can: Fly every thing (you ſee) to the marke, and cenſure it; freely. So, you interrupt not the *Series*, or thred of the Argument, to breake or pucker it, with unneceſſary queſtions. For, I muſt tell you, (not out of mine owne *Dictamen*, but the *Authors*,) A good *Play*, is like a skeene of ſilke: which, if you take by the right end, you may wind off, at pleaſure, on the bottome, or card of your diſcourſe, in a tale, or ſo; how you will: But if you light on the wrong end, you will pull all into a knot, or elfe-lock; which nothing but the ſheers, or a candle will undoe, or ſeparate.

Dam. Stay! who be theſe, I pray you?

Boy. Becauſe it is your firſt queſtion, and (theſe be the prime perſons) it would in civility require an anſwer: but I have heard the Poët affirme, that to be the moſt unlucky *Scene* in a *Play*, which needs an Interpreter; eſpecially, when the *Auditory* are awake: and ſuch are you, hee preſumes. *Ergo.*

THE

Dau. But, why Humors reconcil'd? I would faine know?

Boy. I can tarishe you there, too: if you will. But, perhaps you decline not to be satisfied.

Dau. No: why should you conceive so, Boy?

Boy. My conceits are not ripe, yet: I tell you that anon. The Play, beginning his studies of this kind, with every man in his Humour, and after, every man out of his Humour: and still continuing in all his Fits, especially those of the Gentle kind, wherof the Nym-hums was the last, some recant humorous stuff, or mumpes of men, that went along with the times, finding himselfe now neare the close, or shutting up of his Circle, hath plainly tied to himselfe, in Ben. his Magnificke-Worke. A Lady a brave bountifull House-keeper, and a vertuous Widow: who having a young Niece, fit for a man and marriageable, becomes that his Conversation, to draw thither a diversity of Guests, all persons of different humours to make up his Pastime. And this hee hath call'd Humors reconcil'd.

Dau. A bold undertaking! and faire-greater, then the reconciliation of both Churches, the quarrell betweene humours having becne much the greater, and in my poore opinion, the most of all Schisme, and Faction, both in Church and Common-wealth.

Boy. Such is the opinion of many wiseman, that meet at this shop stall, but how hee will speed in it, wee cannot tell, and hee himselfe (it seems) is carelesse. For hee will not be instructed by us, to give it a colour. He has stoll too much that way already, hee layes. Hee will not woo the gentle ignorance so much. But carelesse of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, trusts confident in the still super-plastic qualities Spectators, and to them hee leaves it to worke, with the rest by example, or otherwise.

Dau. Hee may be deceived in that, Boy: Few follow examples now, especially, if they be good.

Boy. The Play is ready to begin, Gentlemen; I tell you, let your mind attend the exhibition of the people, for whom you are Delegates! Please you take a couple of Seates, and plant your selves, here, as neere thy hearing as you can: Fly every thing (your face) to the musicke, and censure it freely. So, you interrupt not the Scene, or thred of the Argument, to breake or puncture it, with unnecessary questions. For; I must tell you, (not out of mine owne Dictamen, but the Authors,) A good Play is like a sceene of Silke: which, if you take by the right end, you may wind off, at pleasure, on the bottome, or card of your discourse, in a trice, or so, how you will: But if you light on the wrong end, you will pull all into a knot, or elfe-locke, which nothing but the shears, or a candle will undoe, or separate.

Dau. Stay! who be these, I pray you?

Boy. Because it is your first question, and (shee'le be the prime person) it would in civility require an answer: but I have heard the Poet affirme, that to be the most unlucky Scene in a Play; which needs an Interpreter, especially, when the Auditory are unwise: and such are you, hee protests.

THE

THE MAGNETICK LADY: OR, HUMORS RECONCIL'D.

First Acted in Oct. 1632

ACT I. SCENE I.

Compasse, Ironside.

Com. Welcome good Captaine *Ironside*, and brother;
You shall along with me. I'm lodg'd hard by,
Here at a noble Ladies house i'th' street,
The Lady *Loadstones* (one will bid us welcome)
Where there are Gentlewomen, and male Guests,
Of severall humors, cariage, constitution,
Profession too: but so diametrall
One to another, and so much oppos'd,
As if I can but hold them all together,
And draw 'hem to a sufferance of themselves,
But till the Dissolution of the Dinner;
I shall have just occasion to beleeve
My wit is magisteriall; and our selves
Take infinite delight, i'the successe.

Iro. Troth, brother *Compasse*, you shall pardon me;
I love not so to multiply acquaintance
At a meales cost, 'twill take off o' my freedome
So much: or bind me to the least observance.

Com. Why *Ironside*, you know I am a Scholler,
And part a Souldier; I have beene imployed,
By some the greatest States-men o' the kingdome,
These many yeares: and in my time convers'd
With sundry humors, suiting so my selfe
To company, as honest men, and knaves,
Good-fellowes, Hypocrites, all sorts of people,
Though never so divided in themselves,
Have studied to agree still in the usage,
And handling of me (which hath beene faire too.)

Iro. Sir I confesse you to be one well read
In men, and manners; and that, usually,

The moſt ungovern'd perſons, you being preſent,
Rather ſubject themſelves unto your cenſure,
Then give you leaſt occaſion of diſtaſte,
By making you the ſubject of their mirth:
But (to deale plainely with you, as a brother)
When ever I diſtruſt i'my owne valour:
Ile never beare me on anothers wit,
Or offer to bring off, or ſave my ſelfe
On the opinion of your Iudgement, gravitie,
Diſcretion, or what elſe. But (being away)
You'are ſure to have leſſe-wit-worke, gentle brother,
My humour being as ſtubborne, as the reſt,
And as unmannageable. *Com.* You doe miſtake
My Caract of your friendſhip, all this while!
Or at what rate I reckon your aſſiſtance
Knowing by long experience, to ſuch Animals,
Halfe-hearted Creatures, as theſe are, your Foxe, there,
Vnkenneld with a Cholerick, ghaſtly aſpect,
Or two or three comminatory Termes,
Would run their feares to any hole of ſhelter,
Worth a dayes laughter! I am for the ſport:
For nothing elſe. *Iro.* But, brother, I ha' ſeene
A Coward, meeting with a man as valiant
As our St. *George* (not knowing him to be ſuch,
Or having leaſt opinion that hee was ſo)
Set to him roundly, I, and ſwindge him ſoundly:
And i'the vertue of that errour, having
Once overcome, reſolv'd for ever after
To erre; and thinke no perſon, nor no creature
More valiant then himſelfe. *Com.* I thinke that too.
But, Brother, (could I over intreat you)
I have ſome little plot upon the reſt
If you would be contented, to endure
A ſliding reprehenſion, at my hands,
To heare your ſelfe, or your profeſſion glanc'd at
In a few ſleighting termes: It would beget
Me ſuch a maine Authority, o'the by:
And doe your ſelfe no diſ-repute at all!
Iro. Compaſſe, I know that univerſall cauſes
In nature produce nothing; but as meeting
Particular cauſes, to determine thoſe,
And ſpecifie their acts. This is a piece
Of *Oxford* Science, ſtaies with me ere ſince
I left that place; and I have often found
The truth thereof, in my private paſſions:
For I doe never feele my ſelfe perturb'd
With any generall words 'gainſt my profeſſion,
Vnleſſe by ſome ſmart ſtroke upon my ſelfe
They doe awake, and ſtirre me: Elſe, to wiſe
And well experienc'd men, words doe but ſignifie;

They have no power; save with dull Grammarians,
Whose soules are nought, but a *Syntaxis* of them.
Com. Here comes our *Parson*, *Parson Palate* here
A venerable youth! I must salute him,
And a great Clerke! hee's going to the Ladies,
And though you see him thus, without his Cope,
I dare assure you, hee's our Parish Pope!
God save my reverend Clergy, *Parson Palate.*

Act I. Scene II.

Palate, Compasse, Ironside.

Pal. The witty Mr. *Compasse*! how is't, with you?
Com. My Lady staies for you, and for your Councell,
Touching her Neice Mrs. *Placentia* Steele!
Who strikes the fire of full fourteene, to day,
Ripe for a husband. *Pal.* I, shee chimes, shee chimes,
Saw you the Doctor *Rut*, the house Physician?
He's sent for too. *Com.* To Councell? 'time yo' were there.
Make haste, and give it a round quick dispatch:
That wee may goe to dinner betimes, *Parson*:
And drinke a health, or two more, to the busines.
Iro. This is a strange put-off! a reverend youth,
You use him most surreverently me thinkes!
What? call you him? *Palate Please?* or *Parson Palate?*
Com. All's one, but shorter! I can gi' you his Character.
Hee, is the Prelate of the Parish, here;
And governes all the Dames; appoints the cheere;
Writes downe the bils of fare; pricks all the Guests;
Makes all the matches and the marriage feasts
Within the ward; drawes all the parish wils;
Designes the Legacies; and strokes the Gills
Of the chiefe Mourners; And (who ever lacks)
Of all the kindred, hee hath first his blacks.
Thus holds hee weddings up, and burials,
As his maine tithing; with the Gossips stals,
Their pewes; He's top still, at the publique messe;
Comforts the widow, and the fatherlesse,
In funerall Sack! Sits 'bove the Alderman!
For of the Ward-mote *Quest*, he better can,
The mysterie, then the Levitick Law:
That peece of Clark-ship doth his Vestry awe.
Hee is as he conceives himselfe, a fine
Well furnish'd, and apparaled Divine.
Iro. Who made this Epigramme, you? *Com.* No, a great Clarke
As any 'is of his bulke. (*Ben: Ionson*) made it.
Iro. But what's the other Character, Doctor *Rut?*

Com. The same man made 'hem both: but his is shorter,
And not in rime, but blancks. Ile tell you that, too.
Rut is a young Physician to the family:
That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature
More then her share; licentious in discourse,
And in his life a profest Voluptary;
The slave of money, a Buffon in manners;
Obscene in language; which he vents for wit;
Is sawcy in his Logicks, and disputing,
Is any thing but civill, or a man.
See here they are! and walking with my Lady,
In consultation, afore the doore;
Wee will slip in, as if we saw 'hem not.

Act I. Scene III.

Lady, Palate, Rut.

Lad. I, tis his fault, she's not bestow'd,
My brother *Interests*. *Pal.* Who, old Sir *Moath?*
Lad. Hee keeps off all her Suitors, keepes the portion,
Still in his hands: and will not part with all,
On any termes. *Pal. Hinc illæ lachryma*;
Thence flowes the cause o' the maine grievance. *Rut.* That
It is a maine one! how much is the portion?
Lad. No petty summe. *Pal.* But sixteene thousand pound.
Rut. He should be forc'd, Madam, to lay it downe.
When is it payable? *Lad.* When she is married.
Pal. Marry her, marry her, Madam. *Rut.* Get her married.
Loose not a day, an houre—*Pal.* Not a minute.
Pursue your project reall. Mr. *Compasse*,
Advis'd you, too. He is the perfect Instrument,
Your Ladiship should faile by. *Rut.* Now, Mr. *Compasse*
Is a fine witty man; I saw him goe in, now.
Lad. Is hee gone in? *Pal.* Yes, and a Fether with him,
He seemes a Souldier. *Rut.* Some new Sutor, Madam.
Lad. I am beholden to him: hee brings ever
Variety of good persons to my table,
And I must thanke him, though my brother *Interest*
Dislike of it a little. *Pal.* Hee likes nothing
That runs your way. *Rut.* Troth, and the other cares not.
Hee'll goe his owne way, if he thinke it right.
Lad. Hee's a true friend! and ther's Mr. *Practise*,
The fine young man of Law comes to the house:
My brother brooks him not, because he thinkes
He is by me assigned for my Neice:
Hee will not heare of it. *Rut.* Not of that care:
But yet your Ladiship doth wisely init—

Pal. 'Twill make him to lay downe the portion sooner,
If he but dreame you'l match her with a Lawyer.
Lad. So Mr. *Compasse* sayes. It is betweene
The Lawyer, and the Courtier, which shall have her.
Bal. Who, Sir *Diaphanous Silke-wormes*? *Rut.* A fine Gentle-man,
Old Mr. *Silke-wormes* Heire. *Pal.* And a neat Courtier,
Of a most elegant thred *Lad.* And so my Gossip
Polish assures me. 'Here she comes! good *Polish*
Welcome in troth! How do'st thou gentle *Polish*?
Rut. Who's this? *Pal.* Dame *Polish*, her shee-Parasite,
Her talking, soothing, sometime governing Gossip.

Act. I. Scene IV.

Polish, Lady, Palate, Rut.

Pal. Your Ladiship is still the Lady *Loadstone*
That drawes, and drawes unto you, Guests of all sorts:
The Courtiers, and the Souldiers, and the Schollers,
The Travellers, Physicians, and Divines,
As Doctor *Ridley* writ, and Doctor *Barlow*?
They both have wrote of you, and Mr. *Compasse*.
Lad. Wee meane, they shall write more, ere it be long.
Pol. Alas, they are both dead, and 't please you; But,
Your Ladiship meanes well, and shall meane well,
So long as I live. How does your fine Neice?
My charge, Mistris *Placentia Steele*?
Lad. Shee is not well. *Pol.* Not well? *Lad.* Her Doctor sayes so.
Rut. Not very well; shee cannot shoot at Buts,
Or manage a great Horse, but shee can cranch
A sack of small coale! eat you lime, and haire,
Soap-ashes, Loame, and has a dainty spice
O' the greene sickenesse! *Pol.* 'Od sheild! *Rut.* Or the Dropsie!
A toy, a thing of nothing. But my Lady, here
Her noble Aunt. *Pol.* Shee is a noble Aunt!
And a right worshipfull Lady, and a vertuous;
I know it well! *Rut.* Well, if you know it, peace.
Pal. Good sister *Polish* heare your betters speake.
Pol. Sir I will speake, with my good Ladies leave,
And speake, and speake againe; I did bring up
My Ladies Neice, Mrs. *Placentia Steele*,
With my owne Daughter (who's *Placentia* too)
And waits upon my Lady, as her woman:
Her Ladiship well knowes Mrs. *Placentia*
Steele (as I said) her curious Neice, was left
A Legacie to me; by Father, and Mother
With the Nurse, *Keepe*, that tended her: her Mother
Shee died in Child-bed of her, and her Father
Liv'd not long after: for he lov'd her Mother!

They were a godly couple! yet both di'd,
(As wee muſt all.) No creature is immortall,
I have heard our Paſtor ſay: no, not the faithfull!
And they did die (as I ſaid) both in one moneth.
Rut. Sure ſhee is not long liv'd, if ſhe ſpend breath thus.
Pol. And did bequeath her, to my care, and hand,
To poliſh, and bring up. I moulded her,
And faſhion'd her, and form'd her; ſhe had the ſweat
Both of my browes and braines. My Lady knowes it
Since ſhe could write a quarter old. *Lad.* I know not
That ſhe could write ſo early, my good Goſſip.
But I doe know ſhe was ſo long your care,
Till ſhe was twelve yeare old; that I call'd for her,
And tooke her home, for which I thanke you *Poliſh*,
And am beholden to you. *Rut.* I ſure thought
She had a Leaſe of talking, for nine lives—
Pal. It may be ſhe has. *Pol.* Sir ſixteene thouſand pound
Was then her portion! for ſhe was, indeed,
Their only child! and this was to be paid
Vpon her marriage, ſo ſhe married ſtill
With my good Ladies liking here, her Aunt:
(I heard the Will read) Mr. *Steele* her father,
The world condemn'd him to be very rich,
And very hard, and he did ſtand condemn'd
With that vaine world, till, as 'twas 'prov'd, after,
He left almoſt as much more to good uſes
In Sir *Moath Intereſts* hands, my Ladies brother,
Whoſe ſiſter he had married: He holds all
In his cloſe gripe. But Mr. *Steele*, was liberall,
And a fine man; and ſhe a dainty Dame,
And a religious, and a bountifull—

Act I. Scene V.

To them.
Compaſſe, Ironſide.

You knew her Mr. *Compaſſe*? *Com.* Spare the torture,
I doe confeſſe without it. *Pol.* And her husband,
What a fine couple they were? and how they liv'd? *Com.* Yes.
Pol. And lov'd together, like a paire of Turtles? *Com.* Yes.
Pol. And feaſted all the Neighbours? *Com.* Take her off
Some body that hath mercy. *Rut.* O he knowes her,
It ſeemes! *Com.* Or any meaſure of compaſſion:
Doctors, if you be Chriſtians, undertake
One for the ſoule, the other for the body!
Pol. She would diſpute with the Doctors of Divinity
At her owne table! and the Spitle Preachers!
And find out the *Armenians*. *Rut.* The *Armenians*?

Pol.

Pol. I say the *Armenians*. *Com.* Nay, I say so too!
Pol. So Mr. *Polish* calld'hem, the *Armenians*!
Com. And *Medes*, and *Persians*, did he not? *Pol.* Yes, he knew'hem,
And so did Mistris *Steele*! she was his Pupill!
The *Armenians*, he would say, were worse then Papists!
And then the *Persians*, were our Puritanes,
Had the fine piercing wits! *Com.* And who, the *Medes*?
Pol. The midle men, the Luke-warme Protestants!
Rut. Out, out. *Fol.* Sir she would find them by their branchings.
Their branching sleeves, brancht cassocks, and brancht doctrine,
Beside their Texts. *Rut.* Stint Karlin: Ile not heare,
Confute her Parson. *Pol.* I respect no Persons,
Chaplins, or Doctors, I will speake. *Lad.* Yes, so't be reason,
Let her. *Rut.* Death, she cannot speake reason.
Com. Nor sense, if we be Masters of our senses!
Iro. What mad woman ha' they got, here, to bate?
Pol. Sir I am mad, in truth, and to the purpose;
And cannot but be mad; to heare my Ladies
Dead sister sleighted, witty Mrs. *Steele*!
Iro. If shee had a wit, Death has gone neere to spoile it,
Assure your selfe. *Pol.* She was both witty, and zealous,
And lighted all the Tinder o' the truth,
(As one said) of Religion, in our Parish:
Shee was too learn'd to live long with us!
She could the Bible in the holy tongue:
And reade it without pricks; had all her *Masoreth*;
Knew *Burton*, and his Bull; and scribe *Prin*-Gent!
Præsto-be-gon: and all the Pharisees. *Lad.* Deare Gossip,
Be you gone, at this time, too, and vouchsafe
To see your charge, my Neice. *Pol.* I shall obey
If your wise Ladiship thinke fit: I know,
To yeild to my Superiors. *Lad.* A good woman!
But when she is impertinent, growes earnest,
A litle troublesome, and out of season:
Her love, and zeale transport her. *Com.* I am glad,
That any thing could port her hence. Wee now
Have hope of dinner, after her long grace.
I have brought your Ladiship a hungry Guest, here,
A Souldier, and my brother Captaine *Ironside*:
Who being by custome growne a Sanguinarie,
The solemne, and adopted sonne of slaughter:
Is more delighted i' the chase of an enemy,
An execution of three daies, and nights,
Then all the hope of numerous succession,
Or happinesse of Issue could bring to him.
Rut. Hee is no Suitor then? *Pol.* So't should seeme.
Com. And, if hee can get pardon at heavens hand,
For all his murthers, is in as good case
As a new christned Infant: (his imployments
Continu'd to him, without Interruption,

And not allowing him, or time, or place
To commit any other sinne, but those)
Please you to make him welcome for a meale, Madam.
Lad. The nobleneſſe of his profeſſion makes
His welcome perfect: though your courſe deſcription
Would ſeeme to ſully it. *Iro.* Never, where a beame
Of ſo much favour doth illuſtrate it,
Right knowing Lady. *Pal.* She hath cur'd all well.
Rut. And hee hath fitted well the Complement.

Act I. Scene VI.

Sir *Diaphanous. Practiſe.* To them.

Com. No; here they come! the prime *Magnetick* Gueſts
Our Lady *Loadſtone* ſo reſpects: the Artick!
And th' Antartick! Sir *Diaphanous Silke-worme*!
A Courtier extraordinary; who by diet
Of meates, and drinkes; his temperate exerciſe;
Choiſe muſick; frequent bathes; his horary ſhifts
Of Shirts and Waſt-coats; meanes to immortalize
Mortality it ſelfe; and makes the eſſence
Of his whole happineſſe the trim of Court.
Dia. I thanke you Mr. *Compaſſe*, for your ſhort
Encomiaſtick. *Rut.* It is much in little, Sir.
Pal. Conciſe, and quick: the true ſtile of an Orator.
Com. But Mr. *Practiſe* here, my Ladies Lawyer!
Or man of Law: (for that's the true writing)
A man ſo dedicate to his profeſſion,
And the preferments goe along with it;
As ſcarce the thundring bruit of an invaſion,
Another eighty eight, threatning his Countrey
With ruine; would no more worke upon him,
Then *Syracuſa's* Sack, on *Archimede*:
So much he loves that Night-cap! the Bench-gowne!
With the broad Guard o'th back! Theſe ſhew
A man betroth'd unto the ſtudy of our Lawes!
Pra. Which you but thinke the crafty impoſitions,
Of ſubtile Clerks, feats of fine underſtanding,
To abuſe Clots, and Clownes with, Mr. *Compaſſe*,
Having no ground in nature, to ſuſtaine it
Or light, from thoſe cleare cauſes: to the inquiry
And ſearch of which, your Mathematicall head,
Hath ſo devow'd it ſelfe. *Com.* Tut, all men are
Philoſophers, to their inches. There's within,
Sir *Intereſt*, as able a Philoſopher,
In buying, and ſelling! has reduc'd his thrifte,
To certaine principles, and i'that method!
As hee will tell you inſtantly, by *Logarythmes*,

The utmost profit of a stock imployed
(Be the Commoditie what it will) the place,
Or time, but causing very, very little,
Or, I may say, no paralaxe at all,
In his pecuniary observations!
He has brought your Neices portion with him, Madam,
At least the man that must receive it; Here
They come negotiating the affaire;
You may perceive the Contract in their faces,
And read th'indenture: If you'ld signe 'hem? So.

Act I. Scene VII.

Interest. Bias. *To them.*

Pal. What is he, Mr. *Compasse? Com.* A Vi-politique!
Or a sub-aiding Instrument of State!
A kind of a laborious Secretary
To a great man! (and likely to come on)
Full of attendance! and of such a stride
In busines politique, or œconomick,
As, well, his Lord may stoope t'advise with him,
And be prescribed by him, in affaires
Of highest consequence, when hee is dull'd,
Or wearied with the lesse. *Dia.* 'Tis Mr. *Bias*,
Lord *Whach'um's* Politique. *Com.* You know the man?
Dia. I ha' seene him waite at Court, there, with his Maniples
Of papers, and petitions. *Pra.* Hee is one
That over-rules tho', by his authority
Of living there; and cares for no man else;
Neglects the sacred letter of the Law,
And holds it all to be but a dead heape,
Of civill institutions: the rest only
Of common men, and their causes, a farragoe,
Or a made dish in Court; a thing of nothing.
Com. And that's your quarrell at him? a just plea.
Int. I tell you sister *Loadstone* — *Com.* (Hang your eares
This way: and heare his praises, now *Moath* opens)
Int. I ha' brought you here the very man! the Jewell
Of all the Court! close Mr. *Bias*! Sister,
Apply him to your side! or you may weare him
Here o' your brest! or hang him in your eare!
He's a fit Pendant for a Ladies tip!
A Chrisolite, a Gemme: the very Agat
Of State, and Politie: cut from the Quar
Of Macchiavel, a true Cornelian,
As *Tacitus* himselfe! and to be made
The brooch to any true State-cap in Europe!
Lad. You praise him brother, as you had hope to sell him.

Com. No Madam, as hee had hope to ſell your Neice
Vnto him. *Lad.* 'Ware your true jeſts, Mr. *Compaſſe*;
They will not reliſh. *Int.* I will tell you, ſiſter,
I cannot cry his Carract up enough:
He is unvaluable: All the Lords
Have him in that eſteeme, for his relations,
Corrant's, Aviſes, Correſpondences:
With this Ambaſſadour, and that Agent! Hee
Will ſcrew you out a Secret from a Statiſt—.
Com. So eaſie, as ſome Cobler wormes a Dog.
Int. And lock it in the Cabinet of his memory—.
Com. Till 't turne a politique inſect, or a Fly!
Thus long. *Int.* You may be merry Mr. *Compaſſe*,
But though you have the reverſion of an office,
You are not in't Sir. *Bia.* Remember that.
Com. Why, ſhould that fright me, Mr. *Bi*—, from telling
Whoſe as you are? *Int.* Sir he's one, can doe
His turnes there: and deliver too his letters,
As punctually, and in as good a faſhion,
As ere a Secretary can in Court.
Iro. Why, is it any matter in what faſhion
A man deliver his letters, ſo he not open 'hem?
Bia. Yes, we have certaine precedents in Court,
From which wee never ſwerve, once in an age:
And (whatſoere he thinkes) I know the Arts,
And Sciences doe not directlier make
A Graduate in our Vniverſities;
Then an habituall gravitie prefers
A man in Court. *Com.* Which by the truer ſtile,
Some call a formall, flat ſervility.
Bia. Sir you may call it what you pleaſe. But wee
(That tread the path of publike buſineſſes)
Know what a tacit ſhrug is, or a ſhrinke;
The wearing the Callott; the politique hood:
And twenty other *parerga*, o' the by,
You Seculars underſtand not: I ſhall trick him,
If his reverſion came, i' my Lords way.
Dia. What is that Mr. *Practiſe*? you ſure know?
Mas' *Compaſſes* reverſion? *Pra.* A fine place
(Surveyor of the Projects generall)
I would I had it. *Pal.* What is't worth? *Pra.* O Sir,
A *Nemo ſcit*. *Lad.* Wee'l thinke on't afore dinner.

Chorus.

Boy. Now, *Gentlemen*, what cenſure you of our *Protaſis*, or firſt *Act*?
Pro. Well, *Boy*, it is a faire Preſentment of your *Actors*. And a handſome promiſe of ſomewhat to come hereafter.

Dam.

Dam. But, there is nothing done in it, or concluded: Therefore I say, no Act.

Boy. A fine peice of Logick! Does you looke, Mr. *Damplay*, for conclusions in a *Protesis*? I thought the Law of *Comedy* had reserv'd to the *Catastrophe*: and that the *Epitasis*, (as wee are taught) and the *Canstasis*, had beene interveening parts, to have beene expected. But you would have all come together it seemes: The Clock should strike five, at once, with the Acts.

Dam. Why, if it could doe so, it were well, *Boy*.

Boy. Yes, if the nature of a Clock were to speake, not strike. So, if a Child could be borne, in a *Play*, and grow up to a man, i'the first Scene, before hee went off the Stage: and then after to come forth a Squire, and bee made a Knight; and that Knight to travell betweene the Acts, and doe wonders i'the holy land or else where, kill Paynims wild Boores, dun Cowes, and other Monsters; beget him a reputation, and marry an Emperours Daughter; for his Mrs. Convert her Fathers Countrey; and at last come home, lame and all to be laden with miracles.

Dam. These miracles would please, I assure you; and take the *People*! For there be of the *People*, that will expect miracles, and more then miracles from this Pen.

Boy. Doe they thinke this Pen can juggle? I would we had *Hokospokos* for 'hem then; your *People*, or *Travitanto Tudesko*.

Dam. Who's that *Boy*?

Boy. Another Juggler, with a long name. Or that your expectors would be gone hence, now, at the first Act; or expect no more hereafter, then they understand.

Dam. Why so my peremptory Jack?

Boy. My name is *Iohn*, indeed— Because, who expect what is impossible, or beyond nature, defraud themselves.

Pro. Nay, there the *Boy* said well: They doe defraud themselves indeed.

Boy. And therefore, Mr. *Damplay*, unlesse like a solemne Justice of wit, you will damne our *Play*, unheard, or unexamin'd; I shall intreat your Mrs. Madam *Expectation*, if shee be among these Ladies, to have patience, but a pissing while: give our Springs leave to open a little, by degrees: A Source of ridiculous matter may breake forth anon, that shall steepe their temples, and bathe their braines in laughter, to the fomenting of Stupiditie it selfe, and the awaking any velvet Lethargy in the House.

Pro. Why doe you maintaine your Poëts quarrell so with velvet, and good clothes, *Boy*? wee have seene him in indifferent good clothes, ere now.

Boy. And may doe in better, if it please the King (his Master) to say Amen to it, and allow it, to whom hee acknowledgeth all. But his clothes shall never be the best thing about him, though; hee will have somewhat beside, either of humane letters, or severe honesty, shall speak him a man though he went naked.

Pro. Hee is beholden to you, if you can make this good, *Boy*.

Boy. Himselfe hath done that, already, against Envy.

Dam. What's your name Sir? or your Countrey?

Boy. Iohn Try-gust my name: A *Cornish* youth, and the Poëts Servant.

Daw. West-countrey breed, I thought, you were so bold.

Boy. Or rather sawcy: to find out your palate, Mr. *Dampley*, Faith we doe call a Spade, *a Spade*, in *Cornewall*. If you dare damne our *Play*, i'the wrong place, we shall take heart to tell you so.

Pro. Good *Boy*.

Act II. Scene I.

Keepe. Placentia. Pleasance.

Kee. SWeet Mistris, pray you be merry: you are sure
To have a husband now. *Pla.* I, if the store
Hurt not the choise. *Ple.* Store is no sore, young Mistris,
My mother is wont to say. *Keep.* And shee'l say wisely,
As any mouth i'the Parish. Fixe on one,
Fixe upon one, good Mistris. *Pla.* At this call, too,
Here's Mr. *Practise*, who is call'd to the Bench
Of purpose. *Kee.* Yes, and by my Ladies meanes—
Ple. 'Tis thought to be the man. *Kee.* A Lawyers wife.
Ple. And a fine Lawyers wife. *Kee.* Is a brave calling.
Ple. Sweet Mistris *Practise*! *Kee.* Gentle Mistris *Practise*!
Ple. Faire, open Mistris *Practise*! *Kee.* I, and close,
And cunning Mrs. *Practise*! *Pla.* I not like that;
The Courtiers is the neater calling. *Ple.* Yes,
My Lady *Silke-wormie*. *Kee.* And to shine in Plush.
Ple. Like a young night Crow, a *Diaphanous Silkeworme*.
Kee. Lady *Diaphanous* sounds most delicate!
Ple. Which would you choose, now Mistris? *Pla.* Cannot tell.
The copie does confound one. *Ple.* Here's my Mother.

Act II. Scene II.

Polish. Keepe. Placentia. Pleasance. Needle.

Pol. How now, my dainty charge, and diligent Nurse?
What were you chanting on? (* God blesse you Maiden.) * *To her daughter kneeling.*
Kee. Wee were inchanting all; wishing a husband
For my young Mistris here. A man to please her.
Pol. Shee shall have a man, good Nurse, and must have a man;
A man, and a halfe, if wee can choose him out:
We are all in Counsell within, and sit about it:
The Doctors, and the Schollers, and my Lady;
Who's wiser then all us—. Where's Mr. *Needle*?
Her Ladiship so lacks him to prick out
The man? How does my sweet young Mistris?
You looke not well, me thinkes! how doe you, deare charge?
You must have a husband, and you shall have a husband;

There's

There's two put out to making for you: A third,
Your Vncle promises: But you must still
Be rul'd by your Aunt: according to the will
Of your dead father, and mother (who are in heaven.)
Your Lady-Aunt has choise i'the house for you:
We do not trust your Vncle; hee would keepe you
A Batchler still, by keeping of your portion:
And keepe you not alone without a husband,
But in a sicknesse: I, and the greene sicknesse,
The Maidens malady; which is a sicknesse:
A kind of a disease, I can assure you,
And like the Fish our Mariners call *remora*—.
Kee. A *remora* Mistris! *Pol.* How now goody Nurse?
Dame *Keepe* of *Katernes*? what? have you an oare
I'the Cockboat, 'cause you are a Saylors wife?
And come from *Shadwell*? I say a *remora*;
For it will stay a Ship, that's under Saile!
And staies are long, and tedious things to Maids!
And maidens are young ships, that would be sailing,
When they be rigg'd: wherefore is all their trim else?
Nee. True; and for them to be staid—. *Pol.* The stay is dangerous:
You know it Mrs. *Needle*. *Nee.* I know somewhat:
And can assure you, from the Doctors mouth,
Shee has a Dropsie; and must change the ayre,
Before she can recover. *Pol.* Say you so, Sir?
Nee. The Doctor saies so. *Pol.* Sayes his worship so?
I warrant 'hem he sayes true, then, they sometimes
Are Sooth-sayers, and alwayes cunning men.
Which Doctor was it? *Nee.* Eeene my Ladies Doctor:
The neat house-Doctor: But a true stone-Doctor.
Pol. Why? heare you, Nurse? How comes this geare to passe?
This is your fault in truth: It shall be your fault,
And must be your fault: why is your Mistris sicke?
Shee had her health, the while shee was with me.
Kee. Alas good Mistris *Polish*, I am no Saint,
Much lesse, my Lady, to be urg'd give health,
Or sickenesse at my will: but to awaite
The starres good pleasure, and to doe my duty.
Pol. You must doe more then your dutie, foolish Nurse:
You must doe all you can; and more then you can,
More then is possible: when folkes are sick,
Especially, a Mistris; a young Mistris.
Kee. Here's Mr. Doctor himselfe, cannot doe that
Pol. Doctor *Doo-all* can doe it. Thence he's call'd so.

Act II. Scene III.

Rut. Polish. Lady. Keepe. Placentia.

Rut. Whence? what's hee call'd? *Pol.* Doctor, doe all you can,
I pray you, and beseech you, for my charge, here.
Lad. She's my tendring Gossip, loves my Neice.
Pol. I know you can doe all things, what you please, Sir,
For a young Damsel, my good Ladies Neice, here!
You can doe what you list. *Rut.* Peace *Tiffany*.
Pol. Especially in this new case, o' the Dropsie.
The Gentlewoman (I doe feare) is leven'd.
Rut. Leven'd? what's that? *Pol.* Puft, blowne, and't please your worship.
Rut. What! Darke, by darker? What is blowne? puff'd? speake
English—*Pol.* Tainted (and't please you) some doe call it.
She swels, and swels so with it.—*Rut.* Give her vent,
If shee doe swell. A Gimblet must be had:
It is a *Tympanites* she is troubled with;
There are three kinds: The first is *Ana-sarca*
Vnder the Flesh, a Tumor; that's not hers.
The second is *Ascites*, or *Aquosus*,
A watry humour: that's not hers neither.
But *Tympanites* (which we call the Drum)
A wind bombes in her belly, must be unbrac'd,
And with a Faucet, or a Peg, let out,
And she'll doe well: get her a husband. *Pol.* Yes,
I say so Mr. *Doctor*, and betimes too. *Lad.* As
Soone as wee can: let her beare up to day,
Laugh, and keepe company, at Gleeke, or Crimpe.
Pol. Your Ladiship sayes right, Crimpe, sure, will cure her.
Rut. Yes, and Gleeke too; peace Gossip *Tittle-Tattle*,
Shee must to morrow, downe into the Countrey,
Some twenty mile; A Coach, and six brave Horses:
Take the fresh aire, a moneth there, or five weekes:
And then returne a Bride, up to the Towne,
For any husband i' the *Hemisphere*,
To chuck at; when she has dropt her *Timpane*.
Pol. Must she then drop it? *Rut.* Thence, 'tis call'd a Dropsie.
The *Timpanites* is one spice of it;
A toy, a thing of nothing, a meere vapour:
Ile blow't away. *Lad. Needle*, get you the Coach
Ready, against to morrow morning. *Nee.* Yes Madam.
Lad. Ile downe with her my selfe, and thanke the Doctor.
Pol. Wee all shall thanke him. But, deare Madam, thinke,
Resolve upon a man, this day. *Lad.* I ha' done't.
To tell you true, (sweet Gossip;) here is none
But Master *Doctor*, hee shall be o' the Counsell:
The man I have design'd her to, indeed,
Is Master *Practise*: he's a neat young man,

Forward, and growing up, in a profession!
Like to be some body, if the Hall stand!
And Pleading hold! A prime young Lawyers wife,
Is a right happy fortune. *Rut.* And shee bringing
So plentifull a portion, they may live
Like King, and Queene, at common Law together!
Sway Judges; guide the Courts; command the Clarkes;
And fright the Evidence; rule at their pleasures,
Like petty Soveraignes in all cases. *Pol.* O, that
Will be a worke of time; she may be old
Before her husband rise to a chiefe Judge;
And all her flower be gone: No, no, a Lady
O' the first head I'ld have her; and in Court:
The Lady *Silk-worme*, a *Diaphanous* Lady:
And be a Vi-counteſſe to carry all
Before her (as wee say) her Gentleman-usher:
And cast off Pages, bare, to bid her Aunt
Welcome unto her honour, at her lodgings.
Rut. You say well, Ladies Gossip; if my Lady
Could admit that, to have her Neice precede her.
Lad. For that, I must consult mine owne Ambition,
My zealous Gossip. *Pol.* O, you shall precede her:
You shall be a Counteſſe! Sir *Diaphanous*,
Shall get you made a Counteſſe! Here he comes;
Has my voice certaine: O fine Courtier!
O blessed man! the bravery prick't out,
To make my dainty charge, a Vi-counteſſe!
And my good Lady, her Aunt, Counteſſe at large!

Act II. Scene IIII.

To them.

Diaphanous. Palate.

Dia. I tell thee *Parson*, if I get her, reckon
Thou hast a friend in Court; and shalt command
A thousand pound, to goe on any errand,
For any Church preferment thou hast a mind too.
Pal. I thanke your worship: I will so worke for you;
As you shall study all the wayes to thanke me:
Ile worke my Lady, and my Ladies friends;
Her Gossip, and this Doctor; and Squire *Needle*,
And Mr. *Compasse*, who is all in all:
The very Fly shee moves by: Hee is one
That went to Sea with her husband, Sir *John Loadstone*,
And brought home the rich prizes: all that wealth
Is left her; for which service she respects him:
A dainty Scholler in the Mathematicks;
And one shee wholly imployes. Now *Dominus Practise*
Is yet the man (appointed by her Ladiship)

But

But there's a trick to set his cap awry:
If I know any thing; hee hath confest
To me in private, that hee loves another,
My Ladies woman, Mrs. *Pleasance*: therefore
Secure you of Rivalship. *Dia.* I thanke thee
My noble *Parson*: There's five hundred pound
Waites on thee more for that. *Pal.* Accoast the Neice:
Yonder shee walkes alone: Ile move the Aunt:
But here's the Gossip: shee expects a morsell,
Ha' you nere a Ring, or toy to throw away?
Dia. Yes, here's a Diamont of some threescore pound,
I pray you give her that. *Pal.* If shee will take it.
Dia. And there's an Emerauld, for the Doctor too:
Thou *Parson*, thou shalt coine me: I am thine.
Pal. Here Mr. *Compasse* comes: Doe you see my Lady?
And all the rest? how they doe flutter about him!
Hee is the Oracle of the house, and family!
Now, is your time: goe nick it with the Neice:
I will walke by; and hearken how the Chimes goe.

Act II. Scene V.

To them, *Compasse*.

Com. Nay *Parson*, stand not off; you may approach:
This is no such hid point of State, wee handle,
But you may heare it: for wee are all of Counsell.
The gentle Mr. *Practise*, hath dealt clearly,
And nobly with you, Madam. *Lad.* Ha' you talk'd with him?
And made the overture? *Com.* Yes, first I mov'd
The busines trusted to me, by your Ladiship,
I' your owne words, almost your very Sillabes:
Save where my Memory trespass'd 'gainst their elegance:
For which I hope your pardon. Then I inlarg'd
In my owne homely stile, the speciall goodnesse,
And greatnesse, of your bounty, in your choice,
And free conferring of a benefit,
So without ends, conditions, any tye
But his meere vertue, and the value of it,
To call him to your kindred, to your veines,
Insert him in your family, and to make him
A Nephew, by the offer of a Neice,
With such a portion; which when hee had heard,
And most maturely acknowledg'd (as his calling
Tends all unto maturity) he return'd
A thankes, as ample as the Curtesie,
(In my opinion) said it was a Grace,
Too great to be rejected, or accepted
By him! But as the termes stood with his fortune,
Hee was not to prevaricate, with your Ladiship,

But rather to require ingenious leave,
He might with the same love, that it was offer'd
Refuse it, since he could not, with his honesty,
(Being he was ingag'd before) receive it.
Pal. The same he said to me. *Com.* And name the party.
Pal. He did, and he did not. *Com.* Come, leave your Schemes,
And fine *Amphiboljes*, *Parson*. *Pal.* You'l heare more.
Pol. Why, now your Ladiship is free to choose,
The Courtier Sir *Diaphanous*: he shall doe it,
Ile move it to him my selfe. *Lad.* What will you move to him?
Pol. The making you a Countesse. *Lad.* Stint, fond woman.
Know you the partie Mr. *Practise* meanes?
Com. No, but your *Parson* sayes he knowes, Madam, *To Compasse.*
Lad. I feare he fables; *Parson* doe you know
Where Mr. *Practise* is ingag'd? *Pal.* Ile tell you!
But under seale, her Mother must not know.
'T is with your Ladiships woman, Mrs. *Pleasance*.
Com. How! *Lad.* Hee is not mad. *Pal.* O hide the hideous secret
From her, shee'l trouble all else. You doe hold
A Cricket by the wing. *Com.* Did he name *Pleasance*?
Are you sure *Parson*? *Lad.* O 'tis true, your Mrs!
I find where your shooe wrings you, Mr. *Compasse*:
But, you'l looke to him there. *Com.* Yes, here's Sir *Moath*,
Your brother, with his *Bias*, and the Partie
Deepe in discourse: 'twill be a bargaine, and sale;
I see by their close working of their heads,
And running them together so in Councell.
Lad. Will Mr. *Practise* be of Councell against us?
Com. He is a Lawyer, and must speake for his Fee,
Against his Father, and Mother, all his kindred;
His brothers, or his sisters: no exception
Lies at the Common-Law. He must not alter
Nature for forme, but goe on in his path—
It may be he will be for us. Doe not you
Offer to meddle, let them take their course;
Dispatch, and marry her off to any husband;
Be not you scrupulous: let who can have her:
So he lay downe the portion, though he gueld it:
It will maintaine the suit against him: somewhat,
Something in hand is better, then no birds:
He shall at last accompt, for the utmost farthing,
If you can keepe your hand from a discharge.
Pol. Sir, doe but make her worshipfull Aunt a Countesse,
And she is yours: her Aunt has worlds to leave you!
The wealth of six East *Indian* Fleets at least!
Her Husband, Sir *Iohn Loadstone*, was the Governour
O' the Company. seven yeares. *Dia.* And came there home,
Six Fleets in seven yeares? *Lad.* I cannot tell,
I must attend my Gossip, her good Ladiship.
Pia. And will you make me a Vi-countesse too? For,
How doe they make a Countesse? in a Chaire?
Or 'pon a bed? *Dia.* Both wayes, sweet bird, Ile shew you!

Act. II. Scena VI.

Interest. Practise. Bias. Compasse. Palate. Rut. Ironside. To them.

Int. The truth is, Mr. *Practise*, now wee are sure
That you are off, we dare come on the bolder:
The portion left, was sixteene thousand pound,
I doe confesse it, as a just man should.
And call here Mr. *Compasse*, with these Gentlemen,
To the relation: I will still be just.
Now for the profits every way arising,
It was the Donors wisedome, those should pay
Me for my watch, and breaking of my sleepes;
It is no petty charge, you know, that summe;
To keepe a man awake, for fourteene yeare.
Pra. But (as you knew to use it i' that time)
It would reward your waking. *Int.* That's my industry;
As it might be your reading, studie, and counsell;
And now your pleading, who denies it you?
I have my calling too. Well, Sir, the *Contract*
Is with this Gentleman, ten thousand pound.
(An ample portion, for a younger brother,
With a soft, tender, delicate rib of mans flesh,
That he may worke like waxe, and print upon.)
He expects no more then that summe to be tendred,
And hee receive it: Those are the conditions.
Pra. A direct bargaine, and sale in open market.
Int. And what I have furnish'd him with all o' the by,
To appeare, or so: A matter of foure hundred,
To be deduc'd upo' the payment—. *Bia.* Right.
You deale like a just man still. *Int.* Draw up this
Good Mr. *Practise*, for us, and be speedy.
Pra. But here's a mighty gaine Sir, you have made
Of this one stock! the principall first doubled,
In the first seven yeare; and that redoubled
I' the next seven! beside sixe thousand pound,
There's threescore thousand got in fourteene yeare,
After the usuall rate of ten i' the hundred,
And the ten thousand paid. *Int.* I thinke it be!
Pra. How will you scape the clamour, and the envie?
Int. Let 'hem exclaime, and envie: what care I?
Their murmurs raise no blisters i' my flesh.
My monies are my blood, my parents, kindred:
And he that loves not those, he is unnaturall:
I am perswaded that the love of monie
Is not a vertue, only in a Subject,

But

But might befit a Prince. And (were there need)
I find me able to make good the Assertion.
To any reasonable mans understanding.
And make him to confesse it. *Com.* Gentlemen,
Doctors, and Schollers, yo'll heare this, and looke for
As much true secular wit, and deepe Lay-sense,
As can be showne on such a common place.
Int. First, wee all know the soule of man is infinite
I wh at it covets. Who desireth knowledge,
Desires it infinitely. Who covets honour,
Covets it infinitely, It will be then
No hard thing, for a coveting man, to prove
Or to confesse, hee aimes at infinite wealth.
Com. His soule lying that way. *Int.* Next, every man
Is i'the hope, or possibility
Of a whole world: this present world being nothing,
But the dispersed issue of first one:
And therefore I not see, but a just man
May with just reason, and in office ought
Propound unto himselfe. *Com.* An infinite wealth!
Ile beare the burden: Goe you on Sir *Moath.*
Int. Thirdly, if wee consider man a member,
But of the body politique, we know,
By just experience, that the Prince hath need
More of one wealthy, then ten fighting men.
Com. There you went out o' the road, a little from us.
Int. And therefore, if the Princes aimes be infinite,
It must be in that, which makes all. *Com.* Infinite wealth.
Int. Fourthly, 'tis naturall to all good subjects,
To set a price on money; more then fooles
Ought on their Mrs. Picture; every piece
Fro' the penny to the twelve pence, being the *Hieroglyphick*,
And sacred Sculpture of the Soveraigne.
Com. A manifest conclusion, and a safe one.
Int. Fiftly, wealth gives a man the leading voice,
At all conventions; and displaceth worth,
With generall allowance to all parties:
It makes a trade to take the wall of vertue;
And the mere issue of a shop, right Honourable.
Sixtly, it doth inable him that hath it
To the performance of all reall actions,
Referring him to himselfe still: and not binding
His will to any circumstance; without him;
It gives him precise knowledge of himselfe;
For, be he rich, he straight with evidence knowes
Whether he have any compassion,
Or inclination unto vertue, or no;
Where the poore knave erroniously beleeves,
If he were rich, he would build Churches, or
Doe such mad things. Seventhly, your wise poore men

Have ever beene contented to obſerve
Rich Fooles, and ſo to ſerve their turnes upon them:
Subjecting all their wit to the others wealth.
And become Gentlemen Paraſites, Squire Bauds,
To feed their Patrons honorable humors.
Eightly, 'tis certaine that a man may leave
His wealth, or to his Children, or his friends;
His wit hee cannot ſo diſpoſe, by Legacie?
As they ſhall be a *Harrington* the better for't.
Com. He may intaile a Jeſt upon his houſe, though:
Enter Ironſide. Or leave a tale to his poſteritie,
To be told after him. *Iro.* As you have done here?
T'invite your friend, and brother to a feaſt,
Where all the Gueſts are ſo mere heterogene,
And ſtrangers, no man knowes another, or cares
If they be Chriſtians, or Mahumetans!
That here are met. *Com.* Is't any thing to you brother,
To know Religions more then thoſe you fight for?
Iro. Yes, and with whom I eat. I may diſpute,
And how ſhall I hold argument with ſuch,
I neither know their humors, nor their hereſies;
Which are religions now, and ſo receiv'd?
Here's no man among theſe that keepes a ſervant,
To'inquire his Maſter of: yet i'the houſe,
I heare it buzz'd, there are a brace of Doctors,
A Foole, and a Phyſician: with a Courtier,
That feeds on mulbery leaves, like a true *Silkeworme:*
A Lawyer, and a mighty Money-Baud,
Sir *Moath*! has brought his politique *Bias* with him:
A man of a moſt animadverting humor:
Who, to indeare himſelfe unto his his Lord,
Will tell him, you and I, or any of us,
That here are met, are all pernitious ſpirits,
And men of peſtilent purpoſe, meanely affected
Vnto the State wee live in: and beget
Himſelfe a thankes, with the great men o' the time,
By breeding Jealouſes in them of us,
Shall croſſe our fortunes, fruſtrate our endeavours,
Twice ſeven yeares after: And this trick be call'd
Cutting of throats, with a whiſpering, or a pen-knife.
I muſt cut his throat now: I'am bound in honour,
And by the Law of armes, to ſee it done;
I dare to doe it; and I dare profeſſe
The doing of it: being to ſuch a Raskall,
Who is the common offence growne of man-kind;
And worthy to be torne up from ſociety.
Com. You ſhall not doe it here, Sir. *Iro.* Why? will you
Intreat your ſelfe, into a beating for him,
My courteous brother? If you will, have at you,
No man deſerves it better (now I thinke on't)

Then you: that will keepe consort with such Fidlers,
Pragmatick Flies, Fooles, Publicanes, and Moathes:
And leave your honest, and adopted brother.
Int. 'Best raise the house upon him, to secure us;
Hee'll kill us all! *Pal.* I love no blades in belts.
Rut. Nor I. *Bia.* Would I were at my shop againe,
In Court, safe stow'd up, with my politique bundels.
Com. How they are scatter'd! *Iro.* Run away like *Cimici*,
Into the cranies of a rotten bed-stead.
Com. I told you such a passage would disperse 'hem,
Although the house were their Fee-simple in Law,
And they possest of all the blessings in it.
Iro. Pray heaven they be not frighted from their stomacks:
That so my Ladies Table be disfurnish'd
Of the provisions! *Com.* No, the *Parsons* calling
By this time, all the covey againe, together.
Here comes good tydings! Dinners o' the boord.

Act II. Scene VII.

Compasse. Pleasance.

Com. Stay Mrs. *Pleasance*, I must aske you a question:
Ha' you any suites in Law? *Ple.* I, Mr. *Compasse?*
Com. Answer me briefly, it is dinner time.
They say you have retain'd brisk Mr. *Practise*
Here, of your Councell; and are to be joyn'd
A Patentee with him. *Ple.* In what? who sayes so?
You are dispos'd to jest. *Com.* No, I am in earnest.
It is given out i'the house so, I assure you;
But keepe your right to your selfe, and not acquaint
A common Lawyer with your case. If hee
Once find the gap; a thousand will leape after.
Ile tell you more anone. *Ple.* This Riddle shewes
A little like a Love-trick, o' one face,
If I could understand it. I will studie it.

Chorus.

Dam. But whom doth your Poët meane now by this— Mr. *Bias?* what Lords Secretary, doth hee purpose to personate, or perstringe?
Boy. You might as well aske mee, what *Alderman*, or *Aldermans* Mate, hee meant by Sir *Mouth Interest?* or what eminent Lawyer, by the ridiculous Mr. *Practise?* who hath rather his name invented for laughter, then any offence, or injury it can stick on the reverend Professors of the Law: And so the wise ones will thinke.
Pro. It is an insidious Question, Brother *Dampley!* Iniquity it selfe would

would not have urg'd it. It is picking the Lock of the Scene; not opening it the faire way with a Key. *A Play*, though it apparell, and present vices in generall, flies from all particularities in persons. Would you aske of *Plautus*, and *Terence*, (if they both liv'd now) who were *Davus*, or *Pseudolus* in the Scene? who *Pyrgopolinices*, or *Thraso*? who *Euclio* or *Menedemus*?

Boy. Yes, he would: And inquire of *Martial*, or any other *Epigrammatist*, whom he meant by *Titius*, or *Seius* (the common *John a Noke*, or *John a Style*) under whom they note all vices, and errors taxable to the *Times*? As if there could not bee a name for a Folly fitted to the *Stage*, but there must be a person in nature, found out to owne it.

Dam. Why, I can phant'sie a person to my selfe *Boy*, who shall hinder me?

Boy. And, in not publishing him, you doe no man an injury. But if you will utter your owne ill meaning on that person, under the *Authors* words, you make a Libell of his *Comœdy*.

Dam. O, hee told us that in a *Prologue*, long since.

Boy. If you doe the same reprehensible ill things, still the same reprehension will serve you, though you heard it afore: They are his owne words. I can invent no better, nor he.

Pro. It is the solemne vice of interpretation, that deformes the figure of many a faire *Scene*, by drawing it awry; and indeed is the civill murder of most good *Playes*: If I see a thing vively presented on the *Stage*, that the Glasse of custome (which is *Comedy*) is so held up to me, by the Poet, as I can therein view the daily examples of mens lives, and images of Truth, in their manners, so drawne for my delight, or profit, as I may (either way) use them: and will I, rather (then make that true use) hunt out the *Persons* to defame, by my malice of misapplying? and imperill the innocence, and candor of the *Author*, by his calumnie? It is an unjust way of hearing, and beholding *Playes*, this, and most unbecomming a *Gentleman* to appeare malignantly witty in anothers *Worke*.

Boy. They are no other but narrow, and shrunke natures; shriveld up, poore things, that cannot thinke well of themselves, who dare to detract others. That *Signature* is upon them, and it will last. A halfe-witted *Barbarisme!* which no Barbers art, or his bals, will ever expunge or take out.

Dam. Why, *Boy?* This were a strange Empire, or rather a Tyrannie, you would entitle your Poet to, over Gentlemen, that they should come to heare, and see *Playes*, and say nothing for their money.

Boy. O, yes; say what you will: so it be to purpose, and in place.

Dam. Can any thing be out of purpose at a *Play?* I see no reason, if I come here, and give my eighteene pence, or two shillings for my Seat, but I should take it out in censure, on the *Stage*.

Boy. Your two shilling worth is allow'd you: but you will take your ten, shilling worth, your twenty shilling worth, and more: And teach others (about you) to doe the like, that follow your leading face; as if you were to cry up or downe every *Scene*, by confederacy, be it right or wrong.

Dam. Who should teach us the right, or wrong at a *Play?*

Boy. If your owne science can not doe it, or the love of Modesty, and Truth;

Truth; all other intreaties, or attempts are vaine. You are fitter *Spectators* for the *Beares*, then us, or the Puppets. This is a popular ignorance indeed, somewhat better appareld in you, then the People: but a hard handed, and stiffe ignorance, worthy a Trewel, or a Hammer-man; and not onely fit to be scorn'd, but to be triumph'd ore.

Dam. By whom, *Boy?*

Boy. No particular, but the generall neglect, and silence. Good Master *Damplay*, be your selfe still, without a second: Few here are of your opinion to day, I hope; to morrow, I am sure there will bee none, when they have ruminated this.

Pro. Let us mind what you come for, the *Play*, which will draw on to the *Epitasis* now.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Item. Needle. Keepe. Pleasance.

Item. WHere's Mr. Doctor? *Nee.* O Mr. *Tim Item*,
His learned Pothecary! you are welcome:
He is within at dinner. *Ite.* Dinner! Death!
That hee will eat now, having such a busines,
That so concernes him! *Nee.* Why, can any busines
Concerne a man like his meat? *Ite.* O twenty millions,
To a Physician, that's in practise, I
Doe bring him newes, from all the points o' the Compasse,
(That's all the parts of the sublunary Globe.)
Of times, and double times. *Nee.* In, in, sweet *Item*,
And furnish forth the Table with your newes:
Deserve your dinner; Sow out your whole bag full;
The Guests will heare it. *Item.* I heard they were out.

Nee. But they are piec'd, and put together againe,
You may goe in, you'l find them at high eating:
The *Parson* has an edifying stomack,
And a perswading Palate (like his name:)
Hee hath begun three draughts of sack *in Doctrines*,
And fower in Uses. *Ite.* And they follow him.

Nee. No, Sir *Diaphanous* is a Recusant
In sack. He onely takes it in French wine,
With an allay of water. In, in, *Item*,
And leave your peeping. *Kee.* I have a moneths mind,
To peepe a little too. Sweet Mas' *Needle*,
How are they set? *Nee.* At the boords end my Lady—.
Kee. And my young Mrs. by her? *Nee.* Yes, the *Parson*
On the right hand (as hee'l not lose his place
For thrusting) and 'gainst him Mrs. *Polish*:
Next, Sir *Diaphanous*, against Sir *Mouth*,
Knights, one againe another: Then the Souldier,
The man of warre, and man of peace the Lawyer:

Then

Then the port Doctor, and the politique *Item*,
And Mr. *Compasse* circumscribe them all.

A noise within. *Ple.* Nurse *Keepe*, nurse *Keepe*! *Nee.* What noise is that within?
Ple. Come to my Mistris, all their weapons are out.
Nee. Mischiefe of men! what day, what houre is this?
Kee. Run for the cellar of strong waters, quickly.

Act III. Scene II.

To them after.

Compasse. Ironside.

Com. Were you a mad man to doe this at table?
And trouble all the Guests, to affright the Ladies,
And Gentlewomen? *Iro.* Poxupo' your women,
And your halfe man there, Court-Sir *Amber-gris*:
A perfum'd braggart: He must drinke his wine
With three parts water; and have Amber in that too.
Com. And you must therefore breake his face with a Glasse,
And wash his nose in wine. *Iro.* Cannot he drinke
In Orthodoxe, but he must have his Gums,
And Panym Drugs? *Com.* You should have us'd the Glasse
Rather as ballance, then the sword of Justice:
But you have cut his face with it, he bleeds.
Come you shall take your Sanctuary with me;
The whole house will be up in armes 'gainst you else,
Within this halfe houre; this way to my lodging.

Rut. Lady. Polish. Keepe, carrying Placentia over the Stage.

Pleasance. Item.

Rut. A most rude action! carry her to her bed;
And use the Fricace to her, with those oyles.
Keepe your newes *Item* now, and tend this businesse.
Lad. Good Gossip looke to her. *Pol.* How doe you sweet charge?
Kee. She's in a sweat. *Pol.* I, and a faint sweat mary.
Rut. Let her alone to *Tim*: he has directions,
Ile heare your newes *Tim Item*, when you ha' done.
Lad. Was ever such a Guest brought to my table?
Rut. These boistrous Souldiers ha' no better breeding.
Here Mr. *Compasse* comes: where's your Captaine,
Rudhudibras de Ironside? *Com.* Gone out of doores,
Lad. Would he had nere come in them, I may wish.
He has discredited my house, and boord,
With his rude swaggering manners, and endanger'd
My Neices health (by drawing of his weapon)
God knowes how farre; for Mr. Doctor does not.
Com. The Doctor is an Asse then, if he say so,
And cannot with his conjuring names, *Hippocrates*,
Galen or *Rasis*, *Avicen*. *Averroes*,

Cure a poore wenches falling in a ſwoune:
Which a poore Farthing chang'd in *Roſe ſolis*,
Or *Cynnamon* water would. *Lad.* How now? how does ſhe?
Kee. Shee's ſomewhat better. Mr. *Doue* has brought her
A little about. *Pol.* But there's Sir *Moath* your brother
Is falne into a fit o' the *happieplexe*,
It were a happy place for him, and us,
If he could ſteale to heaven thus: All the houſe
Are calling Mr. Doctor, Mr. Doctor.
The *Parſon* he has gi'n him gone, this halfe houre,
Hee's pale in the mouth already, for the feare
O' the fierce Captaine. *Lad.* Helpe me to my Chamber,
Nurſe *Keepe*: Would I could ſee the day no more,
But night hung over me, like ſome darke cloud;
That, buried with this loſſe of my good name,
I, and my houſe might periſh, thus forgotten—
Com. Her taking it to heart thus, more afflicts me
Then all theſe accidents, for they'll blow over.

Act III. Scene III.

Practiſe. Silkworme. Compaſſe.

Pra. It was a barbarous Injury, I confeſſe:
But if you will be counſell'd, Sir, by me,
The reverend Law lies open to repaire
Your reputation. That will gi' you damages,
Five thouſand pound for a finger, I have knowne
Given in Court: And let me pack your Jury.
Silk. There's nothing vexes me, but that he has ſtaind
My new white ſattin Doublet; and beſpatter'd
My ſpick and ſpan ſilke Stockings, o' the day
They were drawne on: And here's a ſpot i' my hoſe too.
Com. Shrewd maimes! your Clothes are wounded deſperately,
And that (I thinke) troubles a Courtier more,
An exact Courtier, then a gaſh in his fleſh.
Silk. My fleſh? I ſweare had he giv'n me twice ſo much,
I never ſhould ha' reckon'd it. But my clothes
To be de defac'd, and ſtigmatiz'd ſo foulely!
I take it as a contumely done me
Above the wiſedome of our Lawes to right.
Com. Why then you'l challenge him? *Silk.* I will adviſe,
Though Mr. *Practiſe* here doth urge the Law;
And reputation it will make me of credit,
Beſide great damages (let him pack my Jury.)
Com. He ſpeakes like Mr. *Practiſe*, one, that is
The Child of a Profeſſion he's vow'd too,
And ſervant to the ſtudie he hath taken,
A pure Apprentice at Law! But you muſt have

The Counsell o' the Sword; and squaare your action
Vnto their Cannons, and that brother-hood,
If you doe right. *Pru.* I tell you Mr. *Compasse*,
You speake not like a friend unto the Lawes,
Nor scarce a subject, to perswade him thus,
Vnto the breach o' the peace: Sir you forget
There is a Court above, o' the *Starre-Chamber*,
To punish Routs and Riots. *Com.* No, young Master,
Although your name be *Practise* there in Terme time,
I doe remember it. But you'l not heare
What I was bound to say; but like a wild
Young haggard Justice, fly at breach o' the Peace,
Before you know, whether the amorous Knight
Dares break the peace of conscience in a Duell.
Silk. Troth Mr. *Compasse*, I take you my friend;
You shall appoint of me in any matter
That's reasonable, so wee may meet faire,
On even termes. *Com.* I shall perswade no other,
(And take your learned Counsell to advise you)
Ile run along with him. You say you'l meet him,
On even termes. I doe not see indeed
How that can be, 'twixt *Ironside* and you,
Now I consider it. Hee is my brother.
I doe confesse (wee ha' call'd so twenty yeare:)
But you are, Sir, a Knight in Court, allied there,
And so befriended, you may easily answer
The worst successe: He a knowne, noted, bold
Boy o' the Sword, hath all mens eyes upon him;
And there's no *London*-Iury, but are led
In evidence, as farre by common fame,
As they are by present deposition.
Then you have many brethren, and neer kinsmen.
If he kill you, it will be a lasting Quarrell
T'wixt them, and him. Whereas *Rud: Ironside*,
Although he ha' got his head into a Beaver,
With a huge feather, 's but a Corriers sonne,
And has not two old Cordov'an skins, to leave
In Leather Caps to mourne him in, if he die.
Againe, you are generally belov'd, he hated
So much, that all the hearts, and votes of men
Goe with you, in the wishing all prosperity
Vnto your purpose; hee's a fat, corpulent,
Vnweildy fellow: you, a dieted Sparke,
Fit for the Combat. He has kild so many;
As it is ten to one his turne is next;
You never fought with any, lesse, slew any:
And therefore have the hopes before you.
I hope these things thus specified unto you,
Are faire advantages: you cannot encounter
Him upon equall termes. Beside, Sir *Silkworme*,

He hath done you wrong in a most high degree:
And sense of such an Injury receiv'd,
Should so exacuate, and whet your choller,
As you should count your selfe an host of men,
Compar'd to him. And therefore you, brave Sir,
Have no more reason to provoke, or challenge
Him, then the huge great Porter has to try
His strength upon an Infant. *Silke.* Mr. *Compasse*,
You rather spur me on, then any way
Abate my courage to the Enterprise.
Com. All Counsell's as it's taken. If you stand
On point of honour, not t'have any odds,
I have rather then disswaded you, then otherwise:
If upon termes of humour and revenge,
I have encourag'd you. So that I thinke,
I have done the part of a friend on either side:
In furnishing your feare with matter first,
If you have any: Or, if you dare fight,
To heighten, and confirme your resolution.
Pra. I now doe crave your pardon, Mr. *Compasse*:
I did not apprehend your way before,
The true *Perimiter* of it: you have Circles,
And such fine draughts about! *Silke.* Sir I doe thanke you,
I thanke you Mr. *Compasse* heartily;
I must confesse, I never fought before,
And I'll be glad to doe things orderly,
In the right place: I pray you instruct me.
Is't best I fight ambitiously, or malitiously?
Com. Sir, if you never fought before, be wary,
Trust not your selfe too much. *Silke.* Why? I assure you,
I'am very angry. *Com.* Doe not suffer, though,
The flatuous, windy choller of your heart,
To move the clapper of your understanding,
Which is the guiding faculty, your reason:
You know not, if you'l fight, or no, being brought
Vpo' the place. *Silke.* O yes, I have imagin'd
Him treble arm'd, provok'd too, and as furious
As *Homer* makes *Achilles*; and I find
My selfe not frighted with his fame one jot.
Com. Well, yet take heed. These fights imaginary,
Are lesse then skirmishes, the fight of shadowes:
For shadowes have their figure, motion
And their umbratile action from the reall
Posture, and motion of the bodies act-
Whereas (imaginarily) many times,
Those men may fight, dare scarce eye one another,
And much lesse meet. But if there be no helpe,
Faith I would wish you, send him a faire Challenge.
Silk. I will goe pen it presently. *Com.* But word it
In the most generous termes. *Silk.* Let me alone.

Pra. And silken phrase: the courtliest kind of Quarrell.
Com. *He'l make it a petition for his pease.*
Pra. *O, yes, of right, and hee may doe it by Law.*

Act III. Scena IV.

Rut. Palate. Bias, bringing out *Interest* in a Chaire.
Item. Polish following.

Rut. Come, bring him out into the aire a little:
There set him downe. Bow him, yet bow him more,
Dash that same Glasse of water in his face:
Now tweak him by the nose. Hard, harder yet:
If it but call the blood up from the heart,
I aske no more. See, what a feare can doe!
Pinch him in the nape of the neck now; nip him, nip him.
Ite. He feeles, there's life in him. *Pal.* He graones, and stirres.
Rut. Tell him the Captaine's gone. *Int.* Ha! *Pal.* He's gone Sir.
Rut. Gi' him a box, hard, hard, on his left eare.
Int. O! *Rut.* How doe you feele your selfe? *Int.* Sore, sore.
Rut. But where?
Int. I' my neck. *Rut.* I nipt him there. *Int.* And i' my head.
Rut. I box'd him twice, or thrice, to move those Sinewes.
Bia. I sweare you did. *Pol.* What a brave man's a Doctor,
To beat one into health! I thought his blowes
Would eene ha' kild him: hee did feele no more
Then a great horse. *Int.* Is the wild Captaine gone?
That man of murther? *Bia.* All is calme and quiet.
Int. Say you so, Cosen *Bias*? Then all's well.
Pal. How quickly a man is lost! *Bia.* And soone recover'd!
Pol. Where there are meanes, and Doctors, learned men,
And their Apothecaries, who are not now,
(As *Chawcer* sayes) their friendship to begin.
Well, could they teach each other how to win
I'their swath bands—. *Rut.* Leave your Poetry good Gossip.
Your *Chawcers* clouts, and wash your dishes with 'hem,
Wee must rub up the roots of his disease,
And crave your peace a while, or else your absence.
Fol. Nay, I know when to hold my peace. *Rut.* Then do it.
Gi' me your hand Sir *Moath*. Let's feele your pulse.
It is a Pursinesse, a kind of Stoppage,
Or tumor o'the Purse, for want of exercise,
That you are troubled with: some ligatures
I'th neck of your *Vesica*, or *Marsupium*,
Are so close knit, that you cannot evaporate;
And therefore you must use relaxatives.
Beside, they say, you are so restive growne,
You cannot but with trouble put your hand
Into your pocket, to discharge a reckoning.

And this we sonnes of Physick doe call *chiragra*,
A kind of Crampe, or Hand-Gowt. You shall purge for't.
Ite. Indeed your worship should doe well to advise him,
To clense his body, all the three high wayes;
That is, by *Sweat*, *Purge*, and *Phlebotomy*.
Rut. You say well learned *Tim*, Ile first prescribe him,
To give his purse a purge once, twice a week
At Dice, or Cards: And when the weather is open,
Sweat at a bowling Alley, or bee let blood
I' the lending veine, and bleed a matter of fifty,
Or threescore ounces at a time. Then put
Your thumbs under your Girdle, and have some body
Else, pull out your purse for you, till with more ease,
And a good habit, you can doe it your selfe.
And then be sure alwayes to keepe good diet,
And h' your table furnish'd from one end,
Vnto the tother: It is good for the eyes,
But feed you on one dish still, ha' your Diet-drinke,
Ever in Bottles ready, which must come
From the Kings-head: I will prescribe you nothing,
But what Ile take before you mine owne selfe:
That is my course with all my Patients.
Pal. Very methodicall, *Secundum Artem*.
Bia. And very safe *pro captu recipientis*,
Pol. All errant learned men, how they 'spute Latine!
Rut. I had it of a Jew, and a great *Rabbi*,
Who every morning cast his cup of White-wine
With sugar, and by the residence i' the bottome,
Would make report of any Chronick malady,
Such as Sir *Moath*'s is, being an oppilation,
In that you call the neck o' the moony bladder,
Most anatomicall, and by dissection.
Kee. O Mr. Doctor, and his Potheeary! *Enter Nurse.*
Good Mr. *Item*, and my Mistris *Polish*!
Wee need you all above! Shee's falne againe,
In a worse fit then ever. *Pol.* Who? *Kee.* Your charge,
Pol. Come away Gentlemen. *Int.* This fit with the Doctor,
Hath mended me past expectation.

Act III. Scæna V.

Compasse. Diaphanous, Practise, Bias, Trouble.

Com. O Sir *Diaphanous*, ha' you done? *Dia.* I ha' brought it.
Pra. That's well. *Com* But who shall carry it now? *Dia.* A friend:
Ile find a friend to carry it; Mr. *Bias* here
Will not deny me that. *Bia.* What is't? *Dia.* To carry
A Challenge I have writ unto the Captaine.
Bias. Faith but I will Sir, you shall pardon me
For a twi-reason of State; Ile answer Challenges,

I will not hazard my Lords favour ſo;
Or forfeit mine owne Judgement with his honour,
To turne a Ruffian: I have to commend me
Nought but his Lordſhips good opinion;
And to't my *Kallygraphy*, a faire hand,
Fit for a Secretary: Now you know, a mans hand
Being his executing part in fight,
Is more obnoxious to the common perill—

Dia. You ſhall not fight Sir, you ſhall onely ſearch
My *Antagoniſt*; commit us fairely there
Vpo' the ground on equall termes. *Bia.* O Sir!
But if my Lord ſhould heare I ſtood at end
Of any quarrell, 'twere an end of me
In a ſtate courſe! I ha' read the Politiques;
And heard th'opinions of our beſt Divines.

Com. The Gentleman has reaſon! Where was firſt
The birth of your acquaintance? or the Cradle
Of your ſtrickt friendſhip made? *Dia.* We met in *France*, Sir.

Com. In *France*! that Garden of humanity,
The very ſeed-plot of all courteſies:
I wonder that your friendſhip ſuck'd that aliment,
The milke of *France*; and ſee this ſower effect
It doth produce, 'gainſt all the ſweets of travell:
There, every Gentleman profeſſing armes,
Thinkes he is bound in honour to imbrace
The bearing of a Challenge for another,
Without or queſtioning the cauſe, or asking
Leaſt colour of a reaſon. There's no Cowardize,
No Poultrounerie, like urging why? wherefore?
But carry a Challenge, die, and doe the thing.

Bia. Why, heare you Mr. *Compaſſe*, I but crave
Your eare in private: I would carry his Challenge,
If I but hop'd your Captaine angry enough
To kill him: For (to tell you truth) this Knight,
Is an impertinent in Court, (wee thinke him:)
And troubles my Lords Lodgings, and his Table
With frequent, and unneceſſary viſits,
Which wee (the better ſort of Servants) like not;
Being his Fellowes in all other places,
But at our Maſters boord; and we diſdaine
To doe thoſe ſervile offices; oft times,
His fooliſh pride, and Empire will exact,
Againſt the heart, or humour of a Gentleman.

Com. Truth Mr. *Bias*, d'ld not ha' you thinke
I ſpeake to flatter you: but you are one
O' the deepeſt Politiques I ever met,
And the moſt ſubtily rationall. I admire you.
But doe not you conceive in ſuch a caſe,
That you are acceſſary to his death,
From whom you carry a Challenge with ſuch purpoſe,

Bia. Sir the corruption of one thing in nature,
Is held the Generation of another;
And therefore, I had as leive be accessory
Vnto his death, as to his life. *Com.* A new
Morall Philosophy too! you'l carry't then,
Bia. If I were sure, 't would not incense his choller
To beat the Messenger. *Com.* O' Ile secure you,
You shall deliver it in my lodging; safely,
And doe your friend a service worthy thankes.
Bia. Ile venture it, upon so good Induction,
To rid the Court of an Impediment,
This baggage Knight. *Iro.* Peace to you all Gentlemen, *Enter Iron.*
Save to this Mushrome; who I heare is menacing
Me with a Challenge: which I come to anticipate,
And save the Law a labour: Will you fight Sir?
Dia. Yes, in my shirt. *Iro.* O, that's to save your doublet;
I know it a Court trick! you had rather have
An Vlcer in your body, then a Pinke
More i' your clothes. *Dia.* Captaine, you are a Coward,
If you not fight i' your shirt. *Iro.* Sir I not meane
To put it off for that, nor yet my doublet:
Yo' have cause to call me Coward, that more feare
The stroke of the common, and life giving aire,
Then all your fury, and the Panoplie.
Pra. (Which is at best, but a thin linnen armour.)
I thinke a cup of generous wine were better,
Then fighting i' your shirts. *Dia.* Sir, Sir, my valour,
It is a valour of another nature,
Then to be mended by a cup of wine.
Com. I should be glad to heare of any valours,
Differing in kind; who have knowne hitherto,
Only one vertue, they call *Fortitude*,
Worthy the name of valour. *Iro.* Which, who hath not,
Is justly thought a Coward: And he is such.
Dia. O, you ha' read the Play there, the *New Inne*,
Of *Ionsons*, that decries all other valour
But what is for the publike. *Iro.* I doe that too,
But did not learne it there; I thinke no valour
Lies for a private cause. *Dia.* Sir, Ile redargue you,
By disputation. *Com.* O let's heare this!
I long to heare a man dispute in his shirt
Of valour, and his sword drawne in his hand.
Pra. His valour will take cold, put on your doublet.
Com. His valour will keepe cold, you are deceiv'd,
And relish much the sweeter in our eares:
It may be too, i' the ordinance of nature.
Their valours are not yet so combatant,
Or truly *antagonistick*, as to fight,
But may admit to heare of some divisions,
Of Fortitude, may put 'hem off their Quarrell.

Dia.

Dia. I would have no man thinke me so ungovern'd,
Or subject to my passion, but I can
Reade him a Lecture 'twixt my undertakings,
And executions: I doe know all kinds
Of doing the busines, which the Towne cals valour.
Com. Yes, he has read the Towne, *Towne-top*'s his Author!
Your first? *Dia.* Is a rash head-long unexperience.
Com. Which is in Children, Fooles, or your street Gallants
O' the first head. *Pra.* A pretty kind of valour!
Com. Commend him, he will spin it out in's shirt,
Fine, as that thred. *Dia.* The next, an indiscreet
Presumption, grounded upon often scapes.
Com. Or th' insufficiencie of Adversaries,
And this is in your common fighting Brothers.
Your old *Perdu's*, who (after a time) doe thinke,
The one, that they are shot free; the other, sword free.
Your third? *Dia.* Is nought but an excesse of choller,
That raignes in testy old men—. *Com.* Noble mens Portens,
And selfe conceited Poëts. *Dia.* And is rather
A peevishnesse, then any part of valour.
Pra. He but rehersles, he concludes no valour.
Com. A history of distempers, as they are practiz'd,
His *Harangue* undertaketh, and no more.
Your next? *Dia.* Is a dull desperate resolving.
Com. In case of some necessitous misery, or
Incumbent mischiefe. *Pra.* Narrownesse of mind,
Or ignorance being the root of it.
Dia. Which shou shall find in Gamesters, quite blowne up.
Com. Banckrupt Merchants, undiscovered Traytors.
Pra. Or your exemplified Malefactors,
That have surviv'd their infamy, and punishment.
Com. One that h ath lost his eares, by a just sentence
O' the *Starre-Chamber*, a right valiant Knave—
And is a *Histrionicall* Contempt,
Of what a man feares most; it being a mischiefe
In his owne apprehension unavoidable.
Pra. Which is in Cowards wounded mortally,
Or Theeves adjudg'd to die. *Com.* This is a valour,
I should desire much to see incourag'd:
As being a speciall entertainment
For our rogue People; and make oft good sport
Vnto 'hem, from the Gallowes to the ground.
Dia. But mine is a Judiciall resolving,
Or liberall undertaking of a danger—.
Com. That might be avoided. *Dia.* I, and with assurance,
That it is found in Noble-men, and Gentlemen,
Of the best sheafe. *Com.* Who having lives to lose,
Like private men, have yet a world of honour,
And publike reputation to defend—.
Dia. Which in the brave historified *Greeks*,

And

And *Bianca* you shall reade of. *Com.* And (no doubt)
May in our Alder-men meet it, and their Deputies,
The Souldiers of the Citie, valiant blades,
Who (rather then their houses should be ransack'd)
Would fight it out, like so many wild beasts;
Not for the fury they are commonly arm'd with:
But the close manner of their fight, and custome,
Of joyning head to head, and foot to foot.

Ire. And which of these so well-prest resolutions
Am I to encounter now? For commonly,
Men that have so much choise before 'hem, have
Some trouble to resolve of any one.

Bia. There are three valours yet, which Sir *Diaphanous*,
Hath (with his leave) not touch'd. *Dia.* Yea? which are those?

Pra. He perks at that! *Com.* Nay, he does more, he chatters.

Bia. A Philosophicall contempt of death,
Is one: Then an infused kind of valour,
Wrought in us by our *Genii*, or good spirits;
Of which the gallant *Ethnicks* had deepe sense:
Who generally held, that no great State-man,
Scholler, or Souldier, ere did any thing
Sine divino aliquo afflatu.

Pra. But there's a Christian valour, 'bove these too.

Bia. Which is a quiet patient toleration,
Of whatsoever the malitious world
With Injury doth unto you; and consists
In passion, more then action, Sir *Diaphanous*.

Dia. Sure, I doe take mine to be Christian valour—.

Com. You may mistake though. Can you justifie
On any cause, this seeking to deface,
The divine Image in a man? *Bia.* O Sir!
Let 'hem alone: Is not *Diaphanous*
As much a divine Image, as is *Ironside*?
Let Images fight, if they will fight, a God's name.

Act III. Scene VI.

To them inter. *Keepe. Needle. Interest.*

Kee. Where's Mr. *Needle*? Saw you Mr. *Needle*?
Wee are undone. *Com.* What ailes the frantick Nurse?
Kee. My Mistris is undone, shee's crying out!
Where is this man trow? Mr. *Needle*? *Nee.* Here.
Kee. Run for the party, Mrs. *Chaire* the Mid-wife.
Nay, looke how the man stands, as he were gok't!
Shee's lost, if you not haste away the party.

Nee. Where is the Doctor? *Kee.* Where a scoffing man is,
And his Apothecary, little better;
They laugh, and geere at all: will you dispatch?

And fetch the party quickly to our Mistris:
Wee are all undone! The Timpanie will out else.
Int. Newes, newes, good newes, better then butter'd newes!
My Neice is found with Child, the Doctor tels me,
And falne in labour. *Com.* How? *Int.* The portion's paid!
Exit. The portion — o' the Captaine! Is he here?
Pra. H' has spi'd your swords out! put 'hem up, put up,
Yo' have driven him hence; and yet your quarrell's ended.
Iro. In a most strange discovery. *Pra.* Of light gold.
Dia. And crack't within the Ring. I take the *Omen*,
As a good *Omen*. *Pra.* Then put up your Sword,
And on your Doublet. Give the Captaine thankes.
Dia. I had beene slur'd else. Thanke you noble Captaine!
Your quarrelling caus'd all this. *Iro.* Where's *Compasse*? *Pra.* Gone,
Shrunke hence, I contracted to his Center, I feare.
Iro. The slip is his then. *Dia.* I had like t'have beene
Abus'd i' the busines, had the slip slur'd on me,
A Counterfeit. *Bias.* Sir, we are all abus'd:
As many as were brought on to be Suitors;
And we will joyne in thankes, all to the Captaine,
And to his fortune that so brought us off.

Chorus.

Dam. This was a pittifull poore shift o' your Poët, *Boy*, to make his prime woman with child, and fall in labour, just to compose a quarrell.

Boy. With whose borrowed eares, have you heard, Sir, all this while, that you can mistake the current of our *Scene* so? The streame of the *Argument*, threatned her being with child from the very beginning, for it presented her in the first of the second *Act*, with some apparent note of infirmity, or defect: from knowledge of which, the Auditory were rightly to bee suspended by the *Author*, till the quarrell, which was but the accidentall cause, hastned on the discovery of it, in occasioning her affright; which made her fall into her throwes presently, and within that compasse of time allow'd to the *Comedy*, wherein the Poët exprest his prime Artifice, rather then any errour, that the detection of her being with child, should determine the quarrell, which had produc'd it.

Pro. The *Boy* is too hard for you. Brother *Damplay*, best marke the *Play*, and let him alone.

Dam. I care not for marking the *Play*: Ile damne it, talke, and doe that I come for. I will not have *Gentlemen* lose their priviledge, nor I my selfe my prerogative, for neere an overgrowne, or superannuated Poët of 'hem all. Hee shall not give me the Law; I will censure, and be witty, and take my Tobacco, and enjoy my *Magna Charta* of reprehension, as my Predecessors have done before me.

Boy. Even to license, and absurdity.

Pro. Not now, because the *Gentlewoman* is in travell: and the Midwife may come on the sooner, to put her and us out of our paine.

Dam. Well, looke to your busines afterward, *Boy*, that all things bee

cleare,

cleare, and come properly forth, suited, and set together; for I will search what followes severely and to the naile.

Boy. Let your naile run smooth then, and not scratch: lest the *Author* be bold to pare it to the quick, and make it smart: you'l find him as severe as your selfe.

Dam. A shrewd Boy! and has mee every where. The Mid-wife is come, she has made haste.

Act IIII. Scene I.

Chaire. Needle. Keepe.

Cha. Stay Mr. *Needle*, you doe prick too fast
Vpo' the busines: I must take some breath:
Lend me my stoole, you ha' drawne a stitch upon me,
In faith, sonne *Needle*, with your haste.

Nee. Good Mother, peice up this breach; Ile gi' you a new Gowne,
A new silke-Grogoran Gowne. Ile do't Mother.

Kee. What 'll you doe? you ha' done too much already
With your prick-seame, and through-stitch. Mr. *Needle*,
I pray you sit not fabling here old tales,
Good Mother *Chaire*, the Mid-wife, but come up.

Act IIII. Scene II.

Compasse. Keepe. Practise.

Com. How now Nurse, where's my Lady? *Kee.* In her Chamber
Lock'd up, I thinke: shee'll speake with no body.

Com. Knowes shee o' this accident? *Kee.* Alas Sir, no;
Would she might never know it. *Pra.* I thinke her Ladiship
Too vertuous, and too nobly innocent,
To have a hand in so ill-torm'd a busines,

Com. Your thought Sir is a brave thought, and a safe one,
The child now to be borne is not more free,
From the aspersion of all spot, then she?
She have her hand in plot, 'gainst Mr. *Practise*.
If there were nothing else, whom she so loves?
Cries up, and values? knowes to be a man
Mark'd out, for a chiefe Justice in his cradle?
Or a Lord Paramount; the head o' the Hall?
The Top. or the Top-gallant of our Law?
Assure your selfe, she could not so deprave,
The rectitude of her Judgement, to wish you
Vnto a wife, might prove your Infamy,
Whom she esteem'd that part o' the Common-wealth,
And had up for honour to her blood.

Pra. I must confesse a great beholdingnesse
Vnto her Ladiships offer, and good wishes.

But the truth is, I never had affection,
Or any liking to this Neice of hers.
Com. You fore-saw somewhat then? *Pra.* I had my notes,
And my Prognosticks. *Com.* You read Almanacks,
And study 'hem to some purpose, I beleeve?
Pra. I doe confesse, I doe beleeve, and pray too:
According to the Planets at sometimes.
Com. And doe observe the signe in making Love?
Pra. As in Phlebotomy. *Com.* And choose your Mistris
By the good dayes, and leave her by the bad?
Pra. I doe, and I doe not. *Com.* A little more
Would fetch all his Astronomie from *Allestree*.
Pra. I tell you Mr. *Compasse*, as my friend,
And under seale, I cast mine eye long since,
Vpo' the other wench, my Ladies woman,
Another manner of peice for handsomnesse,
Then is the Neice (but that is *sub sigillo*,
And as I give it you) in hope o' your aid,
And counsell in the busines. *Com.* You need counsell?
The only famous Counsell, o' the kingdome,
And in all Courts? That is a Jeere in faith,
Worthy your name, and your profession too,
Sharpe Mr. *Practise*. *Pra.* No, upo' my Law,
As I am a Bencher, and now double Reader,
I meant in meere simplicity of request.
Com. If you meant so. 'Th' affaires are now perplex'd,
And full of trouble, give 'hem breath, and setling,
Ile doe my best. But in meane time doe you
Prepare the *Parson*, (I am glad to know
This; for my selfe lik'd the young Maid before,
And lov'd her too.) Ha' you a Licence? *Pra.* No,
But I can fetch one straight. *Com.* Doe, doe, and mind
The *Parsons* pint t' ingage him — the busines,
A knitting Cup there must be. *Pra.* I shall doe it.

Act IV. Scene III.

Bias. Interest. Compasse.

Bia. 'Tis an affront, from you Sir, you here brought me,
Vnto my Ladies, and to wooe a wife,
Which since is prov'd a crack'd commoditie,
Shee hath broke bulke too soone. *Int.* No fault of mine,
If she be crack'd in peeces, or broke round,
It was my sisters fault, that owns the house,
Where she hath got her clap, makes all this noise.
I keepe her portion safe, that is not scatter'd:
The money's rattle not; nor are they throwne,
To make a Musse, yet 'mong the gamesome Suitors,

Com. Can you endure that flout, close Mr. *Bias*,
And have beene so bred in the Politiques?
The injury is done you, and by him only,
He lent you impreſt money, and upbraids it:
Furniſh'd you for the wooing, and now waves you.
Bia. That makes me to expoſtulate the wrong
So with him, and reſent it as I doe.
Com. But doe it home then. *Bia.* Sir, my Lord ſhall know it.
Com. And all the Lords o' the Court too. *Bia.* What a Mouth
You are Sir *Intereſt*! *Int.* Wherein I intreat you,
Sweet Maſter *Bias*? *Com.* To draw in young Stateſ-men,
And heires of policie into the nooſe
Of an infamous matrimonie. *Bia.* Yes,
Infamous, *quaſi in communem famam*:
And Matrimony, *quaſi*, matter of Money.
Com. Learnedly urg'd, my cunning Mr. *Bias*.
Bia. With his lewd, knowne, and proſtituted Neice.
Int. My knowne, and proſtitute: how you miſtake,
And run upon a falſe ground, Mr. *Bias*!
(Your Lords will doe me right,) Now, ſhe is proſtitute,
And that I know it (pleaſe you underſtand me.)
I meane to keepe the portion in my hands:
And pay no monies. *Com.* Marke you that *Don Bias*?
And you ſhall ſtill remaine in bonds to him,
For wooing furniture, and impreſt charges.
Int. Good Mr. *Compaſſe*, for the ſummes he has had
Of me, I doe acquit him: They are his owne.
Here, before you, I doe releaſe him. *Com.* Good!
Bia. O Sir. *Com.* 'Slid take it; I doe witneſſe it:
Hee cannot hurle away his money better.
Int. He ſhall get ſo much Sir, by my acquaintance,
To be my friend: And now report to his Lords
As I deſerve no otherwiſe. *Com.* But well:
And I will witneſſe it, and to the value;
Foure hundred is the price, if I miſtake not,
Of your true friend in Court. Take hands, you have bought him,
And bought him cheap. *Bia.* I am his worſhips ſervant.
Com. And you his ſlave, Sir *Moath*. Seal'd, and deliver'd.
Ha' you not ſtudied the Court Complement?
Here are a paire of Humours, reconcil'd now,
That money held at diſtance: or their thoughts,
Baſer then money.

Act IV. Scene IV.

Polish. Keepe. Compaſſe.

Pol. Out thou catife witch!
Baud, Beggar, Gipſey: Any thing indeed,

But honeſt woman. *Kee.* What you pleaſe, Dame *Poliſh*,
My Ladies Stroaker. *Com.* What is here to doe?
The Goſſips out! *Pol.* Thou art a Traytor to me,
An *Eve*, the *Apul*, and the Serpent too:
A Viper, that haſt eat a paſſage through me,
Through mine owne bowels, by thy retchleſneſſe.
Com. What frantick fit is this? Ile ſtep aſide
And hearken to it. *Pol.* Did I truſt thee, wretch,
With ſuch a ſecret, of that conſequence,
Did ſo concerne me, and my child, our livelihood,
And reputation? And haſt thou undone us?
By thy connivence, nodding in a corner,
And ſuffering her begot with child ſo baſely?
Sleepie unlucky Hag! Thou bird of night,
And all miſchance to me. *Kee.* Good Lady Empreſſe!
Had I the keeping of your Daughters clicket
In charge? was that committed to my truſt?
Com. Her Daughter. *Pol.* Softly Divell, not ſo low'd,
You'ld ha' the houſe heare, and be witneſſe, would you?
Kee. Let all the world be witneſſe. Afore Ile
Endure the Tyrannie of ſuch a tongue—
And ſuch a pride—. *Pol.* What will you doe? *Kee.* Tell truth,
And ſhame the She-man-Divell in puff'd ſleeves;
Run any hazzard, by revealing all
Vnto my Lady: how you chang'd the cradles,
And chang'd the children in 'hem. *Pol.* Not ſo high!
Kee. Calling your Daughter *Pleaſance*, there *Placentia*,
And my true Miſtris by the name of *Pleaſance*.
Com. A horrid ſecret, this! worth the diſcovery;
Pol. And muſt you be thus lowd? *Kee.* I will be lowder:
And cry it through the houſe, through every roome,
And every office of the Lawndry-maids:
Till it be borne hot to my Ladies eares.
Ere I will live in ſuch a ſlavery,
Ile doe away my ſelfe. *Pol.* Didſt thou not ſweare
To keepe it ſecret? and upon what booke?
(I doe remember now) *The Practice of Piety*.
Kee. It was a practice of impiety,
Out of your wicked forge, I know it now,
My conſcience tels me. Firſt, againſt the Infants,
To rob them o' their names, and their true parents;
T'abuſe the neighbour-hood, keepe them in errour;
But moſt my Lady: Shee has the maine wrong:
And I wil let her know it inſtantly.
Repentance, (if it be true) here comes too late.
Pol. What have I done? Conjur'd a ſpirit up
I ſha' not lay againe? drawne on a danger,
And ruine on my ſelfe thus, by provoking
A peeviſh foole, whom nothing will pray of,
Or ſatisfie I feare? Her patience ſtirr'd,

Is turn'd to fury. I have run my Barke,
On a ſweet Rock, by mine owne arts, and truſt:
And muſt get off againe, or dath in peeces.
Com. This was a buſines, worth the liſtning after.

Act IIII. Scæna V.

Pleaſance. Compaſſe.

Ple. O Mr. *Compaſſe*, did you ſee my Mother?
Miſtris *Placentia*, my Ladies Neice;
Is newly brought to bed o' the braveſt boy!
Will you goe ſee it? *Com.* Firſt, Ile know the father,
Ere I approach theſe hazards. *Ple.* Miſtris Midwife
Has promis'd to find out a father for it,
If there be need. *Com.* Shee may the ſafelier do't,
By vertue of her place. But pretty *Pleaſance*,
I have a newes for you, I thinke will pleaſe you.
Ple. What is't Mr. *Compaſſe*? *Com.* Stay, you muſt
Deſerve it ere you know it. Where's my Lady?
Ple. Retir'd unto her Chamber, and ſhut up.
Com. She heares o' none o' this yet? well, doe you
Command the Coach; and fit your ſelfe to travell?
A little way with me. *Ple.* Whither, for Gods ſake.
Com. Where Ile intreat you not to your loſſe, beleeve it.
If you dare truſt your ſelfe. *Ple.* With you the world ore.
Com. The newes will well requite the paines, I aſſure you.
And i' this tumult you will not be miſt.
Command the Coach, it is an inſtant buſines,
Wu' not be done without you. *Parſon Palate*
Moſt opportunely met, ſtep to my Chamber:
Ile come to you preſently. There is a friend,
Or two, will entertaine you, Mr. *Practiſe*.
Ha' you the Licence?

Act IV. Scæna VI.

Practiſe. Compaſſe. Pleaſance. Palate.

Pra. Here it is. *Com.* Let's ſee it:
Your name's not in't. *Pra.* Ile fill that preſently;
It has the Seale, which is the maine: And reſtgiſtred,
The Clarke knowes me, and truſts me. *Com.* Ha' you the *Parſon*?
Pra. They ſay hee's here, he 'pointed to come hither.
Com. I would not have him ſeene here for a world,
To breed ſupition. Doe you intercept him,
And prevent that. But take your Licence with you,
And fill the blanke: or leave it here with me,
Ile doe it for you, ſtay you with us at his Church,
Behind the old Exchange, wee'll come i'th Coach,
And meet you there within this Quarter at leaſt.

Pra.

Pra. I am much bound unto you, Mr. *Compaſſe*,
You have all the Law, and parts of Squire *Practiſe*
For ever at your uſe. Ile tell you newes, too:
Sir, your Reverſion's fall'n: *Thin-wits* dead,
Surveyor of the Projects generall.
Com. When died he? *Pra.* Eene this morning, I receiv'd it
From a right hand. *Com.* Conceale it Mr. *Practiſe*,
And mind the maine affaire, you are in hand with.
Ple. The Coach is ready Sir. *Com.* 'Tis well faire *Pleaſance*,
Though now wee ſhall not uſe it, bid the Coach-man
Drive to the Pariſh Church, and ſtay about there,
Till Mr. *Practiſe* come to him, and imploy him:
I have a Licence now, which muſt have entry
Before my Lawyers. Noble *Parſon Palate*,
Thou ſhalt be a marke advanc't: here's a peece,
And doe a feat for me. *Pal.* What, Mr. *Compaſſe*?
Com. But run the words of Matrimony, over
My head, and Mrs. *Pleaſances* in my Chamber:
There's Captaine *Ironſide* to be a witneſſe:
And here's a Licence to ſecure thee. *Parſon!*
What doe you ſtick at? *Pal.* It is after-noone Sir,
Directly againſt the Canon of the Church,
You know it Mr. *Compaſſe*: and beſide,
I am ingag'd unto our worſhipfull friend,
The learned Mr. *Practiſe* in that buſines.
Com. Come on, ingage your ſelfe: Who ſhall be able
To ſay you married us, but i'the morning,
The moſt canonicall minute o' the day,
If you affirme it? That's a ſpic'd excuſe,
And ſhewes you have ſet the Common Law, before
Any profeſſion elſe, of love, or friendſhip.
Come Mrs. *Pleaſance*, wee cannot prevaile
With th' rigid *Parſon* here; but Sir, Ile keepe you
Lock'd in my lodging, 'till't be done elſewhere,
And under feare of *Ironſide*. *Pal.* Doe you heare, Sir?
Com. No, no, it matters not. *Pal.* Can you thinke Sir
I would deny you any thing? not to loſſe
Of both my Livings: I will doe it for you,
Ha' you a wedding Ring? *Com.* I and a Poeſie:
Annulus hic nobis, quod ſcit uterq; dabit. *Pal.* Good!
This Ring will give you what you both deſire,
Ile make the whole houſe chant it, and the Pariſh.
Com. Why, well ſaid *Parſon*. Now to you my newes,
That comprehend my reaſons, Mrs. *Pleaſance*.

Act IIII. Scene VII.

Chaire. Needle. Poliſh. Keepe.

Cha. Goe, get a Nurſe, procure her at what rate
You can: and out o' th' houſe with it, ſonne *Needle*.

first bad Commoditie. *Kee.* Good Mother,
I know it, but the beſt would now be made on't.
Cha. And ſhall: you ſhould not fret ſo, Mrs. *Poliſh*,
Nor you Dame *Keepe*; my Daughter ſhall doe well,
When ſhe has tane my Cawdle. I ha' knowne
Twenty ſuch breaches piec'd up, and made whole,
Without a bum of noiſe. You two fall out?
And teare up one another? *Pol.* Bleſſed woman!
Bleſt be the Peace-maker. *Kee.* The Peaſe-dreſſer!
Ile heare no peace from her. I have beene wrong'd,
So has my Lady, my good Ladies worſhip,
And I will right her, hoping ſhee'll right me.
Pol. Good gentle *Keepe*, I pray thee Miſtris Nurſe,
Pardon my paſſion, I was miſadvis'd,
Be thou yet better, by this grave ſage woman,
Who is the Mother of Matrons, and great perſons,
And knowes the world. *Kee.* I doe confeſſe, ſhe knowes
Something—and I know ſomething—. *Pol.* Put your ſomethings
Together then. *Cha.* I, here's a chance falne out
You cannot helpe; leſſe can this Gentlewoman,
I can and will, for both. Firſt, I have ſent
By-chop away; the cauſe gone, the fame ceaſeth.
Then by my Cawdle, and my Cullice, I ſet
My Daughter on her feet, about the houſe here:
Shee's young, and muſt ſtirre ſomewhat for neceſſity,
Her youth will beare it out. She ſhall pretend,
T'have had a fit o' the Mother: there is all.
If you have but a Secretary Landreſſe,
To blanch the Linnen—Take the former counſels
Into you; keepe them ſafe i' your owne breſts,
And make your Merkat of 'hem at the higheſt.
Will you goe peach, and cry your ſelfe a foole
At Granam's Croſſe? be laugh'd at, and diſpis'd?
Betray a purpoſe, which the Deputie
Of a double Ward, or ſcarce his Alderman,
With twelve of the wiſeſt Queſtmen could find out,
Imployed by the Authority of the Citie?
Come, come, be friends; and keepe theſe women-matters,
Smock-ſecrets to our ſelves, in our owne verge.
Wee ſhall marre all, if once we ope the myſteries
O' the Tyring-houſe, and tell what's done within:
No Theaters are more cheated with apparances,
Or theſe ſhop-lights, then th' Ages, and folke in them,
That ſeeme moſt curious. *Pol.* Breath of an Oracle!
You ſhall be my deare Mother; wiſeſt woman
That ever tip'd her tongue, with point of reaſons,
To turne her hearers! Miſtris *Keepe*, relent,
I did abuſe thee; I confeſſe to pennance:
And on my knees aske thee forgiveneſſe. *Cha.* Riſe,
She doth begin to melt, I ſee it—. *Kee.* Nothing

Griev'd me ſo much, as when you call'd me Baud:
Witch did not trouble me, nor Gipſie; no
Nor Beggar. But a Baud, was ſuch a name!
Cha. No more rehearſals; Repetitions
Make things the worſe: The more wee ſtirre (you know
The Proverbe, and it ſignifies a) ſtink.
What's done, and dead, let it be buried.
New houres will fit freſh handles, to new thoughts.

Act IV. Scene VIII.

Intereſt, with his Foot-boy. To them *Compaſſe. Ironſide. Silkeworme. Palate. Pleaſance.* To them the *Lady:* and after *Practiſe.*

Int. Run to the Church, Sirrah. Get all the Drunkards
To ring the Bels, and jangle them for joy
My Neice hath brought an Heire unto the houſe,
A luſty boy. Where's my ſiſter *Loadſtone?*
Aſleepe at afternoones! It is not wholeſome;
Againſt all rules of Phyſick, Lady ſiſter.
The little Doctor will not like it. Our Neice
Is new deliver'd of a chopping Child,
Can call the Father by the name already,
If it but ope the mouth round. Mr. *Compaſſe,*
He is the man, they ſay, fame gives it out,
Hath done that Act of honour to our houſe,
And friendſhip to pompe out a Sonne, and Heire,
That ſhall inherit nothing, ſurely nothing
From me at leaſt. I come t' invite your Ladiſhip
To be a witneſſe; I will be your Partner,
And give it a horne-ſpoone, and a treene diſh;
Baſtard, and Beggars badges, with a blanket
For Dame the Doxey to march round the Circuit,
With bag, and baggage. *Com.* Thou malitious Knight,
Envious Sir *Moath,* that eates on that which feeds thee,
And frets her goodneſſe, that ſuſtaines thy being;
What company of Mankind would owne thy brother-hood,
But as thou haſt a title to her blood,
Whom thy ill nature hath choſe out t' inſult on,
And vexe thus, for an Accident in her houſe,
As if it were her crime! Good innocent Lady,
Thou ſhew'ſt thy ſelfe a true corroding Vermine,
Such as thou art. *Int.* Why, gentle Mr. *Compaſſe?*
Becauſe I wiſh you joy of your young Sonne,
And Heire to the houſe, you ha' ſent us? *Com.* I ha' ſent you?
I know not what I ſhall doe. Come in friends:
Madam, I pray you be pleas'd to truſt your ſelfe
Vnto our company. *Lad.* I did that too late,
Which brought on this calamity upon me,

With

With all the infamy I heare; your Souldier,
That ſwaggering Gueſt. *Com.* Who is return'd here to you,
Your vowed friend, and ſervant; comes to ſup with you,
So wee doe all; and 'll prove he hath deſerv'd,
That ſpeciall reſpect, and favour from you,
As not your fortunes, with your ſelfe to boote,
Caſt on a Feather-bed, and ſpread o' th' ſheets
Vnder a brace of your beſt Perſian Carpets,
Were ſcarce a price to thanke his happy merit.
Int. What impudence is this? can you indure
To heare it ſifter? *Com.* Yes, and you ſhall heare it;
Who will indure it worſe. What deſerves he
In your opinion, Madam, or weigh'd Judgement,
That, things thus hanging (as they doe in doubt)
Suſpended, and ſuſpected, all involv'd,
And wrapt in errour, can reſolve the knot?
Redintigrate the fame, firſt of your houſe?
Reſtore your Ladiſhips quiet? render then
Your Neice a Virgin, and unvitiated?
And make all plaine, and perfect (as it was)
A practiſe to betray you, and your name?
Int. Hee ſpeakes impoſſibilities. *Com.* Here he ſtands,
Whoſe fortune hath done this, and you muſt thanke him:
To what you call his ſwaggering, wee owe all this.
And that it may have credit with you Madam,
Here is your Neice, whom I have married, witneſſe
Theſe Gentlemen, the Knight, Captaine, and *Parſon*,
And this grave Politique Tell-troth of the Court.
Lad. What's ſhe that I call Neice then? *Com.* *Poliſhes* Daughter
Her Mother Goodwy' *Poliſh* hath confeſs'd it
To Granam *Keepe*, the Nurſe, how they did change
The children in their Cradles. *Lad.* To what purpoſe?
Com. To get the portion, or ſome part of it,
Which you muſt now diſburſe intire to me, Sir,
If I but gaine her Ladiſhips conſent.
Lad. I bid God give you joy, if this be true.
Com. As true it is, Lady, Lady, i'th' ſong.
The portion's mine, with intereſt Sir *Moath*;
I will not 'bate you a ſingle *Harrington*,
Of intereſt upon intereſt. In meane time,
I doe commit you to the Guard of *Ironſide*.
My brother here, Captaine *Rudhudibras*:
From whom I will expect you, or your Ranſome.
Int. Sir you muſt prove it, and the poſſibility,
Ere I beleeve it. *Com.* For the poſſibility,
I leave to triall. Truth ſhall ſpeake it ſelfe.
O Mr. *Practiſe*, did you meet the Coach?
Pra. Yes Sir, but empty. *Com.* Why, I ſent it for you.
The buſines is diſpatch'd here, ere you come;
Come in, Ile tell you how: you are a man

Will looke for satisfaction, and must have it.

All. So doe wee all, and long to heare the right.

Chorus.

Dam. Troth, I am one of those that labour with the same longing, for it is almost pucker'd, and pull'd into that knot, by your Poët, which I cannot easily, with all the strength of my imagination, untie.

Boy. Like enough, nor is it in your office to be troubled or perplexed with it, but to sit still, and expect. The more your imagination busies it selfe, the more it is intangled, especially if (as I told, in the beginning) you happen on the wrong end.

Pro. He hath said sufficient, Brother *Damplay*; our parts that are the Spectators, or should heare a *Comedy*, are to await the processe, and events of things, as the *Poet* presents them, not as wee would corruptly fashion them. Wee come here to behold *Playes*, and censure them, as they are made, and fitted for us; not to beslave our owne thoughts, with censorious spitle tempering the *Poets* clay, as wee were to mould every *Scene* anew: That were a meere Plastick, or Potters ambition, most unbecomming the name of a *Gentleman*. No, let us marke, and not lose the busines on foot, by talking. Follow the right thred, or find it.

Dam. Why, here his *Play* might have ended, if hee would ha' let it; and have spar'd us the vexation of a *fift Act* yet to come, which every one here knowes the issue of already, or may in part conjecture.

Boy. That conjecture is a kind of Figure-flinging, or throwing the Dice, for a meaning was never in the *Poets* purpose perhaps. Stay, and see his last *Act*, his *Catastrophe*, how hee will perplexe that, or spring some fresh cheat, to entertaine the *Spectators*, with a convenient delight, till some unexpected, and new encounter breake out to rectifie all, and make good the *Conclusion*.

Pro. Which, ending here, would have shownc dull, flat, and unpointed, without any shape, or sharpenesse, Brother *Damplay*.

Dam. Well, let us expect then: And wit be with us, o' the *Poets* part.

Act V. Scene I.

Needle. Item.

Nee. TRoth Mr. *Item*, here's a house divided,
And quarter'd into parts, by your Doctors ingine.
H' has cast out such aspersions on my Ladies
Neice here, of having had a Child; as hardly
Will be wip'd off, I doubt. *Ite.* Why, is't not true?
Nee. True! did you thinke it? *Ite.* Was shee not in labour?
The Mid-wife sent for? *Ite.* There's your errour now!
Yo' ha' drunke o' the same water. *Item.* I beleev'd it,
And gave it out too. *Nee.* More you wrong'd the party;

She had no such thing about her, innocent creature!
Iem. What had she then? only a fit o' the Mother!
They burnt old shoes, Goose-feathers, *Assafœtida*,
A few horne shavings, with a bone, or two,
And she is well againe, about the house;—
Ite. Is't possible? *Nee.* See it, and then report it.
Ite. Our Doctors Vrinall-Judgement is halfe-crack'd then.
Nee. Crack't i' the case, most hugely, with my Lady,
And sad Sir *Moath*, her brother; who is now
Vnder a cloud a little. *Ite.* Of what? Disgrace?
Nee. He is committed to *Rud-hudibras*,
The Captaine *Ironside*, upon displeasure,
From Mr. *Compasse*, but it will blow off.
Ite. The Doctor shall reverse his, instantly,
And set all right againe: if you'll assist
But in a toy; Squire *Needle*, comes i' my nodle now.
Nee. Good, *Needle* and Nodle! what may't be? I long for't.
Ite. Why, but to goe to bed: faine a distemper
Of walking i' your sleepe, or talking in't
A little idly, but so much, as on' it,
The Doctor may have ground, to raise a cure
For's reputation. *Nee.* Any thing, to serve
The worship o' the man I love and honour.

Act V. Scene II.

Polish. Pleasance. Chaire. Placentia. Keepe.

Pol. O! gi' you joy *Madamoiselle Compasse!*
You are his Whirle-poole now: all to be married,
Against your Mothers leave, and without counsell!
H' has fish'd faire, and caught a Frog, I feare it.
What fortune ha' you to bring him in dower?
You can tell stories now: you know a world
Of secrets to discover. *Ple.* I know nothing
But what is told me; nor can I discover
Any thing. *Pol.* No, you shall not, Ile take order.
Goe, get you in there: It is *Ember*-weeke!
Ile keepe you fasting from his flesh a while.
Cha. See, who's here? she 'has beene with my Lady; who kist her, all to kist her, twice or thrice.
Nee. And call'd her Neice againe, and *view'd her Linnen.*
Pol. You ha' done a Miracle, Mother *Chaire.* *Cha.* Not I,
My Cawdle has done it. Thanke my Cawdle heartily.
Pol It shall be thank'd, and you too, wisest Mother;
You shall have a new, brave, foure-pound Beaver hat,
Set with enamell'd studs, as mine is here:
And a right paire of Cristall Spectacles;
Cristall o' th' Rock, thou mighty Mother of Dames;
Hung in an Ivory Case, at a gold Belt,

And silver Bels to gingle, as you pase
Before your fiftie Daughters in procession
To Church, or from the Church. *Cha.* Thankes Mrs. *Polish.*
Kee. She does deserve as many pensions,
As there be peeces in a—Maiden-head;
Were I a Prince to give 'hem. *Pol.* Come sweet Charge,
You shall present your selfe about the house, be confident, and beare up; you shall be seene.

Act V. Scene III.

Compasse. Ironside. Practise.

Com. What? I can make you amends, my learned Counsell,
And satisfie a greater Injury
To chafed Mr. *Practise.* Who would thinke
That you could be thus testie? *Iro.* A grave head!
Gi'n over to the study of our Lawes.
Com. And the prime honours of the Common-wealth.
Iro. And you to mind a wife. *Com.* What should you doe
With such a toy as a wife, that might distract you,
Or hinder you i' your Course? *Iro.* He shall not thinke on't.
Com. I will make over to you my Possession,
Of that same place is falne (you know) to satisfie
Surveyor of the Projects generall.
Iro. And that's an office, you know how to stirre in.
Com. And make your profits of. *Iro.* Which are (indeed)
The ends of a gown'd man: Shew your activity,
And how you are built for busines. *Pra.* I accept it
As a *Possession*, be't but a *Reversion.*
Com. You first told me 'twas a Possession. *Pra.* I,
I told you that I heard so. *Iro.* All is one,
Hee'll make *Reversion* a *Possession* quickly.
Com. But I must have a generall Release from you.
Pra. Doe one, Ile doe the other. *Com.* It's a match
Before my brother *Ironside.* *Pra.* 'Tis done.
Com. Wee two are reconcil'd then. *Iro.* To a Lawyer,
That can make use of a place, any halfe title,
Is better then a wife. *Com.* And will save charges
Of Coaches, Vellute Gownes, and cut-worke Smocks.
Iro. Hee is to occupie an office wholly.
Com. True, I must talke with you neerer, Mr. *Practise,*
About recovery o' my wives portion,
What way I were best to take. *Pra.* The plainest way.
Com. What's that, for plainenesse? *Pra.* Sue him at Common-Law!
Arrest him on an Action of Choke-baile,
Five hundred thousand pound; it will affright him,
And all his sureties. You can prove your marriage? *Com.* Yes.
Wee'll talke of it within, and heare my Lady.

Act V. Scene IV.

Interest. Lady. Rut. Item.

Int. I am sure, the Rogue o' the house went all that way;
She was with Child, and Mr. *Compasse* got it.
Lad. Why, that you see, is manifestly false,
H' has married the other; our true Neice he sayes:
He would not wooe 'hem both: hee is not such
A Stallion, to leape all. Againe, no Child
Appeares, that I can find withall my search,
And strictest way of Inquiry, I have made
Through all my family. A fire o' the Mother,
The women say she had, which the Mid-wife cur'd,
With burning bones and feathers: Here's the Doctor. *Enter Doctor.*
Int. O noble Doctor, did not you, and your *Item*,
Tell me our Neice was in labour? *Rut.* If I did,
What followes? *Int.* And that Mother Mid-night
Was sent for? *Rut.* So she was; and is i' the house still.
Int. But here has a noise beene since, she was deliver'd
Of a brave boy, and Mr. *Compasse*'s getting.
Rut. I know no rattle of Gossips, nor their noyses.
I hope you take not me for a Pimpe errant,
To deale in smock Affaires? Where's the Patient?
The infirme man, I was sent for, Squire *Needle*?
Lad. Is *Needle* sick? *Rut.* My 'Pothecary tels me *Enter Tim.*
Hee is in danger; how is't *Tim*? where is he?
Ite. I cannot hold him downe. Hee's up, and walkes,
And talkes in his perfect sleepe, with his eyes shut,
As sensibly, as he were broad awake.
Rut. See, here he comes. Hee's fast asleepe, observe him.
Rut. Hee'll tell us wonders: What doe these women here?

Act V. Scene V.

Rut. Needle. Interest. Item. Lady. Polish. Chaire. Keepe. Placentia.

Hunting a man halfe naked? you are fine beagles!
You'd have his doucets. *Nee.* I ha' linnen breeks on.
Rut. He heares, but hee sees nothing. *Nee.* Yes, I see
Who hides the treasure yonder. *Int.* Ha? what treasure?
Rut. If you aske questions, he 'wakes presently:
And then you'l heare no more, till his next fit.
Nee. And whom he hides it for. *Rut.* Doe you marke Sir? hit.
Nee. A fine she spirit it is, an Indian Mag-pie.
She was an Aldermans Widow, and fell in love
With our Sir *Moath*, my Ladies brother. *Rut.* (Heare you?)
Nee. And she has hid an Aldermans estate;

Dropt

Dropt through her bill in little holes, i' the Garden,
And scrapes earth over 'hem; where none can spy
But I, who see all by the Glowormes light,
That creeps before. *Pol.* I knew the Gentlewoman;
Alderman *Parrots* Widow, a fine Speaker,
As any was i' the Clothing, or the Bevy;
She did become her scarlet, and black Velvet,
Her greene, and purple—*Rut.* Save thy colours, Rainebow,
Or she will run thee over, and all thy lights.
Pol. She dwelt in *Doo-little* Lane, a top o' the hill there;
I' the round Cage, was after Sir *Chime Squirrell's*.
Shee would eate nought but Almonds, I assure you.
Rut. Would thou had'st a dose of pilles, a double dose,
O' the best purge, to make thee turne tale, tother way.
Pol. You are a foule mouth'd, purging, absurd Doctor;
I tell you true, and I did long to tell it you.
You ha' spread a scandall i' my Ladies house here,
On her sweet Neice, you never can take off
With all your purges, or your plaister of Oathes;
Though you distill your Dam-me, drop by drop,
I' your defence. That she hath had a Child,
Here she doth spit upon thee, and defie thee;
Or I do't for her. *Rut.* Madam, pray you bind her
To her behaviour. Tye your Gossip up,
Or send her unto *Bet'lem*. *Pol.* Goe thou thither,
That better hast deserv'd it, shame of Doctors:
Where could she be deliver'd? by what charme?
Restor'd to her strength so soone? who is the Father?
Or where the Infant? Aske your Oracle,
That walkes, and talkes in his sleepe. *Rut.* Where is he? gone?
You ha' lost a fortune listning to her, to her Tabour.
Good Madam lock her up. *Lad.* You must give loosers
Their leave to speake, good Doctor. *Rut.* Follow his footing
Before he get to his bed: This rest is lost else.

Act V. Scene VI.

Compasse. Practise. Ironside. Polish. Lady.

Com. Where is my wife? what ha' you done with my wife,
Gossip o' the Counsels? *Pol.* I, sweet Mr. *Compasse*?
I honour you, and your wife. *Com.* Well, doe so still.
I will not call you Mother tho', but *Polish*.
Good Gossip *Polish*, where ha' you hid my wife?
Pol. I hide your wife? *Com.* Or she's run away.
Lad. That would make all suspected, Sir, a fresh.
Come we will find her, if she be i' the house.
Pol. Why should I hide your wife, good Mr. *Compasse*?
Com. I know no cause, but that you are goo'dy *Polish*,
That's good at malice; good at mischiefe; all

That can perplexe, or trouble a busines, throughly.
Pol. You may say what you will: yo' are Mr. *Compasse*,
And carry a large sweep, Sir, i' your Circle.
Lad. Ile sweep all corners, Gossip, to spring this.
If't be above ground, I will have her cry'd,
By the Common-cryer, through all the Ward,
But I will find her. *Iro.* It will be an Act
Worthy your justice, Madam. *Pra.* And become
The integrity, and worship of her name.

Act V. Scene VII.

Rut. Interest. Item. Needle.

Rut. 'Tis such a Fly, this Gossip, with her buz,
Shee blowes on every thing, in every place!
Int. A busie woman, is a fearefull grievance!
Will hee not sleepe againe? *Rut.* Yes instantly,
As soone as he is warme. It is the nature
Of the disease, and all these cold dry fumes,
That are melancholicke, to worke at first,
Slow, and insensibly in their ascent,
Till being got up, and then distilling downe
Vpo' the braine; they have a pricking quality
That breeds this restlesse rest, which we, the sonnes
Of Physick, call a walking in the sleepe,
And telling mysteries, that must be heard.
Softly, with art, as we were sowing pillowes
Vnder the Patients elbowes, else they'd fly
Into a phrensie, run into the Woods,
Where there are Noises, huntings, shoutings, hallowings,
Amidst the brakes, and furzes, over bridges
Fall into waters: Scratch their flesh: Sometimes
Drop downe a præcipice, and there be lost.
How now! what does her? *Ite.* He is up againe, *Enter Item.*
And 'gins to talke. *Int.* O' the former matter, *Item?*
Ite. The treasure, and the Lady: That's his argument.
Int. O mee, happy man! he cannot off it.
I shall know all then. *Rut.* With what appetite
Our owne desires delude us! Heare you *Tim?*
Let no man interrupt us. *Ite.* Sir *Diaphanous*,
And Mr. *Bias*, his Court-friend's, desire
To kisse his Neices hands, and gratulate
The firme recovery of her good fame,
And honour—*Int.* Good, say to 'hem, Mr. *Item*,
My Neice is on my Ladies side: they'll find her there.
I pray to be but spar'd, for halfe an houre:
Ile see 'hem presently. *Rut.* Doe, put 'hem off, *Tim.*
And tell 'hem the importance of the busines.
Here, he is come! sooth; and have all out of him.
Nee. How doe you Lady-bird? so hard at worke, still?

What's that you say? Doe you bid me walke, sweet Bird?
And tell our Knight? I will. How? walke knave, walke?
I thinke y'are angry with me *Pol.* Fine *Pol!*
Pol's a fine bird! O fine Lady *Pol!*
Almond for Parrat, Parrat's a brave bird:
Three hundred thousand peeces ha' you stuck,
Edge-long into the ground, within the Garden?
O' bounteous Bird! *Int.* And me, most happy creature.
Rut. Smother your joy. *Nee.* How? and drop'd twice so many—
Int. Ha! where? *Rut.* Containe your selfe. *Nee.* I' the old Well?
Int. I cannot, I am a man of flesh, and blood:
Who can containe himselfe, to heare the Ghost
Of a dead Lady, doe such workes as these?
And a Citie Lady too, o' the streight waste?
Rut. Hee's gone. *Nee.* I will goe try the truth of it.
Rut. Follow him, *Tim:* See what he does; if he bring you
A 'ssay of it now. *Int.* Ile say hee's a rare fellow:
And has a rare disease. *Rut.* And I will worke
As rare a cure upon him. *Int.* How, good Doctor?
Rut. When he hath utter'd all, that you would know of him;
Ile cleanse him with a pill (as small as a pease)
And stop his mouth: for there his issue lies,
Betweene the Muscles o' the tongue. *Int.* Hee's come.
Rut. What did he, *Item?* *Ite.* The first step he stept
Into the Garden, he pull'd these five peices
Vp, in a fingers bredth one of another.
The durt sticks on 'hem still. *Int.* I know enough.
Doctor, proceed with your Cure, Ile make thee famous,
Famous among the sonnes of the Physicians,
Machaon, Podalirius, Esculapius.
Thou shalt have a golden beard, as well as he had;
And thy *Tim Item* here, have one of silver:
A livery beard. And all thy 'Pothecaries
Belong to thee. Where's Squire *Needle?* gone?
Ite. Hee's prick'd away, now he has done the worke.
Rut. Prepare his pill, and gi' it him afore Supper.
Int. Ile send for a dozen o' labourers to morrow,
To turne the surface o' the Garden up.
Rut. In mould? bruise every clod? *Int.* And have all sifted;
For Ile not loose a peice o' the Birds bounty,
And take an Inventory of all. *Rut.* And then,
I would goe downe into the Well— *Int.* My selfe;
No trusting other hands: Sixe hundred thousand,
To the first three; nine hundred thousand pound—
Rut. 'Twill purchase the whole Bench of Aldermanity,
Stript to their shirts. *Int.* There never did accrew,
So great a gift to man, and from a Lady,
I never saw but once; now I remember,
Wee met at Merchants-Taylors-hall, at dinner,
In *Thred-needle* street, *Rut.* Which was a signe Squire *Needle*

Should

Should have the thredding of this thred. *Int.* 'Tis true,
I shall love Parrots better, while I know him.
Rut. Il'd have her statue cut, now in white marble.
Int. And have it painted in most orient colours.
Rut. That's right! all Citie statues must be painted:
Else, they be worth nought i' their subtile Judgements.

Act V. Scena VIII.

Interest. Bias. Rut. Palate.

Int. My truest friend in Court, deare Mr. *Bias*;
You heare o'the recovery of our Neice
In fame, and credit? *Bia.* Yes, I have beene with her,
And gratulated to her; but I am sory
To find the Author o' the fowle aspersion
Here i' your company, this insolent Doctor.
Int. You doe mistake him: He is cleare got off on't.
A Gossips Jealousie first gave the hint.
He drives another way, now, as I would have him.
Hee's a rare man, the Doctor, in his way.
H' has done the noblest cure here, i' the house,
On a poore Squire, my sisters Taylor, *Needle*
That talk'd in's sleepe; would walke to Saint *Iohn*'s wood;
And *Waltham* Forrest, scape by all the ponds,
And pits i' the way; run over two-inch bridges;
With his eyes fast, and i' the dead of night!
Ile ha' you better acquainted with him. Doctor,
Here is my deare, deare, dearest friend in Court,
Wise, powerfull Mr. *Bias*; pray you salute
Each other; not as strangers, but true friends.
Rut. This is the Gentleman you brought to day,
A Suitor to your Neice? *Int.* Yes. *Rut.* You were
Agreed, I heard; the writings drawne betweene you?
Int. And seald. *Rut.* What broke you off? *Int.* This rumour of her?
Was it not Mr. *Bias*? *Bia.* Which I find
Now false, and therefore come to make amends
I' the first place. I stand to the old conditions.
Rut. Faith give 'hem him, Sir *Mouth*, what ere they were.
You have a brave occasion now, to crosse
The flanting Mr. *Compasse*, who pretends
Right to the portion, by th'other Intaile.
Int. And claimes it. You doe heare he's married?
Bia. We heare his wife is run away from him,
Within: She is not to be found i' the house,
With all the Hue, and Cry is made for her,
Through every roome; the Larders ha' beene search'd,
The Bak-houses, and Boulting-tub, the Ovens,
Wash-house, and Brew-house, nay the very Fornace,
And yet she is not heard of. *Int.* Be she nere heard of,

The safety of Great *Brittaine* lyes not on't.
You are content with the ten thousand pound,
Defalking the foure hundred garnish money?
That's the condition here, afore the Doctor,
And your demand, friend *Bias*. *Bia.* It is Sir *Moath*. *Enter Palat.*
Rut. Here comes the *Parson* then, shall make all sure.
Int. Goe you with my friend *Bias*, *Parson Palate*,
Vnto my Neice; assure them wee are agreed.
Pal. And Mrs. *Compasse* too, is found within.
Int. Where was she hid? *Pal.* In an old Botle-house,
Where they scrap'd trenchers; there her mother had thrust her.
Rut. You shall have time, Sir, to triumph on him,
When this fine feate is done, and his *Rud-Ironside*.

Act V. Scene IX.

Compasse. Pleasance. Lady. Ironside. Practise. Polish. Chaire. Keepe. &c.

Com. Was ever any Gentlewoman us'd
So barbarously by a malitious Gossip,
Pretending to be Mother to her too?
Pol. Pretending! Sir, I am her Mother, and challenge
A right, and power for what I have done. *Com.* Out, Hag.
Thou that hast put all nature off, and woman:
For sordid gaine, betray'd the trust committed
Vnto thee by the dead, as from the living:
Chang'd the poore innocent Infants in their Cradles:
Defrauded them o' their parents, chang'd their names,
Calling *Placentia*, *Pleasance*; *Pleasance*, *Placentia*.
Pol. How knowes he this? *Com.* Abus'd the neighbour-hood,
But most this Lady. Did'st enforce an oath,
To this poore woman, on a pious booke,
To keepe close thy impiety. *Pol.* Ha' you told this?
Kee. I told it? no, he knowes it, and much more,
As he's a cunning man. *Pol.* A cunning foole,
If that be all. *Com.* But now to your true daughter,
That had the Child, and is the proper *Pleasance*,
Wee must have an account of that too, Gossip;
Pol. This's like all the rest of Mr. *Compasse*.

Act V. Scene X.

Enter to them running, *Rut.*

Rut. Helpe, helpe for Charity; Sir *Moath Interest*
Is falne into the Well. *Lad.* Where? where? *Rut.* I' the Garden,
A rope to save his life. *Com.* How came he there?
Rut. He thought to take possession of a fortune,
There newly drop't him, and the old Chaine broke,
And downe fell hee i' the Bucket. *Com.* Is it deepe?

Rut.

Rut. We cannot tell. A rope: helpe with a rope.
Sil. He is got out againe. The Knight is sav'd. *Enter Silke-worme. Iron-side. Item. Needle, and Interest. Rut.*
Iro. A little sows'd i' the water: *Needle* sav'd him.
Ite. The water sav'd him, 'twas a faire escape.
Nee. Ha' you no hurt? *Int.* A little wet. *Nee.* That's nothing.
Rut. I wish'd you stay Sir till to morrow: And told you,
It was no lucky houre: since sixe a Clock
All starres were retrograde. *Lad.* I' the name *Lady.*
Of fate, or folly how came you i' the Bucket?
Int. That is a *Quere* of another time, sister,
The Doctor will resolve you—who hath done
The admirable'st cure upon your *Needle!*
Gi' me thy hand good *Needle*: thou cam'st timely.
Take off my hood and coat. And let me shake
My selfe a little. I have a world of busines. *Placentia.*
Where is my Nephew *Bias?* and his wife? *Palate.*
Who bids God gi'hem joy? Here they both stand
As sure affianced, as the *Parson*, or words
Can tie 'hem. *Rut.* Wee all wish 'hem joy, and happinesse.
Silk. I saw the Contract, and can witnesse it.
Int. He shall receive ten thousand pounds to morrow,
You look'd for't, *Compasse*, or a greater summe,
But 'tis dispos'd of, this, another way.
I have but one Neice, verely *Compasse*.
Com. Ile find another. *Varlet*, doe your office.
Var. I doe arrest your body, Sir *Mouth Interest*, *Varlet.*
In the Kings name: At suite of Mr. *Compasse*,
And Dame *Placentia* his wife. The Action 'sentred,
Five hundred thousand pound. *Int.* Heare you this, sister?
And hath your house the eares, to heare it too?
And to resound the affront? *Lad.* I cannot stop
The Lawes, or hinder Justice. I can be
Your Baile, if't may be taken. *Com.* With the Captaines,
I aske no better. *Rut.* Here are better men,
Will give their Baile. *Com.* But yours will not be taken,
Worshipfull Doctor, you are good security
For a suit of clothes, to th' Taylor, that dares trust you:
But not for such a summe, as is this Action.
Varlet, You know my mind. *Var.* You must to prison, Sir,
Vnlesse you can find Baile the Creditor likes.
Int. I would faine find it, if you'd shew me where.
Silk. It is a terrible Action, more indeed,
Then many a man is worth. And is call'd *Fright-Baile.*
Iro. Faith I will baile him, at mine owne apperill.
Varlet, be gone: Ile once ha' the reputation,
To be security for such a summe.
Beare up Sir *Moath*. *Rut.* He is not worth the Buckles
About his Belt, and yet this *Ironside* clashes.
Int. Peace, lest he heare you Doctor, wee'll make use of him.
What doth your brother *Compasse*, Captaine *Ironside*,

Demand of us, by way of challenge, thus?
Ire. Your Neices portion; in the right of his wife.
Int. I have assur'd one portion, to one Neice,
And have no more t'account for, that I know of:
What I may doe in charity—if my sister,
Will bid an Offring for her maid, and him,
As a Benevolence to 'hem, after Supper,
Ile spit into the Bason, and intreat
My friends to doe the like. *Com.* Spit out thy gall,
And heart, thou Viper: I will now no mercy,
No pitty of thee, thy false Neice, and *Needle*;
Bring forth your Child, or I appeale you of murder,
You, and this Gossip here, and Mother *Chaire*.
Cha. The Gentleman's falne mad! *Ple.* No, Mrs. Midwife.
Pleasance steps out.
I saw the Child, and you did give it me,
And put it i' my armes, by this ill token,
You wish'd me such another; and it cry'd.
Pra. The Law is plaine; if it were heard to cry,
And you produce it not, hee may indict
All that conceale 't, of Felony, and Murder.
Com. And I will take the boldnesse, Sir, to doe it:
Beginning with Sir *Moath* here, and his Doctor.
Silk. Good faith this same is like to turne a busines.
Pal. And a shrewd busines, marry: they all start at't.
Com. I ha' the right thred now, and I will keepe it.
You good'y *Keepe*, confesse the truth to my Lady,
The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth.
Pol. I scorne to be prevented of my glories.
I plotted the deceit, and I will owne it.
Love to my Child, and luere of the portion
Provok'd me; wherein though th'event hath fail'd
In part, I will make use of the best side.
This is my Daughter, and she hath had a Child
This day, (unto her shame, I now professe it.)
By this meere false-stick Squire *Needle*, but
Since this wise Knight, hath thought it good to change
The foolish Father of it, by assuring
Her to his deare friend, Mr. *Bias*; and him
Againe to her, by clapping of him on
With his free promise of ten thousand pound,
Afore so many witnesses. *Silk.* Whereof I
Am one. *Pal.* And I another. *Pol.* I should be unnaturall
To my owne flesh, and blood, would I not thanke him.
I thanke you Sir: and I have reason for it.
For here your true Neice stands, fine Mrs. *Compasse*.
(Ile tell you truth, you have deserv'd it from me.)
To whom you are by bond engag'd to pay
The sixteene thousand pound, which is her portion,
Due to her husband, on her marriage-day.
I speake the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Iro. You'll pay it now, Sir *Mouth*, with interest?
You see the truth breaks out on every side of you.
Int. Into what nets of cous'nage am I cast
On ev'ry side? each thred is growne a noose:
A very mesh: I have run my selfe into
A double breake, of paying twice the money.
Bia. You shall be releas'd of paying me a penny,
With these conditions. *Pal.* Will you leave her then?
Bia. Yes, and the summe, twice told, ere take a wife,
To pick out Mounsieur *Needles* basting threds.
Com. Gossip you are paid: though he be a fit nature,
Worthy to have a Whore justly put on him,
He is not bad enough to take your Daughter,
On such a cheat. Will you yet pay the portion?
Int. What will you 'bate? *Com.* No penny the Law gives.
Int. Yes, *Bias*'s money. *Com.* What? your friend in Court?
I will not rob you of him, nor the purchase,
Nor your deare Doctor here, stand altogether.
Birds of a nature all, and of a feather.
Lad. Well, wee are all now reconcil'd to truth.
There rests yet a Gratuitie from me,
To be conferr'd upon this Gentleman;
Who (as my Nephew *Compasse* sayes) was cause,
First of th' offence, but since of all th' amends,
The Quarrell caus'd th' affright; that fright brought on
The travell, which made peace, the peace drew on
This new discovery, which endeth all
In reconcilement. *Com.* When the portion
Is tender'd, and receiv'd. *Int.* Well, you must have it,
As good at first as last. 'Tis well said brother.
And I, if this good Captaine will accept me,
Give him my selfe, endow him with my estate,
And make him Lord of me, and all my fortunes:
He that hath sav'd my houre, though by chance,
Ile really study his, and how to thanke him.
Iro. And I imbrace you, Lady, and your goodnesse,
And vow to quit all thought of warre hereafter;
Save what is fought under your colours, Madam.
Pal. More worke then for the *Parson*; I shall cap
The *Loadstone* with an *Ironside*, I see.
Iro. And take in these, the forlorne Couple, with us,
Needle, and's *Thred*, whose portion I will thinke on;
As being a busines, waiting on my bounty:
Thus I doe take possession of you, Madam,
My true *Magnetick* Mistris, and my Lady.

The end.

CHORVS.

CHORUS

Changed into an EPILOGVE:

To the KING.

WEll, Gentlemen, I now must under seale,
And th' Authors *charge, Daive you, and make my appeale*
To the supremest power, my LORD, *the* KING;
Who best can judge of What wee humbly bring.
Hee knowes our weakvesse, and the Poets *faults;*
Where he doth stand upright, goe firme, or halts;
And hee will doome him. To which voice he stands,
And prefers that, 'fove all the Peoples hands.

A TALE OF A TUB.

A COMEDY composed

By

BEN: IOHNSON.

First Acted in 1633.

Catul.—*Inficeto eſt inficetior rure.*

LONDON,
Printed M. DC. XL.

A TALE
OF
A TUB.

A COMEDY compoſed
By
Ben: Ionſon.

Quid — Diſcrete ſit indiſcrete fiat.

LONDON,
Printed M. DC. XL.

The Persons that act.

CHAN HVGH, *Vicar of* Pancrace, *and Captaine* Thums.
SQVIRE TVB, *of* Totten-Court, *or Squire* TRIPOLY.
BASKET HILTS, *His man, and Governour.*
JVST: PREAMBLE, *of* Maribone, alias BRAMBLE.
MILES METAPHOR, *His Clarke.*
LADY TVB, *of* Totten, *the Squires Mother.*
POL-MARTEN, *Her Huisher.* DIDO WIGG *her woman.*
TOBIE TVRFE, *High Constable of* Kentish Towne.
DA: SIBIL TVRFE *His Wife.*
Mrs. AWDREY TVRFE, *Their Daughter the Bride.*
IOHN CLAY, *of* Kilborne *Tile-maker, the appointed Bride-groome.*
IN-AND-IN.MEDLAY. *of* Islington, *Cooper and Headborough.*
RASI: CLENCH, *of* Hamsted, *Farrier, and petty Constable.*
TO-PAN, *Tinker, or Mettal-man of* Belsise. *Thirdborough.*
D'OGE: SCRIBEN, *of* Chalcot *the great Writer.*
BALL PVPPY, *The high Constables man.*
FATHER ROSIN, *The Minstrell, and His* 2 Boyes.
IONE, IOYCE, MADGE, PARNEL, GRISELL, KATE. *Maids of the Bridall.*
BLACK IACK, *The Lady* Tubs *Butler.*
2 Groomes.

The *Scene*, Finsbury-hundred.

PROLOGVE.

NO State-affaires, nor any politique Club,
Pretend wee in our Tale, here, of a Tub.
But acts of Clownes and Constables, to day
Stuffe out the Scenes of our ridiculous Play.
A Coopers wit, or some such busie Sparke,
Illumining the high Constable, and his Clarke.
And all the Neighbour-hood, from old Records,
Of antick Proverbs, drawne from Whitson-Lord's,
And their Authorities, at Wakes and Ales,
With countrey precedents, and old Wives Tales;
Wee bring you now, to shew what different things
The Cotes of Clownes, are from the Courts of Kings.

A TALE

A TALE OF A TUB.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir *Hugh. Tub. Hilts.*

Hug. NOw o' my faith, old Biſhop *Valentine*,
You' ha' brought us nipping weather: *Februere*
Doth cut and ſheare; your day, and dioceſſe
Are very cold. All your Pariſhioners;
As well your Layicks, as your Quiriſters,
Had need to keepe to their warme Fether-beds,
If they be ſped of loves: this is no ſeaſon,
To ſeeke new Makes in; though Sir *Hugh* of *Pancrace*,
Be hither come to *Totten*, on intelligence;
To the young Lord o' the Mannor, Squire *Tripoly*,
On ſuch an errand as a Miſtris is.
What, Squire! I ſay? *Tub.* I ſhould call him too:
Sir *Peter Tub* was his father, a Salt-peeter-man;
Who left his Mother, Lady *Tub* of *Totten-Court*, here, to revell, and keepe open houſe in;
With the young Squire her ſonne, and's Governour *Basket-Hilts*, both by ſword, and dagger: *Domine*,
Armiger Tub, Squire *Tripoly*, *Expergiſcere*.
I dare not call aloud, leſt ſhe ſhould heare me;
And thinke I conjur'd up the ſpirither, ſonne,
In Prieſts-lack-*latine*: O ſhee is jealous
Of all man-kind for him. *Tub.* Chanon, i'ſt you?
Hug. The Vicar of *Pancrace*, Squire *Tub*! wa' hoh!
Tub. I come, I ſtoop unto the call; Sir *Hugh*!
Hug. He knowes my lure is from his Love: faire *Awdrey*,
Th'high Conſtables Daughter of *Kentiſh* Towne, here Mr. *Tobias Turfe*. *Tub.* What newes of him? *Hug.* He has wak'd me,
An houre before I would, Sir. And my duty,
To the young worſhip of *Totten-Court*, Squire *Tripoly*;
Who hath my heart, as I have his: your Mrs.
Is to be made away from you, this morning,
Saint *Valentines* day: there are a knot of Clownes,
The Counſell of *Finsbury*, ſo they are y-ſtyl'd,
Met at her Fathers; all the wiſe o' th' hundred;
Old *Baſi Clench* of *Hamſted*, petty Conſtable;

At the Windor. Becomes downe in his night Gowne.

In-and-

In-and-In Medlay, Cooper of *Islington*,
And Headborough; with lowd *To-Pan* the Tinker,
Or Mettall-man of *Belsise*, the Third-borough:
And *D'ogenes Scriben*, the great Writer of *Chalcot*.
Tub. And why all these? *Hug.* Sir to conclude in Counsell,
A Husband, or a Make for Mrs. *Awdrey*;
Whom they have nam'd, and prick'd downe, *Clay* of *Kilborne*,
A tough young fellow, and a Tile-maker.
Tub. And what must he doe? *Hugh.* Cover her, they say:
And keepe her warme Sir: Mrs. *Awdrey Turfe*,
Last night did draw him for her *Valentine*;
Which chance, it hath so taken her Father, and Mother,
(Because themselves drew so, on *Valentine*'s Eve
Was thirty yeare) as they will have her married
To day by any meanes; they have sent a Messenger
To *Kilborne*, post, for *Clay*; which when I knew,
I posted with the like to worshipfull *Tripoly*,
The Squire of *Totten*: and my advise to crosse it.
Tub. What is't Sir *Hugh*? *Hugh.* Where is your Governour *Hilts*?
Basquet must doe it. *Tub.* *Basquet* shall be call'd:
Hilts, can you see to rise? *Hil.* Cham not blind Sir
With too much light. *Tub.* Open your tother eye,
And view if it be day. *Hil.* Che can spy that
At's little a hole, as another, through a Milstone.
Tub. Hee will ha' the last word, though he talke Bilke for't.
Hugh. Bilke? what's that? *Tub.* Why nothing, a word signifying
Nothing; and borrow'd here to expresse nothing.
Hugh. A fine device! *Tub.* Yes, till we heare a finer.
What's your device now, Chanon *Hugh*? *Hugh.* In private.
Lend it your eare; I will not trust the ayre with it;
Or scarce my Shirt; my Cassock sha' not know it;
If I thought it did, Ile burne it. *Tub.* That's the way,
You ha' thought to get a new one, *Hugh*: Is't worth it?
They whisper. Let's heare it first. *Hugh.* Then hearken, and receive it.
Hilts enters, and walkes by, making himselfe ready. This 'tis Sir, doe you relish it? *Tub.* If *Hilts*
Be close enough to carry it; there's all.
Hil. It i'no sand? nor Butter-milke? If't be,
Ich'am no zive or watring pot, to draw
Knots i' your 'casions. If you trust me, zo:
If not, praforme it your zelves. 'Cham no mans wife,
But resolute *Hilts*: you'll vind me i' the Buttry.
Tub. A testie Clowne: but a tender Clowne, as wooll:
And melting as the Weather in a Thaw:
Hee'll weepe you, like all *April*: But he' ull roare you
Like middle *March* afore: He will be as mellow,
And tipsie too, as *October*: And as grave,
And bound up like a frost (with the new yeare)
In *January*; as rigid, as he is rusticke.
Hug. You know his nature, and describe it well;
Ile leave him to your fashioning. *Tub.* Stay, Sir *Hugh*;

Take

Take a good Angell with you, for your Guides
And let this guard you home-ward, as the blessing,
To our devise. *Hug.* I thanke you Squires-worship,
Most humbly (for the next, for this I am sure of.) *The Squire ever a*
O for a Quire of these voices, now,
To chime in a mans pocket, and cry chinke!
One doth not chirpe: it makes no harmony.
Grave Justice *Bramble*, next must contribute;
His charity must offer at this wedding:
Ile bid more to the Bason, and the Bride-ale,
Although but one can beare away the Bride.
I smile to thinke how like a Lottery
These Weddings are, *Clay* hath her in possession;
The Squire he hopes to circumvent the *Tile-Kill*:
And now, if Justice *Bramble* doe come off,
'Tis two to one but *Tub* may loose his botome.

Act I. Scæna II.

Clench. Medlay. Scriben. Pan. Puppy.

Cle. Why, 'tis thirty yeare, eene as this day now:
Zin Valentines day, of all dayes cursin'd, looke you;
And the same day o' the moneth, as this *Zin Valentine*,
Or I am vowly deceiv'd. *Med.* That our High Constable,
Mr. *Tobias Turfe*, and his Dame were married.
I thinke you are right. But what was that *Zin Valentine?*
Did you ever know 'um, Good-man *Clench?* Cle. *Zin Valentine*,
Hee was a deadly *Zin*, and dwelt at *High-gate*,
As I have heard, but 't was avore my time:
Hee was a Cooper too, as you are. *Medlay*,
An' In-an-In: A woundy, brag young vellow:
As th' port went o' hun, then, and i' those dayes.
Scri. Did he not write his name, *Sin Valentine?*
Vor I have met no *Sin* in *Finsbury* bookes;
And yet I have writ 'hem fixe or seven times over.
Pan. O' you mun looke for the nine deadly *Sins*,
I' the Church bookes, *Doge*, not the 'high-Constables;
Nor i' the Counties: Zure, that same *Zin Valentine*,
Hee was a stately *Zin*: an' hee were a *Zin*,
And kept 'brave house. *Cle.* At the Cock and Hen, in *High-gate*,
You ha' 'fresh'd my rememory well in't: neighbour *Pan*:
He had a place, in last King *Harrie's* time,
Of sorting all the young couples, joyning 'hem;
And putting 'hem together, which is, yee,
Praform'd, as on his day — *Zin Valentine*,
As being the *Zin* o' the shire, or the whole Countie:
I am old Rivet still, and beare a brome,
The *Clench*, the Varrier, and true Leach of *Hamsted*.

Pan.

Pan. You are a ſhrewd antiquity, neighbour *Clench*!
And a great Guide to all the Pariſhes!
The very Bel-wether of the Hundred, here,
As I may zay. Mr. *Tobias Turfe*,
High Conſtable, would not miſſe you, for a' ſcore o' nus,
When he doe' ſcourſe of the great Charty to us.
Pup. What's that, a Horſe? Can' ſcourſe nought but a Horſe?
I neere read o' hun, and that in *Smith-veld* Chartle:
I' the old *Fabians* Chronicles: nor I thinke
In any new. He may be a Giant there,
For I ought I know. *Scri.* You ſhould doe well to ſtudy
Records, Fellow *Ball*, both Law and Poetry.
Pup. Why, all's but writing, and reading, is it *Scriben?*
An't be any more, it's meere cheating zure.
Vlat cheating: all your Law, and Poets too:
Pan. Mr. High Conſtable comes. *Pup.* Ile zay't avore 'hun.

Act I. Scene III.

Turfe. Clench. Medlay. Scriben. Puppy. Pan.

Tur. What's that, makes you'all ſo merry, and lowd, Sirs, ha?
I could ha' heard you to my privie walke.
Cle. A Contervarſie, 'twixt your two learn'd men here:
Annibal Puppy ſayes, that Law and Poetry
Are both flat cheating; All's but writing and reading,
He ſayes, be't verſe or proſe. *Tur.* I thinke in conzience,
He do' zay true: Who is't doe thwart 'un, ha?
Med. Why my friend *Scriben*, and't plraſe your worſhip.
Tur. Who *D'oge?* my *D'ogenes?* a great Writer, marry!
Hee'll vace mee down, mee my ſelfe ſometimes,
That verſe goes upon veete, as you and I doe:
But I can gi' 'un the hearing; zit me downe;
And laugh at 'un; and to my ſelfe conclude,
The greateſt Clarkes, are not the wiſeſt men
Ever. Here they'are both! What Sirs, diſputin,
And holdin Arguments of verſe, and proſe?
And no greene thing afore the Door, that ſhewes,
Or ſpeakes a wedding? *Scr.* Thoſe were verſes now,
Your worſhip ſpake, and run upon vive feet.
Tur. Feet, vrom my mouth, *D'oge?* Leave your 'zurd uppinions:
And get me in ſome boughes. *Scr.* Let 'hem ha' leaves firſt.
There's nothing greene but Bayes, and Roſemary.
Pup. And they're too good for ſtrewings, your Maids ſay.
Tur. You take up 'dorty ſtill, to vouch againſt me.
All the twelve ſmocks i' the houſe, zur, are your Authors.
Get ſome freſh hay then, to lay under foot:
Some Holly and Ivie, to make vine the poſts:
Is't not Sonne *Valentines* day? and Mrs. *Audrey*,
Your young Dame to be married? I wonder *Clay*

Should be ſo tedious: Hee's to play *Sonne Valentine!*
And the Clowne ſluggard's not come fro' *Kilborne* yet?
Med. Do you call your Son i' Law Clowne, and't pleaſe your worſhip?
Tur. Yes, and vor worſhip too; my neighbour *Medley*.
A *Midleſex* Clowne, and one of *Finsbury*:
They were the firſt Colon's o' the kingdome here:
The Primitory Colon's, my *D'ogenes* ſayes.
Where's *D'ogenes*, my Writer now? What were thoſe
You told me, *D'ogenes*, were the firſt Colon's
O' the Countrey? that the *Romans* brought in here?
Scr. The *Coloni*. Sir, *Colonus* is an Inhabitant:
A Clowne originall: as you'ld zay a Farmer, a Tiller o' th' Earth,
Ere ſin' the *Romans* planted their Colonie firſt,
Which was in *Midleſex*.
Tur. Why ſo, I thanke you heartily, good *D'ogenes*, you ha' zertified me:
I had rather be an ancient Colon, (as they zay) a Clowne of *Midleſex*:
A good rich Farmer, or high Conſtable.
I'ld play hun 'gaine a Knight, or a good Squire;
Or Gentleman of any other Countie
I' the Kindome. *Pan.* Out-cept *Kent*, for there they landed
All Gentlemen, and came in with the Conquerour,
Mad *Iulius Ceſar*; who built *Dover*-Caſtle:
My Anceſtor *To-Pan*, beat the firſt Kettle-drum,
Avore 'hun, here vrom *Dover* on the March:
Which peice of monumentall copper hangs
Vp, ſcourd, at *Hammer-ſmith* yet; for there they came
Over the *Thames*, at a low water marke;
Vore either *London*, I, or *Kingſton* Bridge—
I doubt were kurſind. *Tur.* Zee, who is here: *Iohn Cla*
Zonne Valentine, and Bride-groome! ha' you zeene
Your Valentine-Bride yet, ſin' you came? *Iohn Clay?*

Act I. Scene IV.

Clay. To them.

Cla. No wuſſe. Che lighted, I, but now i' the yard:
Puppy ha' ſcarce unſwadled my legges yet.
Tur. What? wiſpes o' your wedding day, zonne? This is right
Originous Clay: and *Clay* o' *Kilborne* too!
I would ha' had bootes o' this day, zure, zonne *Iohn*.
Cla. I did it to ſave charges: we mun dance,
O this day, zure: and who can dance in boots?
No, I got on my beſt ſtraw-coloured ſtockins,
And ſwaddeld 'hem over to zave charges; I.
Tur. And his new ſhamois Doublet too with points;
I like that yet: and his long ſawſedge-hoſe,
Like the Commander of foure ſmoaking Tile-kils,
Which he is Captaine of; Captaine of *Kilborne*:
Clay with his hat turn'd up, o' the leere ſide, too:
As if he would leape my Daughter yet ere night,
And ſpring a new *Turfe* to the old houſe:
Looke, and the wenches ha' not vound un out;
And doe parzent un, with a van of Roſemary,

And Bayes; to villa Bow-pot, trim the head
Of my best vote-horse: wee shall all ha' Bride-laces,
Or points, I zee; my Daughter will be valiant;
And prove a very *Mary Ambry* i' the busines.
Cle. They zaid, your worship had sur'd her to Squire *Tub*
Of *Totten-Court* here; all the hundred rings on't.
Tur. *A Tale of a Tub*, Sir; a meere tale of a Tub.
Lend it no eare I pray you: The Squire *Tub*
Is a fine man, but he is too fine a man,
And has a Lady *Tub* too to his Mother:
Ile deale with none o' these vine silken *Tubs*.
Iohn Clay, and Cloath-breech for my money, and Daughter.
Here comes another old Boy too, vor his colours
Enter Father Rosin. Will stroake downe my wives udder of purses, empty
Of all her milke money, this Winter Quarter;
Old Father *Rosin*, the chiefe Minstrell here:
Chiefe Minstrell too of *High gate*: she has hir'd him
And all, his two Boyes for a day and a halfe,
And now they come for Ribbanding, and Rosemary;
Give 'hem enough Girles, gi' 'hem enough, and take it
Out in his tunes anon. *Cle.* I'll ha' *Tom Tiler*,
For our *Iohn Clay*'s sake, and the Tile kils, zure.
Med. And I the jolly Joyner, for mine owne sake.
Pan. Ile ha' the joviall *Tinker* for *To. Pans* sake.
Tur. Wee'll all be jovy this day, vor sonne *Valentine*,
My sweet sonne *Iohn*'s sake. *Scri.* There's another reading now:
My Mr. reades it *Sonne*, and not *Sinne Valentine*.
Pup. Nor *Zim*: And hee is i' the right: He is high Constable.
And who should reade aboye un, or avore 'hun?
Tur. Sonne *Iohn* shall bid us welcome all, this day:
Wee'll zerve under his colours: Leade the troop *Iohn*,
And *Puppy*; see the Bels ring. Presse all noises
Of *Finsbury*, in our name; *D'ogenes Scriben*
Shall draw a score of warrants vor the busines.
Do's any wight parzent hir Majesties person,
This Hundred, 'bove the high Constable? *All.* No, no.
Tur. Vse our Authority then, to the utmost on't.

Act I. Scena V.

Hugh. Preamble. Metaphor.

Hugh. So, you are sure Sir to prevent 'hem all;
And throw a block i' the Bride-groomes way, *Iohn Clay*,
That he will hardly leape ore. *Pre.* I conceive you,
Sir *Hugh*; as if your Rhetoricke would say,
Whereas the Father of her is a *Turfe*,
A very superficies of the earth,
Hee aimes no higher, then to match in *Clay*;
And there hath pitch'd his rest. *Hug.* Right Justice *Preamble*;
You ha' the winding wit, compassing all.

Pre.

Pre. Subtile Sir *Hugh*, you now are i' the wrong,
And erre with the whole Neighbour-hood, I must tell you;
For you mistake my name. Justice *Preamble*
I write my selfe; which with the ignorant Clownes, here
(Because of my profession of the Law,
And place o' the peace) is taken to be *Bramble*.
But all my warrants Sir, doe run *Preamble*:
Richard Preamble. *Hugh*. Sir I thanke you for't.
That your good worship, would not let me run
Longer in error, but would take me up thus —
Pre. You are my learned, and canonick neighbour:
I would not have you stray; but the incorrigible
Knot-headed beast, the Clownes, or Constables,
Still let them graze; eat Sallads; chew the Cud:
All the Towne-musicke will not move a log.
Hug. The Beetle and Wedges will, where you will have 'hem.
Pre. True, true Sir *Hugh*, here comes *Miles Metaphore*,
My Clarke: Hee is the man shall carry it, Chanon,
By my instructions. *Hug.* Hee will do't *ad unguem*,
Miles Metaphore: Hee is a ptetty fellow.
Pre. I love not to keepe shadowes, or halfe-wits,
To foile a busines. *Metaphore*! you ha' seene
A King ride forth in state. *Met.* Sir that I have:
King *Edward* our late Leige, and soveraigne Lord:
And have set downe the pompe. *Pre.* Therefore I ask'd you,
Ha' you observ'd the Messengers o' the Chamber?
What habits they were in? *Met.* Yes; Minor Coats.
Vnto the Guard, a Dragon, and a Grey-hound,
For the supporters of the Armes. *Pre.* Well mark'd,
You know not any of 'hem? *Met.* Here's one dwels
In *Maribone*. *Pre.* Ha' you acquaintance with him?
To borrow his coat an houre? *Hug.* Or but his badge,
'Twill serve: A little thing he weares on his brest.
Pre. His coat, I say, is of more authority:
Borrow his coat for an houre. I doe love
To doe all things compleately, Chanon *Hugh*;
Borrow his coat, *Miles Metaphore*, or nothing.
Met. The Taberd of his office, I will call it,
Or the Coat-Armour of his place: and so
Insinuate with him by that Trope—. Metaph. goes out.
Pre. I know your powers of Rhetorick, *Metaphore*.
Fetch him off in a fine figure for his coat I say.
Hug. Ile take my leave Sir of your worship too:
Bycause I may expect the issue anone.
Pre. Stay my diviner Counsell, take your fee;
Wee that take fees, allow 'hem to our Counsell;
And our prime learned Counsell, double fees:
There are a brace of Angels to support you
I' your foot-walke this frost, for feare of falling;
Or spraying of a point of Matrimony,

When you come at it. *Hug.* I' your worsh'ps service;
That the exploit is done, and you possest
Of Mrs. *Awdrey Turfe*—*Pre.* I like your project.
Preamble goes out.
Hug. And I, of this effect of two to one;
It worketh in my pocket, 'gainst the Squire,
And his halfe bottome here, of halfe a peice:
Which was not worth the stepping ore the stile for:
His Mother has quite marr'd him: Lady *Tub*,
She's such a vessell of *faces*: all dry'd earth!
Terra damnata, not a drop of salt!
Or *Peeter* in her! All her Nitre is gone.

Act I. Scena VI.

Lady Tub. Pol-Marten.

Lad. Is the Nag ready *Marten?* call the Squire.
This frosty morning wee will take the aire,
About the fields: for I doe meane to be
Some-bodies *Valentine*, i' my Velvet Gowne,
This morning, though it be but a beggar-man.
Why stand you still, and doe not call my sonne?
Pol. Madam, if he had couched with the Lambe,
He had no doubt beene stirring with the Larke:
But he sat up at Play, and watch'd the Cock,
Till his first warning chid him off to rest.
Late Watchers are no early Wakers, Madam;
But if your Ladiship will have him call'd—.
Lad. Will have him call'd? Wherefore did I, Sir, bid him
Be call'd, you Weazell, Vermin of an Huisher?
You will returne your wit to your first stile
Of *Marten Polcat*, by these stinking tricks,
If you doe use 'hem: I shall no more call you
Pol-marten, by the title of a Gentleman,
Pol-marten goes out.
If you goe on thus—*Pol.* I am gone. *Lad.* Be quick then,
I' your come off: and make amends you Stote!
Was ever such a Full-mart for an Huisher,
To a great worshipfull Lady, as my selfe,
Who, when I heard his name first, *Martin Polcat*,
A stinking name, and not to be pronounc'd
Without a reverence.
In any Ladies presence; my very heart cene earn'd, seeing the Fellow
Young, pretty and handsome, being then I say,
A Basket-Carrier, and a man condemn'd
To the Salt-peeter workes; made it my suit
To Mr. *Peeter Tub*, that I might change it;
And call him as I doe now, by *Pol-marten*,
To have it sound like a Gentleman in an Office,
And made him mine owne Fore-man, daily waiter,
And he to serve me thus! Ingratitude!
Beyond the Coursenes yet of any Clownage,

Shew

Shewen to a Lady: Now what news, is he stirring? *Hoyden sic.*
Pol. Stirring betimes out of his bed, and ready
Lad. And comes he then? *Pol.* No Madam, he is gone.
Lad. Gone? whither? aske the Porter: Where's he gone?
Pol. I met the Porter, and have ask'd him for him,
He sayes he let him forth an houre agoe.
Lad. An houre agoe! what businesse could he have,
So early? where is his man, grave *Basket Hilts*?
His Guide, and Governour? *Pol.* Gone with his Master.
Lad. Is he gone too? O that same surly knave,
Is his right hand: and leads my sonne amisse.
He has carried him to some drinking match, or other.
Fol-marten, I will call you so againe,
I'am friends with you now. Goe get your horse, and ride
To all the Townes about here, where his haunts are,
And crosse the fields to meet, and bring me word;
He cannot be gone farre, being a foot.
Be curious to inquire him: and bid *Wispe*
My woman come, and waite on me. The love
Wee Mothers beare our Sonnes, we ha' bought with paine,
Makes us oft view them, with too carefull eyes,
And over-looke 'hem with a jealous feare,
Out-fitting Mothers.

Act I. Scene VII.

Lady Tub. Wispe.

Lad. How now *Wispe*? Ha' you
A Valentine yet. I'm taking th' aire to choose one.
Wisp. Fate send your Ladiship a fit one then.
Lad. What kind of one is that? *Wisp.* A proper man,
To please your Ladiship. *Lad.* Out o' that vanity,
That takes the foolish eye: Any poore creature,
Whose want may need my almes, or courtesie;
I rather wish, so Bishop *Valentine*,
Left us example to doe deeds of Charity;
To feed the hungry; cloath the naked, visit
The weake, and sicke; to entertaine the poore;
And give the dead a Christian Funerall;
These were the workes of piety he did practise,
And bad us imitate; not looke for Lovers,
Or handsome Images to please our senses.
I pray thee *Wispe*, deale freely with me now:
Wee are alone, and may be merry a little:
Tho' art none o' the Court-glories; nor the wonders
For wit, or beauty i' the Citie: tell me,
What man would satisfie thy present phansie?
Had thy ambition leave to choose a Valentine,
Within the Queenes Dominion, so a subject.

Wif. Yo' ha' gi' me a large ſcope, Madam, I confeſſe,
And I will deale with your Ladiſhip ſincerely:
I'll utter my whole heart to you. I would have him,
The braveſt, richeſt, and the propereſt man
A Taylor could make up; or all the Poets,
With the Perfumers: I would have him ſuch,
As not another woman, but ſhould ſpite me:
Three Citie Ladies ſhould run mad for him:
And Countri-Madams infinite. *Lad.* You'ld ſpare me,
And let me hold my wits? *Wif.* I ſhould with you—
For the young Squire, my Maſters ſake: diſpenſe
A little; but it ſhould be very little.
Then all the Court-wives I'ld ha' jealous of me;
As all their husbands jealous of them:
And not a Lawyers Puſſe of any quality,
But lick her lips, for a ſnatch in the Terme time. *Lad.* Come,
Let's walke: wee'll heare the reſt, as we goe on:
You are this morning in a good veine, *Dido*:
Would I could be as merry. My ſonnes abſence
Troubles me not a little: though I ſeeke
Theſe wayes to put it off; which will not helpe:
Care that is entred, once into the breſt,
Will have the whole poſſeſſion, ere it reſt.

Act II. Scene I.

Turfe. Clay. Medlay. Clench. To-Pan. Scriben. Puppy.

Tur. ZOnne *Clay*, cheare up, the better leg avore:
This is a veat is once done, and no more.
Cle. And then 'tis done vor ever, as they ſay.
Med. Right! vor a man ha' his houre, and a dog his day.
Tur. True neighbour *Medlay*, yo' are ſtill *In-and-In*.
Med. I would be Mr. Conſtable, if' ch' could win.
Pan. I zay, *Iohn Clay*, keepe ſtill on his old gate:
Wedding, and hanging, both goe at a rate.
Tur. Well ſaid *To-Pan*: you ha' ſtill the hap to hit
The naile o' the head at a cloſe: I thinke there ne ver
Marriage was manag'd with a more aviſement,
Then was this mariage, though I ſay't, that ſhould not,
Eſpecially 'gain' mine owne fleſh, and blood;
My wedded Wife. Indeed my Wife would ha' had
All the young Batchelers and Maids, forſooth,
O' the zixe Pariſhes hereabout: But I
Cry'd none, ſweet *Sybil*: none of that geare, I:
It would lick zalt, I told her, by her leave.
No, three, or voure our wife, choiſe honeſt neighbours:
Vpſtantiall perſons: men that ha' borne office:

And mine owne Family, would bee inough
To eate our dinner. What? Deare meate's a theife,
I know it by the Butchers, and the Meate-volke,
Hum drum I cry. No halfe-Oxe in a Pie:
A man that's bid to Bride-ale, if hee ha' cake,
And drinke enough, hee need not veare his ſtake.
Cle. Tis right: he has ſpoke as true as a Gun; beleeve it.
Tur. Come *Sybil*, come: Did not I tell you o' this?
This pride, and muſter of women would marre all:
Sixe women to one Daughter, and a Mother!
The Queene (God ſave her) ha' no more her ſelfe.
D. Tur. Why, if you keepe ſo many, Mr. *Turfe*,
Why, ſhould not all preſent our ſervice to her?
Tur. Your ſervice? good! I thinke you'll write to her ſhortly,
Your very loving and obedient Mother.
Tur. Come, ſend your Maids off, I will have 'hem ſent
Home againe wife: I love no traines o' *Kent*,
Or Chriſtendome, as they ſay. *Sc.* Wee will not back,
And leave our Dame. *Mad.* Why ſhould her worſhip lack
Her taile of Maids, more then you doe of men?
Tur. What, mutinin *Madge*? *Io.* Zend back your C'lons agen.
And wee will vollow. *All.* Elſe wee'll guard our Dame.
Tur. I ha' zet the neſt of waſpes all on a flame.
D. Tur. Come, you are ſuch another Mr. *Turfe*:
A Clod you ſhould be call'd, of a high Conſtable:
To let no muſicke goe afore your child,
To Church, to cheare her heart up this cold morning.
Tur. You are for Father *Roſin*, and his conſort
Of fidling Boyes, the great *Feates*, and the leſſe:
Bycauſe you have entertain'd 'hem all from *High-gate*.
To ſhew your pompe, you'ld ha' your Daughter, and Maids
Dance ore the fields like Faies, to Church this froſt:
Ile ha' no rondels, I, i' the Queenes pathes;
Let 'un ſcrape the Gut at home, where they ha' fill'd it
At after-noone. *D. Turfe.* Ile ha' 'hem play at dinner.
Ite. She is i' th' right, Sir; vor your wedding dinner
Is ſtarv'd without the Muſicke. *Med.* If the Pies
Come not in piping hot, you ha' loſt that Proverbe.
Tur. I yield to truth: wife are you ſuffified?
Pan. A right good man! when he knowes right, he loves it.
Scri. And he will know't, and ſhew't too by his place
Of being high Conſtable, i' no where elſe.

Act II. Scene II.

To them,

Hilts bearded, booted and ſpur'd.

Hil. Well over-taken, *Gentlemen*! I pray you,
Which is the Queenes High Conſtable among you?

Pap.

Pup. The talleſt man: who ſhould be elſe, doe you thinke?
Hil. It is no matter what I thinke, young Clowne:
Your anſwer ſavours of the Cart. *Pup.* How? Cart?
and Clowne? Doe you know whoſe teame you ſpeake to?
Hil. No: nor I care not: Whoſe Jade may you be?
Pup. Jade? Cart? and Clowne? O for a laſh of whip-cord!
Three-knotted coard! *Hil.* Doe you mutter? Sir, ſnorle this way;
That I may heare, and anſwer what you ſay,
With my ſchoole-dagger, 'bout your Coſtard Sir.
Looke to't, young growſe: Ile lay it on, and ſure;
Take't off who's wull. *Cle.* Nay, pray you Gentleman—,
Hil. Goe too: I will not bate him an ace on't.
What? Rowle-powle? Maple-face? All fellowes?
Pup. Doe you heare friend, I wou'd wiſh you, vor your good,
Tie up your brended Bitch there, your dun ruſtie
Pannyer-hilt poinard: and not vex the youth
With ſhewing the teeth of it. Wee now are going
To Church, in way of matrimony, ſome on us:
Tha' rung all in a'ready. If it had not,
All the horne beaſts are grazing i' this cloſe,
Sould not ha' pull' me hence, till this Aſh-plant
Had rung noone o' your pate, Mr. Broome-beard.
Hil. That would I faine zee, quoth the blind *George*
Of *Holloway*: Come Sir. *Awd.* O their naked weapons!
Pan. For the paſſion of man, hold Gentleman, and *Puppy*.
Cla. Murder, O Murder! *Awd.* O my Father, and Mother!
D. Tur. Husband, what doe you meane? Sonne *Clay* for Gods ſake—
Tur. I charge you in the Queenes name, keepe the peace.
Hil. Tell me o' no Queene, or *Keyſar*: I muſt have
A legge, or a hanch of him, ere I goe. *Med.* But zir,
You muſt obey the Queenes high Officers.
Hil. Why muſt I, Good-man *Muſt*? *Med.* You muſt, an' you wull.
Tur. Gentleman, I'am here for faule, high Conſtable—
Hil. Are you zo? what then? *Tur.* I pray you Sir put up
Your weapons; doe, at my requeſt: For him,
On my authority, he ſhall lie by the heeles,
Verbatim continente, an' I live.
D. Tur. Out on him for a knave, what a dead fright
He has put me into? Come *Awdrey*, doe not ſhake.
Awd. But is not *Puppy* hurt? nor the tother man?
Cla. No Bun; but had not I cri'd Murder, I wuſſe—
Pup. Sweet Good-man *Clench*, I pray you reviſe my Mr.
I may not zit i' the ſtocks, till the wedding be paſt
Dame. Mrs. *Awdrey*: I ſhall breake the Bride-cake elſe.
Cle. Zomething muſt be, to ſave authority, *Puppy*.
D. Tur. Husband—*Cle.* And Goſſip— *Awd.* Father—*Tur.* 'Treat mee not.
It is i' vaine. If he lye not by the heeles,
Ile lie there for 'hun. Ile teach the Hine,
To carry a tongue in his head, to his ſubperiors.

Hil. This 's a wise Constable! where keepes he schoole?
Cle. In *Kentish Towne*, a very surv'ere man.
Hil. But as surv'ere as he is, Let me Sir tell him,
He sha' not lay his man by the heeles for this.
This was my quarrell: And by his office leave,
If't carry 'hun for this, it shall carry double;
Vor he shall carry me too. *Tur.* Breach of man!
Hee is my chattell, mine owne hired goods:
An' if you doe abet 'un in this matter,
Ile clap you both by the heeles, ankle to ankle.
Hilt. You'll clap a dog of waxe as soone, old *Blurt*?
Come, spare not me, Sir; I am no mans wife:
I care not, I, Sir, not three skips of a Lowse for you,
And you were ten tall Constables, not I.
Tur. Nay, pray you Sir, be not angry; but content:
My man shall make you, what amends you'll aske 'hun.
Hil. Let 'hun mend his manners then, and know his betters:
It's all I aske 'hun: and 'twill be his owne,
And's Masters too, another day. Che vore 'hun.
Med. As right as a Club, still. Zure this angry man
Speakes very neere the marke, when he is pleas'd.
Pup. I thanke you Sir, an' I meet you at *Kentish Towne*,
I ha' the courtesie o' hundred for you.
Hil. Gramercy, good high Constables Hine. But hear you?
Mass: Constable, I have other manner o' matter,
To bring you about, then this. And so it is,
I doe belong to one o' the Queenes Captaines,
A Gent'man o' the Field, one Captaine *Thum's*:
I know not, whether you know 'hun, or no: It may be
You doe, and 't may be you doe not againe.
Tur. No, I assure you on my Constable-ship,
I doe not know 'hun. *Hil.* Nor I neither i' faith.
It skils not much; my Captaine, and my selfe,
Having occasion to come riding by, here,
This morning, at the corner of Saint *Iohn*'s wood,
Some mile o' this Towne, were set upon
By a sort of countrey fellowes: that not onely
Beat us, but rob'd us, most sufficiently;
And bound us to our behaviour, hand and foot;
And so they left us. Now, *Don Constable*,
I am to charge you in her Majesties name,
As you will answer it at your apperill,
That forth-with you raise Hue and Cry i' the Hundred,
For all such persons as you can dispect,
By the length and bredth, o' your office: vor I tell you,
The losse is of some value, therefore looke to't.
Tur. As Fortune mend me, now, or any office
Of a thousand pound, if I know what to zay,
Would I were dead, or vaire hang'd up at *Tiburne*,
If I doe know what course to take, or how

To turne my ſelfe; juſt at this time too, now,
My Daughter is to be married: Ile but goe
To *Pancridge* Church, hard by, and returne inſtantly,
And all my Neighbour-hood ſhall goe about it.
Hil. Tut, *Pancridge* me no *Pancridge*, if you let it
Slip, you will anſwer it, and your Cap be of wooll;
Therefore take heed, you'll feele the ſmart elſe, Conſtable.
Tur. Nay, good Sir ſtay. Neighbours! what thinke you o' this?
D. Tur. Faith, Man—. Odd pretious woman, hold your tongue;
And mind your pigs o' the ſpit at home; you muſt
Have Ore in every thing. Pray you Sir, what kind
Of fellowes were they? *Hil.* Theev's kind, I ha' told you.
Tur. I meane, what kind of men? *Hil.* Men of our make.
Tur. Nay, but with patience, Sir, we that are Officers
Muſt 'quire the ſpeciall markes, and all the tokens
Of the deſpected parties, or perhaps—elſe,
Be nere the nere of our purpoſe in 'prehending 'hem.
Can you tell, what 'parrell any of them wore?
Hil. Troth no: there were ſo many o' hun, all like
So one another: Now I remember me,
There was one buſie fellow, was their Leader;
A blunt ſquat ſwad, but lower then your ſelfe,
He' had on a Lether Doublet, with long points.
And a paire of pin'd-up breech's, like pudding bags:
With yellow ſtockings, and his hat turn'd up
With a ſilver Claſpe, on his leere ſide. *D. Tur.* By theſe
Markes it ſhould be *Iohn Clay*, now bleſſe the man!
Tur. Peace, and be nought: I thinke the woman be phrenſick.
Hil. Iohn Clay? what's he, good Miſtris? *Awd.* He that ſhall be
My husband—*Hil.* How! your husband, pretty one?
Awd. Yes, I ſhall anone be married: That's he.
Tur. Paſſion o' me, undone! *Pup.* Bleſſe Maſters ſonne!
Hil. O you are well 'prehended: know you me Sir?
Clay. No's my record: I never zaw you avore.
Hil. You did not? where were your eyes then? out at waſhing?
Tur. What ſhould a man zay? who ſhould he truſt
In theſe dayes? Harke you *Iohn Clay*, if you have
Done any ſuch thing, tell troth, and ſhame the Divell.
Cle. Vaith doe: my Goſſip *Turfe* zaies well to you *Iohn*.
Med. Speake man, but doe not conveſſe, nor be avraid.
Pan. A man is a man, and a beaſt's a beaſt, looke to't.
D. Tur. I' the name of men, or beaſts! what doe you doe?
Hare the poore fellow out on his five wits,
And ſeven ſenſes? Doe not weepe *Iohn Clay*.
I ſweare the poore wretch is as guilty from it,
As the Child was, was borne this very morning.
Cla. No, as I am a kyrſin ſoule, would I were hang'd
If ever I--alaſſe I! would I were out
Of my life, ſo I would I were, and in againe—
Pup. Nay, Mrs. *Awdrey* will ſay nay to that.

No, In-and-out? an' you were out o' your life,
How should she doe for a husband? who should fall
Aboord o' her then, *Ball*? He's a *Puppy*?
No; *Hannibal* has no breeding: well! I say little;
But hitherto all goes well, pray it prove no better.
Awd. Come Father; I would wee were mattried: I am a cold.
Hil. Well, Mr. Constable, this your fine Groome here,
Bride-groome, or what Groome else, soere he be,
I charge him with the felonie; and charge you
To carry him back forthwith to *Paddington*,
Vnto my Captaine, who staies my returne there:
I am to goe to the next Justice of peace,
To get a warrant to raise *Hue* and *Cry*,
And bring him, and his fellowes all afore 'hun.
Fare you well Sir, and looke to 'hun I charge you,
As yo'll answer it. Take heed; the busines
If you deferre, may prejudiciall you
More then you thinke for, zay I told you so. *Hiles goes out*
Tur. Here's a Bride-ale indeed! Ah zonne *Iohn*, zonne *Clay*!
I little thought you would ha' prov'd a peece
Of such false mettall. *Cla.* Father, will you beleeve me?
Would I might never stirre i' my new shoes,
If ever I would doe so voule a fact.
Tur. Well Neighbours, I doe charge you to assist me
With 'hun to *Paddington*. Be he a true man, so:
The better for 'hun. I will doe mine office,
An' he were my owne begotten a thousand times.
D. Tur. Why, doe you heare man? Husband? Mr. *Turfe*!
What shall my Daughter doe? *Puppy*, stay here. *She followes her husb. and neighbours.*
Awd. Mother, Ile goe with you, and with my Father.

Act II. Scena III.

Puppy. Awdrey. Hilts.

Pup. Nay, stay sweet Mrs. *Awdrey*: here are none
But one friend (as they zay) desires to speake
A word, or two, cold with you: How doe you veele
Your selfe this frosty morning? *Awd.* What ha' you
To doe to aske, I pray you? I am a cold.
Pup. It seemes you are hot, good Mrs. *Awdrey*.
Awd. You lie; I am as cold as Ice is: Feele else.
Pup. Nay, you ha' coold my courage: I am past it,
I ha' done feeling with you. *Awd.* Done with me?
I doe defie you. So I doe, to say
You ha' done with me: you are a fawey *Puppy*.
Pup. O you mistake! I meant not as you meane.
Awd. Meant you not knavery, *Puppy*? No: not I.
Clay meant you all the knavery, it seemes,

Who rather, then he would be married to you,
Choſe to be wedded to the Gallowes firſt.
Awd. I thought he was a diſſembler; he would prove
A ſlippery Merchant i' the froſt. Hee might
Have married one firſt, and have beene hang'd after,
If hee had had a mind to't. But you men,
Fie on you. *Pup.* Mrs. *Awdrey*, can you vind,
I your heart to fancie *Puppy*? me poore *Ball*?
Awd. You are diſpos'd to jeere one, Mr. *Hannibal*.
Enter Hilts. Pitty o' me! the angry man with the beard!
Hil. Put on thy hat, I looke for no deſpect.
Where's thy Maſter? *Pup.* Marry, he is gone
With the picture of deſpaire, to *Paddington*.
Hil. Pr'y thee run after 'hun, and tell 'hun he ſhall
Find out my Captaine, lodg'd at the red-*Lyon*
In *Paddington*; that's the Inne. Let 'un aske
Vor Captaine *Thum's*; And take that for thy paines:
He may ſeeke long enough elſe. Hie thee againe.
Pup. Yes, Sir you'll looke to Mrs. Bride the while?
Hil. That I will: prethee haſte. *Awd.* What *Puppy*? *Puppy*?
Hil. Sweet Mrs. Bride, Hee'll come againe preſently.
Here was no ſubtile device to get a wench.
This Chanon has a brave pate of his owne!
A ſhaven pate! And a right monger, y' vaith!
This was his plot! I follow Captaine *Thum's*?
Wee rob'd in Saint *Iohn's* wood? I' my tother hoſe!
I laugh, to thinke what a fine fooles finger they have
O this wiſe Conſtable, in pricking out
This Captaine *Thum's* to his neighbours: you ſhall ſee
The Tile-man too ſet fire on his owne *Kill*,
And leap into it, to ſave himſelfe from hanging.
You talke of a Bride-ale, here was a Bride-ale broke,
I' the nick. Well: I muſt yet diſpatch this Bride,
To mine owne maſter, the young Squire, and then
My taske is done. Gen'woman! I 'have in ſort
Done you ſome wrong, but now Ile doe you what right
I can: It's true, you are a proper woman;
But to be caſt away on ſuch a Clowne-pipe
As *Clay*; me thinkes, your friends are not ſo wiſe
As nature might have made 'hem, well, goe too:
There's better fortune comming toward you,
An' you doe not deject it. Take a voole's
Counſell, and doe not ſtand i' your owne light.
It may prove better then you thinke for: Looke you.
Awd. Alas Sir, what is't you would ha' me doe?
I'ld faine doe all for the beſt, if I knew how.
Hil. Forſake not a good turne, when 'tis offered you.
Faire Miſtris *Awdrey*, that's your name, I take it.
Awd. No Miſtris, Sir, my name is *Awdrey*.
Hil. Well, ſo it is, there is a bold young Squire,

The blood of *Totten*, *Tub*, and *Tripoly*—.
Awd. Squire *Tub*, you meane? I know him: he knowes me too.
Hil. He is in love with you: and more, he's mad for you.
Awd. I, so he told me: in his wits, I thinke.
But hee's too fine for me; and has a Lady
Tub to his Mother. Here he comes himselfe!

Act II. Scene IV.

Tub. Hilts. Awdrey.

Tub. O you are a trusty Governour! *Hil.* What ailes you?
You doe not know when yo'are well, I thinke:
You'ld ha' the Calfe with the white face, Sir, would you?
I have her for you here; what would you more?
Tub. Quietnes, *Hilts*, and heare no more of it.
Hil. No more of it, quoth you? I doe not care,
If some on us had not heard so much of't,
I tell you true; A man must carry, and vetch,
Like *Bungy*'s dog for you. *Tub.* What's he? *Hil.* A Spaniel.
And scarce be spit i' the mouth for't. A good Dog
Deserves, Sir, a good bone, of a free Master:
But, an' your turnes be serv'd, the divell a bit
You care for a man after, ere a Lard of you.
Like will to like, y-faith, quoth the scab'd Squire
To th' mangy Knight, when both met in a dish
Of butter'd vish. One bad, there's nere a good;
And not a barrell better Hering among you.
Tub. Nay *Hilts!* I pray thee grow not fram-pull now.
Turne not the bad Cow, after thy good soape.
Our plot hath hitherto tane good effect:
And should it now be troubled, or stop'd up,
'Twould prove the utter ruine of my hopes.
I pray thee haste to *Pancridge*, to the Chanon:
And gi' him notice of our good successe;
Will him that all things be in readinesse.
Faire *Awdrey*, and my selfe, will crosse the fields,
The nearest path. Good *Hilts*, make thou some haste,
And meet us on the way. Come gentle *Awdrey*.
Hil. Vaith, would I had a few more geances on't:
An' you say the word, send me to *Iericho*.
Out-cept a man were a Post-horse, I ha' not knowne
The like on't; yet, an' he had kind words,
'Twould never irke 'hun. But a man may breake
His heart out i' these dayes, and get a flap
With a fox-taile, when he has done. And there is all.
Tub. Nay, say not so *Hilts*: hold thee, there are Crownes—
My love bestowes on thee, for thy reward.

If Gold will pleaſe thee, all my land ſhall drop
In bounty thus, to recompence thy merit.
Hil. Tut, keepe your land, and your gold too Sir: I
Seeke neither—nother of 'hun. Learne to get
More: you will know to ſpend that zum you have
Early enough: you are aſſur'd of me.
I love you too too well, to live o' the ſpoyle:
For your owne ſake, were there were no worſe then I.
All is not Gold that gliſters: Ile to *Pancridge*.
Tub. See, how his love doth melt him into Teares!
An honeſt faithfull ſervant is a Jewell.
Now th' adventurous Squire hath time, and leiſure,
To aske his *Awdrey* how ſhe do's, and heare
A gratefull anſwer from her. Shee not ſpeakes:
Hath the proud Tiran, Froſt, uſurp'd the ſeate
Of former beauty in my Loves faire cheek,
Staining the roſeat tincture of her blood,
With the dull die of blew-congealing cold?
No, ſure the weather dares not ſo preſume
To hurt an object of her brightneſſe. Yet,
The more I view her, ſhee but lookes ſo, ſo.
Ha? gi' me leave to ſearch this myſterie!
O now I have it: Bride, I know your griefe;
The laſt nights cold, hath bred in you ſuch horror
Of the aſſigned Bride-groomes conſtitution,
The *Kilborne* Clay-pit; that froſt-bitten marle,
That lumpe in courage: melting cake of Ice,
That the conceit thereof hath almoſt kill'd thee.
But I muſt doe thee good wench, and refreſh thee.
Awd. You are a merry man, Squire *Tub*, of *Totten*!
I have heard much o' your words, but not o' your deeds.
Tub. Thou ſayeſt true, ſweet, I' ha' beene too ſlack in deeds.
Awd. Yet, I was never ſo ſtraight-lac'd to you, Squire.
Tub. Why, did you ever love me, gentle *Awdrey*?
Awd. Love you? I cannot tell: I muſt hate no body,
My Father ſayes. *Tub.* Yes, *Clay*, and *Kilburne*; *Awdrey*,
You muſt hate them. *Awd.* It ſhall be for your ſake then.
He offert to kiſſe her. She puts him back.
Tub. And for my ſake, ſhall yield you that gratuitie.
Awd. Soft, and faire, Squire, there goe two word's to a bargaine.
Tub. What are thoſe *Awdrey*? *Awd.* Nay, I cannot tell.
My Mother ſaid, zure, if you married me,
You'ld make me a Lady the firſt weeke: and put me
In, I know not what, the very day. *Tub.* What was it?
Speake gentle *Awdrey*, thou ſhalt have it yet.
Awd. A velvet dreſſing for my head, it is,
They ſay will make one brave: I will not know
Beſſe Meale, nor *Margery Turne-up*: I will looke
Another way upon 'hem, and be proud.
Tub. Troth I could wiſh my wench a better wit,
But what ſhe wanteth there, her face ſupplies.

There is a pointed lustre in her eye
Hath shot quite through me, and hath hit my heart:
And thence it is, I first receiv'd the wound,
That ranckles now, which only shee can cure.
Faine would I worke my selfe, from this conceit;
But, being flesh, I cannot. I must love her,
The naked truth is: and I will goe on,
Were it for nothing, but to crosse my Rivall's.
Come *Awdrey*: I am now resolv'd to ha' thee.

Act II. Scene V.

Preamble. Metaphore. Tub. Awdrey.

Pre. Nay, doe it quickly, *Miles*; why shak'st thou man?
Speake but his name: Ile second thee my selfe.
Met. What is his name? *Pre.* Squire *Tripoly* or *Tub*.
Any thing — *Met.* Squire *Tub*, I doe arrest you
I' the Queenes Majesties name, and all the Councels.
Tub. Arrest me, Varlet? *Pre.* Keepe the peace I charge you.
Tub. Are you there, Justice *Bramble*? where's your warrant?
Pre. The warrant is directed here to me,
From the whole table; wherefore I would pray you
Be patient Squire, and make good the peace.
Tub. Well, at your pleasure, Iustice. I am wrong'd:
Sirrah, what are you have arrested me?
Pre. He is a Pursy'vant at Armes, Squire *Tub*.
Met. I am a Purs'yvant, see, by my Coat else.
Tub. Well Purs'yvant, goe with me: Ile give you baile.
Pre. Sir he may take no baile. It is a warrant,
In speciall from the Councell, and commands
Your personall appearance. Sir, your weapon
I must require: And then deliver you
A Prisoner to this officer, Squire *Tub*.
I pray you to conceive of me no other,
Then as your friend, and neighbour. Let my person
Be sever'd from my office in the fact,
And I am cleare. Here Purs'yvant, receive him
Into your hands; And use him like a Gentleman.
Tub I thanke you Sir: But whither must I goe now?
Pre. Nay, that must not be told you, till you come
Vnto the place assign'd by his instructions.
Ile be the Maidens Convoy to her father,
For this time, Squire. *Tub.* I thanke you Mr. *Bramble*.
I doubt, or feare, you will make her the ballance
To weigh your Justice in. Pray yee doe me right,
And lead not her, at least out of the way.
Justice is blind, and having a blind Guide,
She may be apt to slip aside. *Pre.* Ile see to her.

Tub.

Tub. I see my wooing will not thrive. Arrested!
As I had set my rest up, for a wife!
And being so faire for it, as I was.—. Well, fortune,
Thou art a blind Bawd, and a Beggar too,
To crosse me thus; and let my onely Rivall,
To get her from me? That's the spight of spights.
But most I muse at, is, that I, being none
O' th' Court, am sent for thither by the Councell!
My heart is not so light, as't was i' the morning.

Act II. Scene VI.

Hilts. Tub. Metaphor.

Hil. You meane to make a Hoiden, or a Hare
O me, t' hunt Counter thus, and makes these doubles:
And you meane no such thing, as you send about?
Where's your sweet-heart now, I marle? *Tub.* Oh *Hilts*!
Hil. I know you of old! here halt afore a Cripple.
Will you have a Cawdle? where's your griefe, Sir? speake?
Met. Doe you heare friend? Doe you serve this Gentleman?
Hil. How then, Sir? what if I doe? peradventure yea:
Peraventure nay, what's that to you Sir? Say.
Met. Nay, pray you Sir, I meant no harme in truth:
But this good Gentleman is arrested. *Hil.* How?
Say me that againe. *Tub.* Nay *Basket*, never storme;
I am arrested here, upon command
From the Queenes Councell; and I must obey.
Met. You say Sir very true, you must obey.
An honest Gentleman, in faith! *Hil.* He must?
Tub. But that which most tormenteth me, is this,
That Justice *Bramble* hath got hence my *Awdrey*.
Hil. How? how? stand by a little, sirrah, you
With the badge o' your brest. Let's know Sir what you are?
Met. I am Sir (pray you doe not looke so terribly)
A Purs'yvant. *Hil.* A Purs'yvant? your name Sir?
Met. My name Sir— *Hil.* What is't? speake. *Met. Miles Metaphor*;
And Justice *Preambles* Clarke. *Tub.* What sayes he? *Hil.* Pray you,
Let us alone. You are a Purs'yvant?
Met. No faith, Sir, would I might never stirre from you,
I' is made a Purs'yvant against my will.
Hil. Ha! and who made you one? tell true, or my will
Shall make you nothing, instantly. *Met.* Put up
Your frightfull Blade; and your dead-doing looke,
And I shall tell you all. *Hil.* Speake then the truth,
And the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.
Met. My Master, Justice *Bramble*, hearing your Master,
The Squire *Tub*, was comming on this way,
With Mrs. *Awdrey*, the high Constables Daughter;
Made me a Purs'yvant: and gave me warrant

To arrest him, so that hee might get the Lady,
With whom he is gone to *Pancridge*, to the Vicar,
Not to her Fathers. This was the device,
Which I beseek you, doe not tell my Master.
Tub. O wonderfull! well *Basket*, let him rise:
And for my free escape, forge some excuse.
Ile post to *Paddington*, t' acquaint old *Turfe*,
With the whole busines, and so stop the mariage.
Hil. Well, blesse thee: I doe wish thee grace, to keepe
Thy Masters secrets, better, or be hang'd.
Met. I thanke you, for your gentle admonition.
Pray you, let me call you God-father hereafter.
And as your God-sonne *Metaphore* I promise,
To keepe my Masters privities, seald up
I' the vallies o' my trust, lock'd close for ever,
Or let me be trus'd up at *Tiburne* shortly.
Hil. Thine owne wish, save, or choake thee; Come away.

Act III. Scene I.

Turfe. Clench. Medlay. To-Pan. Scriben. Clay.

Tur. PAssion of me, was ever man thus cross'd?
All things run *Arse-Varse*; upside downe.
High Constable! Now by our Lady o' *Walsingham*,
I had rather be mark'd out *Tom Scavinger*:
And with a shovell make cleane the high wayes,
Then have this office of a Constable,
And a high Constable! The higher charge
It brings more trouble, more vexation with it.
Neighbours, good neighbours, 'vize me what to doe:
How wee shall beare us in this *Hue* and *Cry*.
We cannot find the Captaine; no such man
Lodg'd at the *Lion*, nor came thither hurt.
The morning wee ha' spent in privie search;
And by that meanes the Bride-ale is differr'd,
The Bride, shee's left alone in *Puppie's* charge;
The Bride-groome goes under a paire of sureties;
And held of all as a respected person.
How should we busle forward? Gi' some counsell,
How to bestirre our stumps i' these crosse wayes.
Cle. Faith Gossip *Turfe*, you have, you say, Remission,
To comprehend all such, as are dispected:
Now, would I make another privie search
Through this Towne, and then you have zearch'd two towns.
Med. Masters, take heed, let's not vind too many:
One's enough to stay the Hang-mans stomack.
There is *Iohn Clay*, who is yvound already;
A proper man: A Tile-man by his trade:

A man as one would zay, moulded in clay:
As ſpruce as any neighbours child among you:
And he (you zee) is taken on conſpition,
And two, or three (they zay) what call you 'hem?
Zuch as the Juſtices of *Coram nobis*,
Grant— (I forget their names, you ha' many on 'hem,
Mr. High Conſtable they come to you.)
I ha' it at my tongues end — Cunni-borroughes,
To bring him ſtraight avore the zeſſions houſe.
Tur. O you meane warrens, neighbour, doe you not?
Med. I, I, thick ſame! you know 'un well enough.
Tur. Too well, too well; wou'd I had never knowne 'hem.
Wee good Vree-holders cannot live in quiet,
But every houre new purcepts, *Huy's* and *Cry's*,
Put us to requiſitions night and day:
What ſhud a man zay, ſhud we leave the zearch?
I am in danger, to reburſe as much
As he was rob'd on; I, and pay his hurts,
If I ſhould vollow it, all the good cheare
That was provided; for the wedding dinner
Is ſpoil'd, and loſt. Oh there are two vat pigs,
A zindging by the vier: Now by Saint *Tonny*,
Too good to eate, but on a wedding day;
And then, a Gooſe will bid you all, Come cut me.
Zun *Clay*, zun *Clay* (for I muſt call thee ſo)
Be of good comfort; take my Muckinder;
And dry thine eyes. If thou beeſt true, and honeſt;
And if thou find'ſt thy conſcience cleare vrom it,
Pluck up a good heart, wee'll doe well enough.
If not, confeſſe a truths name. But in faith
I durſt be ſworne upon all holy bookes,
John Clay would nere commit a Robberie
On his owne head. *Cla.* No; Truth is my rightfull Judge:
I have kept my hands, here hence, fro' evill ſpeaking,
Lying, and ſlandering; and my tongue from ſtealing.
He doe not live this day can ſay, *John Clay*
I ha' zeene thee, but in the way of honeſty.
Pan. Faith neighbour *Medley*, I durſt be his burrough,
He would not looke a true man in the vace.
Cla. I take the towne to concord, where I dwell,
All *Kilburne* be my witneſſe; If I were not
Begot in baſhfulneſſe, brought up in ſhamefac'tneſſe:
Let 'un bring a dog, but to my vace, that can
Zay, I ha' beat 'hun, and without a vault;
Or but a cat, will ſweare upon a booke,
I have as much as zet a vier her taile;
And Ile give him, or her a crowne for 'mends.
But to give out, and zay, I have rob'd a Captaine!
Receive me at the latter day, if I
Ere thought of any ſuch matter; or could mind it—,

Med. No *Iohn*, you are come of too good perſonage,
I thinke my Goſſip *Clench*, and Mr. *Turfe*
Both thinke, you would ta'empt no ſuch voule matter.
Tur. But how unhappily it comes to paſſe!
Juſt on the wedding day! I cry me mercy:
I had almoſt forgot the *Hue* and *Cry*:
Good neighbour *Pan*, you are the Third-burrow,
And *D'ogenes Scriben*, you my learned Writer,
Make out a new purcept—Lord, for thy goodneſſe,
I had forgot my Daughter, all this while;
The idle knave hath brought no newes from her.
Here comes the ſneaking *Puppy*; What's the newes?
My heart! my heart! I feare all is not well,
Some things miſhap'd, that he is come without her.

Act III. Scene II.

To them,

Puppy. Da: Turfe.

Pup. Oh, where's my Maſter? my Maſter? my Maſter?
D. Tur. Thy Maſter? what would'ſt with thy Maſter, man?
There's thy Mr. *Tur.* What's the matter *Puppy*?
Pup. Oh Maſter! oh Dame! oh Dame! oh Maſter!
D. Tur. What ſai'ſt thou to thy Maſter, or thy Dame?
Pup. Oh *Iohn Clay*! *Iohn Clay*! *Iohn Clay*! *Tur.* What of *Iohn Clay*?
Med. Luck grant he bring not newes he ſhall be hang'd.
Cle. The world forfend, I hope, it is not ſo well.
Cla. Oh Lord! oh me! what ſhall I doe? poore *Iohn*!
Pup. Oh *Iohn Clay*! *Iohn Clay*! *Iohn Clay*! *Cla.* Alas,
That ever I was borne! I will not ſtay by't,
For all the Tiles in *Kilburne*. *D. Tur.* What of *Clay*?
Speake *Puppy*, what of him? *Pup.* He hath loſt, he hath loſt.
Tur. For luck ſake ſpeake, *Puppy*, what hath he loſt?
Pup. Oh *Awdrey*, *Awdrey*, *Awdrey*! *D. Tur.* What of my daughter *Awdrey*?
Pup. I tell you *Awdrey*—doe you underſtand me?
Awdrey, ſweet Maſter! *Awdrey*, my deare Dame—
Tur. Where is ſhe? what's become of her, I pray thee?
Pup. Oh the ſerving-man! the ſerving-man! the ſerving-man!
Tur. What talk'ſt thou of the ſerving-man? where's *Awdrey*?
Pup. Gone with the ſerving-man, gone with the ſerving-man.
D. Tur. Good *Puppy*, whither is ſhe gone with him?
Pup. I cannot tell, he bad me bring you word,
The Captaine lay at the *Lion*, and before
I came againe, *Awdrey* was gone with the ſerving-man;
I tell you, *Awdrey*'s run away with the ſerving-man.
Tur. 'Od'ſocks! my woman, what ſhall we doe now?
D. Tur. Now, ſo you helpe not, man, I know not, I.
Tur. This was your pompe of Maids: I told you on't.
Sixe Maids to vollow you, and not leave one

To wait upo' your Daughter: I zaid, Pride
Would be paid one day, her old vi' pence, wife.
Med. What of *Iohn Clay, Ball Puppy?* *Pup.* He hath loſt—
Med. His life for velonie? *Pup.* No, his wife by villanie.
Tur. Now, villaines both! oh that ſame *Huy* and *Cry*!
Oh neighbours! oh that curſed ſerving-man!
Clay's *firſt miſt.* O maids! O wife! But *Iohn Clay*, where's he?
How! fled for veare, zay yee? will he ſlip us now?
Wee that are ſureties, muſt require 'hun out.
How ſhall wee doe to find the ſerving-man?
Cocks bodikins! wee muſt not loſe *Iohn Clay*:
Awdrey, my daughter *Awdrey* too! let us zend
To all the townes, and zeeke her; but alas,
The *Huy* and *Cry*, that muſt be look'd unto.

Act III. Scæna III.

To them.

Tub.

Tub. What, in a paſſion *Turfe?* *Tur.* I good Squire *Tub.*
Were never honeſt Varmers thus perplext.
Tub. *Turfe*, I am privie to thy deepe unreſt:
The ground of which, ſprings from an idle plot,
Caſt by a Suitor, to your daughter *Awdrey*—
And thus much, *Turfe*, let me advertiſe you,
Your daughter *Awdrey*, met I on the way,
With Juſtice *Bramble* in her company:
Who meanes to marry her at *Pancridge* Church.
And there is Chanon *Hugh*, to meet them ready:
Which to prevent you muſt not truſt delay;
But winged ſpeed muſt croſſe their ſlie intent:
Then hie thee, *Turfe*, haſte to forbid the Banes.
Tur. Hath Juſtice *Bramble* got my daughter *Awdrey*?
A little while, ſhall he enjoy her, zure.
But O the *Huy* and *Cry*! that hinders me:
I muſt purſue that, or neglect my journey:
Ile ene leave all: and with the patient Aſſe,
The over-laden Aſſe, throw off my burden,
And caſt mine office; pluck in my large eares
Betimes, leſt ſome diſ-judge 'hem to be hornes:
I'll leave to beat it on the broken hoofe,
And eaſe my paſternes. Ile no more High Conſtables.
Tub. I cannot chooſe, but ſmile, to ſee thee troubled
With ſuch a bald, halfe-hatched circumſtance!
The Captaine was not rob'd, as is reported;
That trick the Juſtice craftily deviz'd,
To breake the mariage with the Tile-man *Clay*.
The *Huy*, and *Cry*, was meerely counterfeit:
The rather may you judge it to be ſuch,

Becauſe

Becauſe the Bride-groome, was deſcrib'd to be
One of the theeves, firſt i' the velonie.
Which, how farre 'tis from him, your ſelves may gueſſe;
'Twas Juſtice *Bramble*'s vetch, to get the wench.
Tur. And is this true Squire *Tub*? *Tub.* Beleeve me *Turfe*,
As I am a Squire: or leſſe, a Gentleman.
Tur. I take my office back: and my authority,
Vpon your worſhips words. Neighbours, I am
High Conſtable againe: where's my zonne *Clay*?
He ſhall be zonne, yet, wife, your meat by leaſure;
Draw back the ſpits. *D. Tur.* That's done already man.
Tur. Ile breake this mariage off: and afterward,
She ſhall be given to her firſt betroth'd.
Looke to the meate, wife: looke well to the roſt.
Tub. Ile follow him aloofe, to ſee the event.
Pup. Dame, Miſtris, though I doe not turne the ſpit;
I hope yet the Pigs-head. *D. Tur.* Come up, Jack-ſauce:
It ſhall be ſerv'd in to you. *Pup.* No, no ſervice,
But a reward for ſervice. *D. Tur.* I ſtill tooke you
For an unmannerly *Puppy*: will you come,
And vetch more wood to the vier, Mr. *Hall*?
Pup. I wood to the vier? I ſhall piſſe it out firſt:
You thinke to make me ene your oxe, or aſſe;
Or any thing. Though I cannot right my ſelfe
On you; Ile ſure revenge me on your meat.

Act III. Scene IV.

La: Tub. Pol-Marten. Wiſpe. Puppy.

Pol. Madam, to *Kentiſh* Towne, wee are got at length;
But, by the way wee cannot meet the Squire:
Nor by inquiry can we heare of him.
Here is *Turfe*'s houſe, the father of the Maid.
Lad. Pol-Marten, ſee, the ſtreets are ſtrew'd with herbes,
And here hath beene a wedding, *Wiſpe*, it ſeemes!
Pray heaven, this Bridall be not for my ſonne!
Good *Marten*, knock: knock quickly: Aske for *Turfe*.
My thoughts miſgive me, I am in ſuch a doubt——
Pol. Who keepes the houſe here? *Pup.* Why the doore, and wals
Doe keepe the houſe. *Pol.* I aske then, who's within?
Pup. Not you that are without. *Pol.* Looke forth, and ſpeake
Into the ſtreet, here. Come before my Lady.
Pup. Before my Lady? Lord have mercy upon me:
If I doe come before her, ſhee will ſee
The hand-ſom'ſt man in all the Towne, pardee!
Now ſtand I vore her, what zaith velvet ſhe?
Lad. Sirrah, whoſe man are you? *Pup.* Madam, my Maſters.
Lad. And who's thy Maſter? *Pup.* What you tread on, Madam.

Lad.

Lad. I tread on an old Turfe. *Pup.* That *Turfe*'s my Master.
Lad. A merry fellow! what's thy name? *Pup.* *Ball Puppy*
They call me at home: abroad, *Hanniball Puppy*.
Lad. Come hither, I muſt kiſſe thee, Valentine *Puppy*.
Wiſpe! ha' you got you a Valentine? *Wiſ.* None, Madam;
He's the firſt ſtranger that I ſaw. *Lad.* To me
Hee is ſo, and ſuch. Let's ſhare him equally.
Pup. Helpe, helpe good Dame. A reskue, and in time.
In ſtead of Bils, with Colſtaves come; in ſtead of Speares, with Spits;
Your ſlices ſerve for ſlicing ſwords, to ſave me, and my wits:
A Lady, and her woman here, their Huiſher eke by ſide,
(But he ſtands mute) have plotted how your *Puppy* to divide.

Act III. Scene V.

To them.
D. Turfe. Maids.

D. Turfe. How now? what noiſe is this with you, *Ball Puppy*?
Pup. Oh Dame! And fellowes o' the Kitchin! Arme,
Arme, for my ſafety; if you love your *Ball*:
Here is a ſtrange thing, call'd a Lady, a Mad-dame:
And a device of hers, yclept her woman;
Have plotted on me, in the Kings high-way,
To ſteale me from my ſelfe, and cut me in halfes,
To make one *Valentine* to ſerve 'hem both;
This for my right-ſide, that my left-hand love.
D. Tur. So ſawcy, *Puppy*? to uſe no more reverence
Vnto my Lady, and her velvet Gowne?
Lad. Turfe's wife, rebuke him not: Your man doth pleaſe me
With his conceit. Hold: there are ten old nobles,
To make thee merrier yet, halfe-*Valentine*.
Pup. I thanke you right-ſide: could my left as much,
'Twould make me a man of marke: young *Hanniball*!
Lad. Dido, ſhall make that good; or I will for her.
Here *Dido Wiſpe*, there's for your *Hanniball*:
He is your Countrey-man, as well as *Valentine*.
Wiſ. Here Mr. *Hanniball*: my Ladies bounty
For her poore woman, *Wiſpe*. *Pup.* Brave *Carthage* Queene!
And ſuch was *Dido*: I will ever be
Champion to her, who *Iuno* is to thee.
D. Tur. Your Ladiſhip is very welcome here.
Pleaſe you, good Madam, to goe nere the houſe.
Lad. Turfe's wife, I come thus farre to ſeeke thy husband,
Having ſome buſines to impart unto him.
Is he at home? *D. Tur.* O no, and't ſhall pleaſe you:
He is poſted hence to *Pancridge* with a witneſſe.
Young Juſtice *Bramble* has kept levell coyle
Here in our Quarters, ſtole away our Daughter,
And Mr. *Turfe*'s run after, as he can,

To

To ſtop the marriage, if it will be ſtop'd.
Pol. Madam, theſe tydings are not much amiſſe!
For if the Juſtice have the Maid in keepe,
You need not feare the mariage of your ſonne.
Lad. That ſomewhat eaſeth my ſuſpitious breſt.
Tell me, *Turfe*'s wife, when was my ſonne with *Awdrey*?
How long is't, ſince you ſaw him at your houſe?
Pup. Dame, let me take this rump out of your mouth.
D. Tur. What meane you by that Sir? *Pup.* Rumpe, and taile's all one.
But I would uſe a reverence for my Lady:
I would not zay ſurreverence, the tale
Out o' your mouth, but rather take the rumpe.
D. Tur. A well bred youth! and vull of favour you are:
Pup. What might they zay, when I were gone, if I
Not weigh'd my wordz? This *Puppy* is a voole!
Great *Hanniball*'s an Aſſe; he had no breeding:
No Lady gay, you ſhall not zay,
That your *Val. Puppy*, was ſo unlucky,
In ſpeech to faile, as t'name a taile,
Be as be may be, 'vore a faire Lady.
Lad. Leave jeſting, tell us, when you ſaw our ſonne.
Pup. Marry, it is two houres agoe. *Lad.* Sin' you ſaw him?
Pup. You might have ſeene him too, if you had look'd up.
For it ſhind, as bright as day. *Lad.* Meane my ſonne.
Pup. Your ſunne, and our ſunne are they not all one?
Lad. Foole, thou miſtak'ſt; I ask'd thee, for my ſonne.
Pup. I had thought there had beene no more ſunnes, then one.
I know not what you Ladies have, or may have.
Pol. Did'ſt thou nere heare, my Lady had a ſonne?
Pup. She may have twenty; but for a ſonne, unleſſe
She meane preciſely, Squire *Tub*, her zonne,
He was here now; and brought my Mr. word
That Juſtice *Bramble* had got Mrs. *Awdrey*.
But whither he be gone, here's none can tell.
Lad. Marten, I wonder at this ſtrange diſcourſe:
The foole it ſeemes tels true; my ſonne the Squire
Was doubtleſſe here this morning. For the match,
Ile ſmother what I thinke, and ſtaying here,
Attend the ſequell of this ſtrange beginning,
Turfe's wife; my people, and I will trouble thee:
Vntill we heare ſome tidings of thy husband.
The rather, for my partie *Valentine*.

Act III. Scene VI.

Turfe. Awdrey. Clench. Med-lay. Pan. Scriben.

Tur. Well, I have carried it, and will triumph
Over this Juſtice, as becomes a Conſtable;

And

And a high Constable: next our Saint *George*,
Who rescued the Kings Daughter, I will ride;
Above Prince *Arthur*. *Cle.* Or our *Shore-ditch* Duke.
Med. Or *Pancridge* Earle. *Pan.* Or *Bevis*, or Sir *Guy*.
Who were high Constables both. *Cle.* One of *Southhampton*—.
Med. The tother of *Warwick*-Castle. *Tur.* You shall worke it
Into a storie for me, neighbour *Medlay*,
Over my Chimney. *Scr.* I can give you Sir,
A Roman storie of a petty-Constable,
That had a Daughter, that was call'd *Virginia*,
Like Mrs. *Awdrey*, and as young as she;
And how her Father bare him in the busines,
'Gainst Justice *Appius*, a *Decemvir* in *Rome*,
And Justice of Assise. *Tur.* That, that good *D'ogenes*!
A learned man is a Chronikell! *Scr.* I can tell you
A thousand, of great *Pompei*, *Cæsar*, *Trajan*,
All the high Constables there. *Tur.* That was their place:
They were no more. *Scr.* *Dictator*, and high Constable
Were both the same. *Med.* High Constable was more, tho'!
He laid *Dick: Tutor* by the heeles. *Pan.* *Dick: Toter*!
H' was one o' the Waights o' the Citie: I ha' read o' hun:
He was a fellow would be drunke, debauch'd—
And he did zet un i' the stocks indeed:
His name *Vadian*, and a cunning Totef.
Awd. Was ever silly Maid thus posted off?
That should have had three husbands in one day;
Yet (by bad fortune) am possest of none?
I went to Church to have beene wed to *Clay*;
Then Squire *Tub* he seiz'd me on the way,
And thought to ha' had me: but he mist his aime;
And Justice *Bramble* (neareſt of the three)
Was well nigh married to me; when by chance,
In rush'd my Father, and broke off that dance.
Tur. I, Girle, there's nere a Justice on 'hem all,
Shall teach the Constable to guard his owne:
Let's back to *Kentish*-Towne, and there make merry;
These newes will be glad tidings to my wife:
Thou shalt have *Clay*, my wench. That word shall stand.
Hee's found by this time, sure, or else hee's drown'd:
The wedding dinner will be spoil'd: make haste.
Awd. Husbands, they say, grow thick; but thin are sowne,
I care not who it be, so I have one.
Tur. I? zay you zo? Perhaps you shall ha' none, for that.
Awd. Now out on me! what shall I doe then?
Med. Sleepe Mistris *Awdrey*, dreame on proper men.

Act III. Scene VII.

Hugh. Preamble. Metaphore.

Hugh. O *bone Deus!* have you seene the like?
Here was, *Hodge* hold thine care, faire, whilst I strike:
Body o' me, how came this geare about?
Pre. I know not, Chanon, but it fals out crosse.
Nor can I make conjecture by the circumstance
Of these events; it was impossible,
Being so close, and politickly carried,
To come so quickly to the eares of *Turfe*.
O Priest, had but thy slow delivery
Beene nimble, and thy lazie *Latine* tongue,
But run the formes ore, with that swift dispatch,
As had beene requisite, all had beene well!
Hug. What should have beene, that never lov'd the Friar;
But thus you see th'old *Adage* verified,
Multa cadunt inter—you can ghesse the rest.
Many things fall betweene the cup, and lip:
And though they touch, you are not sure to drinke.
You lack'd good fortune, wee had done our parts:
Give a man fortune, throw him i' the Sea.
The properer man, the worse luck: Stay a time;
Tempus edax—In time the stately Oxe, &c.
Good counsels lightly never come too late.
Pre. You Sir will run your counsels out of breath.
Hug. Spurre a free horse, hee'll run himselfe to death.
Sancti Evangelistæ! Here comes *Miles!*
Pre. What newes man, with our new made Purs'yvant?
Met. A Pursuyvant? would I were, or more pursie,
And had more store of money; or lesse pursie,
And had more store of breath: you call me Pursyvant!
But, I could never vant of any purse
I had, sin' yo' were my God-fathers, and God-mothers,
And ga' me that nick-name. *Pre.* What, now's the matter?
Met. Nay, 'tis no matter. I ha' beene simply beaten.
Hugh. What is become o' the Squire, and thy Prisoner?
Met. The lines of blood, ran streaming from my head,
Can speake what rule the Squire hath kept with me.
Pre. I pray thee *Miles* relate the manner, how?
Met. Be't knowne unto you, by these presents, then,
That I *Miles Metaphore*, your worships Clarke:
Have ene beene beaten, to an Allegory,
By multitude of hands. Had they beene but
Some five or sixe, I' had whip'd 'hem all, like tops
In *Lent*, and hurl'd 'hem into *Hoblers*-hole;
Or the next ditch: I had crack'd all their costards,
As nimbly as a Squirrell will crack nuts:

And flouriſhed like to *Hercules*, the Porter
Among the Pages. But, when they came on
Like Bees about a Hive, Crowes about carrion,
Flies about ſweet meats; nay, like water-men
About a Fare: then was poore *Metaphore*
Glad to give up the honour of the day,
To quit his charge to them, and run away
To ſave his life, onely to tell this newes.
Hug. How indirectly all things have falne out!
I cannot chooſe but wonder what they were
Reskued your rivall from the keepe of *Miles*:
But moſt of all I cannot well digeſt,
The manner how our purpoſe came to *Turfe*.
Pre. Miles, I will ſee that all thy hurts be dreſt.
As for the Squires eſcape, it matters not:
Wee have by this meanes diſappointed him;
And that was all the maine I aimed at.
But Chanon *Hugh*, now muſter up thy wits,
And call thy thoughts into the Conſiſtory.
Search all the ſecret corners of thy cap,
To find another queint deviſed drift,
To diſappoint her mariage with this *Clay*;
Doe that, and Ile reward thee jovially.
Hug. Well ſaid *Magiſter* Juſtice. If I fit you not
With ſuch a new, and well-laid ſtratagem,
As never yet your eares did heare a finer,
Call me, with Lilly, *Bos, Fur, Sus, atq; Sacerdos.*
Pre. I heare, there's comfort in thy words yet, Chanon.
Ile truſt thy regulars, and ſay no more.
Met. Ile follow too. And if the dapper Prieſt
Be but as cunning, point in his deviſe,
As I was in my lie: my Maſter *Preamble*
Will ſtalke, as led by the noſe with theſe new promiſes,
And fatted with ſuppoſes of fine hopes.

Act III. Scene VIII.

Turfe. D. Turfe. L. Tub. Pol-mart. Awd. Pup.

Tur. Well Madam, I may thanke the Squire your ſonne:
For, but for him, I had beene over-reach'd.
D. Tur. Now heavens bleſſing light upon his heart:
Wee are beholden to him, indeed Madam.
Lad. But can you not reſolve me where he is?
Nor about what his purpoſes were bent?
Tur. Madam, they no whit were concerning me:
And therefore was I leſſe inquiſitive.
Lad. Faire maid, in faith, ſpeake truth, and not diſſemble:
Do's hee not often come, and viſit you?

Awd. His worſhip now, and then, pleaſe you, takes paines
To ſee my Father, and Mother: But for me,
I know my ſelfe too meane for his high thoughts
To ſtoop at, more then asking a light queſtion,
To make him merry, or to paſſe his time.
Lad. A ſober Maid! call for my woman *Marten.*
Pol. The maids, and her halfe-*Valentine* have pli'd her
With court'ſie of the Bride-Cake, and the Bowle,
As ſhe is laid awhile. *Lad.* O let her reſt!
We will croſſe ore to *Canterbury*, in the interim;
And ſo make home. Farewell good *Turfe*, and thy wife:
I wiſh your daughter joy. *Tur.* Thankes to your Ladiſhip;
Where is *Iohn Clay* now? have you ſeene him yet?
D. Tur. No, he has hid himſelfe out of the way,
For feare o' the *Hue* and *Cry*. *Tur.* What, walkes that ſhadow
Avore'un ſtill? *Puppy* goe ſeeke 'un out,
Search all the corners that he haunts unto,
And call 'un forth. Wee'll once more to the Church,
And try our vortunes. Luck, ſonne *Valentine:*
Where are the wiſe-men all of *Finzbury?*
Pup. Where wiſe-men ſhould be; at the Ale, and Bride-cake.
I would this couple had their deſtinie,
Or to be hang'd, or married out o' the way:
Man cannot get the mount'nance of an Egge-ſhell, *Enter the neighbours to Turfe.*
To ſtay his ſtomack. Vaith, vor mine owne part,
I have zup'd up ſo much broth, as would have cover'd
A legge o' Beefe, ore head and eares, i' the porredge pot:
And yet I cannot ſuſſifie wild nature.
Would they were once diſpatch'd, we might to dinner.
I am with child of a huge ſtomack, and long,
Till by ſome honeſt Midwife-peice of Beefe,
I be deliver'd of it: I muſt goe now,
And hunt out for this *Kilburne* Calfe, *Iohn Clay:*
Whom where to find, I know not, nor which way.

Act III. Scene IX.

To them.

Chanon *Hugh*, like Captaine *Thumbs.*

Hug. Thus as a begger in a Kings diſguiſe,
Or an old Croſſe well ſided with a May-pole,
Comes Chanon *Hugh*, accoutred as you ſee
Diſguis'd *Soldado* like: marke his deviſe:
The Chanon, is that Captaine *Thumbs*, was rob'd:
Theſe bloody ſcars upon my face are wounds,
This ſcarfe upon mine arme ſhewes my late hurts;
And thus am I to gull the Conſtable.
Now have among you, for a man at armes:
Friends by your leave, which of you is one *Turfe?*

Tur. Sir, I am *Turfe*, if you would ſpeake with me.
Hug. With thee *Turfe*, if thou beeſt High Conſtable.
Tur. I am both *Turfe*, Sir, and High Conſtable.
Hug. Then *Turfe*, or *Scurfe*, high, or low Conſtable;
Know, I was once a Captaine at Saint *Quintins*,
And paſſing croſſe the wayes over the countrey
This morning betwixt this and *Hamſted*-Heath,
Was by a crue of Clownes rob'd, bob'd, and hurt.
No ſooner had I got my wounds bound up,
But with much paine, I went to the next Juſtice,
One Mr. *Bramble* here, at *Maribone*:
And here a warrant is, which he hath directed
For you one *Turfe*; if your name be *Tobie Turfe*;
Who have let fall (they ſay) the *Hue*, and *Cry*:
And you ſhall anſwer it afore the Juſtice.
Tur. Heaven, and Hell, Dogges, Divels, what is this?
Neighbours, was ever Conſtable thus croſs'd?
What ſhall we doe? *Med.* Faith, all goe hang our ſelves:
I know no other way to ſcape the Law.
Pup. Newes, newes, O newes—*Tur.* What, haſt thou found out *Clay*?
Pup. No Sir, the newes is that I cannot find him.
Hug. Why doe you dally, you dam'd ruſſet coat,
You Peaſant, nay you Clowne, you Conſtable;
See that you bring forth the ſuſpected partie,
Or by mine honour (which I won in field)
Ile make you pay for it, afore the Juſtice.
Tur. Fie, fie; O wife, I'am now in a fine pickle.
He that was moſt ſuſpected is not found;
And which now makes me thinke, he did the deed,
He thus abſents him, and dares not be ſeene.
Captaine, my innocence will plead for me.
Wife, I muſt goe, needs, whom the Divell drives:
Pray for me wife, and daughter; pray for me.
Hug. Ile lead the way: Thus is the match put off,
And if my plot ſucceed, as I have laid it,
My Captaine-ſhip ſhall coſt him many a crowne.
They goe out. *D. Tur.* So, wee have brought our egges to a faire Market.
Out on that villaine *Clay*: would he doe a robbery?
Ile nere truſt ſmooth-fac'd Tile-man for his ſake.
They goe out. *Awd.* Mother, the ſtill Sow eates up all the draffe.
Pup. Thus is my Maſter, *Toby Turfe*, the patterne
Of all the painefull a'ventures, now in print.
I never could hope better of this match:
This Bride-ale: For the night before to day,
(Which is within mans memory, I take it)
At the report of it, an Oxe did ſpeake;
Who dy'd ſoone after: A Cow loſt her Calfe:
The Belwether was ſtead for't: A fat Hog
Was ſing'd, and waſh'd, and ſhaven all over, to
Looke ugly 'gainſt this day: The Ducks they qual'd;

The Hens too cackled: at the noiſe whereof,
A Drake was ſeene to dance a headleſſe round:
The Gooſe was cut i' the head, to heare it too:
Brave *Chant-it-cleare*, his noble heart was done;
His combe was cut: And two or three o' his wives,
Or faireſt Concubines, had their necks broke,
Ere they would zee this day: To marke the verven
Heart of a beaſt, the very Pig, the Pig,
This very mornin, as hee was a roſting
Cry'd out his eyes, and made a ſhow as hee would
Ha' bit in two the ſpit, as he would ſay;
There ſhall no roſt-meat be this diſmall day.
And zure, I thinke, If I had not got his tongue
Betweene my teeth, and eate it, he had ſpoke it.
Well, I will in, and cry too; never leave
Crying, untill our maids may drive a Buck
With my ſalt teares at the next waſhing day.

Act IV. Scene I.

Preamble. Hugh. Turfe. Metaphor.

Pre. KEepe out thoſe fellowes; Ile ha' none come in,
But the High Conſtable, the man of peace,
And the Queenes Captaine, the brave man of warre.
Now neighbour *Turfe*, the cauſe why you are call'd,
Before me by my warrant, but unſpecified,
Is this; and pray you marke it thoroughly!
Here is a Gentleman, and as it ſeemes,
Both of good birth, faire ſpeech, and peaceable,
Who was this morning rob'd here in the wood:
You for your part a man of good report,
Of credit, landed, and of faire demeanes,
And by authority, high Conſtable;
Are notwithſtanding touch'd in this complaint,
Of being careleſſe in the *Hue* and *Cry*.
I cannot chooſe but grieve a Soldiers loſſe:
And I am ſory too for your neglect,
Being my neighbour; this is all I object.

Hug. This is not all; I can alledge far more,
And almoſt urge him for an acceſſorie.
Good Mr. Juſtice gi' me leave to ſpeake,
For I am Plaintife. Let not neighbour-hood
Make him ſecure, or ſtand on priviledge.

Pre. Sir, I dare uſe no partiality:
Object then what you pleaſe, ſo it be truth.

Hug.

Hug. This more: and which is more, then he can answer,
Beside his letting fall the *Hue*, and *Cry*
He doth protect the man, charg'd with the felonie,
And keepes him hid I heare, within his house,
Because he is affied unto his Daughter.
Tur. I doe defie 'hun, so shall shee doe too.
I pray your worships favour, le' me have hearing.
I doe confesse, 'twas told me such a velonie,
And't not disgriev'd me a little when 'twas told me,
Vor I was going to Church, to marry *Awdrey*:
And who should marry her, but this very *Clay*,
Who was charg'd to be the chiefe theife o' hun all.
Now I (the halter stick me, if I tell,
Your worships any leazins did fore-thinke 'un
The truest man, till he waz run away.
I thought, I had had 'un as zure as in a zaw-pit,
Or i' mine Oven. Nay, i' the Towne-pound.
I was za sure o' hun: I'ld ha' gi'n my life for 'un,
Till he did start. But now, I zee 'un guilty,
Az var as I can looke at 'un. Would you ha' more?
Hug. Yes, I will have Sir what the Law will give me.
You gave your word to see him safe, forth comming;
I challenge that: But, that is forfeited;
Beside, your careleſnesse in the pursuit,
Argues your slackness, and neglect of dutie,
Which ought be punish'd with severity.
Pre. He speakes but reason *Turfe*. Bring forth the man,
And you are quit: But otherwise, your word
Binds you to make amends for all his losse,
And thinke your selfe befriended, if he take it
Without a farder suit, or going to law.
Come to a composition with him, *Turfe*:
The Law is costly, and will draw on charge.
Tur. Yes, I doe know, I vurst mun vee a Returney,
And then make legges to my great man o' Law,
To be o' my counsell, and take trouble-vees,
And yet zay nothing vor me, but devise
All district meanes, to ransackle me o' my money.
A Pest'lence prick the throats o' hun. I doe know hun
As well az I waz i' their bellies, and brought up there.
What would you ha' me doe? what would you aske of me?
Hug. I aske the restitution of my money;
And will not bate one penny o' the summe:
Foure score, and five pound. I aske, besides,
Amendment for my hurts; my paine, and suffering
Are losse enough for me, Sir, to sit downe with;
Ile put it to your worship; what you award me,
Ile take; and gi' him a generall release.
Pre. And what say you now, neighbour *Turfe*? *Tur.* I put it
Ene to your worships bitterment, hab, nab.

I shall

I shall have a chance o' the dice for't, I hope, let 'hem ene run: And —
Pre. Faith then Ile pray you, 'cause he is my neighbour,
To take a hundred pound, and give him day.
Hug. Saint *Valentines* day, I will, this very day,
Before Sunne set: my bond is forfeit else.
Tur. Where will you ha' it paid? *Hug.* Faith, I am a stranger
Here i' the countrey: Know you Chanon *Hugh*,
The Vicar of *Pancrace*? *Tur.* Yes, wee who not him?
Hug. Ile make him my Attorney to receive it,
And give you a discharge. *Tur.* Whom shall I send for't?
Pre. Why, if you please, send *Metaphore* my Clarke.
And *Turfe*, I much commend thy willingnesse;
It's argument of thy integrity.
Tur. But, my integrity shall be my zelfe still:
Good Mr. *Metaphore*, giyt my wife this key;
And doe but whisper it into her hand:
(She knowes it well inow) bid her, by that
Deliver you the two zeal'd bags o' silver,
That lie i' the corner o' the cup-bord, stands
At my bed-side, they' are vifrie pound a peece;
And bring 'hem to your Master. *Met.* If I prove not
As just a Carrier as my friend *Tom Long* was,
Then call me his curtall, change my name of *Miles*,
To *Guile's*, *Wile's*, *Pile's*, *Bile's*, or the fouleſt name
You can devise, to crambe with, for ale.
Hug. Come hither *Miles*, bring by that token, too,
Faire *Awdrey*; say her father sent for her:
Say *Clay* is found, and waits at *Pancrace* Church,
Where I attend to marry them in haste.
For (by this meanes) *Miles* I may say't to thee,
Thy Master must to *Awdrey* married be.
But not a word but mum: goe get thee gone;
Be warie of thy charge, and keepe it close.
Met. O super-dainty Chanon! Vicar in cóney,
Make no delay, *Miles*, but away.
And bring the wench, and money.
Hug. Now Sir, I see you meant but honestly;
And, but that busines cals me hence away,
I would not leave you, till the sunne were lower.
But Mr. Justice, one word, Sir, with you.
By the same token, is your Mistris sent for
By *Metaphore* your Clarke, as from her Father.
Who when she comes, Ile marry her to you,
Vnwitting to this *Turfe*, who shall attend
Me at the parsonage. This was my plot:
Which I must now make good; turne Chanon, againe,
In my square cap. I humbly take my leave.
Pre. Adieu, good Captaine. Trust me, neighbour *Turfe*,
He seemes to be a sober Gentleman:
But this distresse hath somewhat stir'd his patience.

And men, your know, in such extremities,
Apt not themselves to points of courtesie;
I'am glad you ha' made this end. *Tur.* You stood my friend:
I thanke your Justice-worship; pray you be
Prezent anone, at tendring o' the money,
And zee me have a discharge: Vor I ha' no craft
I' your Law quiblins. *Pre.* Ile secure you, neighbour.

The *Scene* interloping.

Medlay. Clench. Pan. Scriben.

Med. Indeed, there is a woundy luck in names, Sirs,
And a maine mysterie, an' a man knew where
To vind it. My God-sires name, Ile tell you,
Was *In-and-In Shittle*, and a Weaver he was,
And it did fit his craft: for so his Shittle
Went in, and in, still: this way, and then that way.
And he nam'd me, *In-and In Medlay:* which serves
A Joyners craft, bycause that wee doe lay
Things in and in, in our worke. But, I am truly
Architectonicus professor, rather:
That is (as one would zay) an Architect.
Cle. As I am a Varrier, and a Visicarie:
Horse-smith of *Hamsted*, and the whole Towne Leach—.
Med. Yes, you ha' done woundy cures, Gossip *Clench.*
Cle. An' I can zee the stale once, through a Vrine-hole,
Ile give a shrew'd ghesse, be it man, or beast.
I cur'd an Ale-wife once, that had the staggers
Worse then five horses, without rowelling.
My God-phere was a *Rabian*, or a *Iew*,
(You can tell *D'oge!*) They call'd un Doctor *Rasi.*
Scr. One *Rasis* was a great *Arabick* Doctor.
Cle. Hee was King *Harry*'s Doctor, and my God-phere.
Pan. Mine was a merry *Greeke*, *To-Pan*, of *Twyford*:
A joviall Tinker, and a stopper of holes,
Who left me mettall-man of *Belsise*, his heire.
Med. But what was yours *D'oge?* *Scr.* Vaith, I cannot tell
If mine were kyrsind, or no. But, zure hee had
A kyrsin name, that he left me, *Diogenes.*
A mighty learned man, but pest'lence poore.
Vor, h' had no house, save an old *Tub*, to dwell in,
(I vind that in records) and still he turn'd it
I' the winds teeth, as't blew on his back-side,
And there they would lie rowting one at other,
A weeke, sometimes. *Med.* Thence came *A Tale of a Tub*,
And the virst *Tale of a Tub*, old *D'ogenes Tub.*
Scr. That was avore Sir *Peter Tub*, or his Lady.
Pan. I, or the Squire their sonne, *Tripoli Tub.*
Cle. The Squire is a fine Gentleman! *Med.* He is more:

A Gentleman and a halfe, almoſt a Knight;
Within zixe inches: That's his true meaſure.
Cle. Zure, you can gage 'un. *Med.* To a ſtreake, or leſſe:
I know his d'ameters, and circumference:
A Knight is ſixe diameters, and a Squire
Is vive, and zomewhat more: I know't by compaſſe,
And skale of man. I have upo' my rule here,
The juſt perportions of a Knight, a Squire,
With a tame Juſtice, or an Officer, rampant,
Vpo' the bench, from the high Conſtable
Downe to the Head-borough, or Tithing-man,
Or meaneſt Miniſter o' the peace, God ſave 'un.
Pan. Why, you can tell us by the Squire, Neighbour,
Whence he is call'd a Conſtable, and whaffore.
Med. No, that's a booke-caſe: *Scribon* can doe that.
That's writing and reading, and records. *Str.* Two words,
Cyning and *Staple*, make a Conſtable:
As wee'd ſay, A hold, or ſtay for the King.
Cle. All Conſtables are truly *Iohn's* for the King,
What ere their names are; be they *Tony*, or *Roger*.
Med. And all are ſworne, as vingars o' one hand,
To hold together 'gainſt the breach o' the peace;
The High Conſtable is the Thumbe, as one would zay,
The hold-faſt o' the reſt. *Pan.* Pray luck he ſpeed
Well i' the buſines, betweene Captaine *Thums*,
And him. *Med.* 'Ile warrant 'un for a groat:
I have his meaſures here in Rithmetique.
How he ſhould beare un ſelfe in all the lines
Of's place, and office: Let's zeeke 'un out.

Act IIII. Scene II.

Tub. Hilts. Metaphor.

Tub. Hilts, how do'ſt thou like o' this our good dayes worke?
Hil. As good ene nere a whit, as nere the better.
Tub. Shall we to *Pancridge*, or to *Kentiſh-Towne*, *Hilts*?
Hit. Let *Kentiſh-Towne*, or *Pancridge* come to us,
If either will: I will goe home againe.
Tub. Faith *Basket*, our ſucceſſe hath beene but bad,
And nothing proſpers, that wee undertake,
For we can neither meet with *Clay*, nor *Awbrey*,
The Chanon *Hugh*, nor *Turſt* the Conſtable:
We are like men that wander in ſtrange woods,
And looſe our ſelves in ſearch of them wee ſeeke.
Hil. This was becauſe wee roſe on the wrong ſide:
But as I am now here, juſt in the mid-way,
Ile zet my ſword on the pommell, and that line
The point valles too, wee'll take: whether it be
To *Kentiſh-Towne*, the Church, or home againe.

Enter Metaphor.

Tub. Stay, stay thy hand: here's Justice *Brambles* Clarke,
The unlucky Hare hath croſt us all this day.
Ile ſtand aſide whilſt thou pump'ſt out of him
His buſines, *Hilts*; and how hee's now employed.
Hil. Let mee alone, Ile uſe him in his kind.
Met. Oh for a Pad-horſe, Pack-horſe, or a Poſt-horſe,
To beare me on his neck, his back, or his croupe!
I am as weary with running, as a Mil-horſe
That hath led the Mill once, twice, thrice about,
After the breath hath beene out of his body.
I could get up upon a pannier, a pannell,
Or, to ſay truth, a very Pack-ſadle,
Till all my honey were turn'd into gall;
And I could ſit in the ſeat no longer,
Oh the legs of a lackey now, or a foot-man,
Who is the Surbater of a Clarke currant,
And the confounder of his treſleſſe dormant.
But who have we here, juſt in the nick?
Hil. I am neither nick, nor in the nick: therefore
You lie Sir *Metaphor*. *Met.* Lye? how? *Hil.* Lye ſo Sir.

He ſtrikes up his heeles.

Met. I lye not yet i' my throat. *Hil.* Thou ly'ſt o' the ground.
Do'ſt thou know me? *Met.* Yes, I did know you too late.
Hil. What is my name then? *Met. Basket*. *Hil. Basket*? what?
Met. Basket, the Great— *Hil.* The Great? what? *Met.* Lubber—
I ſhould ſay Lover, of the Squire his Maſter.
Hil. Great is my patience, to forbeare thee thus,
Thou Scrape-hill, Skoundrell, and thou skum of man;
Vncivill, orenge-tawny-coated Clarke:
Thou cam'ſt but halfe a thing into the world,
And waſt made up of patches, parings, ſhreds:
Thou, that when laſt thou wert put out of ſervice,
Travaild'ſt to *Hamſted* Heath, on an *Aſh-we'nsday*,
Where thou didſt ſtand ſixe weekes the *Iack* of *Lent*,
For boyes to hoorle, three throwes a penny, at thee,
To make thee a purſe: Seeſt thou this, bold bright blade?
This ſword ſhall ſhred thee as ſmall unto the grave,
As minc'd meat for a pie. Ile ſet thee in earth
All ſave thy head, and thy right arme at liberty,
To keepe thy hat off, while I queſtion thee,
What? why? and whether thou wert going now
With a face, ready to breake out with buſines?
And tell me truly, leſt I daſh't in peeces.
Met. Then *Basket* put thy ſmiter up, and heare;
I dare not tell the truth to a drawne ſword.
Hil. 'Tis ſheath'd, ſtand up, ſpeake without feare, or wit.
Met. I know not what they meane; but Conſtable *Turfe*
Sends here his key; for monies in his cubbard
Which he muſt pay the Captaine, that was rob'd
This morning. Smell you nothing? *Hil.* No, not I;
Thy breeches yet are honeſt. *Met.* As my mouth.

Doe you not smell a rat? I tell you truth,
I thinke all's knavery: For the Chanon whisper'd
Me in the eare, when *Turfe* had gi'n me his key,
By the same token to bring Mrs. *Awdrey*,
As sent for thither; and to say *John Clay*
Is found, which is indeed to get the wench
Forth for my Master, who is to be married,
When she comes there: The Chanon has his rules
Ready, and all there to dispatch the matter.
Tub. Now on my life, this is the Chanon's plot!
Miles, I have heard all thy discourse to *Basket*.
Wilt thou be true, and Ile reward thee well,
To make me happy, in my Mistris *Awdrey*?
Met. Your worship shall dispose of *Metaphore*,
Through all his parts, ene from the sole o' the head,
To the crowne o' the foot, to manage of your service.
Tub. Then doe thy message to the Mistris *Turfe*,
Tell her thy token, bring the money hither,
And likewise take young *Awdrey* to thy charge:
Which done, here, *Metaphore*, wee will attend,
And intercept thee. And for thy reward,
You two shall share the money; I the Maid:
If any take offence, Ile make all good.
Met. But shall I have halfe the money Sir, in faith?
Tub. I on my Squire-ship, shalt thou: and my land.
Met. Then, if I make not, Sir, the cleanliest scuse
To get her hither, and be then as carefull
To keepe her for you, as't were for my selfe:
Downe o' your knees, and pray that honest *Miles*
May breake his neck ere he get ore two stiles.

Act IV. Scene III.

Tub. Hilts.

Tub. Make haste then: we will wait here thy returne.
This luck unlook'd for, hath reviv'd my hopes,
Which were oppresst with a darke melancholly.
In happy time, we linger'd on the way,
To meet these summons of a better sound,
Which are the essence of my soules content.
Hil. This heartlesse fellow; shame to serving-men;
Staine of all livories; what feare makes him doe!
How sordid, wretched, and unworthy things;
Betray his Masters secrets, ope the closet
Of his devises, force the foolish Justice,
Make way for your Love, plotting of his owne:
Like him that digs a trap, to catch another,
And falls into't himselfe! *Tub.* So wou'd I have it.
And hope 'twill prove a jest to twit the Justice with.

Enter Metaphor.

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Hil. I am neither nick, nor in the nick: therefore
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To keepe thy hat off, while I queſtion thee,
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And tell me truly, leſt I daſh't in peeces.
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You two shall share the money; I the Maid:
If any take offence, Ile make all good.
Met. But shall I have halfe the money Sir, in faith?
Tub. I on my Squire-ship, shalt thou: and my land.
Met. Then, if I make not, Sir, the cleanliest scuse
To get her hither, and be then as carefull
To keepe her for you, as't were for my selfe:
Downe o' your knees, and pray that honest *Miles*
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Act IV. Scene III.

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Which are the essence of my soules content.
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Staine of all livories; what feare makes him doe!
How sordid, wretched, and unworthy things;
Betray his Masters secrets, ope the closet
Of his devises, force the foolish Justice,
Make way for your Love, plotting of his owne:
Like him that digs a trap, to catch another,
And falls into't himselfe! *Tub.* So wou'd I have it.
And hope 'twill prove a jest to twit the Justice with.

Hil. But that this poore white-liver'd Rogue should do't?
And meerely out of feare? *Tub.* And hope of money, *Hilts.*
A valiant man will nible at that bait.
Hil. Who, but a foole, will refuse money proffer'd?
Tub. And sent by so good chance. Pray heaven he speed.
Hil. If he come empty-headed, let him count
To goe back empty-headed; Ile not leave him
So much of braine in's pate, with pepper and vineger,
To be serv'd in for sawce, to a Calves head.
Tub. Thou serv'st him rightly, *Hilts.* *Hil.* Ile seale az much
With my hand, as I dare say now with my tongue;
But if you get the Lasse from *Dargison*,
What will you doe with her? *Tub.* Wee'll thinke o' that
When once wee have her in possession, Governour.

Act IV. Scene IV.

Puppy. Metaphore. Awdrey.

Pup. You see wee trust you, Mr. *Metaphore*,
With Mrs. *Awdrey*: pray you use her well,
As a Gentle-woman should be us'd. For my part,
I doe incline a little to the serving-man;
Wee have beene of a coat—I had one like yours:
Till it did play me such a sleeveless errand,
As I had nothing where to put mine armes in,
And then I threw it off. Pray you goe before her,
Serving-man-like: and see that your nose drop not.
As for example; you shall see me: marke,
How I goe afore her. So doe you: sweet *Miles*,
She for her owne part, is a woman cares not
What man can doe unto her, in the way
Of honesty, and good manners. So farewell
Faire Mrs, *Awdrey*: Farewell Mr. *Miles*.
I ha' brought you thus farre, onward o' your way:
I must goe back now to make cleane the roomes,
Where my good Lady has beene. Pray you commend mee
To Bride-groome *Clay*; and bid him beare up stiffe.
Met. Thanke you good *Hanniball Puppy*; I shall fit
The leg of your commands, with the straight buskins
Of dispatch presently. *Pup.* Farewell fine *Metaphore*.
Met. Come gentle Mistris, will you please to walke?
Awd. I love not to be led: I'd goe alone.
Met. Let not the mouse of my good meaning, Lady,
Be snap'd up in the trap of your suspition,
To loose the taile there, either of her truth,
Or swallow'd by the Cat of misconstruction.
Awd. You are too finicall for me, speake plaine Sir.

Act IV. Scena V.

Tub. Awdrey. Hilis. Metaphore. To them
Lady. Pol-marten.

Tub. Welcome againe my *Awdrey:* welcome Love:
You ſhall with me; in faith deny me not.
I cannot brook the ſecond hazzard Miſtris.
Awd. Forbeare Squire *Tub*, as mine owne mother ſayes,
I am not for your mowing. Youle be flowne
Ere I be fledge. *Hil.* Haſt thou the money *Miles?*
Met. Here are two bags, there's fiftie pound in each.
Tub. Nay *Awdrey*, I poſſeſſe you for this time:
Sirs; Take that coyne betweene you, and divide it.
My pretty ſweeting give me now the leave
To challenge love, and marriage at your hands.
Awd. Now, out upon you, are you not aſham'd?
What will my Lady ſay? In faith I thinke
She was at our houſe: And I thinke ſhee ask'd for you:
And I thinke ſhe hit me i' th' teeth with you,
I thanke her Ladiſhip, and I thinke ſhe meanes
Not to goe hence, till ſhe has found you. How ſay you?
Tub. Was then my Lady Mother at your houſe?
Let's have a word aſide. *Awd.* Yes, twenty words.
Lad. 'Tis ſtrange, a motion, but I know not what,
Comes in my mind, to leave the way to *Totten*,
And turne to *Kentiſh-Towne*, againe my journey:
And ſee my ſonne *Pol-marten* with his *Awdrey:*
Erewhile we left her at her fathers houſe:
And hath he thence remov'd her in ſuch haſte!
What ſhall I doe? ſhall I ſpeake faire, or chide?
Pol. Madam, your worthy ſonne, with dutious care,
Can governe his affections: Rather then
Breake off their conference ſome other way,
Pretending ignorance of what you know.
Tub. And this all, faire *Awdrey:* I am thine.
Lad. Mine you were once, though ſcarcely now your own.
Hil. 'Slid my Lady! my Lady! *Met.* Is this my Lady bright?
Tub. Madam, you tooke me now a little tardie.
Lad. At prayers, I thinke you were: what, ſo devout
Of late, that you will ſhrive you to all Confeſſors
You meet by chance? Come, goe with me, good Squire,
And leave your linnen: I have now a buſines,
And of importance, to impart unto you.
Tub. Madam, I pray you, ſpare me but an houre,
Pleaſe you to walke before, I follow you.
Lad. It muſt be now, my buſines lies this way.
Tub. Will not an houre hence, Madam, excuſe me?
Lad. Squire, theſe excuſes argue more your guilt.

You have ſome new device now, to project,
Which the poore Tile-man ſcarce will thanke you for.
What? will you goe? *Tub.* I ha' tane a charge upon me,
To ſee this Maid conducted to her Father,
Who, with the Chanon *Hugh*, ſtaies her at *Pancrace*,
To ſee her married to the ſame *Iohn Clay*.
Lad. Tis very well; but Squire take you no care.
Ile ſend *Pol-marten* with her, for that office:
You ſhall along with me; it is decreed.
Tub. I have a little buſines, with a friend Madam.
Lad. That friend ſhall ſtay for you, or you for him.
Pol-marten; Take the Maiden to your care;
Commend me to her Father. *Tub.* I will follow you.
Lad. Tut, tell not me of following. *Tub.* Ile but ſpeake
A word. *Lad.* No whiſpering: you forget your ſelfe,
And make your love too palpable: A Squire?
And thinke ſo meanely? fall upon a Cow-ſhard?
You know my mind. Come, Ile to *Turfe*'s houſe,
And ſee for *Dido*, and our *Valentine*.
Pol-marten, looke to your charge; Ile looke to mine.

They all goe out but Pol-marten and Awdrey.

Pol. I ſmile to thinke after ſo many proffers
This Maid hath had, ſhe now ſhould fall to me:
That I ſhould have her in my cuſtody:
Twere but a mad trick to make the eſſay,
And jumpe a match with her immediately:
She's faire, and handſome: and ſhee's rich enough:
Both time, and place miniſter faire occaſion:
Have at it then: Faire Lady, can you love?
Awd. No Sir, what's that? *Pol.* A toy, which women uſe.
Awd. If't be a toy, it's good to play withall.
Pol. Wee will not ſtand diſcourſing o' the toy:
The way is ſhort, pleaſe you to prov't Miſtris?
Awd. If you doe meane to ſtand ſo long upon it,
I pray you let me give it a ſhort cut, Sir.
Pol. It's thus, faire Maid: Are you diſpos'd to marry?
Awd. You are diſpos'd to aske. *Pol.* Are you to grant?
Awd. Nay, now I ſee you are diſpos'd indeed.
Pol. I ſee the wench wants but a little wit;
And that defect her wealth may well ſupply:
In plaine termes, tell me, Will you have me *Awdrey*?
Awd. In as plaine termes, I tell you who would ha' me.
Iohn Clay would ha' me, but he hath too hard hands;
I like not him: beſides, hee is a thiefe.
And Juſtice *Bramble*, he would faine ha' catch'd me:
But the young Squire, hee, rather then his life,
Would ha' me yet; and make me a Lady, hee ſayes,
And be my Knight; to doe me true Knights ſervice,
Before his Lady Mother. Can you make me
A Lady, would I ha' you? *Pol.* I can gi' you
A ſilken Gowne, and a rich Petticoat:

And a french Hood. All fooles love to be brave:
I find her humour, and I will purſue it.

Act IIII. Scæna VI.

Lady. D. Turfe. Squire Tub. Hilts. Puppy. Clay.

Lad. And as I told thee, ſhee was intercepted
By the Squire here, my ſonne: and this bold Ruffin
His man, who ſafely would have carried her
Vnto her Father; and the Chanon *Hugh*;
But for more care of the ſecurity,
My Huiſher hath her now, in his grave charge.
D. Tur. Now on my faith, and holy-dom, we are
Beholden to your worſhip. She's a Girle,
A fooliſh Girle, and ſoone may tempted be:
But if this day paſſe well once ore her head,
Ile wiſh her truſt to her ſelfe. For I have beene
A very mother to her, though I ſay it.
Tub. Madam, 'tis late, and *Pancridge* is i' your way:
I thinke your Ladiſhip forgets your ſelfe.
Lad. Your mind runs much on *Pancridge*. Well, young Squire,
The black Oxe never trod yet O your foot:
Theſe idle Phant'ſies will forſake you one day.
Come Mrs. *Turfe*, will you goe take a walke
Over the fields to *Pancridge*, to your husband?
D. Tur. Madam, I had beene there an houre agoe:
But that I waited on my man *Ball Puppy*.
What *Ball* I ſay? I thinke the idle ſlouch
Be falne aſleepe i' the barne, he ſtayes ſo long.
Pup. Sattin, i' the name of velvet *Sattin*, Dame!
The Divell! O the Divell is in the barne:
Helpe, helpe, a legion—Spirit legion,
Is in the barne! in every ſtraw a Divell.
Tur. Why do'ſt thou bawle ſo *Puppy*? Speake, what ailes thee?
Pup. My name's *Ball Puppy*, I ha' ſeene the Divell
Among the ſtraw: O for a Croſſe! a Collop
Of Friar *Bacon*, or a conjuring ſtick
Of Doctor *Fauſtus*! Spirits are in the barne.
Tub. How! Spirits in the barne? *Basket*, goe ſee.
Hil. Sir, an' you were my Maſter ten times over,
And Squire to boot; I know, and you ſhall pardon me:
Send me 'mong Divels? I zee you love me not:
Hell be at their game: Ile not trouble them.
Tub. Goe ſee; I warrant thee there's no ſuch matter.
Hil. An' they were Giants, 't were another matter.
But Divells! No, if I be torne in peeces,
What is your warrant worth? Ile ſee the Feind
Set fire o' the barne, ere I come there.

D. Tur.

D. Tur. Now all Saints blesse us, and if he be there,
He is an ugly spright, I warrant. *Pup.* As ever
Held flesh-hooke, Dame, or handled fire-forke rather:
They have put me in a sweet pickle, Dame:
But that my Lady-*Valentine* smels of muske,
I should be asham'd to presse into this presence.
Lad. Basket, I pray thee see what is the miracle!
Tub. Come, goe with me: Ile lead. Why stand'st thou man?
Hil. Cocks pretious Master, you are not mad indeed?
You will not goe to hell before your time?
Tub. Why art thou thus afraid? *Hil.* No, not afraid:
But by your leave, Ile come no neare the barne.
Tur. Puppy! wilt thou goe with me? *Pup.* How? goe with you?
Whither, into the Barne? To whom, the Divell?
Or to doe what there? to be torne 'mongst 'hum?
Stay for my Master, the High Constable,
Or *In-and-In*, the Head-borough; let them goe,
Into the Barne with warrant; seize the Feind;
And set him in the stocks for his ill rule:
'Tis not for me that am but flesh and blood,
To medle with 'un. Vor I cannor, nor I wu' not.
Lad. I pray thee *Tripoly*, looke, what is the matter?
Tub. That shall I Madam. *Hil.* Heaven protect my Master.
I tremble every joynt till he be back.
Pup. Now, now, even now they are tearing him in peeces;
Now are they tossing of his legs, and armes,
Like Loggets at a Peare-tree: Ile to the hole,
Peepe in, and looke whether he lives or dies.
Hil. I would not be i' my Masters coat for thousands.
Pup. Then pluck it off, and turne thy selfe away.
O the Divell! the Divell! the Divell! *Hil.* Where man? where?
D. Tur. Alas that ever wee were borne. So neere too?
Pup. The Squire hath him in his hand, and leads him
Out by the Collar. *D. Tur.* O this is *Iohn Clay*.
Lad. Iohn Clay at *Pancrace*, is there to be married.
Tub. This was the spirit reveld i' the Barne.
Pup. The Divell hee was: was this he was crawling
Among the Wheat-straw? Had it beene the Barley,
I should ha' tane him for the Divell in drinke;
The Spirit of the Bride-ale: But poore *Iohn*,
Tame *Iohn* of *Clay*, that sticks about the bung-hole—
Hil. If this be all your Divell, I would take
In hand to conjure him: But hell take me
If ere I come in a right Divels walke,
If I can keepe me out on't. *Tub.* Well meant *Hilts*.
Lad. But how came *Clay* thus hid here i' the straw,
When newes was brought, to you all hee was at *Pancridge*;
And you beleev'd it? *D. Tur.* Justice *Brambles* man
Told me so, Madam: And by that same token,
And other things, he had away my Daughter,

And

And two seal'd bags of money. *Lad.* Where's the Squire?
Is hee gone hence? *Tub.* H' was here Madam, but now.
Clay. Is the *Hue* and *Cry* past by? *Pup.* I, I; *Iohn Clay.*
Clay. And am I out of danger to be hang'd?
Pup. Hang'd *Iohn*? yes sure; unlesse, as with the Proverbe,
You meane to make the choice of your owne gallowes.
Cla. Nay, then all's well, hearing your newes *Ball Puppy*,
You ha' brought from *Paddington*, I eue stole home here,
And thought to hide me, in the Barne ere since.
Pup. O wonderfull! and newes was brought us here,
You were at *Pancridge*, ready to be married.
Cla. No faith, I nere was further then the Barne.
D. Tur. Haste *Puppy*. Call forth Mistris *Dido Wispe*,
My Ladies Gentle-woman, to her Lady;
And call your selfe forth, and a couple of maids,
To waite upon me: we are all undone!
My Lady is undone! her fine young sonne,
The Squire is got away. *Lad.* Haste, haste, good *Valentine*.
D. Tur. And you *Iohn Clay*; you are undone too! All!
My husband is undone, by a true key,
But a false token: And my selfe's undone,
By parting with my Daughter, who'll be married
To some body, that she should not, if wee haste not.

Act V. Scene I.

Tub. Pol-marten.

Tub. I Pray thee good *Pol-marten*, shew thy diligence,
And faith in both: Get her, but so disguis'd,
The Chanon may not know her, and leave me
To plot the rest: I will expect thee here.
Pol. You shall Squire. Ile performe it with all care,
If all my Ladies Ward-robe will disguise her.
Come Mistris *Awdrey*. *Awd.* Is the Squire gone?
Pol. Hee'll meet us by and by, where he appointed:
You shall be brave anone, as none shall know you.

Act V. Scene II.

Clench. Medley. Pan. Scriben.

To them:

Tub Hilts.

Cle. I wonder, where the Queenes High Constable is!
I veare, they ha' made 'hun away. *Med.* No zure; The Justice
Dare not conzent to that. Hee'll zee'un forth comming,

Pan. He muſt, vor wee can all take corpulent oath,
Wee zaw 'un goe in there. *Scr.* I, upon record!
The Clock dropt twelve at *Maribone*. *Med.* You are right, *D'oge*!
Zet downe to a minute, now 'ris a'moſt vowre.
Cle. Here comes Squire *Tub*. *Scr.* And's Governour, Mr. *Basket*.
Hilts, doe you know 'hun, a valiant wiſe vellow!
Az tall a man on his hands, as goes on veet.
Bleſſe you Maſs' *Basket*. *Hil.* Thanke you good *D'oge*. *Tub.* who's that?
Hil. D'oge Scriben, the great Writer Sir of *Chalcot*.
Tub. And, who the reſt? *Hil.* The wiſeſt heads o' the hundred.
Medlay the *Ioyner*, Head-borough of *Iſlington*,
Pan of *Belſize*, and *Clench* the Leach of *Hamſted*.
The High Conſtables Counſell, here of *Finsbury*.
Tub. Prezent me to 'hem, *Hilts*, Squire *Tub* of *Totten*.
Hil. Wiſe men of *Finsbury*: make place for a Squire,
I bring to your acquaintance, *Tub of Totten*.
Squire *Tub*, my Maſter, loves all men of vertue.
And longs (az one would zay) till he be one on you.
Cle. His worſhip's wel'cun to our company:
Would 't were wiſer for 'hun. *Pan.* Here be ſome on us,
Are call'd the witty men, over a hundred;
Scr. And zome a thouſand, when the Muſter day comes.
Tub. I long (as my man *Hilts* ſaid, and my Governour)
To be adopt in your ſociety.
Can any man make a Maſque here i' this company?
Pan. A Maſque, what's that? *Scr.* A mumming, or a ſhew.
With vizards, and fine clothes. *Cle.* A diſguiſe, neighbour,
Is the true word: There ſtands the man, can do't Sir.
Medlay the Joyner, *In-and-In* of *Iſlington*,
The onely man at a diſguize in *Midleſex*.
Tub. But who ſhall write it? *Hil. Scriben*, the great Writer.
Scr. Hee'll do't alone Sir, He will joyne with no man:
Though he be a Joyner, in deſigne he cals it.
He muſt be ſole Inventer: *In-and-In*.
Drawes with no other in's project, hee'll tell you,
It cannot elſe be feazeable, or conduce:
Thoſe are his ruling words? Pleaze you to heare 'hun?
Tub. Yes Mr. *In-and-In*, I have heard of you;
Med. I can doe nothing, I. *Cle.* Hee can doe all Sir.
Med. They'll tell you ſo. *Tub.* I'ld have a toy preſented,
A Tale of a Tub, a ſtorie of my ſelfe,
You can expreſſe a Tub. *Med.* If it conduce
To the deſigne, what ere is feazeable:
I can expreſſe a Waſh-houſe (If need be)
With a whole pedigree of Tubs. *Tub.* No, one
Will be enough to note our name, and family:
Squire *Tub* of *Totten*, and to ſhew my adventures
This very day. I'ld have it in *Tubs*-Hall,
At *Totten-Court*, my Ladie Mothers houſe,
My houſe indeed, for I am heire to it.

Med.

Med. If I might see the place, and had survey'd it,
I could say more: For all Invention, Sir,
Comes by degrees, and on the view of nature;
A world of things, concurre to the designe,
Which make it feazible, if Art conduce.
Tub. You say well, witty Mr. *In-and-In.*
How long ha' you studied Ingine? *Med.* Since I first
Joyn'd, or did in-lay in wit, some vorty yeare.
Tub. A pretty time! *Basket*, goe you and waite
On Master *In-and-In* to *Totten-Court*,
And all the other wise Masters; shew 'hem the Hall:
And taste the language of the buttery to 'hem;
Let 'hem see all the Tubs about the house,
That can raise matter, till I come — which shall be
Within an houre at least. *Cle.* It will be glorious,
If *In-and-In* will undertake it, Sir:
He has a monstrous medlay wit o' his owne.
Tub. Spare for no cost, either in boords, or hoops,
To architect your Tub: Ha' you nere a Cooper
At *London* call'd *Vitruvius*? send for him;
Or old *Iohn Haywood*, call him to you, to helpe.
Scr. He scornes the motion, trust to him alone.

Act V. Scene III.

Lady. Tub. D. Tur. Clay. Puppy. Wispe. Preamble. Turfe.

Lad. O, here's the Squire! you slip'd us finely sonne!
These manners to your Mother, will commend you;
But in an other age, not this: well *Tripoly*,
Your Father, good Sir *Peter* (rest his bones)
Would not ha' done this: where's my Huisher *Martin*?
And your faire Mrs. *Awdrey*? *Tub.* I not see 'hem,
No creature, but the foure wise Masters here,
Of *Finsbury* Hundred, came to cry their Constable,
Who they doe say is lost. *D. Tur.* My husband lost?
And my fond Daughter lost? I feare me too.
Where is your Gentleman, Madam? Poore *Iohn Clay*,
Thou hast lost thy *Awdrey*. *Cla.* I ha' lost my wits,
My little wits, good Mother, I am distracted.
Pup. And I have lost my Mistris *Dido Wispe*,
Who frownes upon her *Puppy*, *Hanniball*.
Losse! losse on every side! a publike losse!
Losse o' my Master! losse of his Daughter! losse
Of Favour, Friends, my Mistris! losse of all!
Pre. What Cry is this? *Tur.* My man speakes of some losse.
Pup. My Master is found: Good luck, and't be thy will,
Light on us all. *D. Tur.* O husband, are you alive?

They ſaid you were loſt. *Tur.* Where's Juſtice *Brambles* Clarke?
Had he the money that I ſent for? *D. Tur.* Yes,
Two houres agoe; two fifty pounds in ſilver,
And *Awdrey* too. *Tur.* Why *Awdrey?* who ſent for her?
D. Tur. You Maſter *Turfe*, the fellow ſaid. *Tur.* Hee lyed.
I am cozen'd, rob'd, undone: your man's a Thiefe,
And run away with my Daughter, Mr. *Bramble*,
And with my money. *Lad.* Neighbour *Turfe* have patience,
I can aſſure you that your Daughter is ſafe,
But for the monies I know nothing of.
Tur. My money is my Daughter, and my Daughter
She is my money, Madam. *Pre.* I doe wonder
Your Ladiſhip comes to know any thing
In theſe affaires. *Lad.* Yes, Juſtice *Bramble*
I met the maiden i' the fields by chance,
I' the Squires company my ſonne: How hee
Lighted upon her, himſelfe beſt can tell.
Tub. I intercepted her, as comming hither,
To her Father, who ſent for her, by *Miles Metaphore*,
Juſtice *Preambles* Clarke. And had your Ladiſhip
Not hindred it, I had paid fine Mr. Juſtice
For his young warrant, and new Purs'yvant,
He ſerv'd it by this morning. *Pre.* Know you that Sir?
Lad. You told me, Squire, a quite other tale,
But I beleev'd you not, which made me ſend
Awdrey another way, by my *Pol-marten:*
And take my journey back to *Kentiſh-Towne*,
Where we found *Iohn Clay* hidden i' the barne,
To ſcape the *Huy* and *Cry*, and here he is.
Tur. Iohn Clay age'n! nay, then—ſet Cock a hoope:
I ha' loſt no Daughter, nor no money, Juſtice.
Iohn Clay ſhall pay. Ile looke to you now *Iohn.*
Vaith out it muſt, as good at night, as morning.
I am ene as vull as a Pipers bag with joy,
Or a great Gun upon carnation day!
I could weepe Lions teares to ſee you *Iohn.*
'Tis but two viftie pounds I ha' ventur'd for you:
But now I ha' you, you ſhall pay whole hundred.
Run from your Burroughs, ſonne: faith ene be hang'd.
An' you once earth your ſelfe, *Iohn*, i' the barne,
I ha' no Daughter vor you: Who did verret 'hun.
D. Tur. My Ladies ſonne, the Squire here, vetch'd 'hun out.
Puppy had put us all in ſuch a vright,
We thought the Devill was i' the barne; and no body
Durſt venture o' hun. *Tur.* I am now reſolv'd,
Who ſhall ha' my Daughter. *D. Tur.* Who? *Tur.* He beſt deſerves her.
Here comes the Vicar. Chanon *Hugh*, we ha' vound
Iohn Clay agen! the matter's all come round.

Act.

Act V. Scene IV.

To them *Chanon Hugh.*

Hugh. Is *Metaphore* returnd yet? *Pre.* All is turnd
Here to confusion: we ha' lost our plot;
I feare my man is runaway with the money,
And *Clay* is found, in whom old *Turfe* is sure
To save his stake. *Hug.* What shall wee doe then Justice?
Pre. The Bride was met i' the young Squires hands.
Hug. And what's become of her? *Pre.* None here can tell.
Tub. Was not my Mothers man, *Pol-marten*, with you?
And a strange Gentlewoman in his company,
Of late here, Chanon? *Hug.* Yes, and I dispatch'd 'hem.
Tub. Dispatch'd 'hem! how doe you meane? *Hug.* Why married 'hem.
As they desir'd; But now. *Tub.* And doe you know
What you ha' done, Sir *Hugh*? *Hug.* No harme, I hope.
Tub. You have ended all the Quarrell. *Awdrey* is married.
Lad. Married! to whom? *Tur.* My Daughter *Awdrey* married,
And she not know of it! *D. Tur.* Nor her Father, or Mother!
Lad. Whom hath she married? *Tub.* Your *Pol-marten*, Madam.
A Groome was never dreamt of. *Tur.* Is he a man?
Lad. That he is *Turfe*, and a Gentleman, I ha' made him.
D. Tur. Nay, an' he be a Gentleman, let her shift.
Hug. She was so brave, I knew her not, I sweare;
And yet I married her by her owne name.
But she was so disguis'd, so Lady-like;
I thinke she did not know her selfe the while!
I married 'hem as a meere paire of strangers:
And they gave out themselves for such. *Lad.* I wish 'hem
Much joy, as they have given me hearts ease.
Tub. Then Madam, Ile intreat you now remit
Your jealousie of me; and please to take
All this good company home with you, to supper:
Wee'll have a merry night of it, and laugh.
Lad. A right good motion, Squire; which I yeeld to:
And thanke them to accept it. Neighbour *Turfe*,
Ile have you merry, and your wife: And you,
Sir *Hugh*, be pardon'd this your happy error.
By Justice *Preamble*, your friend and patron.
Pre. If the young Squire can pardon it, I doe.

Act V. Scene V.

Puppy. Dido. Hugh tarry behind.

Pup. Stay my deare *Dido*, and good Vicar *Hugh*,
We have a busines with you; In short, this

If you dare knit another paire of ſtrangers,
Dido of *Carthage*, and her Countrey-man,
Stout *Hannibal* ſtands to't. I have ask'd conſent,
And ſhe hath granted. *Hug.* But faith *Dido* ſo?
Did. From what *Ball-Hanny* hath ſaid, I dare not goe.
Hug. Come in then, Ile diſpatch you. A good ſupper
Would not be loſt, good company, good diſcourſe;
But above all where wit hath any ſource.

Act V. Scene VI.

Pol-marten. Awdrey. Tub. Lady. Preamble. Turfe. D. Turfe. Clay.

Lad. After the hoping of your pardon, Madam,
For many faults committed. Here my wife,
And I doe ſtand, expecting your mild doome.
Lad. I wiſh thee joy *Pol-marten*; and thy wife:
As much, Mrs. *Pol-marten.* Thou haſt trick'd her
Vp very fine, me thinkes. *Pol.* For that I made
Bold with your Ladiſhips Wardrobe, but have treſpaſs'd
Within the limits of your leave—I hope.
Lad. I give her what ſhe weares. I know all women
Love to be fine. Thou haſt deſerv'd it of me:
I am extreamely pleas'd with thy good fortune.
Welcome good Juſtice *Preamble*; And *Turfe*,
Looke merrily on your Daughter: She has married
A Gentleman. *Tur.* So me thinkes, I dare not touch her
She is ſo fine: yet I will ſay, God bleſſe her.
D. Tur. And I too, my fine Daughter. I could love her
Now, twice as well, as if *Clay* had her.
Tub. Come, come, my Mother is pleas'd. I pardon all,
Pol-marten in, and waite upon my Lady.
Welcome good Gheſts: ſee ſupper be ſerv'd in,
With all the plenty of the houſe, and worſhip.
I muſt conferre with Mr. *In-and-In*,
About ſome alterations in my Maſque;
Send *Hilts* out to me: Bid him bring the Councell
Of *Finsbury* hither. Ile have ſuch a night
Shall make the name of *Totten-Court* immortall:
And be recorded to poſterity.

Act V. Scene VII.

Tub. Medlay. Clench. Pan. Scriben. Hilts.

Tub. O Mr. *In-and-In*, what ha' you done?
Med. Survey'd the place Sir, and deſign'd the ground,

Or ſtand ſtill of the worke: And this it is.
Firſt, I have fixed in the earth, a *Tub*,
And an old *Tub*, like a Salt-Peeter Tub,
Preluding by your Fathers name Sir *Peeter*,
And the antiquity of your houſe, and family,
Originall from Salt-Peeter. *Tub.* Good yfaith,
You ha' ſhewne reading, and antiquity here, Sir.
Med. I have a little knowledge in deſigne,
Which I can varie Sir to *Infinito*.
Tub. *Ad Infinitum* Sir you meane. *Med.* I doe.
I ſtand not on my Latine, Ile invent,
But I muſt be alone then, joyn'd with no man.
This we doe call the Stand-ſtill of our worke.
Tub. Who are thoſe wee? you now joyn'd to your ſelfe.
Med. I meane my ſelfe ſtill, in the plurall number,
And out of this wee raiſe our *Tale of a Tub*.
Tub. No, Mr. *In-and-In*, my *Tale of a Tub*.
By your leave, I am *Tub*, the Tale's of me,
And my adventures! I am Squire *Tub*,
Subjectum Fabulæ. *Med.* But I the Author.
Tub. The Worke-man Sir! the Artificer! I grant you.
So *Skelton*-Lawreat; was of *Elinour Bumming*:
But ſhe the ſubject of the Rout, and Tunning.
Cle. He has put you to it, Neighbour *In-and-In*.
Pan. Doe not diſpute with him, he ſtill will win.
That paies for all. *Scr.* Are you revis'd o' that?
A man may have wit, and yet put off his hat.
Med. Now, Sir this Tub, I will have capt with paper:
A fine oild Lanterne-paper, that we uſe.
Pan. Yes every Barber, every Cutler has it.
Med. Which in it doth containe the light to the buſines.
And ſhall with the very vapour of the Candle,
Drive all the motions of our matter about:
As we preſent 'hem. For example, firſt
The worſhipfull Lady *Tub*. *Tub.* Right worſhipfull,
I pray you, I am worſhipfull my ſelfe.
Med. Your Squire-ſhips Mother, paſſeth by (her Huiſher,
Mr. *Pol-marten* bareheaded before her)
In her velvet Gowne. *Tub.* But how ſhall the Spectators?
As it might be, I, or *Hilts*, know 'tis my Mother?
Or that *Pol-marten* there that walkes before her.
Med. O wee doe nothing, if we cleare not that.
Cle. You ha' ſeene none of his workes Sir? *Pan.* All the poſtures
Of the train'd bands o' the Countrey. *Scr.* All their colours.
Pan. And all their Captaines. *Cle.* All the Cries o' the Citie:
And all the trades i' their habits. *Scr.* He has his whiſtle
Of command: Seat of authority!
And virge to' interpret, tip'd with ſilver, Sir
You know not him. *Tub.* Well, I will leave all to him:
Med. Give me the briefe o' your ſubject. Leave the whole

State

State of the thing to me. *Hil.* Supper is ready, Sir.
My Lady cals for you. *Tub.* Ile ſend it you in writing.
Med. Sir, I will render feazible, and facile,
What you expect. *Tub.* *Hilts*, be't your care,
To ſee the Wiſe of *Finsbury* made welcome:
The Squire goes out. Let 'hem want nothing. Iz old *Roſin* ſent for?
Hil. Hee's come within. *Scri.* Lord! what a world of buſines
The Squire diſpatches! *Med.* Hee is a learned man:
I thinke there are but vew o' the Innes o' Court,
The reſt follow. Or the Innes o' Chancery like him. *Cle.* Care to fit 'un theu.

Act. V. Scene VIII.

Iack. Hilts.

Iac. Yonder's another wedding, Maſter *Basket*,
Brought in by Vicar *Hugh*. *Hil.* what are they, *Iack*?
Iac. The High Conſtables Man, *Ball Hanny*; and Mrs. *Wiſpes*,
Our Ladies woman. *Hil.* And are the Table merry?
Iac. There's a young Tile-maker makes all laugh;
He will not eate his meat, but cryes at th' boord,
He ſhall be hang'd. *Hil.* He has loſt his wench already:
As good be hang'd. *Iac.* Was ſhe that is *Pol-marten*,
Our fellowes Miſtris, wench to that ſneake-*Iohn*?
Hil. I faith, *Black Iack*, he ſhould have beene her Bride-groome:
But I muſt goe to waite o' my wiſe Maſters.
Iack, you ſhall waite on me, and ſee the Maske anone:
I am halfe Lord Chamberlin, i' my Maſters abſence.
Iac. Shall wee have a Maſque? Who makes it? *Hil.* *In-and-In.*
The Maker of *Iſlington*: Come goe with me
To the ſage ſentences of *Finsbury*.

Act. V. Scene IX.

2 Groomes.

Gro. 1. Come, give us in the great Chaire, for my Lady;
And ſet it there: and this for Juſtice *Bramble*.
Gro. 2. This for the Squire my Maſter, on the right hand.
Gro. 1. And this for the High Conſtable. *Gro.* 2. This his wife.
Gro. 1. Then for the Bride, and Bride-groome, here *Pol-marten*.
Gro. 2. And ſhe *Pol-marten*, at my Ladies feet.
Gro. 1. Right. *Gro.* 2. And beſide them Mr. *Hanniball Puppy*.
Gro. 1. And his ſhee *Puppy*, Mrs. *Wiſpe* that was:
Here's all are in the note. *Gro.* 2. No, Mr. Vicar:
The petty Chanon *Hugh*. *Gro.* 1. And Caſt-by *Clay*:
There they are all. *Tub.* Then cry a Hall, a Hall!
'Tis merry in *Tottenham* Hall, when beards wag all.
Come Father *Rozin* with your Fidle now,
Loud muſicke. And two tall-toters: Flouriſh to the Maſque.

Act V. Scena X.

Lady Preamble before her, *Tub. Turfe. D. Turfe. Pol-marten, Awdrey. Puppy. Wispe. Hugh. Clay.* All take their Seats. *Hilts* waits on the by.

Lad. Neighbours, all welcome: Now doth *Totten-Hall*
Shew like a Court: and hence shall first be call'd so.
Your witty short confession Mr. Vicar,
Within hath beene the *Prologue*, and hath open'd
Much to my sonnes device, his *Tale of a Tub.*
Tub. Let my Masque shew it selfe: And *In-and-In*,
The Architect, appeare: I heare the whistle.
Hil. Peace.
Med. Thus rise I first, in my light linnen breeches,
To run the meaning over in short speeches.
Medley appeares above the Curtain.
Here is a *Tub*; A *Tub* of *Totten-Court*:
An ancient *Tub*, hath call'd you to this sport:
His Father was a Knight, the rich Sir *Peeter*;
Who got his wealth by a *Tub*, and by Salt-Peeter:
And left all to his Lady *Tub*, the mother
Of this bold Squire *Tub*, and to no other.
Now of this *Tub*, and's deeds, not done in ale,
Observe, and you shall see the very *Tale.*
He drawes the Curtain, and discovers the top of the *Tub.*

The first Motion.

Hil. Ha' Peace. Loud Musick.

Med. Here Chanon *Hugh*, first brings to *Totten-Hall*
The high Constables councell, tels the Squire all;
Which, though discover'd (give the Divell his due:)
The wife of *Finsbury* doe still pursue.
Then with the Justice, doth he counterplot,
And his Clarke *Metaphore*, to cut that knot:
Whilst Lady *Tub*, in her sad velvet Gowne,
Missing her sonne, doth seeke him up and downe.
Tub. With her *Pol-marten* bare before her. *Med.* Yes,
I have expresst it here in figure, and Mistris *Wispe* her woman, holding up her traine.
Tub. I' the next page, report your second straine.

The second Motion.

Hil. Ha' Peace. Loud Musick.

Med. Here the high Constable, and Sages walke
To Church, the Dame, the Daughter, Bride-maids talke,
Of wedding busines; till a fellow in comes,
Relates the robbery of one Captaine *Thum's*:
Chargeth the Bride-groome with it: Troubles all,
And gets the Bride, who in the hands doth fall
Of the bold Squire, but thence soone is tane
By the sly Justice, and his Clarke profane

In shape of Pursuyvant; which he not long
Holds, but betrayes all with his trembling tongue:
As truth will breake out, and shew, &c.

Tub. O thou hast made him kneele there in a corner,
I see now: there is simple honour for you *Hilts*!
Hil. Did I not make him to confesse all to you?
Tub. True, *In-and-In* hath done you right, you see.
Thy third I pray thee, witty *In-and-In*.
Cle. The Squire commends 'un. He doth like all well.
Pan. Hee cannot choose. This is geare made to sell.

Hil. Ha' peace. Loud musick

The third Motion.

Med. The carefull Constable, here drooping comes,
In his deluded search, of Captaine *Thum's*.
Puppy brings word, his Daughter's run away
With the tall Serving-man. He frights Groome *Clay*,
Out of his wits. Returneth then the Squire,
Mocks all their paines, and gives Fame out a Lyar:
For falsely charging *Clay*, when 't was the plot,
Of subtile *Bramble*, who had *Awdrey* got,
Into his hand, by this winding device.
The Father makes a reskue in a trice:
And with his Daughter, like Saint *George* on foot,
Comes home triumphing, to his deare Hart root.
And tell's the Lady *Tub*, whom he meets there,
Of her sonnes courtesies, the Batchelor.
Whose words had made 'hem fall the *Hue* and *Cry*.
When Captaine *Thum's* comming to aske him, why
He had so done? He cannot yeeld him cause:
But so he runs his neck into the Lawes.

Hil. Ha' peace. Loud Musick.

The fourth Motion.

Med. The Lawes, who have a noose to crack his neck,
As Justice *Bramble* tels him, who doth peck
A hundreth pound out of his purse, that comes
Like his teeth from him, unto Captaine *Thum's*.
Thum's is the Vicar in a false disguise:
And employes *Metaphore*, to fetch this prize.
Who tels the secret unto *Basket-Hilts*,
For feare of beating. This the Squire quilts
Within his Cap; and bids him but purloine
The wench for him: they two shall share the coine.
Which the sage Lady in her 'foresaid Gowne
Breaks off, returning unto *Kentish-Towne*,
To seeke her *Wispe*; taking the Squire along,
Who finds *Clay Iohn*, as hidden in straw throng:

Hil.

Hil. O, how am I beholden to the Inventer,
That would not, on record againſt me enter!
My ſlackneſſe here, to enter in the barne,
Well *In-and-In*, I ſee thou canſt diſcerne!
Tub. On with your laſt, and come to a Concluſion.

Hil. Ha' peace. Loud Muſicke.

The fiſt Motion.

Med. The laſt is knowne, and needs but ſmall infuſion
Into your memories, by leaving in
Theſe Figures as you ſit. I, *In-and-In*,
Preſent you with the ſhow: Firſt of a Lady
Tub, and her ſonne, of whom this Maſque here, made I.
Then Bride-groome *Pol*, and Miſtris *Pol* the Bride:
With the ſub-couple, who ſit them beſide.
Tub. That onely verſe, I alter'd for the better, *ioco ia gratiâ.*
Med. Then Juſtice *Bramble*, with Sir *Hugh* the Chanon:
And the Bride's Parents, which I will not ſtan'on,
Or the loſt *Clay*, with the recovered *Giles*:
Who thus unto his Maſter, him 'conciles,
On the Squires word, to pay old *Turfe* his Club,
And ſo doth end our *Tale*, here, of a *Tub*.

The end.

EPILOGVE.

Squire TVB.

THis Tale of mee, the Tub *of* Totten-Court,
A Poet, *firſt invented for your ſport.*
Wherein the fortune of moſt empty Tubs
Rowling in love, are ſhewne; and with what rubs,
W'are commonly encountred: When the wit
Of the whole Hundred *ſo oppoſeth it.*
Our petty Chanon's *forked plot in chiefe,*
Slie Iuſtice arts, with the High Conſtables Briefe,
And brag Commands; my Lady Mothers care;
And her Pol-martens *fortune; with the rare*
Fate of poore Iohn, *thus tumbled in the Caske;*
Got In-and-In, *to gi't you in a* Maſque:
That you be pleas'd, who come to ſee a Play,
With thoſe that heare, and marke not what wee ſay.
Wherein the Poets *fortune is, I feare,*
Still to be early up, but nere the neare.

Mil. O, how am I beholden to the Inventor,
That would not, on record against me enter!
My blackacre here, to cancel in the Dame;
Well, In-and-In, I feel thou canst discern!
Tub. On with your suit, and come to a Conclusion.

The Fifth Motion.

Mod. The suit is known, and needs but small inflation
Into your memories, by leaving in
These Figures as you hit. I, In-and-In,
Present you with the Dowr: Suit of a Lady
Tub. and her Loane, of whom this Mistique here, made I.
Then Bride-groome Sol, and Misters Pol the Bride:
With the sub-couple, who sit them beside.
Tub. That only verie, I alter'd for the better, topicis gratia.
Mod. Then Justice Bramble, with Sir Wat the Clamour:
And the Bride's Parents, which I will not stand on,
Or the lost Lady, with the recovered Elder:
Who thus unto his Matter, Dun 'cronicles,
On the Squires word, to pay old Tap's his Club,
And so doth end our Tale, here, of a Tub.

The end.

EPILOGVE.

Spoke by TAP.

THus Tale of ours, the Tub of Totnes Court,
A Poet, hath invented for your Sports,
Wherein the fortune of weak simple Tubs
Rowling in love, are likened, and with what rubs,
We are commonly encountred: When the wit,
Of the whole Hundred to oppugn it,
Our petty Chronons parted pair in chief,
Like Infance arts, with the high Confabulation,
And brag Commands; my Lady Mayoress race,
And her Pol-martens fortune, with the rare
Fate of poore John, thus translated in the Guise,
Of In-and-In, to get you in a Maijore:
That you be plaies'd, who come to see a Play,
With whole that leave, and more not what was [illegible]
Warm the Poets fortune it, I pray,
Still to be early up, but save the pence.

THE SAD SHEPHERD:

OR,

A TALE OF

ROBIN-HOOD.

WRITTEN

By

BEN: IOHNSON.

Virg. *Nec erubuit ſylvas habitare Thaleia.*

LONDON,
Printed M.DC.XLI.

THE SAD SHEPHERD:

OR,

A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

WRITTEN

BY

Ben: Jonson.

Virg. Nec cruda Dircæ fluenta lædite Theb.

LONDON,
Printed M.D.C.XII.

The Persons of the Play.

Robin-hood, The chiefe Wood-man, Master of the Feast.
Marian, His Lady, the Mistris.

Their Family.

Friar Tuck, The Chaplaine and Steward.
Little Iohn, Bow-bearer.
Scarlet, } Two Brothers, Huntsmen.
Scathlock, }
George a Greene, Huisher of the Bower.
Much, *Robin-hoods* Bailiffe, or Acater.

The Guests invited.

Clarion, The Rich.
Lionell, The Courteous.
Alken, The Sage.
Aeglamour, The Sad.
Karolin, The Kind.
} Shepherds.

Mellisleur, The Sweet.
Amie, The Gentle.
Larine, The Beautifull.
} Shepherdesses

The troubles unexpected.

Maudlin, The Envious: The Witch of Papplewicke.
Douce, The Proud: Her Daughter.
Lorell, The Rude. A Swine'ard, the Witches son.
Puck-hairy, Or *Robin-Goodfellow*, their Hine.

The Reconciler.

Reuben, A devout Hermit.

The Scene is *Sher-wood.*

Consisting of a Landt-shape of Forrest, Hils, Vallies, Cottages, A Castle, A River, Pastures, Heards, Flocks, all full of Countrey simplicity. *Robin-hoods* Bower, his Well, The Witches *Dimble*, The Swine'ards *Oake*, The Hermits *Cell.*

THE ARGVMENT

of the first Act.

Robin-hood, having invited all the Shep'erds and Shep'erdesses of the Vale of *Be'voir*, to a Feast in the Forrest of *Sherwood*, and trusting to his Mistris, Maid *Marian*, with her Wood-men, to kill him Venison against the day: Having left the like charge with Friar *Tuck* his Chaplaine, and Steward, to command the rest of his merry men, to see the Bowre made ready, and all things in order for the entertainment; meeting with his Guests at their entrance into the Wood, welcomes and conducts them to his Bowre. Where, by the way hee receives the relation of the sad Shep'ard *Eglamour*, who is falne into a deepe Melancholy, for the losse of his beloved *Earine*; reported to have beene drowned in passing over the *Trent*, some few dayes before. They endeavour in what they can to comfort him: but, his disease having taken so strong root, all is in vaine, and they are forced to leave him. In the meane time *Marian* is come from hunting with the Hunts-men, where the Lovers interchangeably expresse their loves. *Robin-hood* enquires if she hunted the Deere at force, and what sport he made, how long hee stood, and what head hee bore: All which is briefly answer'd with a relation of breaking him up, and the Raven, and her Bone. The suspect had of that Raven to be *Maudlin*, the Witch of *Paple-wick*, whom one of the Hunts-men met i' the morning, at the rowsing of the Deere, and is confirm'd by her being then in *Robin-hoods* Kitchin, i' the Chimney-corner, broyling the same bit, which was throwne to the Raven, at the *Quarry* or Fall of the Deere. *Marian* being gone in, to shew the Deere to some of the Shepherdesses, returnes instantly to the *Scene* discontented, sends away the Venison she had kill'd, to her they call the Witch, quarrels with her Love *Robin-hood*, abuseth him, and his Guests the Shep'erds; and so departs, leaving them all in wonder and perplexitie.

THE

The PROLOGVE.

HE that hath feasted you these forty yeares,
And fitted Fables, for your finer eares,
Although at first, he scarce could hit the bore;
Yet you, with patience harkning more and more,
At length have growne up to him, and made knowne,
The Working of his Pen is now your owne:
He pray's you would vouchsafe, for your owne sake,
To heare him this once more, but sit awake.
And though hee now present you with such woll,
As from meere Englisn Flocks his Muse can pull,
He hopes when it is made up into Cloath;
Not the most curious head here will be loath
To weare a Hood of it; it being a Fleece,
To match, or those of Sicily, or Greece.
His Scene is Sherwood: And his Play a Tale
Of Robin-hood's inviting from the Vale
Of Be'voir, all the Shep'ards to a Feast:
Where, by the casuall absence of one Guest,
The Mirth is troubled much, and in one Man
As much of sadnesse showne, as Passion can.
The sad young Shep'ard, whom wee here present;
(p) Like his woes Figure, darke and discontent,
For his lost Love; who in the Trent is said,
To have miscarried; 'lasse! what knowes the head
Of a calme River, whom the feet have drown'd?
Heare what his sorrowes are; and, if they wound
Your gentle brests, so that the End crowne all,
Which in the Scope of one dayes chance may fall:
Old Trent will send you more such Tales as these,
And shall grow young againe, as one doth please.

(p) The sad Sheep'ard passeth silently over the Stage.

But here's an Heresie of late let fall;
That Mirth by no meanes fits a Pastorall;
Such say so, who can make none, he presumes:
Else, there's no Scene, more properly assumes
The Sock. For whence can sport in kind arise,
But from the Rurall Routs and Families?
Safe on this ground then, wee not feare to day,
To tempt your laughter by our rustick Play.
Wherein if we distaste, or be cry'd downe,
Wee thinke wee therefore shall not leave the Towne;
Nor that the Fore-wits, that would draw the rest
Vnto their liking, alwayes like the best.
The wise, and knowing Critick will not say,
This worst, or better is, before he weigh;

Here the Prologue thinking to end, returnes upon a new purpose, and speakes on.

Where

Where every piece be perfect in the kind:
And then, though in themselves he difference find,
Yet if the place require it where they stood,
The equall fitting makes them equall good.
You shall have Love and Hate, and Iealousie,
As well as Mirth, and Rage, and Melancholy:
Or whatsoever else may either move,
Or stirre affections, and your likings prove.
But that no stile for Pastorall *should goe*
Current, but what is stamp'd with Ah, *and* O;
Who judgeth so, may singularly erre;
As if all Poesie *had one Character:*
In which what were not written, were not right,
Or that the man who made such one poore flight,
In his whole life, had with his winged skill
Advanc'd him upmost on the Muses *hill.*
When he like Poet *yet remaines, as those*
Are *Painters who can only make a* Rose.
From such your wits redeeme you, or your chance,
Lest to a greater height you doe advance
Of Folly, to contemne those that are knowne
Artificers, and trust such as are none.

THE

THE SAD SHEPHERD; OR, A TALE OF *Robin-hood.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Aeglamour.

HEre! she was wont to goe! and here! and here!
Just where those Daisies, Pincks, and Violets grow:
The world may find the Spring by following her;
For other print her aerie steps neere left:
Her treading would not bend a blade of grasse!
Or shake the downie *Blow-ball* from his stalke!
But like the soft *West-wind*, she shot along,
And where she went, the Flowers tooke thickest root,
As she had sow'd 'hem with her odorous foot.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Marian. Tuck. Iohn. Wood-men, &c.

Mar. Know you, or can you guesse, my merry men,
What 'tis that keepes your Master *Robin-hood*
So long both from his *Marian*, and the Wood?
Tuc. Forsooth, Madam, hee will be here by noone,
And prayes it of your bounty as a boone,
That you by then have kild him Venison some,
To feast his jolly friends, who hether come
In threaves to frolick with him, and make cheare;
Here's *Little Iohn* hath harbord you a Deere,
I see by his tackling. *Io.* And a Hart of ten,
I trow hee be, Madam, or blame your men:
For by his Slot, his Entries, and his Port,
His Frayings, Fewmets, he doth promise sport,
And standing 'fore the Dogs; hee beares a head,
Large, and well beam'd: with all rights somm'd, and spred.
Mar. Let's rowse him quickly, and lay on the Hounds.
Io. *Scathlock* is ready with them on the grounds;

So is his brother *Scarlet*: now they'ave found
His Layre, they have him sure within the pound.
Mor. Away then, when my *Robin* bids a Feast,
'Twere sinne in *Marian* to defraud a Guest.

Act. I. Scene III.

Tuck. George a Greene. Much. Aeglamour.

Tuc. And I, the Chaplaine, here am left to be
Steward to day, and charge you all in fee,
To d'on your Liveries; see the Bower dresst;
And fit the fine devises for the Feast:
You *George* must care to make the Baldrick trim',
And Garland that must crowne, or her, or him;
Whose Flock this yeare, hath brought the earliest Lambe!
Geo. Good Father *Tuck*, at your Commands I am
To cut the Table out O the greene sword,
Or any other service for my Lord;
To carve the Guests large seats; and these laid in
With turfe (as soft and smooth as the Moles skin:)
And hang the bulled Nose-gaies 'bove their heads,
The Pipers banck, whereon to sit and play;
And a faire Dyall to meete out the day.
Our Masters Feast shall want no just delights:
His entertainments must have all the rites.
Muc. I, and all choise that plenty can send in;
Bread, Wine, Acates, Fowle, Feather, Fish, or Fin,
Aeglamour fals in with them. For which my Fathers Nets have swept the *Trent*.
Aeg. And ha' you found her? *Mu.* Whom? *Aeg.* My drowned Love!
Earine! the sweet *Earine*!
The bright, and beautifull *Earine*!
Have you not heard of my *Earine*?
Just by your Fathers Mills (I thinke I am right)
Are not you *Much* the Millers sonne? *Mu.* I am.
Aeg. And Baily to brave *Robin-hood*? *Mu.* The same.
Aeg. Close by your Fathers Mills, *Earine*!
Earine was drown'd! O my *Earine*!
(Old *Maudlin* tells me so, and *Douce* her Daughter)
Ha' you swept the River say you? and not found her?
Muc. For Fowle, and Fish wee have. *Aeg.* O not for her?
You'are goodly friends! right charitable men!
Nay, keepe your way, and leave me: make your toyes,
Your tales, your poesies, that you talk'd of; all
Your entertainments: you not injure me:
Onely if I may enjoy my *Cipresse* wreath!
And you will let me weepe! ('tis all I aske;)
Till I be turn'd to water, as was she!
And troth what lesse suit can you grant a man?
Tuck. His Phantasie is hurt, let us now leave him;

The wound is yet too freſh, to admit ſearching.
Aeg. Searching? where ſhould I ſearch? or on what track?
Can my ſlow drop of teares, or this darke ſhade
About my browes, enough deſcribe her loſſe!
Earine, O my *Earine's* loſſe!
No, no, no, no; this heart will breake firſt.
Geo. How will this ſad diſaſter ſtrike the eares
Of bounteous *Robin-hood*, our gentle Maſter?
Mu. How will it marre his mirth, abate his feaſt;
And ſtrike a horror into every gueſt!
Aeg. If I could knit whole clouds about my browes,
And weepe like *Swithen*, or thoſe watry ſignes,
The Kids that riſe then, and drowne all the Flocks
Of thoſe rich Shepherds, dwelling in this Vale;
Thoſe careleſſe Shepherds, that did let her drowne!
Then I did ſomething or could make old *Trent*
Drunke with my ſorrow, to ſtart out in breaches
To drowne their Herds, their cattle, and their corne,
Breake downe their Mils, their Dams, ore-turne their weeres,
And ſee their houſes, and whole lively-hood
Wrought into water, with her, all were good:
I'ld kiſſe the torrent, and thoſe whirles of *Trent*,
That ſuck'd her in, my ſweet *Earine*!
When they have caſt their body on the ſhore,
And it comes up, as tainted as themſelves,
All pale and bloodleſſe, I will love it ſtill,
For all that they can doe, and make 'hem mad,
To ſee how I will hugge it in mine armes!
And hang upon the lookes, dwell on her eyes:
Feed round about her lips, and eate her kiſſes!
Suck of her drowned fleſh! and where's their malice?
Not all their envious ſouſing can change that:
But I will ſtudy ſome revenge paſt this!
I pray you give me leave, for I will ſtudy.
Though all the Bels, Pipes, Tabors, Timburines ring
That you can plant about me: I will ſtudy.

Act I. Scene IIII.

To him:

Robin-hood. Clarion. Melliſieur. Lionel. Amie. Alkin. Tuck. Servants, with muſick of all ſorts.

Rob. Welcome bright *Clarion*, and ſweet *Melliſieur*,
The courteous *Lionel*, faire *Amie*; all
My friends and neighbours, to the Jolly Bower
Of *Robin-hood*, and to the greene-wood Walkes:
Now that the ſhearing of your ſheepe is done,
And the waſh'd Flocks are lighted of their wooll,
The ſmoother Ewes are ready to receive

The mounting Rams againe; and both doe feed,
As either promist to increase your breed
At eaning time; and bring you lusty twins.
Why should, or you, or wee so much forget
The season in our selves: as not to make
Vse of our youth, and spirits, to awake
The nimble Horne-pipe, and the Timburine,
And mixe our Songs, and Dances in the Wood,
And each of us cut downe a Triumph-bough.
Such were the Rites, the youthfull *Iune* allow.

Cla. They were, gay *Robin*, but the sowrer sort
Of Shepherds now disclaime in all such sport:
And say, our Flocks the while, are poorely fed,
When with such vanities the Swaines are led.

Tuc. Would they, wise *Clarion*, were not hurried more
With Covetise and Rage, when to their store
They adde the poore mans Eaneling, and dare sell
Both Fleece, and Carkasse, not gi'ing him the Fell.
When to one Goat, they reach that prickly weed,
Which maketh all the rest forbeare to feed;
Or strew *Tods* haires, or with their tailes doe sweepe
The dewy grasse, to d'off the simpler sheepe;
Or digge deepe pits, their Neighbours Neat to vexe,
To drowne the Calves, and crack the Heifers necks.
Or with pretence of chasing thence the Brock,
Send in a curre to worrie the whole Flock.

Lio. O Friar, those are faults that are not seene,
Ours open, and of worst example beene.
They call ours, *Pagan* pastimes, that infect
Our blood with ease, our youth with all neglect;
Our tongues with wantonnesse, our thoughts with lust,
And what they censure ill, all others must.

Rob. I doe not know, what their sharpe sight may see
Of late, but I should thinke it still might be
(As 'twas) a happy age, when on the Plaines,
The Wood-men met the Damsells, and the Swaines
The Neat'ards, Plow-men, and the Pipers loud,
And each did dance, some to the Kit, or Crowd,
Some to the Bag-pipe, some the Tabret-mov'd,
And all did either love, or were belov'd.

Lio. The dextrous Shepherd then would try his sling,
Then dart his Hooke at Daysies, then would sing.
Sometimes would wrastle. *Cla.* I, and with a Lasse:
And give her a new garment on the grasse;
After a course at Barley-breake, or Base.

Lio. And all these deeds were seene without offence,
Or the least hazard o' their innocence.

Rob. Those charitable times had no mistrust.
Shepherds knew how to love, and not to lust.

Cla. Each minute that wee lose thus, I confesse,

Deſerves a cenſure on us, more or leſſe;
But that a ſadder chance hath given allay,
Both to the Mirth, and Muſicke of this day.
Our faireſt Shepherdeſſe wee had of late,
Here upon *Trent*, is drown'd; for whom her mate
Young *Aeglamour*, a Swaine, who beſt could tread
Our countrey dances, and our games did lead,
Lives like the melancholy Turtle, drown'd
Deeper in woe, then ſhe in water: crown'd
With *Yewgh* and *Cypreſſa*, and will ſcarce admit
The Phyſick of our preſence to his fit.
Lio. Sometimes he ſits, and thinkes all day, then walkes;
Then thinkes againe; and ſighes, weeps, laughs, and talkes,
And, 'twixt his pleaſing frenzie, and ſad griefe,
Is ſo diſtracted; as no ſought reliefe,
By all our ſtudies can procure his peace.
Cla. The paſſion finds in him that large increaſe,
As wee doubt hourely wee ſhall loſe him too.
Rob. You ſhould not croſſe him then what ere you doe:
For Phant'ſie ſtop'd, will ſoone take fire, and burne
Into an anger, or to a Phrenſie turne.
Cla. Nay, ſo wee are advis'd by *Alken* here,
A good ſage Shepherd, who all-tho' he weare
An old worne hat and cloake, can tell us more
Then all the forward Fry, that boaſt their Lore.
Lio. See, yonder comes the brother of the Maid,
Young *Karolin*! how curious, and afraid
Hee is at once! willing to find him out,
And loath to offend him. *Alken.* Sure hee's here about.

Act I. Scene V.

Robin-hood. Clarion. Melliſleur. Lionel. Amie. Alken. Karolin. Aeglamour, ſitting upon a banke by.

Cla. See where hee ſits. *Aeg.* It will be rare, rare, rare!
An exquiſite revenge: but peace, no words!
Not for the faireſt fleece of all the Flock:
If it be known afore, 'tis all worth nothing!
Ile carve it on the trees, and in the turfe,
On every greene ſworth, and in every path,
Juſt to the Margin of the cruell *Trent*;
There will I knock the ſtory in the ground,
In ſmooth great peble, and moſſe fill it round,
Till the whole Countrey read how ſhe was drown'd.
And with the plenty of ſalt teares there ſhed,
Quite alter the complexion of the Spring.
Or I will get ſome old, old Grandam, thither,
Whoſe rigid foot but dip'd into the water,
Shall ſtrike that ſharpe and ſuddaine cold, throughout,

As it ſhall looſe all vertue; and thoſe Nimphs,
Thoſe treacherous Nimphs pull'd in *Earine*;
Shall ſtand curl'd up, like Images of Ice;
And never thaw! marke, never! a ſharpe Juſtice:
Or ſtay, a better! when the yeares at hotteſt,
And that the *Dog-ſtarre* fomes, and the ſtreames boiles;
And curles, and workes, and ſwells ready to ſparkle:
To fling a fellow with a Fever in,
To ſet it all on fire, till it burne,
Blew as *Scamander*, 'fore the walls of *Troy*;
When *Vulcan* leap'd in to him, to conſume him.
Rob. A deepe hurt Phant'ſie. *Aeg.* Doe you not approve it?
Rob. Yes gentle *Aeglamour*, wee all approve,
And come to gratulate your juſt revenge:
Which ſince it is ſo perfect, we now hope,
You'l leave all care thereof, and mixe with us,
In all the profer'd ſolace of the Spring.
Aeg. A Spring, now ſhe is dead: of what, of thornes?
Briars, and Brambles? Thiſtles? Burs, and Dorks?
Cold Hemlock? Yewgh? the Mandrake, or the Boxe?
Theſe may grow ſtill; but what can ſpring beſide?
Did not the whole Earth ſicken, when ſhe died?
As if there ſince did fall one drop of dew,
But what was wept for her! or any ſtalke
Did beare a Flower! or any branch a bloome;
After her wreath was made: In faith, in faith
You doe not faire, to put theſe things upon me.
Which can in no ſort be: *Earine*,
Who had her very being, and her name,
With the firſt knots, or buddings of the Spring,
Borne with the Primroſe, and the Violet,
Or earlieſt Roſes blowne: when *Cupid* ſmil'd,
And *Venus* led the *Graces* out to dance,
And all the Flowers, and Sweets in *Natures* lap,
Leap'd out, and made their ſolemne Conjuration,
To laſt, but while ſhee liv'd: Doe not I know,
How the Vale wither'd the ſame Day? How *Dove*,
Deane, *Eye*, and *Erwaſh*, *Idell*, *Snite*, and *Soare*,
Each broke his Vrne, and twenty waters more,
That ſwell'd proud *Trent*, ſhrunke themſelves dry; that ſince,
No Sun, or Moone, or other cheerfull Starre
Look'd out of heaven! but all the Cope was darke,
As it were hung ſo for her Exequies!
And not a voice or ſound, to ring her knell:
But of that diſmall paire, the ſcritching Owle;
And buzzing Hornet! harke, harke, harke the foule
Bird! how ſhee flutters with her wicker wings!
Peace you ſhall heare her Icritch. *Cla.* Good *Karolin* ſing,
Helpe to divert this Phant'ſie. *Kar.* All I can.

Though I am young, and cannot tell,
Either what Death, or Love is well,
Yet I have heard, they both beare darts,
And both doe ayme at humane hearts:
And then againe, I have beene told
Love wounds with heart, as Death with cold;
So that I feare, they doe but bring
Extreames to touch, and meane one thing.

As in a ruine, we it call
One thing to be blowne up, or fall;
Or to our end, like way may have,
By a flaſh of lightning, or a wave:
So Loves inflamed ſhaft, or brand,
May kill as ſoone as Deaths cold hand;
Except Loves fires the vertue have
To fright the froſt out of the grave.

The Song. Which while Karolin ſings, Aeglamour reades

Aeg. Doe you thinke ſo? are you in that good hereſie?
I meane opinion? If you be, ſay nothing:
I'll ſtudy it, as a new Philoſophy,
But by my ſelfe alone: Now you ſhall leave me!
Some of theſe Nimphs, here will reward you; this
This pretty Maid, although but with a kiſſe,
Liv'd my *Earine*, you ſhould have twenty:
For every line here, one I would allow 'hem
From mine owne ſtore, the treaſure I had in her:
Now I am poore as you. *Kar.* And I a wretch!
Cla. Yet keepe an eye upon him, *Karoline.*
Mel. Alas that ever ſuch a generous ſpirit,
As *Aeglamours*, ſhould ſinke by ſuch a loſſe.
Cla: The trueſt Lovers are leaſt fortunate,
Lookes all their Lives, and Legends; what they call
The Lovers Scriptures: *Heliodores*, or *Tatij!*
Longi! *Euſtathij!* *Prodomi!* you'l find it!
What thinke you Father? *Alk.* I have knowne ſome few,
And read of more; wh'have had their doſe, and deepe,
Of theſe ſharpe bitter-ſweets. *Lio.* But what is this
To jolly *Robin?* who the Story is,
Of all beatitude in Love? *Cla.* And told
Here every day, with wonder on the world.
Lio. And with fames voice. *Alk.* Save that ſome folke delight
To blend all good of others, with ſome ſpight.
Cla. Hee, and his *Marian*, are the Summe and Talke
Of all, that breath here in the Greene-wood Walke.
Mel. Or *Be'voir* Vale? *Kar.* The Turtles of the Wood.
Cla. The billing Paire. *Alk.* And ſo are underſtood
For ſimple loves, and ſampled lives beſide.

He offers *Amie* to kiſſe him.

Aeglamour goes out, and *Karolin* followes him.

Mel.

Mel. Faith, ſo much vertue ſhould not be envi'd.
Alk. Better be ſo, then pitied *Mellifleur*!
For 'gainſt all envy, vertue is a cure;
But wretched pitty ever cals on ſcornes.
The Deeres brought home: I heare it by their hornes.

Act I. Scene VI.

To *Robin*, &c. *Marian. Iohn. Scarlet. Scathlock.*

Rob. My *Marian*, and my Miſtris! *Mar.* My lov'd *Robin*!
Mel. The Moones at full, the happy paire are met!
Mar. How hath this morning paid me, for my riſing!
Firſt, with my ſports; but moſt with meeting you!
I did not halfe ſo ſo well reward my hounds,
As ſhe hath me to day: although I gave them
All the ſweet morſels, call'd Tongue, Eares, and Dowcets!
Rob. What? and the inch-pin? *Mar.* Yes. *Rob.* Your ſports then pleas'd you?
Mar. You are a wanton. *Rob.* One I doe confeſſe
I wanted till you came, but now I have you,
Ile grow to your embraces, till two ſoules
Diſtilled into kiſſes, through our lips
Doe make one ſpirit of love. *Mar.* O *Robin*! *Robin*!
Rob. Breathe, breathe a while, what ſayes my gentle *Marian*?
Mar. Could you ſo long be abſent? *Rob.* What a weeke?
Was that ſo long? *Mar.* How long are Lovers weekes!
Doe you think *Robin*, when they are aſunder?
Are they not Priſ'ners yeares? *Rob.* To ſome they ſeem ſo;
But being met againe, they'are Schoole-boyes houres.
Mar. That have got leave to play, and ſo wee uſe them.
Rob. Had you good ſport i' your chaſe to day? *Io.* O prime!
Mar. A luſty Stagge? *Rob.* And hunted yee at force?
Mar. In a full cry. *Io.* And never hunted change!
Rob. You had ſtanch Hounds then? *Mar.* Old and ſure, I love
No young raſh dogs, no more then changing friends.
Rob. What relayes ſet you? *Io.* None at all; we laid not
In one freſh dog. *Rob.* Hee ſtood not long then? *Sca.* Yes,
Five houres and more. A great, large Deere! *Rob.* What head?
Ioh. Forked! A Hart of ten. *Mar.* Hee is good Veniſon,
According to the ſeaſon i' the blood,
I'll promiſe all your friends, for whom he fell.
Ioh. But at his fall there hap't a chance. *Mar.* Worth marke?
Rob. I! what was that ſweet *Marian** *Mar.* You'll not heare?
Rob. I love theſe interruptions in a Story;*
They make it ſweeter. *Mar.* You doe know, as ſoone
As the Aſſay is taken.* *Rob.* On my *Marian*.
I did but take the Aſſay. *Mar.* You ſtop ones mouth,
And yet you bid 'hem ſpeake--when the Arbors made.
Rob. Puld downe, and paunch turn'd out. *Mar.* Hee that undoes him;
Doth cleave the brisket-bone, upon the ſpoone

* He kiſſes her.
* He kiſſes her againe.
* He kiſſes her againe.

Of

Of which, a little griſtle growes, you call it——
Rob. the Ravenſ-bone. *Mar.* Now, ore head ſate a Raven!
On a ſere bough! a growne great Bird! and Hoarſe!
Who, all the while the Deere was breaking up,
So crok'd and cry'd for't, as all the huntſ-men,
(Eſpecially old *Scathlocke*) thought it ominous!
Swore it was Mother *Maudlin*; whom he met,
At the Day-dawne; juſt as hee rows'd the Deere,
Out of his Laire: but wee made ſhift to run him
Off his foure leggs, and ſunke him e're wee left.
Is the Deere come? *Scat.* Hee lies within ô the dreſſer!
Mar. Will you goe ſee him *Mellifleur*? *Mel.* I attend you.
Mar. Come *Annie*, you'll goe with us? *An.* I am not well. *Shee leaves them.*
Lio. Shee's ſick o' the yong Shep'ard that bekiſt her.
Mar. Friend, cheare your friends up, wee will eate him merrily;
Alk. Saw you the Raven, Friend? *Scat.* I, qu'ha ſuld let me?
I ſuld be afraid ô you ſir ſuld I? *Clar.* Huntſ-man!
A Dram more of Civilitie would not hurt you?
Rob. Nay, you muſt give them all their rudeneſſes;
They are not elſe themſelves, without their language.
Alk. And what do you thinke of her? *Scat.* As of a Witch.
They call her a Wiſe-woman, but I thinke her
An arrant Witch. *Cla.* And wherefore think you ſo?
Sca. Becauſe, I ſaw her ſince, broiling the bone
Was caſt her at the Quarrie. *Alk.* Where ſaw you her?
Sca. I' the Chimley nuik, within: ſhee's there, now. *Rob. Marian!*

Act I. Scene VII.

Marian.

To them.

Your Hunt holds in his tale, ſtill; and tells more!
Mar. My Hunt? what tale? *Rob.* How! cloudie, *Marian*!
What looke is this? *Mar.* A fit one, Sir, for you. To *Scathlock.*
Hand off rude Ranger! Sirrah, get you in
And beare the Veniſon hence. It is too good
For theſe courſe ruſtick mouthes that cannot open,
Or ſpend a thanke for't. A ſtarv'd Muttons carkaſſe
Would better fit their palates. See it carried
To Mother *Maudlins*, whom you call the Witch, Sir.
Tell her I ſent it to make merrie with,
Shee'll turne us thanks at leaſt! why ſtand'ſt thou, Groome?
Rob. I wonder he can move! that hee's not fix'd!
If that his feeling be the ſame with mine!
I dare not truſt the faith of mine owne ſenſes.
I feare mine eyes, and eares! this is not *Marian*!
Nor am I *Robin-hood*! I pray you aske her!
Aske her good Shep'ards! aske her all for me;
Or rather aske your ſelves, if ſhee be ſhee;
Or I, be I. *Mar.* Yes, and you are the ſpie:

And the ſpi'd Spie, that watch upon my walkes,
To informe what Deere I kill, or give away!
Where! when! to whom! but ſpie your worſt, good Spie!
I will diſpoſe of this where leaſt you like!
Fall to your cheeſe-cakes, curdes, and clawted creame,
Your fooles, your flaunes; and of ale a ſtreame
To waſh it from your livers: ſtraine ewes milke
Into your Cider ſillabubs, and be drunke
To him, whoſe Fleece hath brought the earlieſt Lambe
This yeare; and weares the Baudrick at your bord!
Where you may all goe whiſtle; and record
This i' your dance: and foot it luſtily.
Shee leaves them.
Rob. I pray you friends, doe you heare? and ſee, as I doe?
Did the ſame accents ſtrike your eares? and objects?
Your eyes, as mine? *Alk.* Wee taſte the ſame reproches!
Lio. Have ſeen the changes! *Rob.* Are wee not all chang'd,
Transformed from our ſelves? *Lio.* I do not know!
The beſt is ſilence! *Alk.* And to await the iſſue.
Rob. The dead, or lazie wait for't: I will find it.

The Argument of the ſecond Act.

THe Witch *Maudlin*, having taken the ſhape of *Marian* to abuſe *Robin-hood*, and perplexe his gueſts, commeth forth with her daughter *Douce*, reporting in what confuſion ſhee hath left them; defrauded them, of their Veniſon; made them ſuſpitious each of the other; but moſt of all *Robin-hood* ſo jealous of his *Marian*, as ſhee hopes no effect of love would ever reconcile them; glorying ſo farre in the extent of her miſchiefe, as ſhee confeſſeth to have ſurpriz'd *Earine*, ſtrip'd her of her garments, to make her daughter appeare fine, at this feaſt, in them; and to have ſhut the maiden up in a tree, as her ſonnes prize, if he could winne her; or his prey, if he would force her. Her Sonne a rude bragging ſwine'ard, comes to the tree to woo her (his Mother, and Siſter ſtepping aſide, to over-heare him) and firſt boaſts his wealth to her, and his poſſeſſions; which move not. Then he preſents her guifts, ſuch as himſelfe is taken with, but ſhee utterly ſhowes a ſcorne, and loathing both of him, and them. His mother is angry, rates him, inſtructs him what to doe the next time, and perſuades her daughter, to ſhow her ſelfe about the bower: tells, how ſhee ſhall know her mother, when ſhe is transformed, by her broidered belt. Meane while the yong ſheep'ardes *Amy* being kiſt by *Karolin*, *Earines* brother, before, falls in Love; but knowes not what Love is: but deſcribes her diſeaſe ſo innocently, that *Marian* pitties her. When *Robin-hood*, and the reſt of his Gueſts invited, enter to *Marian*, upbraiding her with ſending away their Veniſon to Mother *Maudlin* by *Scathlock*, which ſhee denies; *Scatchlock* affirmes it, but ſeeing his Miſtres weep, & to forſweare it, begins to doubt his owne underſtanding, rather then affront her farder; which

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makes *Robin-hood*, and the reſt, to examine themſelves better. But *Maudlin* entering like her ſelfe, the Witch comes to thanke her for her bountie: at which, *Marian* is more angrie, and more denies the deed. *Scathlock* enters, tells he has brought it againe, & delivered it to the Cooke. The Witch is inwardly vext, the Veniſon is ſo recover'd from her, by the rude Huntſman; and murmurs, and curſes, bewitches the Cooke, mocks poore *Amie*, and the reſt, diſcovereth her ill nature, and is a meane of reconciling them all. For the ſage Shepherd, ſuſpecteth her miſcheife, if ſhee be not prevented: and ſo perſwadeth to ſeize on her. Whereupon *Robin-hood* diſpatcheth out his woodmen to hunt, and take her. which ends the Act.

Act. II. Scene. I.

Maudlin. Douce.

Mau. HAve I not left 'em in a brave confuſion?
Amaz'd their expectation? got their Veniſon?
Troubled their mirth, and meeting? made them doubtfull,
And jealous of each other? all diſtracted?
And, i' the cloſe, uncertaine of themſelves?
This can your Mother doe my daintie *Douce*!
Take anie ſhape upon her? and delude
The ſenſes, beſt acquainted with their Owners!
The jolly *Robin*, who' hath bid this feaſt,
And made this ſolemne invitation,
I ha' poſſeſſed ſo, with ſyke diſlikes
Of his owne *Marian*, that all-bee he know her,
As doth the vauting hart, his venting hind,
Hee nêre fra' hence, ſall neis her i' the wind,
To his firſt liking. *Dou.* Did you ſo diſtate him?
Mau. As farre as her proud ſcorning him, could 'bate
Or blunt the edge of any Lovers temper.
Dou. But were yee like her mother? *Mau.* So like *Douce*,
As had ſhee ſeen me her ſel', her ſel' had doubted
Whether had been the liker off the twâ!
This can your Mother doe, I tell you Daughter!
I ha' but dight yee, yet; i' the out-dreſſe;
And 'parraile of *Eavine*! but this raiment,
Theſe very weeds, ſall make yee, as but comming
In view or ken of *Aeglamour*, your forme
Shall ſhow too ſlipperie to be look'd upon!
And all the Forreſt ſweare you to be ſhee!
They ſhall rin after yee, and wage the odds,
Upo' their owne deceived ſights, yee' are her!
Whilſt ſhee (poore Laſſe) is ſtock'd up in a tree:
Your brother *Lorells* prize! For ſo my largeſſe,
Hath lotted her, to be your brothers Miſtreſſe;
Gif ſhee can be reclaim'd: gif not, his Prey!

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Hath lotted her, to be your brothers Miſtreſſe;
Gif ſhee can be reclaim'd: gif not, his Prey!

And here he comes, new clathed, like a Prince
Of Swine'ards! like he seemes! dight i' the spoiles
Of those he feedes! A mightie Lord of Swine!
He is command now, to woo. Lets stepaside,
And heare his love-craft! See, he opes the dore!
And takes her by the hand, and helpes her forth!
This is true court-ship, and becomes his ray.

Act II. Scæna II.

Lorel. Earine. Maudlin. Douce.

Lor. Yee kind to others, but yee coy to mee
Deft Mistres! whiter then the cheese, new preſt!
Smoother then creame! and softer then the curds!
Why start yee from mee, ere yee heare me tell
My wooing errand; and what rents I have?
Large heards, and pastures! Swine, and Kie, mine owne!
And though my na'se be camus'd, my lipps thick,
And my chin brisled! *Pan*, great *Pan*, was such!
Who was the chiefe of Heardſ-men, and our Sire!
I am na' Fay! na' Incubus! na' Changlin!
But a good man, that lives o' my awne geere.
This house! these grounds! this stock is all mine awne!
Ear. How better 'twere to mee, this were not knowne!
Mau. Shee likes it not: but it is boasted well!
Lor. An hundred Udders for the payle I have,
That gi' mee Milke and Curds, that make mee Cheese
To cloy the Mercatts! twentie ſwarme of Bees,
Whilke (all the Summer) hum about the hive,
And bring mee Waxe, and Honey in by live.
An aged Oake the King of all the field,
With a broad Beech there growes afore my dur,
That mickell Maſt unto the ferme doth yeild.
A Chestnut, whilk hath larded money a Swine,
Whose skins I weare, to fend me fra the Cold.
A Poplar greene, and with a kerved Seat,
Under whose shade I solace in the heat;
And thence can see gang out, and in, my neat.
Twa trilland brookes, each (from his spring) doth meet,
And make a river, to refresh my feet:
In which, each morning ere the Sun doth rise,
I look my selfe, and cleare my pleasant eyes,
Before I pipe; For, therein I have skill
'Bove other Swine'ards. Bid mee, and I will
Straight play to you, and make you melodie.
Ear. By no meanes. Ah! to me all minstrelsie
Is irksome, as are you. *Lor.* Why scorne you mee?
Hee drawes out other presents. Because I am a Heardſ-man, and feed Swine!
I am a Lord of other geere! this fine

Smooth Bawsons Cub, the young Grice of a Gray;
Twa tynie Urshins, and this Ferret gay.
Ear. Out on 'hem! what are these? *Lor.* I give 'hem yee;
As presents Mrs. *Ear.* O, the feind, and thee!
Gar take them hence: they fewmand all the claithes,
And prick my Coates: hence with 'hem, limmer lowne,
Thy vermin, and thy selfe, thy selfe art one;
I lock me up. All's well when thou art gone.

Act II. Scene III.

Lorel. Maudlin. Douce.

Lor. Did you heare this? shee wish'd mee at the feind,
With all my presents! *Mau.* A tu luckie end
Shee wishend thee, fowle Limmer! drittie Lowne!
Gud faith, it duills mee that I am thy Mother!
And see, thy Sister scornes thee, for her Brother!
Thou woo thy Love? thy Mistresse? with twa Hedge-hoggs?
A stinkand brock? a polcat? out thou houlet!
Thou shoul'dst ha' given her, a Madge-Owle! and then
Tho' hadst made a present o' thy selfe, Owle-spiegle!
Dou. Why, Mother, I have heard yee bid to give;
And often, as the Cause calls. *Mau.* I know well,
It is a wittie part, sum-times, to give.
But what? to whame? no monsters! nor to maidens!
Hee suld present them with mare pleasand things,
Things naturall, and what all woemen covet
To see: the common Parent of us all!
Which Maids will twire at, 'tween their fingers, thus!
With which his Sire gat him! Hee's gett another!
And so beget posteritie upon her!
This he should do! (false Gelden) gang thy gait
And du thy turnes, betimes: or, I'is gar take
Thy new breikes fra' thee, and thy duiblet tu.
The Talleur, and the Sowter sall undu'
All they ha' made; except thou manlier woo!
Lorell goes out.
Dou. Gud Mother, gif yow chide him, hee'll du wairs.
Mau. Hang him: I geif him to the Devills eirs.
But, yee my *Douce*, I charge yee, shew your sell,
Tu all the Sheep'ards, baudly: gaing amang 'hem.
Be mickell i' their eye, frequent, and fugeand.
And, gif they aske yee of *Earine*,
Or of these claithes; say, that I ga' hem yee,
And say no more. I ha' that wark in hand,
That web upo' the Luime, sall gar 'hem thinke
By then, they feelin their owne frights, and feares,
I'is pu' the world, or Nature, 'bout their eares.
But, heare yee *Douce*, bycause, yee may meet mee
In mony shapes tu day; where ere you spie

This browdred belt, with Characters, tis I.
A Gypsan Ladie, and a right Beldame,
Wrought it by Moone-shine for mee, and Star-light,
Upo' your Granams grave, that verie night
Wee earth'd her, in the shades; when our Dame *Hecat*,
Made it her gaing-night, over the Kirk-yard,
Withall the barke and parish tykes set at her,
While I sate whyrland, of my brasen spindle:
At every twisted thrid my rock let flie
Unto the sew'ster, who did sit me nigh,
Under the towne-turne-pike; which ran each spell
She stitched in the worke, and knit it well.
See, yee take tent to this, and ken 'your Mother.

Act II. Scæna IV.

Marian. Mellisseur. Amie.

Mar. How do you sweet *Amie*? yet? *Mel.* Shee cannot tell,
If shee could sleepe, shee saies, shee should do well.
Shee feeles a hurt, but where, shee cannot show
Any least signe, that shee is hurt or no.
Her paine's not doubtfull to her; but the seat
Of her paine is. Her thoughts too work, and beat,
Oppress't with Cares: but why, shee cannot say.
All matter of her care is quite away.
Mar. Hath any Vermin broke into your Fold?
Or any rott seiz'd on your flock? or cold?
Or hath your feighting Ram, burst his hard horne?
Or any Ewe her fleece? or bag hath torne,
My gentle *Amie*? *Am. Marian*, none of these.
Mar. Ha' you been stung by Waspes, or angry Bees?
Or raz'd with some rude bramble, or rough briar?
Am. No *Marian*; my disease is somewhat nigher.
I weep, and boile away my Selfe, in teares;
And then my panting heart would dry those feares:
I burne, though all the Forrest lend a shade;
And freize, though the whole Wood one fire were made. *Mar.* Alas!
Am. I often have been torne with thorne and briar;
Both in the Leg, and Foot, and somewhat higher:
Yet gave not then such fearfull shreikes as these. Ah!
I often have been stung too, with curst Bees,
Yet not remember that I then did quit
Either my Companie, or Mirth for it. Ah!
And therefore, what it is that I feele now,
And know no cause of it, nor where, nor how,
It entred in mee, nor least print can see,
I feele afflicts mee more, then Briar, or Bee. Oh!
How often, when the Sun heavens brightest birth
Hath with his burning fervour cleft the earth,

Under

Under a ſpreading Elme, or Oake, hard by
A coole cleare fountaine, could I ſleeping lie
Safe from the heate? but now, no ſhadie tree,
Nor purling brook, can my refreſhing bee?
Oft when the medowes, were growne rough with froſt,
The rivers ice-bound, and their currents loſt,
My thick warme fleece I wore, was my defence
Or large good fires, I made, drave winter thence.
But now, my whole flocks fells, nor this thick grove,
Enflam'd to aſhes, can my cold remove.
It is a cold, and heat, that doth out-goe
All ſenſe of Winters, and of Summers ſo.

Act II. Scena V.

Robin-hood. Clarion. Lionel. Alken.

Rob. O', are you here, my Miſtreſſe? *Mar.* I my Love!
Where ſhould I be, but in my *Robins* armes?
The Sphere which I delight in, ſo to move?
Rob. What the rude Ranger? and ſpied Spie? hand off:
You are for no ſuch ruſticks. *Mar.* What meanes this,
Thrice worthy *Clarion*? or wiſe *Alken*? know yee?
Rob. 'Las no, not they! a poore ſterv'd Muttons carkaſſe
Would better fit their palat's, then your Veniſon.
Mar. What riddle is this! unfold your ſelfe, deare *Robin*.
Rob. You ha' not ſent your Veniſon hence by *Scathlock*,
To Mother *Maudlin*? *Mar.* I to Mother *Maudlin*?
Will *Scathlock* ſay ſo? *Rob.* Nay, wee will all ſweare ſo.
For all did heare it, when you gave the charge ſo.
Both *Clarion*, *Alken*, *Lionel*, my ſelfe.
Mar. Good honeſt Shep'ards, Maſters of your flocks,
Simple, and vertuous men, no others hirelings;
Be not you made to ſpeake againſt your Conſcience,
That which may ſoile the truth. I ſend the Veniſon
Away? by *Scathlock*? and to mother *Maudlin*?
I came to ſhew it here, to *Mellifleur*,
I doe confeſſe; but *Amies* falling ill,
Did put us of it: Since wee imploied our ſelves
In comforting of her. O', here he is!
Did I, Sir, bid you beare away the Veniſon,
To mother *Maudlin*? *Sca.* I gud faith, Madam,
Did you, and I ha' done it. *Mar.* What ha' you done?
Sca. Obey'd your heſts, Madam, done your Commaunds.
Mar. Done my Commaunds, dull groome? Fetch it againe
Or kennel with the hounds. Are theſe the Arts
Robin, you read your rude ones o' the wood,
To countenance your quarrells, and miſtakings?
Or are the ſports to entertaine your friends
Thoſe formed jealouſies? Aske of *Mellifleur*,

Shee ſeing him, runs to imbrace him. He puts her back.

Scathlock, enters.

If

If I were ever from her, here, or *Amie*,
Since I came in with them; or ſaw this *Scathlock*,
Since I related to you his tale, o' the Raven?
Scathlock goes out. *Sca.* I, ſay you ſo? *Mel.* Shee never left my ſide
Since I came in, here, nor I hers. *Cla.* This 's ſtrange!
Our beſt of Senſes were deceiv'd, our eyes, then!
Lio. And eares too. *Mar.* What you have concluded on,
Make good I pray you. *Am.* O' my heart, my heart!
Mar. My heart it is, is wounded prettie *Amie*;
Report not you your greifes: I'll tell for all.
Mel. Some body is to blame, there is a fault.
Mar. Try if you can take reſt. A little ſlumber
Will much refreſh you (*Amie*). *Alk.* What's her greif?
Mar. Shee does not know: and therein ſhee is happie.

Act II. Scene VI.

To them

Iohn, *Maudlin*, and *Scathlock* after.

Iob. Here's Mother *Maudlin* come to give you thanks,
Madam, for ſome late guift, ſhee hath receiv'd ——
Which ſhee's not worthie of, ſhee ſaies, but crakes,
And wonders of it; hoppes about the houſe;
Shee daun-ceth. Tranſported with the joy. *Mau.* Send mee a Stagge!
A whole Stagge, Madam! and ſo fat a Deere!
So fairelie hunted, and at ſuch a time too!
When all your freinds were here! *Rob.* Do you mark this, *Clarion*?
Her owne acknowledgement? *Mau.* 'Twas ſuch a bountie
And honour done to your poore Bedeſ-woman,
I know not how to owe it, but to thanke you.
And that I come to du: I ſhall goe round,
Shee turnes round, till ſhee falls. And giddie with the toy of the good turne.

Looke out, looke out, gay folke about,
And ſee mee ſpin; the ring I am in
Of mirth, & glee, with thanks for fee
The heart putts on, for th' Veniſon
My Lady ſent, which ſhall be ſpent
In draughts of Wine, to fume up fine
Into the braine, and downe againe
Fall in a Swoune, upo' the growne.

Rob. Look to her, ſhee is mad. *Mau.* My Son hath ſent you
A pott of Strawberries, gather'd i' the wood
(His Hoggs would els have rooted up, or trod)
With a choice diſh of wildings here, to ſcald
And mingle with your Creame. *Mar.* Thank you good *Maudlin*,
And thanke your Sonne. Go, beare 'hem in to *Much*
Th' Acater, let him thanke her. Surelie, Mother
You were miſtaken, or my Woodmen more,
Or moſt my ſelfe, to ſend you all our ſtore
Of Veniſon, hunted for our ſelves, this day!

You will not take it, Mother, I dare say,
If wee'lld intreat you; when you know our guests:
Red Deere is head still of the forrest feasts.
Maud. But I knaw yee, a right free-hearted Ladie,
Can spare it out of superfluitie:
I have departit it 'mong my poore Neighbours
To speake your Largesse. *Mar.* I not gave it, Mother;
You have done wrong then: I know how to place
My guifts, and where; and when to find my seasons
To give, not throw away my Curtesies.
Maud. Count you this thrownaway? *Mar.* What's ravish'd from mee
I count it worse; as stolne: I loose my thanks.
But leave this quest: they fit not you, nor mee,
Maudlin, Contentions of this qualitie.
How now? *Sca.* Your Stag's return'd upon my shoulders, *Scathlock enters.*
Hee has found his way into the Kitchin againe:
With his two Leggs, If now your Cooke can dresse him;
Slid, I thought the Swine'ard would ha' beat mee;
Hee lookes so big! the sturdie Karle, lewd *Lorel*!
Mar. There *Scathlock*, for thy pines, thou hast deserv'd it. *Marian gives him Gold.*
Maud. Do you give a thing, and take a thing, Madam?
Mar. No, *Maudlin*, you had imparted to your Neighbours;
As much good doo't them: I ha' done no wrong.
Maud. *The Spit stand still, no Broches turne* *The first Charme.*
Before the fire, but let it burne
Both sides, and haunches, till the whole
Converted be into one Cole.
Cla. What Devills *Pater noster* mumbles shee?
Alk. Stay, you will heare more of her witcherie
Maud. *The Swilland Dropsie enter in*
The Lazie Cuke, *and swell his skin;*
And the old Mort-mal on his shin
Now prick, and itch, without blin.
Cla. Speake out Hagge, wee may heare your Devills Mattens.
Maud. *The Pane, wee call* S. Antons *fire*
The Gout, or what wee can desire,
To crampe a Cuke, *in every lim,*
Before they dine, get; seize on him.
Alk. A foule ill Spirit hath possessed her.
Am. O *Karol*, *Karol*, call him back againe.
Lio. Her thoughts do worke upon her, in her slumber.
And may expresse some part of her disease.
Rob. Observe, and marke, but trouble not her ease.
Am. O', ô. *Mar.* How is't *Amie*? *Mel.* Wherfore start you?
Am. O' *Karol*, he is faire, and sweet. *Mar.* What then?
Are there not flowers as sweet, and faire, as men?
The Lillie is faire! and Rose is sweet! *Am.* I', so!
Let all the Roses, and the Lillies goe:
Karol is only faire to mee! *Mar.* And why?
Am. Alas for *Karol*, *Marian*, I could die.

Karol. He singeth sweetly too! *Maw.* What then?
Are there not Birds sing sweeter farre, then Men?
Am. I grant the Linet, Larke, and Bul-finch sing,
But best, the deare, good Angell of the Spring,
The Nightingale. *Maw.* Then why? then why, alone,
Should his notes please you? *Am.* I not long agone
Tooke a delight, with wanton kidds to play,
And sport with little Lambes a Summers Day!
And view their friskes! me thought it was a sight
Of joy, to see my two brave Rammes to fight!
Now *Karol*, onely, all delight doth move!
All that is *Karol*, *Karol* I approve!
This verie morning, but--(I did bestow
(It was a little 'gainst my will, I know)
A single kisse, upon the seelie Swaine,
And now I wish that verie kisse againe.
His lip is softer, sweeter then the Rose
His mouth, and tongue with dropping honey flowes.
The relish of it was a pleasing thing.
Maw. Yet like the Bees it had a little sting.
Am. And sunke, and sticks yet in my marrow deepe
And what doth hurt me, I now wish to keepe.
Mar. Alas, how innocent her Storie is!
Am. I doe remember, *Marian*, I have oft
With pleasure kist my Lambes, and Puppies, soft,
And once a daintie fine Roe-fawne I had,
Of whose out-skipping bounds, I was as glad
As of my health: and him I oft would kisse:
Yet had his, no such sting, or paine, as this.
They never prick't or hurt my heart. And, for
They were so blunt, and dull, I wish no more.
But this, that hurtes, and prickes doth please; This sweet,
Mingled with sower, I wish againe to meet:
And that delay, mee thinks, most tedious is
That keepes, or hinders mee of *Karols* kisse.
Mar. Wee'll send for him sweet *Amie*, to come to you.
Shee goes murmuring out. *Maw.* But, I will keepe him of if Charmes will doe it.
Cla. Doe you marke the murmuring hagge, how shee doth mutter?
Rob. I like her not. And lesse her manners now.
Alk. Shee is a shrewd deformed peice, I vow.
Lio. As crooked as her bodie. *Rob.* I beleeve
Shee can take any Shape; as *Scathlock* saies.
Alk. Shee may deceive the Sense, but really
Shee cannot change her selfe. *Rob.* Would I could see her,
Once more in *Marians* forme! for I am certaine
Now, it was shee abus'd us; as I think
My *Marian*, and my Love, now, innocent:
Which faith I seale unto her, with this kisse,
And call you all to witnesse of my pennance.
Alk. It was beleiv'd before, but now confirm'd,

That

That wee have ſeen the Monſter.

Act II. Scene VII.

To them *Tuck. John. Much. Scarlet.*

Tuc. Heare you how
Poore *Tom*, the Cooke, is taken! All his joynts
Do crack, as if his Limbes were tied with points:
His whole frame ſlackens; and a kind of rack
Runs downe along the Spondylls of his back;
A Gowt, or Crampe, now ſeizeth on his head,
Then falls into his feet; his knees are lead;
And he can ſtirre his either hand, no more
Then a dead ſtumpe, to his office, as before.
Alk. Hee is bewitched. *Cla.* This is an Argument
Both of her malice, and her power, wee ſee.
Alk. Shee muſt by ſome device reſtrained bee,
Or ſhee'll goe farre in miſchiefe. *Rob.* Adviſe how,
Sage Shep'ard, wee ſhall put it ſtraight in practice.
Alk. Send forth your woodmen, then, into the walkes,
Or let'em prick her footing hence; A Witch
Is ſure a Creature of Melancholy,
And will be found, or ſitting in her fourme,
Or els, at releiſe, like a Hare. *Cla.* You ſpeake
Alken, as if you knew the ſport of Witch-hunting,
Or ſtarting of a Hag. *Rob.* Go ſirs about it,
Take *George* here with you, he can helpe to find her;
Leave *Tuck*, and *Much* behind to dreſſe the Dinner,
I' the Cookes ſtead. *Much.* Wee'll care to get that done.
Rob. Come *Marian*, lets withdraw into the bowre.

Enter *George* to the Huntſmen; who by themſelves continue the Scene. The reſt going off.

Act II. Scene VIII.

John. Scarlet. Scathlock. George. Alken.

Jo. Rare ſport I ſweare! this hunting of the Witch
Will make us. *Scar.* Let's adviſe upon't, like huntſmen.
Geo. And wee can ſpie her once, ſhee is our owne.
Sca. Firſt, think which way ſhee fourmeth, on what wind:
Or North, or South. *Geo.* For, as the Shep'ard ſaid,
A Witch is a kind of Hare. *Scat.* And markes the weather,
As the hare does. *Jo.* Where ſhall wee hope to find her?
Alk. I have ask'd leave to aſſiſt you, jollie huntſmen,
If an old Shep'herd may be heard among you;
Not jear'd or laugh'd at. *Jo.* Father, you will ſee
Robin-hoods houſe-hold, know more Curteſie.
Scat. Who ſcornes at eld, peeles of his owne young haires.
Alk. Yee ſay right well. Know yee the Witches Dell?
Scar. No more then I do know the walkes of Hell.

Alken returnes.

Alk. Within a gloomie dimble, ſhee doth dwell
Downe in a pitt, ore-growne with brakes and briars.
Cloſe by the ruines of a ſhaken Abbey
Torne, with an Earth-quake, down unto the ground,
'Mongſt graves, and grotts, neare an old Charnell houſe,
Where you ſhall find her ſitting in her fourme,
As fearfull, and melancholique, as that
Shee is about; with Caterpillers kells,
And knottie Cobwebs, rounded in with ſpells;
Thence ſhee ſteales forth to releif, in the foggs,
And rotten Miſtes, upon the fens, and boggs,
Downe to the drowned Lands of *Lincolneſhire*,
To make Ewes caſt their Lambs! Swine eate their Farrow!
The Houſe-wifes Tun not worke! Nor the Milk churne!
Writhe Childrens wriſts! and ſuck their breath in ſleepe!
Get Vialls of their blood! And where the Sea
Caſts up his ſlimie Owze, ſearch for a weed
To open locks with, and to rivet Charmes,
Planted about her, in the wicked feat,
Of all her miſchiefes, which are manifold.
Jo. I wonder ſuch a ſtorie could be told,
Of her dire deeds. *Geo.* I thought a Witches bankes
Had inclos'd nothing, but the merrie prankes
Of ſome old woman. *Skar.* Yes, her malice more!
Sca. As it would quickly appeare, had wee the Store
Of his Collects. *Geo.* I, this gud learned Man
Can ſpeake her right. *Skar.* He knowes her ſhifts, and haunts!
Alk. And all her wiles, and turnes. The venom'd Plants
Wherewith ſhee kill's! where the ſad Mandrake growes,
Whoſe grones are deathfull! the dead-numming Night-ſhade!
The ſtupifying Hemlock! Adders tongue!
And Martagan! the ſhreikes of luckleſſe Owles,
Wee heare! and croaking Night-Crowes in the aire!
Greene-bellied Snakes! blew fire-drakes in the skie!
And giddie Flitter-mice, with lether wings!
The ſcalie Beetles, with their habergeons,
That make a humming Murmur as they flie!
There, in the ſtocks of trees, white Faies doe dwell,
And ſpan-long Elves, that dance about a poole!
With each a little Changeling, in their armes!
The airie ſpirits play with falling ſtarres!
And mount the Sphere of fire, to kiſſe the Moone!
While, ſhee ſitts reading by the Glow-wormes light,
Or rotten wood (o're which the worme hath crept)
The baneſull ſcedule of her nocent charmes,
And binding Characters, through which ſhee wounds
Her Puppetts, the *Sigilla* of her witch-craft.
All this I know, and I will find her for you;
And ſhew you her ſitting in her fourme; I'le lay
My hand upon her; make her throw her skutt

Along

Along her back, when shee doth start before us.
But you must give her Law: and you shall see her
Make twentie leapes, and doubles; crosse the pathes,
And then squatt downe beside us. *Fo.* Craftie Croane!
I long to be at the sport, and to report it.
Scar. Wee'll make this hunting of the Witch, as famous,
As any other blast of Venerie.
Scat. Hang her foule hagge, shee'll be a stinking Chase!
I had rather ha' the hunting of heir heyre.
Geo. If wee could come to see her, cry, so haw, once!
Alk. That I doe promise, or I'am no good Hag-finder.

The Argument of the third Act.

Pluck-hairy discovers himselfe in the Forrest, and discourseth his offices with their necessities, breifly; After which, *Douce*, entring in the habit of *Earine*, is pursued by *Karol*, who mistaking her at first to be his Sister, questions her, how shee came by those garments. Shee answers, by her mothers gift. The sad Shepherd comming in the while, shee runs away affrighted, and leaves *Karol*, sodainely; *Aeglamour* thinking it to be *Earines* ghost he saw, falls into a melancholique expression of his phantsie to *Karol*, & questions him sadly about that point, which moves compassion in *Karol* of his mistake still. When *Clarion*, and *Lionell* enter to call *Karol* to *Amie*; *Karol* reports to them *Aeglamours* passion, with much regreet. *Clarion* resolves to seeke him. *Karol* to returne with *Lionell*. By the way *Douce*, and her Mother (in the shape of *Marian*) meet them, and would divert them, affirming *Amie* to be recovered, which *Lionell* wondred at to be so soone. *Robin-hood* enters, they tell him the relation of the Witch, thinking her to be *Marian*, *Robin* suspecting her to be *Maudlin*, lay's hold of her Girdle sodainely, but shee striving to get free, they both run out, and he returnes with the belt broken. Shee following in her owne shape, demaunding it, but at a distance, as fearing to be seiz'd upon againe; and seeing shee cannot recover it, falls into a rage, and cursing, resolving to trust to her old artes, which shee calls her daughter to assist in. The Shepherds content with this discovery, goe home triumphing, make the relation to *Marian*. *Amie* is gladded with the sight of *Karol*, &c. In the meane time enters *Lorel*, with purpose to ravish *Earine*, and calling her forth to that lewd end, he by the hearing of *Clarions* footing, is staid, and forced to commit her hastily to the tree againe, where *Clarion* comming by, and hearing a voyce singing, drawes neere unto it, but *Aeglamour* hearing it also, and knowing it to be *Earine's*, falls into a superstitious commendation of it, as being an Angells, and in the aire, when *Clarion* espies a hand put forth from the tree, and makes towards it, leaving *Aeglamour* to his wild phantsie, who quitteth the place, and *Clarion* beginning to court the hand, and make love to it, there ariseth a mist sodainely, which, darkning all the place, *Clarion* looseth himselfe, and the

the tree where *Earine* is inclosed, lamenting his misfortune, with the unknowne nimphs miserie. The Aire clearing, enters the Witch, with her Son and Daughter, tells them how shee had caused that late darkenesse, to free *Lorell* from surprisall, and his prey from being reskued from him: bids him looke to her, and lock her up more carefully, and follow her, to assist a work, shee hath in hand, of recovering her lost Girdle; which shee laments the losse of, with cursings, execrations, wishing confusion to their feast, and meeting: sends her Sonne, and Daughter to gather certaine Simples, for her purpose, and bring them to her Dell. This *Puck* hearing prevents, & shewes her error still. The Hunts-men having found her footing, follow the tract, and prick after her. Shee getts to her Dell, and takes her Forme. Enter, *Alken* has spied her sitting with her Spindle, Threds, and Images. They are eager to seize her presently, but *Alken* perswades them to let her begin her charmes, which they doe. Her Sonne and Daughter come to her, the Hunts-men are affrighted as they see her worke goe forward. And over-hastie to apprehend her, shee escapeth them all, by the helpe and delusions of *Puck*.

Act III. Scene I.

Puck-hairy.

THe Feind hath much to doe, that keepes a Schoole;
Or is the Father of a familie,
Or governes but a country Academie:
His labours must be great, as are his cares,
To watch all turnes, and cast how to prevent 'hem.
This Dame of mine here, *Maud.* growes high in evill,
And thinkes shee doe's all, when 'tis I, her Divell,
That both delude her, and must yet protect her:
Shee's confident in mischeife, and presumes
The changing of her shape will still secure her.
But that may faile, and diverse hazards meete
Of other consequence, which I must looke to.
Not let her be surpriz'd on the first catch.
I must goe daunce about the Forrest, now,
And firke it like a Goblin, till I find her.
Then will my service come worth acceptation;
When not expected of her, when the helpe
Meetes the necessity, and both doe kisse
'Tis call'd the timing of a dutie, this.

Act III. Scene II.

Karol. Douce, to them *Aeglamour*.

Kar. Sure, you are very like her! I conceiv'd
You had been shee, seeing you run afore mee:
For such a suite shee made her 'gainst this Feast;

In

In all resemblance, or the verie same,
I saw her in it; had shee liv'd to enjoy it
Shee had been there an acceptable Guest
To *Marian*, and the gentle *Robin-hood*,
Who are the Crowne, and Ghirland of the Wood.
Dou. I cannot tell: my Mother gave it mee,
And bad mee weare it. *Kar.* Who, the wise good Woman?
Old *Maud.* of *Papplewicke*? *Dou.* Yes, this sullen Man.
I cannot like him. I must take my leave
Aeglamour enters, and *Douce* goes out.
Aeg. What said shee to you? *Kar.* Who? *Aegl.* *Earine*,
I saw her talking with you, or her Ghost;
For shee indeed is drown'd in old *Trents* bottome.
Did shee not tell who would ha' pull'd her in?
And had her Maiden-head upon the place?
The rivers brim, the margin of the Flood?
No ground is holie enough, (you know my meaning)
Lust is committed in Kings Palaces,
And yet their Majesties not violated!
No words! *Car.* How sad, and wild his thoughts are! gone?
Aeglamour goes out, but comes in againe.
Aeg. But shee, as chaste, as was her name, *Earine*,
Dy'd undeflowr'd: and now her sweet soule hovers,
Here, in the Aire, above us; and doth haste
To get up to the *Moone*, and *Mercury*;
And whisper *Venus* in her *Orbe*, then spring
Up to old *Saturne*, and come downe by *Mars*,
Consulting *Jupiter*; and seate herselfe
Just in the midst with *Phœbus*; tempring all
The jarring Spheeres, and giving to the World
Againe, his first and tunefull planetting!
O' what an age will here be of new concords!
Delightfull harmonie! to rock old Sages,
Twice infants, in the Cradle o' Speculation,
And throw a silence upon all the creatures!
He goes out againe, but returnes as soone as before.
Kar. A Cogitation of the highest rapture!
Aegl. The loudest Seas, and most enraged Windes
Shall lose their clangor; Tempest shall grow hoarse;
Loud Thunder dumbe; and every speece of storme
Laid in the lap of listning Nature, husht;
To heare the changed chime of this eighth spheere!
Take tent, and harken for it, loose it not.
Aeglamour departs.

Act III. Scena III.

Clarion. Lionell. Karol.

Cla. O', here is *Karol*! was not that the sad
Shep'erd, slip'd from him? *Lio.* Yes, I ghesse it was:
Who was that left you, *Karol*? *Kar.* The last man!
Whom, wee shall never see himselfe againe;
Or ours, I feare! He starts away from hand, so,
And all the touches, or soft stroke of reason!

Yes

Yee can applie. No Colt is ſo unbroken!
Or hawke yet halfe ſo haggard, or unmann'd!
He takes all toies that his wild phantſy proffers,
And flies away with them. He now conceives
That my loſt Siſter, his *Earine*,
Is lately turn'd a Sphere amid the ſeven:
And reades a Muſique-Lecture to the Planets!
And with this thought, hee's run to cal 'hem, Hearers!
Cla. Alas, this is a ſtrayn'd, but innocent phant'ſie!
I'le follow him, and find him, if I can:
Meane time, goe you with *Lionell*, ſweet *Karol*,
Hee will acquaint you with an accident
Which much deſires your preſence, on the place!

Act III. Scæn. IV.

Karol. Lionell.

Kar. What is it, *Lionell*, wherein I may ſerve you?
Why doe you ſo ſurvey, and circumſcribe mee?
As if you ſtuck one Eye into my breſt,
And with the other took my whole dimenſions?
Lio. I wiſh you had a windo' i' your boſome
Or i' your back: I might look thorough you,
And ſee your in-parts, *Karol*, liver, heart;
For there the ſeat of *Love* is. Whence the Boy
(The winged Archer) hath ſhott home a ſhaft
Into my ſiſters breſt, the innocent *Amie*,
Who now cries out, upon her bed, on *Karol*,
Sweet ſinging *Karol*! the delicious *Karol*!
That kiſt her like a *Cupid*! In your eyes,
Shee ſaies, his ſtand is! and between your lipp's
He runs forth his diviſions, to her eares,
But will not bide there, 'leſſe your ſelfe do bring him,
Goe with me *Karol*, and beſtow a viſit
In charitie, upon the afflicted Maid,
Who pineth with the languor of your love.
Mar. Whither intend you? *Amy* is recover'd,
Feeles no ſuch griefe as ſhee complain'd of, lately:
This Maiden hath been with her from her Mother
Maudlin, the cunning Woman, who hath ſent her
Herbes for her head, and Simples of that nature,
Have wrought upon her a miraculous Cure;
Setled her braine, to all our wiſh, and wonder!
Lio. So inſtantly? you know, I now but left her,
Poſſeſs'd with ſuch a fit, almoſt to a phrenſie;
Your ſelfe too fear'd her, *Marian*; and did urge
My haſte, to ſeeke out *Karol*, and to bring him.
Mar. I did ſo. But the skill of that wiſe woeman
And her great charitie of doeing good

To them *Maud* and *Douce*, but *Maud* appearing like *Marian*.

Hath

Hath by the readie hand of this deft laſſe
Her daughter, wrought effects, beyond beleife,
And to aſtoniſhment; wee can but thanke
And praiſe, and be amazed, while wee tell it.
Lio. 'Tis ſtrange, that any art ſhould ſo helpe nature
In her extremes. *Kar.* Then, it appeares moſt reall
When th'other is deficient. *Rob.* Wherefore, ſtay you
Diſcourſing here, and haſte not with your ſuccours
To poore afflicted *Amie*, that ſo needes them?
Lio. Shee is recover'd well, your *Marian* told us
But now here: See, ſhee is return'd t'affirme it!
Rob. My *Marian*? *Mar. Robin-hood*? Is hee here? *Rob.* Stay!
What was't you ha' told my friend? *Mar.* Helpe, murder, helpe.
You will not rob me Out-law? Theife, reſtore
My belt that yee have broken! *Rob.* Yes, come neere,
Maud. Not i' your gripe. *Rob.* Was this the charmed circle?
The Copy that ſo couzen'd, and deceiv'd us?
I'le carry hence the trophie of your ſpoiles.
My men ſhall hunt you too upon the ſtart,
And courſe you ſoundly. *Maud.* I ſhall make 'hem ſport
And ſend ſome home, without their leggs, or armes.
I'le teach 'hem to climbe Stiles, leape Ditches, Ponds,
And lie i'the Waters, if they follow mee.
Rob. Out murmuring Hagge. *Maud.* I muſt uſe all my powers,
Lay all my witts to piecing of this loſſe.
Things run unluckily, Where's my *Puck-hairy*?

They go out.

Enter *Robin-hood*

Enter *Maudt* like *Marian*. *Maudt*: eſpying *Robin-hood* would run out, but he ſtaies her by the Girdle, and runs in with her. He returnes with the Girdle broken, and ſhee in her owne ſhape.

Act III. Scene V.

Maud. Puck.

Hath he forſooke mee? *Puc.* At your beck, Madame.
Maud. O *Puck*, my Goblin! I have loſt my belt,
The ſtrong theife, *Robin* Out-law, forc'd it from mee.
Puck. They are other Cloudes and blacker threat you, Dame;
You muſt be wary, and pull in your ſailes,
And yeeld unto the wether of the tempeſt.
You thinke your power's infinite as your malice;
And would do all your anger prompts you to:
But you muſt wait occaſions, and obey them:
Saile in an egg-ſhell, make a ſtraw your maſt,
A Cobweb all your Cloth, and paſſe, unſeen,
Till you have ſcap'd the rockes that are about you.
Maud. What rock's about mee? *Puc.* I do love, Madam,
To ſhew you all your dangers, when you are paſt 'hem.
Come, follow mee, I'll once more be your pilot,
And you ſhall thanke mee. *Maud.* Lucky, my lov'd Goblin!
Where are you gaang, now? *Lor.* Unto my tree,
To ſee my Maiſtres. *Maud.* Gang thy gait, and try
Thy turnes, with better luck, or hang thy ſel'.

Lorel meetes her.

The End.

HORACE, HIS ART OF POETRIE.

MADE ENGLISH

BY

BEN. IOHNSON.

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HORATIUS
DE ARTE POETICA.

HUmano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas,
Undiq; collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem; cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Fingentur species, ut nec pes, nec caput, uni
Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus, atq; Poëtis,
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.
Scimus; & hanc veniam petimusq; damusq; vicissim!
Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.
Incœptis gravibus plerunq; & magna professis,
Purpureus latè qui splendeat unus & alter
Assuitur pannus, cùm lucus, & ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus: & fortasse, cupressum
Scis simulare. quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphoram cœpit
Institui; currente rotâ, cur urceus exit?
Denique sit, quod vis, simplex duntaxat, & unum.

Maxim

HORACE, OF THE ART OF POETRIE.

IF to a Womans head a Painter would
Set a Horſe-neck, and divers feathers fold
On every limbe, ta'en from a ſeverall creature,
Preſenting upwards, a faire female feature,
Which in ſome ſwarthie fiſh uncomely ends:
Admitted to the ſight, although his friends
Could you containe your laughter? Credit mee,
This peece, my *Piſo's*, and that booke agree,
Whoſe ſhapes, like ſick-mens dreames, are fain'd ſo vaine,
As neither head, nor foot, one forme retaine.
But equall power, to Painter, and to Poët,
Of daring all, hath ſtill beene given; we know it:
And both doe crave, and give againe, this leave.
Yet, not as therefore wild, and tame ſhould cleave
Together: not that we ſhould Serpents ſee
With Doves; or Lambes, with Tygres coupled be.
In grave beginnings, and great things profeſt,
Ye have oft-times, that may ore-ſhine the reſt,
A Scarlet peece, or two, ſtitch'd in: when or
Diana's Grove, or Altar, with the bor-
Dring Circles of ſwift waters that intwine
The pleaſant grounds; or when the River *Rhine*,
Or Rainbow is deſcrib'd. But here was now
No place for theſe. And, Painter, hap'ly, thou
Know'ſt only well to paint a Cipreſſe tree.
What's this? if he whoſe money hireth thee
To paint him, hath by ſwimming hopeleſſe ſcap'd,
The whole fleet wreck'd; a great jarre to be ſhap'd,
Was meant at firſt. Why forcing ſtill about
Thy labouring wheele, comes ſcarce a Pitcher out.
In ſhort; I bid, Let what thou work'ſt upon,
Be ſimply quite throughout, and wholly one.

Maxima pars vatum, pater, & juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur specie recti: Brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus fio: Sectantem levia, nervi
Deficiunt animiq́; : professus grandia, turget:
Serpit humi, tutus nimium, timidusq́; procellæ.
Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.
Æmilium circa ludum faber imus, & ungues
Exprimet, & molleis imitabitur ære capillos;
Infœlix operis summa: quia ponere totum
Nesciet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,
Non magis esse velim, quàm pravo vivere naso,
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroq́; capillo.
Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus, & versate diù, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri. cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deserit hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
Ordinis hæc virtus erit, & Venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dicat
Pleraq́; differat: & præsens in tempus omittat.
Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis autor.
In verbis etiam tenuis cautusq́; serendis,
Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. Si fortè necesse est,
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum;
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget, dabiturq́; licentia, sumpta pudenter.
Et nova fictaq́; nupèr habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta. Quid autem
Cæcilio, Plautoq; *dabit Romanus, ademptum*
Virgilio, Variòque? *ego cur acquirere pauca*
Si possum, invideor: cùm lingua Catonis, *& Enni*
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, & nova rerum

Moſt Writers, noble Sire, and either Sonne,
Are, with the likeneſſe of the truth, undone.
My ſelfe for ſhortneſſe labour; and I grow
Obſcure. This ſtriving to run ſmooth, and flow,
Hath neither ſoule, nor ſinewes. Loftie he
Profeſſing greatneſſe, ſwells: That low by lee
Creepes on the ground; too ſafe, too afraid of ſtorme.
This ſeeking, in a various kind, to forme
One thing, prodigiouſly, paints in the woods
A Dolphin, and a Boare amid' the floods.
So, ſhunning faults, to greater fault doth lead,
When in a wrong, and artleſſe way we tread.
The worſt of Statuaries, here about
Th' *Æmilian* Schoole, in braſſe can faſhion out
The nailes; and every curled haire diſcloſe,
But in the maine worke hapleſſe: ſince he knowes
Not to deſigne the whole. Should I aſpire
To forme a worke, I would no more deſire
To be that Smith; then live, mark'd one of thoſe,
With faire black eyes, and haire; and a wry noſe.
Take, therefore, you that write, ſtill, matter fit
Unto your ſtrength, and long examine it,
Upon your Shoulders. Prove what they will beare,
And what they will not. Him whoſe choice doth reare
His matter to his power, in all he makes,
Nor language, nor cleere order ere forſakes.
The vertue of which order, and true grace,
Or I am much deceiv'd, ſhall be to place
Invention. Now, to ſpeake; and then differ
Much, that mought now be ſpoke: omitted here
Till fitter ſeaſon. Now, to like of this,
Lay that aſide, the *Epicks* office is.
In uſing alſo of new words, to be
Right ſpare, and warie: then thou ſpeak'ſt to mee
Moſt worthie praiſe, when words that common grew,
Are, by thy cunning placing, made meere new.
Yet, if by chance, in utt'ring things abſtruſe,
Thou need new termes; thou maiſt, without excuſe,
Faine words, unheard of to the well-truſs'd race
Of the *Cethegi*; And all men will grace,
And give, being taken modeſtly, this leave,
And thoſe thy new, and late-coyn'd words receive,
So they fall gently from the *Grecian* ſpring,
And come not too much wreſted. What's that thing,
A Roman to *Cæcilius* will allow,
Or *Plautus*, and in *Virgil* diſavow,
Or *Varius*? why am I now envi'd ſo,
If I can give ſome ſmall increaſe? When, loe,
Cato's and *Ennius* tongues have lent much worth,
And wealth unto our language; and brought forth

New

Nomina protulerit? Licuit, semperq; licebit,
Signatum præsente notâ producere nomen.
Ut silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Primaq; cadunt; ità verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata, vigentq;.
Debemur morti nos, nostraq;: sive receptus
Terrâ Neptunus, *classes* Aquilonibus *arcet,*
Regis opus, sterilisve diù palus, aptaq; remis,
Vicinas urbes alit, & grave sentit aratrum:
Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis;
Doctus iter melius. Mortalia facta peribunt:
Nedum sermonum stet honos, & gratia vivax.
Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere, cadentq;,
Quæ nunc sunt in honore, vocabula, si volet usus;
Quem penes arbitrium est, & vis, & norma loquendi.
Res gestæ regumq;, ducumq;, & tristia bella
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.
Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
Post etiàm inclusa est voti sententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit author,
Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub judice lis est.
Musa dedit fidibus Divos puerosq; Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.
Archilochum *proprio rabies armavit Iambo.*
Hunc socci cepêre pedem, grandesq; cothurni,
Alternis aptum sermonibus, & populares
Vincentem strepitus, & natum rebus agendis.
Versibus exponi Tragicis res Comica non vult.
Indignatur item privatis, ac propè socco
Dignis carminibus celebrari cœna Thyestæ.
Singula quæq; locum teneant sortita decenter.
Descriptas servare vices operumq; colores,
Cur ego, si nequeo, ignoroq;, Poëta salutor?
Cur nescire pudens prave, quàm discere malo?
Interdùm tamen, & vocem Comœdia tollit,

Iratusq;

New names of things. It hath beene ever free,
And ever will, to utter termes that bee
Stamp'd to the time. As woods whose change appeares
Still in their leaves, throughout the sliding yeares,
The first-borne dying; so the aged state
Of words decay, and phrases borne but late
Like tender buds shoot up, and freshly grow.
Our selves, and all that's ours, to death we owe:
Whether the Sea receiv'd into the shore,
That from the North, the Navie safe doth store,
A kingly worke; or that long barren fen
Once rowable, but now doth nourish men
In neighbour-townes, and feeles the weightie plough;
Or the wilde river, who hath changed now
His course so hurtfull both to graine, and seedes,
Being taught a better way. *All mortall deeds*
Shall perish: so farre off it is, the state,
Or grace of speech, should hope a lasting date.
Much phrase that now is dead, shall be reviv'd;
And much shall dye, that now is nobly liv'd,
If Custome please; at whose disposing will
The power, and rule of speaking resteth still.
The gests of Kings, great Captaines, and sad Warres,
What number best can fit, *Homer* declares.
In Verse unequall match'd, first sowre Laments,
After mens Wishes, crown'd in their events
Were also clos'd: But, who the man should be,
That first sent forth the dapper Elegie,
All the Grammarians strive; and yet in Court
Before the Judge, it hangs, and waites report.
Unto the Lyrick Strings, the Muse gave grace
To chant the Gods, and all their God-like race,
The conqu'ring Champion, the prime Horse in course,
Fresh Lovers businesse, and the Wines free source.
Th' Iambick arm'd *Archilochus* to rave,
This foot the socks tooke up, and buskins grave,
As fit t' exchange discourse; a Verse to win
On popular noise with, and doe businesse in.
The Comick matter will not be expresst
In tragick Verse; no lesse *Thyestes* feast
Abhorres low numbers, and the private straine
Fit for the sock: Each subject should retaine
The place allotted it, with decent thewes.
If now the turnes, the colours, and right hues
Of Poëms here describ'd, I can, nor use,
Nor know t' observe: Why (i' the Muses name)
Am I call'd Poët? wherefore with wrong shame,
Perversly modest, had I rather owe
To ignorance still, then either learne, or know.
Yet, sometime, doth the Comedie excite

Her

Iratusq́ Chremes *tumido delitigat ore,*
Et Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri
Telephus, *&* Peleus, *cùm pauper, & exul uterq́,*
Projicit ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.
Non satis est pulchra esse poëmata: dulcia sunto,
Et quocunq́ volent animum auditoris agunto.
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primùm ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent
Telephe, *vel* Pelu. *Malè si mandata loqueris,*
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. Tristia mœstum
Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum:
Ludentem, lasciva: severum, seria dictu.
Format enim natura priùs nos intùs ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum: iuvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, & angit:
Post effert animi motus interprete linguâ.
Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
Romani tollent equites peditesq́ cachinnum.
Intererit multùm, Davus *ne loquatur, an heros:*
Maturúsne senex, an adhuc florente juventâ
Fervidus: an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix:
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli:
Colchus, *an* Assyrius: Thebis *nutritus, an* Argis:
Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge
Scriptor. Honoratum si fortè reponis Achillem,
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea *ferox, invictaq́: flebilis Ino,*
Perfidus Ixion, Io *vaga, tristis* Orestes.
Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes,
Personam formare novam; servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incæpto processerit, & sibi constet.

Difficile

Her voyce, and angry *Chremes* chafes out-right
With ſwelling throat: and, oft the tragick wight
Complaines in humble phraſe. Both *Telephus*,
And *Peleus*, if they ſeeke to heart-ſtrike us
That are Spectators, with their miſerie,
When they are poore, and baniſh'd, muſt throw by
Their bombard-phraſe, and foot-and-halfe-foot words:
'T is not enough, th' elaborate Muſe affords
Her Poem's beautie, but a ſweet delight
To worke the hearers minds, ſtill, to their plight.
Mens faces, ſtill, with ſuch as laugh, are prone
To laughter; ſo they grieve with thoſe that mone.
If thou would'ſt have me weepe, be thou firſt drown'd
Thy ſelfe in teares, then me thy loſſe will wound,
Peleus, or *Telephus*. If you ſpeake vile
And ill-penn'd things, I ſhall, or ſleepe, or ſmile.
Sad language fits ſad lookes; ſtuff'd menacings,
The angry brow; the ſportive, wanton things;
And the ſevere, ſpeech ever ſerious.
For Nature, firſt within doth faſhion us
To every ſtate of fortune; ſhe helpes on,
Or urgeth us to anger; and anon
With weightie ſorrow hurles us all along,
And torturesus: and, after by the tongue
Her truch-man, ſhe reports the minds each throw.
If now the phraſe of him that ſpeakes, ſhall flow
In ſound, quite from his fortune; both the rout,
And Roman Gentrie, jearing, will laugh out.
It much will differ, if a God ſpeake, than,
Or an *Heroe*; If a ripe old man,
Or ſome hot youth, yet in his flouriſhing courſe;
Where ſome great Lady, or her diligent Nourſe;
A ventring Merchant, or the Farmer free
Of ſome ſmall thankfull land: whether he bee
Of *Cholchis* borne; or in *Aſſyria* bred;
Or, with the milke of *Thebes*; or *Argus*, fed.
Or follow fame, thou that doſt write, or faine
Things in themſelves agreeing: If againe
Honour'd *Achilles* chance by thee be ſeiz'd,
Keepe him ſtill active, angry, un-appeas'd,
Sharpe, and contemning lawes, at him ſhould aime,
Be nought ſo 'bove him but his ſword let claime.
Medea make brave with impetuous ſcorne;
Ino bewaild; *Ixion* falſe, forſworne;
Poore *Io* wandring; wild *Oreſtes* mad:
If ſomething ſtrange, that never yet was had
Unto the *Scene* thou bringſt, and dar'ſt create
A meere new perſon. Looke he keepe his ſtate
Unto the laſt, as when he firſt went forth,
Still to be like himſelfe, and hold his worth.

Difficile est propriè communia dicere; tuq;
Rectiùs Iliacum *carmen deducis in actus,*
Quàm si proferres ignota, indictaq; primus.
Publica materies privati juris erit; si
Nec circa vilem, patulumq; moraberis orbem:
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres: nec desilies imitator in arctum,
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.
Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim:
Fortunam Priami *cantabo, & nobile bellum.*
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.
Quantò rectiùs hic, qui nil molitur ineptè:
Dic mihi Musa virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, & urbeis.
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamq;, *& cum* Cyclope Charybdim:
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum *orditur ab ovo.*
Semper ad eventum festinat, & in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: & quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.
Atq; ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.
Tu quid ego, & populus mecum desideret, audi.
Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, & usq;
Sessuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat,
Aetatis cujusq; notandi sunt tibi mores,
Mobilibusq; decor naturis dandus, & annis.
Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, & iram
Colligit, ac ponit temerè, & mutatur in horas.
Imberbis juvenis tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis, canibusq;, & aprici gramine campi,
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,

Utilium

'T is hard, to ſpeake things common, properly:
And thou maiſt better bring a *Rhapſody*
Of *Homers*, forth in acts, then of thine owne,
Firſt publiſh things unſpoken, and unknowne.
Yet common matter thou thine owne maiſt make,
If thou the vile, broad-troden ring forſake.
For, being a Poët, thou maiſt feigne, create,
Not care, as thou wouldſt faithfully tranſlate,
To render word for word: nor with thy ſleight
Of imitation, leape into a ſtreight,
From whence thy Modeſtie, or Poëmes law
Forbids thee forth againe thy foot to draw.
Nor ſo begin, as did that Circler late,
I ſing a noble Warre, and *Priam*'s Fate.
What doth this Promiſer ſuch gaping worth
Afford? The Mountaines travail'd, and brought forth
A ſcorned Mouſe! O, how much better this,
Who nought aſſaies unaptly, or amiſſe?
Speake to me, Muſe, the Man, who after Troy *was ſack't,*
Saw many Townes, and Men, and could their manners tract.
Hee thinkes not, how to give you ſmoake from light,
But light from ſmoake; that he may draw his bright
Wonders forth after: ſo *Antiphates*,
Scylla, Charybdis, Polypheme, with theſe.
Nor from the brand, with which the life did burne
Of *Meleager*, brings he the returne
Of *Diomede*; nor *Troyes* ſad Warre begins
From the *two Egges*, that did diſcloſe the twins.
He ever haſtens to the end, and ſo
(As if he knew it) rapps his hearer to
The middle of his matter: letting goe
What he deſpaires, being handled, might not ſhow.
And ſo well faines, ſo mixeth cunningly
Falſhood with truth, as no man can eſpie
Where the midſt differs from the firſt: or where
The laſt doth from the midſt diſ-joyn'd appeare.
Heare, what it is the People, and I deſire:
If ſuch a ones applauſe thou doſt require,
That tarries till the hangings be ta'en downe,
And ſits, till the *Epilogue* ſaies *Clap*, or *Crowne*:
The cuſtomes of each age thou muſt obſerve,
And give their yeares, and natures, as they ſwerve,
Fit rites. The Child, that now knowes how to ſay,
And can tread firme, longs with like lads to play;
Soone angry, and ſoone pleas'd, is ſweet, or ſowre,
He knowes not why, and changeth every houre.
Th' unbearded Youth, his Guardian once being gone,
Loves Dogges, and Horſes; and is ever one
I' the open field; Is Waxe like to be wrought
To every vice, as hardly to be brought

Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,
Sublimis, cupidusq́, & amata relinquere pernix.
Conversis studiis ætas, animusq́ virilis
Quærit opes, & amicitias: inservit honori:
Commisisse cavet, quod mox mutare laboret.
Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda, vel quòd
Quærit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti:
Vel quòd res omneis timidè gelideq́ ministrat,
Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusq́ futuri,
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero: censor, castigatorq́ minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum:
Multa recedentes adimunt. ne fortè seniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroq́ virîles,
Semper in adjunctis, æviq́ morabimur aptis.
Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in scenam: multaq́ tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea *trucidet:*
Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius Atreus:
Aut in avem Progne *vertatur,* Cadmus *in anguem.*
Quodcunq́ ostendit mihi sic, incredulus odi.
Néve minor, quinto, neu sit productior actu
Fabula quæ posci vult, & spectata reponi.
Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: nec quarta loqui persona laboret.
Actoris partes chorus, officiumq́ virile
Defendat, neu quid medios intercinat actus
Quod non proposito conducat, & hæreat aptè.
Ille bonis faveatq́, & concilietur amicè.
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes.

Ille

To endure counsell: A Provider slow
For his owne good, a careleſſe letter-goe
Of money, haughtie, to deſire ſoon mov'd,
And then as ſwift to leave what he hath lov'd.
These ſtudies alter now, in one, growne man;
His better'd mind ſeekes wealth, and friendſhip: than
Lookes after honours, and bewares to act
What ſtraight-way he muſt labour to retract.
The old man many evils doe girt round;
Either becauſe he ſeekes, and, having found,
Doth wretchedly the uſe of things forbeare,
Or do's all buſineſſe coldly, and with feare;
A great deferrer, long in hope, growne numbe
With ſloth, yet greedy ſtill of what's to come:
Froward, complaining, a commender glad
Of the times paſt, when he was a young lad;
And ſtill correcting youth, and cenſuring.
Mans comming yeares much good with them doe bring;
At his departing take much thence: leſt, then,
The parts of age to youth be given; or men
To children; we muſt alwayes dwell, and ſtay
In fitting proper adjuncts to each day.
The buſineſſe either on the Stage is done,
Or acted told. But, ever, things that run
In at the eare, doe ſtirre the mind more ſlow
Then thoſe the faithfull eyes take in by ſhow;
And the beholder to himſelfe doth render.
Yet, to the Stage, at all thou maiſt not tender
Things worthy to be done within, but take
Much from the ſight, which faire report will make
Preſent anone: *Medea* muſt not kill
Her Sonnes before the people; nor the ill-
Natur'd, and wicked *Atreus* Cooke, to th' eye,
His Nephews entrailes; nor muſt *Progne* flie
Into a Swallow there; Nor *Cadmus* take,
Upon the Stage, the figure of a Snake.
What ſo is ſhowne, I not beleeve, and hate.
Nor muſt the Fable, that would hope the Fate
Once ſeene, to be againe call'd for, and plaid,
Have more or leſſe then juſt five Acts: nor laid,
To have a God come in; except a knot
Worth his untying happen there: And not
Any fourth man, to ſpeake at all, aſpire.
An Actors parts, and Office too, the Quire
Muſt maintaine manly; not be heard to ſing
Betweene the Acts, a quite cleane other thing
Then to the purpoſe leades, and fitly 'grees.
It ſtill muſt favour good men, and to theſe
Be wonne a friend; It muſt both ſway, and bend
The angry, and love thoſe that feare t' offend.

Praiſe

Ille dapeis laudet mensæ brevis : ille salubrem
Justitiam, legesq́, & apertis otia portis.
Ille tegat commissa, Deosq́ precetur, & oret,
Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.
Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubaq́
Æmula, sed tenuis, simplex foramine pauco
Aspirare, & adesse choris erat utilis, atque
Nondùm spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu.
Quò sanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frugi, castusq́ verecundusq́ coibat.
Postquam cæpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latior amplecti murus, Vinoq; diurno,
Placari Genius festis impunè *diebus,*
Acceßit numerisq́ modisq́ licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberq́ laborum,
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?
Sic priscæ motumq́, & luxuriam addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitq́ vagus per pulpita vestem.
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,
Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceps:
Utiliumq́ sagax rerum, & divina futuri
Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.
Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Camœnæ
Dicitur, & plaustris vexisse poëmata Thespis,
Quæ canerent agerentq́ peruncti facibus ora.
Post hunc personæ pallæq́ repertor honestæ
Æschylus, & modicis instravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumq́ loqui nitiq́ cothurno.
Carmine qui Tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, & asper
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit : eò quòd
Illecebris erat, & gratâ novitate morandus
Spectator, functusq́ sacris, & potus, & exlex.
Verùm ita risores, ita commendare dicaces
Conveniet Satyros, ità vertere seria ludo:
Ne, quicunq́ Deus, quicunq́ adhibebitur Heros,

Regali

Praiſe the ſpare diet, wholſome juſtice, lawes,
Peace, and the open ports, that peace doth cauſe
Hide faults, pray to the Gods, and wiſh aloud
Fortune would love the poore, and leave the proud.
The Hau'-boy, not as now with latten bound,
And rivall with the Trumpet for his ſound,
But ſoft, and ſimple, at few holes breath'd time
And tune too, fitted to the *Chorus* rime,
As loud enough to fill the ſeates, not yet
So over-thick, but, where the people met,
They might with eaſe be numbred, being a few
Chaſte, thriftie, modeſt folke, that came to view.
But, as they conquer'd, and enlarg'd their bound,
That wider Walls embrac'd their Citie round,
And they uncenſur'd might at Feaſts, and Playes
Steepe the glad *Genius* in the Wine, whole dayes,
Both in their tunes, the licence greater grew,
And in their numbers; For, alas, what knew
The Ideot, keeping holy-day, or drudge,
Clowne, Townſ-man, baſe, and noble, mix'd, to judge?
Thus, to his antient Art the Piper lent
Geſture, and riot, whilſt he ſwooping went
In his train'd Gowne about the Stage: So grew
In time to Tragedie, a Muſicke new.
The raſh, and head-long eloquence brought forth
Unwonted language; And that ſenſe of worth
That found out profit, and foretold each thing
Now differ'd not from *Delphick* riddling.
Theſpis is ſaid to be the firſt found out
The Tragedie, and carried it about,
Till then unknowne, in Carts, wherein did ride
Thoſe that did ſing, and act: their faces dy'd
With lees of Wine. Next *Eſchylus*, more late
Brought in the Viſor, and the robe of State,
Built a ſmall timbred Stage, and taught them talke,
Loftie, and grave; and in the buskin ſtalke.
Hee too, that did in Tragick Verſe contend,
For the vile Goat, ſoone after, forth did ſend
The rough rude Satyres naked; and would try,
Though ſower, with ſaferie of his gravitie.
How he could jeſt, becauſe he mark'd and ſaw
The free ſpectators, ſubject to no Law,
Having well eat, and drunke: the rites being done,
Were to be ſtaid with ſoftneſſes, and wonne
With ſomething that was acceptably new.
Yet ſo the ſcoffing Satyres to mens view,
And ſo their prating to preſent was beſt,
And ſo to turne all earneſt into jeſt,
As neither any God, were brought in there,
Or Semi-god, that late was ſeene to weare

Regali conſpectus in auro nuper, & oſtro,
Migret in obſcuras humili ſermone tabernas;
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubeis, & inania captet.
Effutire leveis indigna Tragœdia verſus:
Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa diebus,
Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.
Non ego inornata, & dominantia nomina ſolum,
Verbaq́ Piſones, Satyrorum ſcriptor amabo:
Nec ſic enitar Tragico differre colori
Ut nihil interſit, Davusne *loquatur, an audax*
Pythias *emuncto lucrata* Simone *talentum;*
An cuſtos, fumusq́ dei Silenus *alumni.*
Ex noto fictum carmen ſequar, ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem: ſudet multùm fruſtraq́ laboret
Auſus idem: tantum ſeries juncturaq́ pollet:
Tantum de medio ſumptis accedit honoris.
Silvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, ac penè forenſes,
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur verſibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent, ignominioſaq́ dicta.
Offenduntur enim, quibus eſt equus, *&* pater, *&* res:
Nec, ſi quid fricti ciceris probat, & nucis emptor,
Aequis accipiunt animis, donant've corona.
Succeſſit vetus his Comœdia non ſine multâ
Laude, ſed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim
Dignam lege regi. Lex eſt accepta, chorusq́
Turpiter obticuit, ſublato jure nocendi.
Syllaba longa brevi ſubjecta, vocatur Iambus
Pes citus: unde etiam trimetris accreſcere juſſit
Nomen Iambeis, cum ſenos redderet ictus,
Primus ad extremum ſimilis ſibi: non ita pridem
Tardior ut paulo graviorq́ veniret ad aureis,
Spondeos ſtabiles in jura paterna recepit
Commodus, & patiens: non ut de ſede ſecunda
Cederet, aut quarta ſociàliter. hic & in Acci
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus: & Enni.

A royall Crowne, and purple, be made hop
With poore baſe termes, through every baſer ſhop:
Or whilſt he ſhuns the Earth, to catch at Aire
And emptie Clowdes. For Tragedie is faire,
And farre unworthy to blurt out light rimes;
But, as a Matrone drawne at ſolemne times
To Dance, ſo ſhe ſhould, ſhamefac'd, differ farre
From what th' obſcene, and petulant Satyres are.
Nor I, when I write Satyres, will ſo love
Plaine phraſe, my *Piſo's*, as alone t' approve
Meere raigning words: nor will I labour ſo
Quite from all face of Tragedie to goe,
As not make difference, whether *Davus* ſpeake,
And the bold *Pythias*, having cheated weake
Simo; and, of a talent wip'd his purſe;
Or old *Silenus*, *Bacchus* guard, and Nurſe.
I can out of knowne geare, a fable frame,
And ſo, as every man may hope the ſame;
Yet he that offers at it, may ſweat much,
And toile in vaine: the excellence is ſuch
Of Order, and Connexion; ſo much grace
There comes ſometimes to things of meaneſt place.
But, let the *Faunes*, drawne from their Groves, beware.
Be I their Judge, they doe at no time dare
Like men ſtreet-borne, and neere the Hall, reherſe
Their youthfull tricks in over-wanton verſe:
Or crack out bawdie ſpeeches, and uncleane.
The Roman Gentrie, Men of Birth, and Meane
Will take offence, at this: Nor, though it ſtrike
Him that buyes chiches blanch't, or chance to like
The nut-crackers throughout, will they therefore
Receive, or give it an applauſe, the more.
To theſe ſucceeded the old Comœdie,
And not without much praiſe; till libertie
Fell into fault ſo farre, as now they ſaw
Her licence fit to be reſtrain'd by law:
Which law receiv'd, the *Chorus* held his peace,
His power of foulely hurting made to ceaſe.
Two reſt's, a ſhort and long, th' *Iambick* frame;
A foot, whoſe ſwiftneſſe gave the Verſe the name
Of *Trimeter*, when yet it was ſixe-pac'd,
But meere *Iambicks* all, from firſt to laſt.
Nor is 't long ſince, they did with patience take
Into their birth-right, and for fitneſſe ſake,
The ſteadie *Spondæes*; ſo themſelves doe beare
More ſlow, and come more weightie to the eare:
Provided, ne're to yeeld, in any caſe
Of fellowſhip, the fourth, or ſecond place.
This foot yet, in the famous *Trimeters*
Of *Accius*, and *Ennius*, rare appeares:

In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus,
Aut opera celeris nimium, curaq; carentis,
Aut ignorata premit artis crimine turpi:
Non quivis videt immodulata poëmata judex.
Et data Romanis venia est indigna poëtis,
Idcircòne vager, scribamq; licenter? an omneis
Visuros peccata putem mea? tutus, & intra
Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam,
Non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.
At nostri proavi Plautinos, *& numeros, &*
Laudavere sales: nimium patienter utrunque,
Ne dicam stultè, mirati; si modò ego, & vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
Legitimumq; sonum digitis callemus, & aure.
Nil intentatum nostri liquere poëtæ,
Nec minimum meruêre decus, vestigia Græca
Ausi deserere, & celebrare domestica facta:
Vel qui Prætextas, vel qui docuêre Togatas.
Nec virtute foret, clariusve potentius armis,
Quàm linguâ, Latiam, *si non offenderet unum-*
Quemq; poëtarum lima labor, & mora. Vos ô
Pompilius *sanguis carmen reprehendite, quod non*
Multa dies, & multa litura coërcuit, atq;
Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.
Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte
Credit, & excludit sanos Helicone *poëtas*
Democritus, *bona pars non ungueis ponere curat,*
Non barbam, secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.
Nanciscetur enim pretium, nomenq; poëta,
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
Tonsori Lycino *commiserit. O ego lævus,*
Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam.
Non alius faceret meliora poëmata. verùm,
Nil tanti est: ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum

Reddere

So rare, as with ſome taxe it doth ingage
Thoſe heavie Verſes ſent ſo to the Stage,
Of too much haſte, and negligence in part,
Or a worſe Crime, the ignorance of art.
But every Judge hath not the facultie
To note in Poëmes, breach of harmonie;
And there is given too, unworthy leave
To Roman Poëts. Shall I therefore weave
My Verſe at randome, and licentiouſly?
Or rather, thinking all my faults may ſpie,
Grow a ſafe Writer, and be warie-driven
Within the hope of having all forgiven.
'T is cleare, this way I have got off from blame,
But, in concluſion, merited no fame.
Take you the Greeke Examples, for your light,
In hand, and turne them over day, and night.
Our Anceſtors did *Plautus* numbers praiſe,
And jeſts; and both to admiration raiſe
Too patiently, that I not fondly ſay;
If either you, or I, know the right way
To part ſcurrilitie from wit: or can
A lawfull Verſe, by th' eare, or finger ſcan.
Our Poëts, too, left nought unproved here;
Nor did they merit the leſſe Crowne to weare,
In daring to forſake the *Grecian* tracts,
And celebrating our owne home-borne facts;
Whether the guarded *Tragedie* they wrought,
Or 't were the gowned *Comœdy* they taught.
Nor had our *Italie* more glorious bin
In vertue, and renowne of armes, then in
Her language, if the Stay, and Care t' have mended,
Had not our every Poët like offended.
But you, *Pompilius* off-ſpring, ſpare you not
To taxe that Verſe, which many a day, and blot
Have not kept in; and (leſt perfection faile)
Not ten times o're, corrected to the naile.
Becauſe *Democritus* beleeves a wit
Happier then wretched art, and doth, by it,
Exclude all ſober Poëts, from their ſhare
In *Helicon*; a great ſort will not pare
Their nailes, nor ſhave their beards, but to by-paths
Retire themſelves, avoid the publike baths;
For ſo, they ſhall not only gaine the worth,
But fame of Poëts, they thinke, if they come forth,
And from the Barber *Licinus* conceale
Their heads, which three *Anticyra's* cannot heale.
O I left-witted, that purge every ſpring
For choller! If I did not, who could bring
Out better Poëms? But I cannot buy
My title, at the rate, I 'ad rather, I,

Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi.
Munus & officium nil scribens ipse docebo;
Unde parentur opes: quid alat formetq; Poëtam:
Quid deceat, quid non: quò virtus, quò ferat error.
Scribendi rectè, sapere, est & principium & fons.
Rem tibi Socraticæ *poterunt ostendere chartæ:*
Verbaq; provisam rem non invita sequentur.
Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis:
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, & hospes:
Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium: quæ
Partes in bellum missi ducis: ille profectò
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuiq;.
Respicere exemplar vitæ, morumq; jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, & veras hinc ducere voces.
Interdum speciosa locis, moratáq; rectè
Fabula, nullius Veneris, *sine pondere, & arte,*
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusq; moratur,
Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugæq; canoræ.
Graiis *ingenium*, Graiis *dedit ore rotundo*
Musa loqui, præter laudem, nullius avaris.
Romani pueri longis rationibus assem
Discunt in partes centum diducere. Dicat
Filius Albini, *Si de quincunce remota est*
Uncia, quid superat? poteras dixisse triens. eu,
Rem poteris servare tuam. redit uncia: quid fit?
Semis. ad hæc animos ærugo, & cura peculi,
Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro, & levi servanda cupresso?
Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poëtæ,
Aut simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.
Silvestres homines sacer, interpresq; Deorum,
Cædibus & victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus,
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rapidosq; leones:

Dictus

Be like a Whet-ſtone, that an edge can put
On ſteele, though 't ſelfe be dull, and cannot cut.
I writing nought my ſelfe, will teach them yet
Their Charge, and Office, whence their wealth to fet,
What nouriſheth, what formed, what begot
The Poët, what becommeth, and what not:
Whether truth may, and whether error bring.
The very root of writing well, and ſpring
Is to be wiſe; thy matter firſt to know;
Which the *Socratick* writings beſt can ſhow:
And, where the matter is provided ſtill,
There words will follow, not againſt their will.
Hee, that hath ſtudied well the debt, and knowes
What to his Countrey, what his friends he owes,
What height of love, a Parent will fit beſt,
What brethren, what a ſtranger, and his gueſt,
Can tell a States-mans dutie, what the arts
And office of a Judge are, what the parts
Of a brave Chiefe ſent to the warres: He can,
Indeed, give fitting dues to every man.
And I ſtill bid the learned Maker looke,
On life, and manners, and make thoſe his booke,
Thence draw forth true expreſſions. For, ſometimes,
A Poëme, of no grace, weight, art, in rimes
With ſpecious places, and being humour'd right,
More ſtrongly takes the people with delight,
And better ſtayes them there, then all fine noiſe
Of verſe meere-matter-leſſe, and tinckling toies.
The Muſe not only gave the *Greek's* a wit
But a well-compaſs'd mouth to utter it.
Being men were covetous of nought, but praiſe;
Our Roman Youths they learne the ſubtle wayes
How to divide, into a hundred parts,
A pound, or piece, by their long compting arts:
There's *Albin's* ſonne will ſay, Subſtract an ounce
From the five ounces; what remaines? pronounce
A third of twelve, you may: foure ounces. Glad,
He cries, Good boy, thou'lt keepe thine owne. Now, adde
An ounce, what makes it then? The halfe pound juſt;
Sixe ounces. O, whence once the canker'd ruſt,
And care of getting, thus, our minds hath ſtain'd,
Thinke wee, or hope, there can be Verſes fain'd
In juyce of *Cedar*, worthy to be ſteep'd,
And in ſmooth *Cypreſſe* boxes to be keep'd?
Poëts would either profit, or delight,
Or mixing ſweet, and fit, teach life the right.
Orpheus, a prieſt, and ſpeaker for the Gods
Firſt frighted men, and wildly liv'd, at ods,
From ſlaughters, and foule life; and for the ſame
Was Tigers, ſaid, and Lyons fierce, to tame.

Amphion

Dictus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor arcis
Saxo movere ſono teſtudinis, & prece blanda
Ducere quo vellet. Fuit hæc ſapientia quondam,
Publica privatis ſecernere, ſacra profanis,
Concubitu prohibere vago: dare jura maritis,
Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor, & nomen divinis vatibus, atq;
Carminibus venit. poſt hos inſignis Homerus,
Tyrtæusq; *mares animos in triſtia bella*
Verſibus exacuit. dictæ per carmina ſortes,
Et vitæ monſtrata via eſt, & gratia regum
Pieriis *tentata modis, ludusq; repertus,*
Et longorum operum finis. ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi Muſa lyræ ſolers, & cantor Apollo.

Quicquid præcipies eſto brevis: ut citò dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantq; fideles.
Omne ſupervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

Ficta, voluptatis cauſâ, ſint proxima veris.
Nec quodcunq; volet, poſcat ſibi fabula credi:
Neu pranſæ Lamiæ *vivum puerum extrahat alvo.*
Centuriæ ſeniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celſi prætereunt auſtera poëmata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterq; monendo.
Hic meret æra liber Soſiis: *hic & mare tranſit,*
Et longum noto ſcriptori prorogat ævum.

Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignoviſſe velimus.
Nam neq; chorda ſonum reddit, quem vult manus & mens,
Poſcentiq; gravem, perſæpe remittit acutum:
Nec ſemper feriet, quodcunq; minabitur arcus.
Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura. quid ergo?
Ut ſcriptor ſi peccat idem librarius uſq;
Quamvis eſt monitus, venia caret & citharœdus
Ridetur, chorda qui ſemper oberrat eadem:

Sic

Amphion, too, that built the *Theban* towres,
Was ſaid to move the ſtones, by his Lutes powers,
And lead them with ſoft ſongs, where that he would.
This was the wiſdome, that they had of old,
Things ſacred, from profane to ſeparate;
The publike, from the private; to abate
Wild raging luſts; preſcribe the mariage good;
Build Townes, and carve the Lawes in leaves of wood.
And thus at firſt, an honour, and a name
To divine Poëts, and their Verſes came.
Next theſe great *Homer* and *Tyrtæus* ſet
On edge the Maſculine ſpirits, and did whet
Their minds to Warres, with rimes they did rehearſe;
The Oracles, too, were given out in Verſe;
All way of life was ſhewen; the grace of Kings
Attempted by the Muſes tunes, and ſtrings;
Playes were found out; and reſt, the end, and crowne
Of their long labours, was in Verſe ſet downe:
All which I tell, leſt when *Apollo*'s nam'd,
Or *Muſe*, upon the Lyre, thou chance b' aſham'd.
Be briefe, in what thou wouldſt command, that ſo
The docile mind may ſoone thy precepts know,
And hold them faithfully; For nothing reſts,
But flowes out, that ore-ſwelleth in full breſts.
Let what thou fain'ſt for pleaſures ſake, be neere
The truth; nor let thy Fable thinke, what e're
It would, muſt be: leſt it alive would draw
The Child, when *Lamia* 'has din'd, out of her maw.
The *Poëms* void of profit, our grave men
Caſt out by voyces; want they pleaſure, then
Our Gallants give them none, but paſſe them by:
But he hath every ſuffrage can apply
Sweet mix'd with ſowre, to his Reader, ſo
As doctrine, and delight together go.
This booke will get the *Soſii* money; This
Will paſſe the Seas, and long as nature is,
With honour make the farre-knowne Author live.
There are yet faults, which we would well forgive,
For, neither doth the String ſtill yeeld that ſound
The hand, and mind would, but it will reſound
Oft-times a Sharpe, when we require a Flat:
Nor alwayes doth the looſed Bow, hit that
Which it doth threaten Therefore, where I ſee
Much in the *Poëme* ſhine, I will not bee
Offended with few ſpots, which negligence
Hath ſhed, or humane frailtie not kept thence.
How then? Why, as a Scrivener, if h' offend
Still in the ſame, and warned will not mend,
Deſerves no pardon; or who'd play, and ſing
Is laugh'd at, that ſtill jarreth on one ſtring:

So

Sic mihi, qui multum ceſſat, ſit Cherilus *ille,*
Quem bis terq́; bonum cum riſu miror; & idem
Indignor, quandoq́; bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verùm opere in longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.
Ut pictura, poëſis erit: quæ, ſi proprius ſtes,
Te capiet magis, & quædam, ſi longius abſtes.
Hæc amat obſcurum: volet hæc ſub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.
Hæc placuit ſemel: hæc decies repetita placebit.
O major juvenum, quamvis & voce paterna
Fingeris ad rectum, & per te ſapis, hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor: certis medium, & tolerabile rebus
Rectè concedi. conſultus juris, & actor
Cauſarum mediocris, abeſt virtute diſerti
Meſſalæ, *nec ſcit quantum* Cacellius Aulus:
Sed tamen in pretio eſt. Mediocribus eſſe poëtis
Non homines, non Dii, non conceſſere columnæ.
Ut gratas inter menſas ſymphonia diſcors,
Et craſſum unguentum, & Sardo cum melle papaver,
Offendunt; poterat duci quia cœna ſine iſtis:
Sic animis natum inventumq́; poëma juvandis,
Si paulum ſummo diſceſſit, vergit ad imum.
Ludere qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis,
Indoctuſq́; pilæ, diſcive, trochive, quieſcit,
Ne ſpiſſæ riſum tollant impune coronæ.
Qui neſcit, verſus tamen audet fingere: quid ni?
Liber, & ingenius, præſertim cenſus equeſtrem
Summam nummorum, vitioq́; remotus ab omni.
Tu nihil invitâ dices, faciesq́; Minervâ.
Id tibi judicium eſt, ea mens, ſi quid tamen olim
Scripſeris, in Metii *deſcendat judicis aures,*
Et patris, & noſtras, nonumq́; prematur in annum.
Membranis intus poſitis delere licebit,
Quod non ædideris. Neſcit vox miſſa reverti.
Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæſitum eſt. ego nec ſtudium ſine divite vena,

Nec

So he that flaggeth much, becomes to me
A *Chœrilus*, in whom if I but see
Twice, or thrice good, I wonder: but am more
Angry. Sometimes, I heare good *Homer* snore.
But, I confesse, that, in a long worke, sleepe
May, with some right, upon an Author creepe.
As Painting, so is Poësie. Some mans hand
Will take you more, the neerer that you stand;
As some the farther off: This loves the darke;
This, fearing not the subtlest Judges marke
Will in the light be view'd: This once, the sight
Doth please; this, ten times over, will delight.
You Sir, the elder brother, though you are
Informed rightly, by your Fathers care,
And, of your selfe too, understand; yet mind
This saying: To some things there is assign'd
A meane, and toleration, which does well:
There may a Lawyer be, may not excell;
Or Pleader at the Barre, that may come short
Of eloquent *Messalla*'s power in Court,
Or knowes not what *Cassellius Aulus* can;
Yet, there's a value given to this man.
But neither, Men, nor Gods, nor Pillars meant,
Poëts should ever be indifferent.
As jarring Musique doth, at jolly feasts,
Or thick grosse ointment, but offend the Guests:
As Poppie, and *Sardane* honey; 'cause without
These, the free meale might have beene well drawne out:
So, any *Poëme*, fancied, or forth-brought
To bettring of the mind of man, in ought,
If ne're so little it depart the first,
And highest; sinketh to the lowest, and worst.
Hee, that not knowes the games, nor how to use
His armes in *Mars* his field, he doth refuse;
Or, who's unskilfull at the Coit, or Ball,
Or trundling Wheele, he can sit still, from all;
Lest the throng'd heapes should on a laughter take:
Yet who's most ignorant, dares Verses make.
Why not? I'm gentle, and free-borne, doe hate
Vice, and, am knowne to have a Knights estate.
Thou, such thy judgement is, thy knowledge too,
Wilt nothing against nature speake, or doe:
But, if hereafter thou shalt write, not feare
To send it to be judg'd by *Metius* eare,
And, to your Fathers, and to mine; though't be
Nine yeares kept in, your papers by, yo'are free
To change, and mend, what you not forth doe set.
The Writ, once out, never returned yet.
'Tis now inquir'd, which makes the nobler Verse,
Nature, or Art. My Judgement will not pierce

Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium; alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amicè.
Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitq; puer: sudavit, & alsit,
Abstinuit Venere, *& vino. qui* Pythica *cantat*
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitq; magistrum.
Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira Poëmata pango:
Occupet extremum scabies, mihi turpe relinqui est,
Et quod non didici, sanè nescire fateri.
Ut præco ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas,
Assentatores jubet ad lucrum ire Poëta
Dives agris, dives positis in fœnore nummis.
Si verò est, unctum qui rectè ponere possit,
Et spondere levi pro paupere, & eripere atris
Litibus implicitum; mirabor, si sciet inter-
Noscere mendacem verumq; beatus amicum.
Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui,
Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
Lætitiæ. clamabit enim, Pulchrè, bene, rectè;
Pallescit super his: etiam stillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem, saliet, tundet pede terram.
Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicant,
Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo: sic
Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur.
Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant,
An sit amicitiâ dignus. si carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.
Quintilio, *si quid recitares, corrige, sodes,*
Hoc aiebat, & hoc. melius te posse negares,
Bis, terq; expertum frustra, delere jubebat,
Et malè tornatos incudi reddere versus.
Si defendere delictum, quàm vertere malles,
Nulla ultra verbum, aut operam sumebat inanem,
Quin sine rivali te, & tua solus amares.

Into the Profits, what a meere rude braine
Can; or all toile, without a wealthie veine:
So doth the one, the others helpe require,
And friendly ſhould unto one end conſpire.
Hee, that's ambitious in the race to touch
The wiſhed goale, both did, and ſuffer'd much
While he was young; he ſweat; and freez'd againe:
And both from Wine, and Women did abſtaine.
Who, ſince, to ſing the *Pythian* rites is heard,
Did learne them firſt, and once a Maſter fear'd.
But, now, it is enough to ſay; I make
An admirable Verſe. The great Scurfe take
Him that is laſt, I ſcorne to come behind,
Or, of the things, that ne're came in my mind
To ſay, I'm ignorant. Juſt as a Crier
That to the ſale of Wares calls every Buyer;
So doth the Poet, who is rich in land,
Or great in money's out at uſe, command
His flatterers to their gaine. But ſay, he can
Make a great Supper; or for ſome poore man
Will be a ſuretie; or can helpe him out
Of an entangling ſuit; and bring 't about:
I wonder how this happie man ſhould know,
Whether his ſoothing friend ſpeake truth, or no.
But you, my *Piſo*, carefully beware,
(Whether yo' are given to, or giver are.)
You doe not bring, to judge your Verſes, one,
With joy of what is given him, over-gone:
For hee'll cry, *Good, brave, better, excellent!*
Looke pale, diſtill a ſhowre (was never meant)
Out at his friendly eyes, leape, beat the groun'.
As thoſe that hir'd to weepe at Funeralls, ſwoune,
Cry, and doe more then the true Mourners: ſo
The Scoffer, the true Praiſer doth out-goe.
Rich men are ſaid with many cups to plie,
And rack, with Wine, the man whom they would try,
If of their friendſhip he be worthy, or no:
When you write Verſes, with your judge do ſo:
Looke through him, and be ſure, you take not mocks
For praiſes, where the mind conceales a foxe.
If to *Quintilius*, you recited ought:
Hee'd ſay, Mend this, good friend, and this; 'T is naught.
If you denied, you had no better ſtraine,
And twice, or thrice had 'ſſayd it, ſtill in vaine:
Hee'd bid, blot all: and to the anvile bring
Thoſe ill-torn'd Verſes, to new hammering.
Then: If your fault you rather had defend
Then change. No word, or worke, more would he ſpend
In vaine, but you, and yours, you ſhould love ſtill
Alone, without a rivall, by his will.

Vir bonus & prudens, versus reprehendis inertes,
Culpabit duros, incomptis allinet atrum
Transverso calamo signum, ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta, parum claris lucem dare coget:
Arguet ambiguè dictum, mutanda notabit:
Fiet Aristarchus, *nec dicet, Cur ego amicum*
Offendam in nugis? hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala, semel derisum, exceptumq; sinistrè.
Ut mala quam scabies, aut morbus regius urget,
Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana,
Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntq; Poetam
Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautiq; sequuntur.
Hic, dum sublimeis versus ructatur, & errat,
Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
In puteum, foveámve, licet succurrite longum
Clamet Iò *cives, non sit qui tollere curet.*
Si quis curet opem ferre, & demittere funem,
Quî scis, an prudens huc se dejecerit, atq;
Servari nolit? dicam, Siculiq; *Poetæ*
Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, *ardentem frigidus Ætnam*
Insiluit. Sit jus, liceatq; perire Poetis.
Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.
Nec semel hoc fecit: nec si retractus erit, jam
Fiet homo: & ponet famosæ mortis amorem.
Nec satis apparet, cur versus factitet: utrum
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
Moverit incestus: certè furit, ac, velut ursus,
Objectos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros
Indoctum, doctumq; fugat recitator acerbus.
Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occidit q; legendo,
Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

FINIS.

A wise, and honest man will cry out shame
On artlesse Verse; the hard ones he will blame;
Blot out the careless, with his turned pen;
Cut off superfluous ornaments, and when
They're darke, bid cleare this: all that's doubtfull wrote
Reprove; and, what is to be changed, note:
Become an *Aristarchus*. And, not say,
Why should I grieve my friend, this trifling way?
These trifles into serious mischiefes lead
The man once mock'd, and suffer'd wrong to tread.
Wise, sober folke, a frantick *Poet* feare,
And shun to touch him, as a man that were
Infected with the leprosie, or had
The yellow Jaundies, or were furious mad
According to the Moone. But, then the boyes
They vexe, and follow him with shouts, and noise,
The while he belcheth loftie Verses out,
And stalketh, like a Fowler, round about,
Busie to catch a Black-bird; if he fall
Into a pit, or hole; although he call,
And cry aloud, Helpe gentle Countrey-men,
There's none will take the care, to helpe him then;
For, if one should, and with a rope make haste
To let it downe, who knowes, if he did cast
Himselfe there purposely, or no; and would
Not thence be sav'd, although indeed he could:
I'le tell you but the death, and the disease
Of the Sicilian Poët *Empedocles*,
Hee, while he labour'd to be thought a God
Immortall, tooke a melancholique, odde
Conceipt, and into burning *Aetna* leap'd.
Let Poëts perish, that will not be kept.
Hee that preserves a man, against his will,
Doth the same thing with him, that would him kill.
Nor did he doe this once; for if you can
Recall him yet, hee 'ld be no more a man:
Or love of this so famous death lay by.
His cause of making Verses none knowes why
Whether he pis's'd upon his Fathers grave;
Or the sad thunder-stroken thing he have
Defiled, touch'd; but certaine he was mad,
And, as a Beare, if he the strength but had
To force the grates, that hold him in, would fright
All; So this grievous Writer puts to flight
Learn'd and unlearn'd; holding, whom once he takes;
And, there an end of him, reciting makes:
Not letting goe his hold, where he drawes food,
Till he drop off, a Horse-leech, full of blood.

FINIS.

A wile, and bouell man will cry out shame.
Omarkable Verse; the hard once he will blame;
Blot out the carelesse with his mended pen;
Cut off superfluous ornaments, and when
They're dubious, bid clear this: that's dull: All wrote
Reprove, and will it to be changed note:
Become an Aristarchus. And, more
Why should I grieve my friend this trifling way?
There rules two sorts of unskilfull men
The man once reprehended, and ill wrong to tread.

While, sober sitting, a matter doth endite,
And loves to touch that, as unwrought, or light
Is taxed: or like a poole, or base
The yellow lunatic, or wrathfull mad
According to the Moone. But, the shepherds
They wary, and follow him with hopes, and scowle
The while he plots in lofty Verse his vowes
And flatterth, like a Fowler, round about;
But once catch a Buck, and he is full
Into a pit, or hole: although he break,
And cry aloud, help, gentle Countrey-men,
There, none will take the pains to help him then,
For, if one should, and with a rope make haste
To let down one, who knows, if he did cast
Himselfe there purposely too, and would
Not rather be ta'n, although undescried he could:
Tell you but this death, and it reached
Of the Sicilian Poet Empedocles.
He, while he thinks to be held for God
Immortall, took a melancholique vaine
Conceipt, and into Aetna leap'd.
Let Poets freely, there will not be kept.
Her that preserves a man, against his will,
Doth the same thing with him, that would kill him still.
Nor did he do this once, for it can
Recall him yet, but to no more man:
Or love or dire to him was ever by.
His cause of making Verse, none knowes why
Whether he pis'd upon his Father's grave,
Or the fed thunder had struck his cave
Defiled, reach'd, but certain he was mad,
And, as a Bear, if he the fence broke had
Of nets, the gates, that hold him in, would fight
All, with his grievous Wit, ere pass to flight
Learn'd and unlearn'd, holding, if once he takes,
And, there an end of all reciting makes:
Not letting goe his hold, where he scents food,
Till he drop off a Bloudy-eech, full of blood.

FINIS.

THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

MADE BY

BEN. IOHNSON.

For the benefit of all Strangers, out of his obſervation of the Engliſh Language now ſpoken, and in uſe.

Conſuetudo, certiſſima loquendi Magiſtra, utendumq́ planè ſermone, vt nummo, cui publica forma eſt. Quinct.

Printed M.DC.XI.

THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

Non obstant hæ disciplinæ per illas euntibus sed circa illas hærentibus. Quinct.

Major adhuc restat labor, sed sanè sit cum veniâ, si gratiâ carebit: Boni enim artificis partes sunt, quàm paucissima possit omittere.

Scalig. lib. 1. c. 25.

Nec enim optimi artificis est, omnia persequi.

Gallenus.

Expedire Grammatico, etiam, si quædam nesciat.

Quinctil.

THE PREFACE.

THe profit of *Grammar* is great to Strangers, who are to live in communion, and commerce with us; and, it is honourable to our ſelves. For, by it we communicate all our labours, ſtudies, profits, without an Interpreter.

Wee free our Language from the opinion of Rudeneſſe, and Barbariſme, wherewith it is miſtaken to be diſeas'd; We ſhew the Copie of it, and Matchableneſſe, with other tongues; we ripen the wits of our owne Children, and Youth ſooner by it, and advance their knowledge.

Confuſion of Language, *a Curſe.*
Experience *breedeth* Art: *Lacke* of Experience, Chance.

Experience, Obſervation, Senſe, Induction, are the fower Tryers of Arts. It is ridiculous to teach any thing for undoubted Truth, that Senſe, and Experience, can confute. So *Zeno* diſputing of *Quies*, was confuted by *Diogenes*, riſing up and walking.

In Grammer, not ſo much the Invention, as the Diſpoſition is to be commended: Yet we muſt remember, that the moſt excellent creatures are not ever borne perfect; to leave Beares, and Whelps, and other failings of Nature.

Iul. Cæsar Scaliger. *de caus. ling. Lat.*
Grammatici unus finis est rectè loqui. Neq; necesse habet scribere. Accidit enim Scriptura voci, neq; aliter scribere debemus, quàm loquamur.

Ramus *in definit. pag.* 30.
Grammatica est ars bene loquendi.

(b) *Veteres, ut* Varro, Cicero, Quinctilianus, *Etymologiam in notatione vocum statuère.*

(c) *Dictionis natura prior est, posterior orationis. Ex usu veterum Latinorum,* Vox, *pro dictione scriptâ accipitur: quoniam vox esse possit. Est articulata, quæ scripto excipi, atq; exprimi valeat: inarticulata, quæ non. Articulata vox dicitur, quâ genus humanum utitur distinctim, à cæteris animalibus, quæ muta vocantur: non, quòd sonum non edant; sed quia soni eorum nullis exprimantur propriè Literarum notis.*

Smithus *de rectâ, & amend. L. Latin. script.*

(d) *Syllaba est elementum sub accentu.* Scalig. lib. 2.

(e) *Litera est pars dictionis indivisibilis. Nam, quamquam sunt literæ quædam duplices, una tamen tantùm litera est, sibi quæq; sonum unum certum servans.* Scalig.

Et Smithus, *ibid. Litera pars minima vocis articulatæ.*

(f) *Natura literæ tribus modis intelligitur;* nomine, *quo pronunciatur;* potestate, *quâ valet;* figurâ, *quâ scribitur. At potestas est sonus ille, quo pronunciari, quem etiam figura debet imitari; ut his Prosodiam, Orthographia sequatur.* Asper.

(g) *Prosodia autem, & Orthographia partes non sunt; sed, ut sanguis, & spiritus per corpus universum fusæ.* Scal. *ut suprà.* Ramus, *pag.* 31.

(h) *Litera, à lineando; undè, linere, lineaturæ, literæ, & lituræ. Neq; enim à lituris literæ quia delerentur; priùs enim factæ, quàm deletæ sunt. At formæ potiùs, atq; ἰδέας rationem, quàm interitûs, habeamus.* Scal. ibid.

(i) *Litera genus quoddam est, cujus species primariæ duæ,* vocalis, & Consonans, *quarum natura, & constitutio non potest percipi, nisi priùs cognoscantur differentiæ formales, quibus factum est, ut inter se non convenirent.* Scal. ibid.

Literæ differentia generica est potestas, quam nimis rudi consilio veteres, Accidens appellarunt. Est enim forma quædam ipse flexus in voce, quasi in materiâ, propter quem flexum fit; ut vocalis per se possit pronunciari: Muta, non possit. Figura autem est accidens ab arte institutum; potestq; attributa mutari. Iul. Cæs. Scal. ibidèm. *De vi, ac potestate literarum tum accuratè scripsèrunt Antiqui, quàm de quâvis aliâ suæ professionis parte. Elaborârunt in hoc argumento Varro, Priscianus, Appion, ille, qui cymbalum dicebatur mundi: & inter rhetores non postremi judicii, Dionysius Halicarnassæus, Caius quoq; Cæsar, & Octavius Augustus.* Smith, ibid.

(l) *Literæ, quæ per seipsas possint pronunciari, vocales sunt; quæ non, nisi cum aliis, consonantes.*

Vocalium nomina simplici sono, nec differente, á potestate proferantur.

Consonantes, additis vocalibus, quibusdam præpositis; aliis postpositis.

(m) *Ex consonantibus, quorum nomen incipit à Consonante, Mutæ sunt; quarum à vocali, semivocales: Mutas non indè appellatas, quòd parùm sonarent, Sed quòd nihil.*

(n) *Omnes*

Chapter I.

Of Grammar, and the Parts.

(a) *Grammar* is the art of true, and well ſpeaking a Language: the writing is but an Accident.

The parts of Grammar are

(b) *Etymologie*, *Syntaxe*, } which is { the true notation of words. / the right ordering of them.

(c) A *Word*, is a part of ſpeech, or note, whereby a thing is knowne, or called: and conſiſteth of one, or more *Syllabes*.

(d) A *Syllabe* is a perfect ſound in a word, and conſiſteth of one, or more *Letters*.

(e) A *Letter* is an indiviſible part of a *Syllabe*, (f) whoſe *Proſody*, or right ſounding is perceiv'd by the power, the *Orthography*, or right writing by the forme.

(g) *Proſodie*, and *Orthography*, are not parts of *Grammar*, but diffus'd, like the blood, and ſpirits through the whole.

Chapter II.

(h) *Of* Letters, *and their powers.*

IN our Language we uſe theſe twentie, and foure *Letters*. A.B.C.D. E.F.G.H.I.K.L.M.N.O.P.Q.R.S.T.V.W.X.Y.Z. a.b.c.d.e.f.g. h.i.k.l.m.n.o.p.q.r.s.t.v.w.x.y.z. The great *Letters* ſerve to begin Sentences, with us, to lead proper names, and expreſſe numbers. The leſſe make the fabricke of ſpeech.

Our numerall Letters *are*,

I.		1.
V.		5.
X.		10.
L.	for	50.
C.		100.
D.		500.
M.		1000.

(i) All *Letters* are either *Vowells*, or *Conſonants*: and, (k) are principally knowne by their powers. The *Figure* is an Accident.

(l) A *Vowell* will be pronounced by it ſelfe: A *Conſonant*, not without the helpe of a *Vowell*, either before, or after.

The received Vowells *in our tongue, are*

a. e. i. o. u.

Conſonants be either *Mutes*, and cloſe the ſound, as *b.c.d.g.k.p.q.t.* Or, *Halfe Vowells*, and open it, as *f.l.m.n.r.s.x.z.*

H. Is rarely other then an *aſpiration* in power, though a *Letter* in forme.

W. and *Y.* have ſhifting, and uncertaine ſeates, as ſhall bee ſhowne in their places.

Chap. III.

Of the Vowels.

ALL our (n) *Vowels* are founded doubtfully. In quantitie, (which is Time) long, or short. Or, in accent, (which is Tune) sharp, or, flat. Long in these words, and their like:

Debāting. congēling. expiring. oppōsing. endūring.

Short, in these: *Stomăching. severing. vanquishing. ransoming. picturing.*

Sharpe, in these: *Hâte. mête. bîte. nôte. pûle.*

Flat, in these: *Hàt. mèt. bìt. nòt. pùl.*

(o) *A*,

With us, in most words is pronounced lesse, then the *French a*, as in,

art. act. apple. ancient.

This shews that in Jonsons time they said ancient as in antique, and not ancient, as we now sound the word ancient.

But, when it comes before *l.* in the end of a Syllabe, it obtaineth the full French (p) sound, and is utter'd with the mouth, and throat wide open'd, the tongue bent backe from the teeth, as in

al. smal. gal. fal. tal. cal.

So in the Syllables, where a *Consonant* followeth the *l.* as in

Salt. malt. balme. calme.

(q) *E*,

Is pronounced with a meane opening the mouth, the tongue turn'd to the inner roofe of the palate, and softly striking the upper great teeth. It is a Letter of divers note and use: and either soundeth, or is silent. When it is the last letter, and soundeth, the sound is sharp, as in the *French é*. Example in *mé. sé. agrê. jé. shé.* in all, saving the Article, *thè.*

Where it endeth, and soundeth obscure, and faintly, it serves as an accent, to produce the *Vowell* preceding: as in *máde. stéme. stripe. óre. cúre.* which else would sound, *màd. stèm. strìp. òr. cùr.*

It altereth the power of *c. g. s.* so plac'd, as in *hence*, which else would sound *henc. Swinge*, to make it differ from *swing. Use*, to distinguish it from *us.*

It is meere silent in words, where *l.* is coupled with a *Consonant* in the end; as *Whistle. gristle. bristle. fickle. thimble*, &c.

Or after *v Consonant*, or double *ſſ.* as in

love. glove. move. redresse. crosse. losse.

Where it endeth a former Syllable, it soundeth longish, but flat: as in

dérive. prépare. résolve.

Except in *Derivatives*, or Compounds of the sharp *e*, and then it answers the *primitive*, or *simple* in the first sound; as

Agreeing, of *agrée: fore-seeing*, of *fore-see: being*, of *bee.*

Where it endeth a last Syllable, with one, or mo *Consonants* after it, it either soundeth flat, and full: as in *Descent. intent. amend. offend. rest. best.* Or, it passeth away obscur'd, like the faint *i.* as in these,

Written. gotten. open. saieth divel, &c.

(r) Which two letters *e.* and *i.* have such a neerenesse in our tongue, as often times they enterchange places: as in

enduce, for *induce: endite*, for *indite: her*, for *hir.*

(s) Is

(n) *Omnes Vocales ancipites sunt (i.e.) modò longa, modò breves: eadem tamen modo semper depicta, (nam scriptura est imitatio sermonis, ut pictura corporis. Scriptio vocum pictura.* (Smithus) *& eadem sono pronunciata. Nisi, quòd vocalis longa bis tantum temporis in effando vetinet, quàm brevis. Ita vetè cecinit ille de Vocalibus.*

Temporis unius brevis est, ut longa duorum.

A,

(o) *Littera hujus sonus est omnium Gentium ferè communis. Nomen autem, & figura multis nationibus est diversa.* Scalig. & Ramus.
Dionysius *ait* a. *esse* ὑφωνότατον *ex plenitudine vocis.*

(p) Teren. Maurus.

A, prima locum littera sic ab ore sumit,
Immunia, rictu paula, tenêque labra;
Linguamq; necesse est ità pandulam reduci,
Ut nisus in illam valeat subire vocis,
Nec partibus ullis aliquos ferire dentes.

(q) E,

Triplicem differentiam habet: primam, mediocris rictus: secundam, linguæ, eamq; duplicem; alteram, interioris, nempè ipsius flexæ ad interius cœlum palati; alteram genuinos prementis. Tertia est labri inferioris.

Ramus, lib. 2.

Duas primas Terentianus notavit;
tertiam tacuit.

Terentianus 1.

E, quæ sequitur, vocula dissona est priori: quia deprimit altum modico tenore rictum, & remotos premit hinc, & hinc molares.

(r) *Apud Latinos,* e. *latiùs sonat in Adverbio* benè, *quàm in Adverbio* herè: *hujus enim posteriorem vocalem exiliùs pronunciabant; ità, ut etiàm in maximè exilem sonum transierit* herì. *Id, quod latiùs in multis quoq; patet: Ut ab* Eo, *verbo, deductum,* ire: iis, *&* eis: Diis, *&* Deis: Febrem, febrim: Turrem, turrim: Priore, *&* priori. Ram. *&* Scalig.
Est propter hanc vicinitatem (ait Quinct.) e. *quoq; loco* i. *fuit: ut* Menerva. leber. Magester: *pro* Minerva, liber, Magister.

(s) I. *por-*

(s) I.

Porrigit ictum genuino propè ad ipsos
Minimumq; renidet supero tenus labello.

Terent.

L. *Vocalis sonos habet tres: suum, exilem, alterum, huiusce proximum, ipsi* o, *& tertium, obscuriorem ipsius* u, *inter quæ duo Y græca vocalis sonus continetur: ut non inconsultò Victorinus ambiguum illam quam adducimus vocem, per* Y *scribendam esse putârit,* Optimus.

Scalig.

Ante Consonantem I. *semper est Vocalis.*

(t) *Ante Vocalem ejusdem syllabæ Consonans.*

(u) *Apud Hebræos* I. *perpetuò Consonans, ut apud Græcos Vocalis.*
(w) *Ut in* Giacente. Giesù. Gioconda. Giustitia.

O.

(x) O *Pronunciatur rotundo ore, linguâ ad radices* Hypogloſſis *reductâ.* ὁ μικρον, *&* ὠ μέγα, *unicâ tantùm notâ, sono differenti.*
(y) *Profertur, ut* ω.
(z) *Ut* oo. *vel* ou. *Gallicum.*

Una quoniam sat habitum est notare forma,
Pro temporibus quæ gremium ministret usum.
Igitur sonitum reddere voles minori,
Retrorsùs adactam modicè teneto linguam,
Rictu neq; magno sat erit patere labra,
At longior alto tragicum sub oris antro
Molita, rotundis acuit sonum labellis.

Terent.

Differentiam o. *parvi valdè distinctam* Franci *tenent: sed scripturâ valdè confundunt.* O, *scribunt perindè ut proferunt. At* ω *scribunt modò per* au. *modò per* ao. *quæ sonum talem minimè sonant, qui simplici, & rotundo motu oris proferri debet.*

(a) *Quanta sit affinitas* (o.) *cum* (u.) *ex Quinct. Plinio, Papyriano notum est. Quid enim* o. *&* u. *permutatæ invicèm, ut* Hecobe. *&* Notrix, Culchides, *&* Pulixena, *scriberentur? sic noſtri præceptores,* Cervom, Servomq; u. *&* o. *litteris scripsêrunt; Sic* dedêront, probaveront, *Romanis olim fuêre.* Quinct. lib. 1.

Deniq; o. *teste Plinio, apud Priscianum aliquot Italiæ Civitates non habebant; sed loco ejus ponebant* u. *& maximè Umbri, & Tusci. Atq;* u. *contrà, teste apud eundem Papyriano, multis Italiæ populis, in usu non erat; sed utebantur* o. *unde Romanorum quoq; vetustissimi in multis dictionibus, loco ejus* o. *posuêrunt: ut poblicum, pro publicum; polcrum, pro pulcrum; colpam, pro culpam.*

Quam

(s) I,

Is of a narrower ſound then *e*, and uttered with a leſſe opening of the mouth; the tongue brought backe to the palate, and ſtriking the teeth next the cheeke-teeth.

It is a *Letter* of a double power.

As a *Vowell* in the former, or ſingle Syllabes, it hath ſometimes the ſharpe accent; as in

bínding. mínding. pining. whining. wiving. thriving. míne. thíne.

Or, all words of one Syllabe qualified by *e*. But, the flat in more, as in theſe, *bill. bitter. giddy. little. incident.* and the like.

In the Derivatives of ſharpe Primitives, it keepeth the ſound, though it deliver over the Primitive *Conſonant* to the next Syllabe; as in

divi-ning. requi-ring. repi-ning.

For, a *Conſonant* falling betweene two *Vowells* in the word, will bee ſpell'd with the latter. In Syllabes, and words, compos'd of the ſame *Elements*, it varieth the ſound, now ſharpe, now flat: as in

gíve, gìve. alíve, líve. drive, drìven. tìtle, títle.

But theſe, uſe of ſpeaking, and acquaintance in reading, will teach, rather then rule.

(t) *I.* in the other power is meerely another Letter, and would aske to enjoy an other *Character*. For, where it leads the ſounding *Vowell*, and beginneth the Syllabe, it is ever a *Conſonant*: as in

Fames. John. jeſt. jump. conjurer. perjur'd.

And before *Dipthongs*: as *Fay. joy. juyce.* as, having the force of the *Hebrewes* (u) *Fod*, and the *Italians* (w) *Gi.*

O,

(x) Is pronounced with a round mouth, the tongue drawne back to the root: and is a Letter of much change, and uncertaintie with us.

In the long time it naturally ſoundeth ſharp, and high: as in

(y) *chóſen. hóſen. hóly. fólly.*
ópen. óver. nóte. thróte.

In the ſhort time more flat, and a kin to *u*. as

(z) *còſen. dòſen. mòther.*
bròther. lòve. pròve.

So they pronounced this as I believe the Scotch now do— Pruy it

In the *Dipthong*, ſometimes it ſoundeth out: as

óught. fought. nought.
wróught. mów. sów.

But oftner upon the *u*: as in *sòund. bòund. how. now. thou. cow.*

In the laſt *Syllabes* before *n*. and *w*. it frequently looſeth: as in

persòn. actìon. willow. billow.

It holds up, and is ſharpe, when it ends the word, or Syllabe: as in

gó. fró. só. nó.

except in *tò*, the Prepoſition. *Twò*, the numerall. *Dò*, the *Verbe*, and the compounds of it; as *undò*: and the Derivatives; as *Doing.*

It varieth the ſound in Syllabes of the ſame *Character*, and proportion: as in

ſhòve. ſhóve. glòve. gróve.

Which double ſound it hath from the *Latine*: as

(a) *Voltus, vultus. vultis, voltis.*

V,

(*b*) Is founded with a narrower, and meane compaſſe, and ſome depreſſion of the middle of the tongue, and is like our *i*. a letter of a double power. As a *Vowell* it ſoundeth thin and ſharpe, as in *uſe*; thicke and flat, as in *us*.

It never endeth any word for the nakednesſe, but yeeldeth to the termination of the *Diphthong ew*, as in *new, trew, knew*, &c. or the qualifying *e*. as in *ſue. due*; and the like.

(*c*) When it leadeth a ſounding *Vowell* in the Syllabe, it is a *Conſonant*: as in *ſave. reve. prove. love.* &c.

Which double force is not the unſtedfaſtneſſe of our tongue, or incertaintie of our writing, but falne upon us from the *Latine*.

W,

(*d*) Is but the *V*. geminated in the full ſound, and though it have the ſeate of a *Conſonant* with us, the power is alwayes *Vowelliſh*, even where it leades the *Vowell* in any Syllabe: as if you marke it, pronounce the two *uu*. like *ʊ*. quicke in paſſage, and theſe words:

ʊ-ine. ʊ-ant. ʊ-ood. ʊ-aſt. ſʊ-ing. ſg-am.

Will ſound, *Wine. want wood. waſt. ſwing. ſwam.*

So put the aſpiration afore, and theſe words:

hʊ-at. hʊ-ich. hʊ-eele. hg-ether.

Will be *What. which. wheele. whether.*

In the *Dipthongs* there will be no doubt: as in *draw. ſtraw. ſow. know.*

Nor in *Derivatives*: as *knowing. ſowing. drawing.*

Whether the double *w*. is of neceſſitie uſed, rather then the ſingle *u*. leſt it might alter the ſound, and be pronounced *knoving. ſoving. draving.* As in *ſaving. having.*

Y,

Is alſo meere *Vowelliſh* in our tongue, and hath only the power of an *i*. even where it obtaines the Seat of a *Conſonant*: as in *Young. Younker.*

Which the *Dutch*, whoſe Primitive it is, write *Iunk. Iunker.*

And ſo might we write

Iouth. ies. ioke. ionder. iard. ielke.

Youth. yes. yoke. yonder. yard. yelke.

But that we chooſe *y*. to diſtinguiſh from *j*. *Conſonant*.

In the *Dipthong* it ſounds alwayes *i*. as in

may. ſay. way. joy. toy. they.

And in the ends of words: as in

deny. reply. defy. cry.

Which ſometimes are written by *i*. but qualified by *e*.

But where two *i.i*. are ſounded, the firſt will be ever a *y*. as in Derivatives:

denying. replying. defying.

(*f*) Only in the words received by us from the *Greeke*, as *Syllabe, Tyran*, and the like, it keepes the ſound of the thin, and ſharpe *u*. in ſome proportion; And this we had to ſay of the *Vowells*.

CHAP.

V,

Quam ſcribere Graius, *niſi jungas* Y. *nequibit*
Hanc edere vocem quoties paramus ore,
Nitamur ut U. *dicere ſic citetur ortus,*
Productiùs autem coëuntibus labellis
Natura ſoni preſſi altiùs meabit. Terentian.

Et alibi.

Græca diphthongus υ, *literis tamen noſtris vacat,*
Sola vocalis quod u. *complet hunc ſatis ſonum.*

Ut in titulis, fabulis Terentii *præpoſitis. Græca* Menandru: *Græca* Apollodoru, *pro* Μενάνδρου, & Ἀπολλοδώρου, *& quidem, ne quis de poteſtate vocalis hujus addubitare poſſit, etiàm à mutis animalibus teſtimonium* Plautus *nobis exhibuit è Periculo* Menechmi. ME. *Egon' dedi?* Pe. *tu, tu, inquam, vin' afferri noctuam,*
Quæ tu, tu, uſq; dicat tibi: nam nos, jàm nos defeſſi ſumus.

Ergò ut ovium balatus ητα *literæ ſonum: ſic noctuarum cantus, & cuculi apud Ariſtophanem ſonum hujus vocalis vindicabit. Nam, quando* u. *liqueſcit, ut in* quis, *&* ſanguis *habet ſonum communem cum* Y *græcâ, χ' ἔπειθ' ὁ κόκκυξ ἅπαξ κόκκυ. Et quando* Coccyx *dixerit* Coccy.

(c) *Conſonans ut* u. *Gallicum, vel Digamma profertur*
Hanc & modo quam diximus J. *ſimul jugatas*
Verum eſt ſpacium ſumere, vimq; Conſonantium,
Ut quæque tamen conſtiterit loco priore:
Nam ſi juga *quis nominet,* J. *conſona fiet.* Terent. *Versâ vice ſit prior* V. *ſequatur illa, ut in* vide.

W,

(d) *Ut Itali proferunt* Edoardo *in* Edouardo, *&* Galli, ou-y. Suävis, ſuädeo, *etiam Latini, ut* ſu-avis, &c. *At quid attinet duplicare, quod ſimplex queat ſufficere? Proindè* W. *pro copiâ Characterum non reprehendo, pro novâ literâ certè non agnoſco. Veteresq;* Anglo-Saxones *pro eâ, quando nos* W. *ſolemus uti, figuram iſtius modi* p. *ſolebant conſcribere, qua non multùm differt ab eâ, quâ & hodiè utimur* v. *ſimplici, dum verbum inchoet.*

Smithus *de rect. & amend. L. A. Script.*

(f) *Siquidem eandem pro* v. *græco retinet: certè aliam, quam* i. *omni in loco reddere debebat ſonum.*

(g) *Nobis*

B

(g) *Nobis cum* Latinis *communis.* Smith.

Nam muta jubet comprimi labella,
Vocalis at intùs locus excitum ministrat. Terent.

B. *Labris per ſpiritus impetum recluſis edicimus.* Mart. cap.

C

(h) *Litera* Androgyne, *naturâ nec mas, nec fœmina, & utrumq; eſt neutrum. Monſtrum literæ, non litera; Ignorantiæ ſpecimen, non artis.* Smithus.

Quomodo nunc utimur vulgò, aut nullas, aut nimias habet vires: nam, modò k. *ſonat, modò* s. *At ſi litera ſit à* k. *&* s. *diverſa, ſuum debet habere ſonum. Sed neſcio quod monſtrum, aut Empuſa ſit, quæ modò mas, modò fœmina, modò ſerpens, modò cornix, appareat; & per ejuſmodi impoſturas, pro ſuo arbitrio, tam* s. *quàm* k. *exigat ædibus, & fundis ſuis: ut jure poſſint hæ duæ literæ contendere cum* c. *per edictum, unde vi: Nec dubito quin, ubi ſit Prætor æquus facilè* c. *cadet cauſſa.*

(i) *Apud* Latinos c. *eandem habuit formam, & Characterem; quem* Σίγμα *apud* Græcos *veteres.*

An hæc fuit occaſio, quòd ignorantia, confuſioq; eundem, quod imperitos dederit ſonum C. *quem* S. *nolo affirmare.*

(k) *Vetuſtæ illius* Anglo-Saxonicæ *linguæ, & ſcriptionis peritiores contendunt, apud illos atavos noſtros* Anglo-Saxones, C. *literam, maximè ante* e. *&* i. *eum habuiſſe ſonum, quem, & pro tenui τῶ* Chi. *ſono agnoſcimus: &* Itali, *maximè* Hetruſci, *ante* e. *&* i. *hodie uſurpant.* Idem ibidem.

(l) C. *molaribus ſuper linguæ extrema appulſis exprimitur.*

Mart. Cap.

Terentianus.

C. *preſſiùs urget; ſed, & hinc, hincq; remittit,*
Quo vocis adhærens ſonus explicetur ore.

D.

D *Appulſu linguæ circa dentes ſuperiores innaſcitur.*

Terentianus.

(m) *At portio dentes quotiens ſuprema linguæ*
Pulſaverit imos, modiceq; curva ſummas
Tunc D. *ſonitum perficit, explicatq; vocem.*

F.

(n) *Litera à græcâ* φ. *recedit lenis, & hebes ſonus.*

Idem.

(o) Vau *conſona* Varrone, *& Dydimo, teſtibus, nominata eſt* Ϝ. *figura à* Claudio Cæſare *facta etiam eſt. Vis ejus, & poteſtas eſt eadem, quæ Digamma Æolici, ſt oſtendit Terentianus in* V. *conſona.*

V. *vade, veni, refer; teneto vultum:*
Creviſſe ſonum perſpicis, & coiſſe craſſum,
Unde Æoliis litera fingitur Digammos.

H. *quaſi* ↄ. *contrarium* F. *quæ ſonat* φ.

Spiritus

Chap. III.
Of the Consonants.

B.

HAth the same sound with us, as it hath with the *Latine*, alwayes one, and is utter'd with (g) closing of the lips.

C

Is a letter, which our Fore-fathers might very well have spar'd in our tongue: but since it hath obtained place, both in our Writing, and Language, we are not now to quarrell *Orthographie*, or *Custome*, but to note the powers.

Before *a. u.* and *o.* it plainly sounds *k. Chi.* or *Kappa.* as in
cable. coble. cudgell.

Or before the *Liquids. l.* and *r.* as in
clod. crust.

Or, when it ends a former Syllabe before a *Consonant*: as in
acquaintance. acknowledgement. action.

In all which it sounds strong.

(*i*) Before *e.* and *i.* it hath a weake sound, and hisseth, like *s.* as in
certaine. center. civill. citizen. whence.

Or, before the *Dipthongs*: as in
cease. deceive.

(*k*) Among the *English-Saxons* it obtain'd the weaker force *Chi.* or the *Italians* C. as in
Capel. canc. cild. cyrce.

Which were pronounced
Chapel. chance. child. church.

(*l*) It is sounded with the top of the tongue, striking the upper teeth, and rebounding against the Palate.

D

Hath the same sound, both before, and after a *Vowell* with us, as it hath with the *Latines*: and is pronounc'd softly, (*m*) the tongue a little affecting the teeth, but the nether teeth most.

F

Is a Letter of two forces with us: and in them both sounded with the nether-lip rounded, and a kind of blowing out: but gentler in the one, then the other.

The more generall sound is the softest, (*n*) and expresseth the *Greeke* φ. as in *Faith. field. feight. force.*

Where it sounds *ef.*

(*o*) The other is ϝ, or *vau.* the *Digamma* of *Claudius*: as in
cleft. of *cleave. left,* of *leave.*

The difference will best be found in the word *of.* which as a preposition sounds
ev. of. him.
As the Adverbe of Distance. } *off,* farre *off.*

(*p*) Is

G

(*p*) Is likewiſe of double force in our tongue, and is ſounded with an impreſſion made on the mid'ſt of the palate.

Before *a. o.* and *u.* ſtrong; as in theſe,

gate. got. gut.

Or, before the *Aſpriate h.* or, *Liquids l.* and *r.* as in

ghoſt. glad. grant.

Or in the ends of words: as in

long. ſong. ring. ſwing.
eg. leg. lug. dug.

Except the qualifying *e.* follow; and then the ſound is ever weake, as in

age. ſtage. hedge.
ſledge. judge. drudge.

Before *u.* the force is double: as in

guile. guide. gueſt. guiſe.

Where it ſoundeth like the *French gu.* And in

guin. guerdon. languiſh. anguiſh.

Where it ſpeakes the *Italian gu.*

Likewiſe, before *e.* and *i.* the powers are confus'd; and utter'd, now ſtrong, now weake: as in

get. geld. give. } long.
Gitterne. finger. }

In

genet. gentle. gin. } weake.
gibe. ginger. }

But this *uſe* muſt teach: the one ſound being warranted to our Letter, from the *Greeke:* the other from the *Latine* throughout.

Wee will leave *H.* in this place; and come to

K,

(*q*) Which is a Letter the *Latines* never acknowledged, but only borrow'd in the word *Kalendæ.* They uſed *qu.* for it. Wee ſound it as the *Greeke x.* and as a neceſſarie Letter it precedes, and followes all *Vowells* with us.

It goes before no *Conſonants* but *n.* as in

knave. knel. knot. &c.

And *l.* with the quiet *e.* after: as in

mickle. pickle. trickle. fickle.

Which were better written without the *c.* if that which wee have received for *Orthographie,* would yet be contented to be altered. But that is an *emendation,* rather to be wiſhed, then hoped for, after ſo long a raigne of *ill-cuſtome* amongſt us.

It followeth the *s.* in many words: as in

skape. skoure. skirt.
skirmiſh. skrape. skuller.

Which doe better ſo ſound, then if written with *c.*

L

(*r*) Is a Letter *halfe-vowelliſh:* which, though the *Italians* (eſpecially the *Florentines*) abhorre, we keepe entire with the *Latines,* and ſo pronounce.

It

G.

(p) *Spiritus cum palato.* Mart. Cap.

De sonò quidem hujus literæ satis constat: sed distinctionis causâ Characterem illi dederunt aliqui hunc 3. ut secernatur à G. Nam ut Græci *in secundâ Conjugatione tres habent literas, κ. γ. χ. tenuem, mediam, densam;* Angli *quatuor habent, ratâ proportione sibi respondentes,* ka.ga.cc.ȝ. *Illæ simplices, & apertæ; hæ stridulæ, & compressæ: illæ mediæ linguæ officio sonantur; hæ summâ linguâ ad interiores illisæ, superiorum dentium gingivas efflantur. Quodq; est* ka. *ad* ga. *idemest* ce. *ad* ȝe. Smithus, ibid.

Voces tamen pleræq;, quas Meridionales Angli *per hunc sonum* ȝ. *3. pronunciamus in fine: Boreales, per* G. *proferunt: ut in voce* Pons, *nos* briȝ: *illi* brig. *In ruptura,* brec: *illi* brek. *Maturam avem ad volandum, nos* fliȝ: *illi* flig. ibid.

Apud Latinos *proximum ipsi* C. *est* G. *Itaq;* Cneum, *&* Gneum, *dicebant: Sic* Curculionem, *&* Gurgulionem: *appulsâ enim ad palatum linguâ, modicello relicto intervallo, spiritu tota pronunciatur.*

Scal. *de caus.* L. L.

Et Terentianus.

Sic amurca, quæ vetustè sæpè per C. *scribitur,*
Esse per g. *proferendum crediderunt plurimi*
Quando ἀμοργὴ Græca *vox est; γάμμα origo præferat.*

Apud Germanos *semper profertur* γ.

K.

(q) *Cùm* Kalendæ, *Græcam habebant diductionem & sonum, κάππα Græcam sunt mutuati literam Romani, ut eas exprimerent. Et, credo tamen, fecêrunt eâ formâ, ut, &* C. *Romanum efformarent, quòd haberet adjunctum, quasi retrò bacillum, ut robur ei adderent istâ formâ* K. *nam* C. *Romanum stridulum quiddam, & molliùs sonat, quàm* K. *Græcum.*

Est & hæc litera Gallis planè supervacanea, aut certè qu. *est. Nam, qui* quæ. quod. quid. *nullâ pronunciant differentiâ, ne minimâ quidem à* ki. ke. kod. kid. *faucibus, palatoq; formatur.* Capel.

Romani in suâ seriè non habebunt.

L.

(r) *Linguâ, palatoq; dulcescit.* M. Cap.

Et sic Dionysius γλυκύτατον, *dulcissimam literam nominat.*

Qui nescit, quid sit esse Semi-vocalem, *ex nostrâ linguâ facilè poterit discere: ipsa enim litera* L *quandam, quasi* Vocalem, *in se videtur continere,*

ità

ità ut junctæ Mutæ *sine* Vocali *sonum faciat; ut*

abl. ſtabl. fabl. *&c.*

Quæ nos ſcribimus cum c. *in fine, vulgò*

able. ſtable. fable.

Sed certè illud c. *non tam ſonat hìc, quàm fuſcum illud, & ſæpiſſimum Francorum* c. *Nam nequicquàm ſonat.*

Alii hæc ſcribunt

abil. ſtabil. fabul.

Tanquam à fontibus

habilis. ſtabulis. fabula.

Verius, ſed nequicquàm proficiunt. Nam, conſideratiùs auſcultanti, nec h *nec* u. *eſt, ſed tinnitus quidam,* vocalis *naturam habens, quæ naturaliter his* liquidis *ineſt.*

M

(s) *Libris imprimitur.* M. Capella.

Mugit intùs abditum, ac cæcum ſonum. Terent.

Triplex ſonus hujus literæ M. Obſcurum, *in extremitate dictionum ſonat, ut* templum: Apertum, *in principio, ut* magnus: Mediocre, *in mediis ut* umbra *Priſc.*

(t) N

Quartæ ſonitus fingitur usq; ſub palato,
Quo ſpiritus anceps coëat naris, & oris. Terentian.
Linguâ dentibus appulsâ collidit. Mart. Capella.

Splendidiſſimo ſono in fine; & ſubtremulo pleniore in principiis; mediocri in medio. Jul. C. Scal.

(u) P

Labris ſpiritu erumpit. Mar. Cap.
Pellit ſonitum de mediis fordis labellis.
Ter. Maurus.

Q

(w) *Eſt litera mendica, ſuppoſititia, verè ſervilis, manca, & decrepita; & ſine* u. *tanquàm bacillo nihil poteſt: & cùm* u. *nihil valet ampliùs quàm* k. *Qualis, qualis eſt, hanc jam habemus, ſed ſemper cum præcedente ſuâ* u. *ancillâ ſuperbâ.* Smithus.

Namq; Q. *præmiſſâ ſemper* u. *ſimul mugit ſibi,*
Syllabam non editura, ni comes ſit tertia
Qualibet vocalis. Ter. Mau.

Diomedes *ait* Q. *eſſe compoſitam ex* c. *&* u.
Appulſu palati ore reſtricto profertur. M. Cap.

R

(x) *Vibrat tremulis ictibus aridum ſonorem.* Ter. M.
— Sonat hìc de nâre caninâ
Litera.—— Perſ. Sat. 1.

R *Spiritum, linguâ criſpante corraditur.*
M. Cap.

Dionyſius τὸ ὁμογενῶν γενναιότατον γράμμα.
è congeneribus generoſiſſimam appellavit.

S.

(y) S *promptus in ore, agiturq; ponè dentes,*
Sic lenis & unum ciet auribus ſuſurrum.

Quare

It melteth in the sounding, and is therefore call'd a *liquid*, the tongue striking the root of the palate gently.

It's seldome doubled, but where the *Vowell* sounds hard upon it: as in

bell. bell. kill.
shrill. scull. full.

And, even in these, it is rather the haste, and superfluitie of the pen, that cannot stop it selfe upon the single *l.* then any necessitie we have to use it. For, the letter should be doubled only for a following Syllabe's sake: as in

killing, beginning, begging. Swimming.

M

(*s*) Is the same with us in sound, as with the *Latines*. It is pronounc'd with a kind of humming inward, the lips clos'd. Open, and full in the beginning: obscure in the end: and meanly in the midd'st.

N

(*n*) Ringeth somewhat more in the lips and nose: the tongue striking back on the palate, and hath a threefold sound, *shrill* in the end: *full* in the beginning, and *flat* in the mid'st.

They are Letters neere of kin, both with the *Latines*, and us.

P

(*u*) Breaketh softly through the lips, and is a Letter of the same force with us, as with the *Latines*.

Q

(*w*) Is a Letter we might very well spare in our *Alphabet*, if we would but use the serviceable *k.* as he should be, and restore him to the right of reputation he had with our Fore-fathers. For, the *English-Saxons* knew not this halting *Q.* with her waiting-woman *u.* after her, but expresst

quaile. kuaile.
queſt. by kueſt.
quick kuick.
quil. kuil.

Till *custome* under the excuse of expressing enfranchis'd words with us, intreated her into our Language, in

quality, quantity,
quarel, quintescence, &c.

And hath now given her the best of *k.* possessions.

R

(*x*) Is the *Dogs* Letter, and hurreth in the sound; the tongue striking the inner palate, with a trembling about the teeth. It is sounded firme in the beginning of the words, and more *liquid* in the middle, and ends: as in

rarer. riper.

And so in the *Latine*.

S

(*j*) Is a most easie, and gentle Letter, and softly hisseth against the teeth in the prolation. It is called the *Serpents* Letter, and the chiefe of the *Consonants*. It varieth the powers much in our pronunciation, as in the beginning

beginning of words it hath the ſound of weake *s.* before *Vowells*, Diphthong, or *Conſonant*: as,

Salt. ſay. ſmall. ſell.
ſhrik ſhift. ſoft. &c.

Sometime it inclineth to *z.* as in theſe,

Muſe. uſe. roſe.
noſe. wiſe.

And the like: where the latter *Vowell* ſerves for the marke, or accent of the formers production.

So, after the *Halfe-Vowells*, or the obſcure *e.* as in

Bels. gems. wems. bwrs.
Chimes. rimes. games.

Where the *Vowell* ſits hard, it is commonly doubled.

T,

(*t*) Is ſounded with the tongue ſtriking the upper teeth, and hath one conſtant power, ſave where it precedeth ſ; and that followed by a *Vowell*, as in

Faction. action. generation. corruption.

Where it hath the force of *s.* or *c.*

X,

(*y*) Is rather an abbreviation, or way of ſhort writing with us, then a Letter. For, it hath the ſound of *k.* and *s.* It begins no word with us, that I know, but ends many: as

Ax. kex. ſix. fox. box.

Which ſound the ſame with theſe,

Backs. knacks. knocks. locks. &c.

Z,

(*z*) Is a Letter often heard amongſt us, but ſeldome ſeene: borrow'd of the *Greekes* at firſt, being the ſame with ζ. and ſoundeth a double *ſs.* with us it hath obtained another ſound; but in the end of words: as

Muſe. maze. noſe.
Hoſe. gaze. as.

Never in the beginning, ſave with ruſtick people, that have,

zed. zay. zit. zo. zome.

And the like, for

Said. ſay. ſit. ſo. ſome.

Or in the body of words indeniſon'd; as

azure. zeale. zephyre. &c.

H,

(*a*) Whether it be a Letter or no, hath beene much examined by the Ancients, and by ſome, too much, of the *Greeke* partie condemned, and throwne out of the *Alphabet*, as an *Aſpirate* meerely, and in requeſt only before *Vowells* in the beginning of words, and after *x.* where it added a ſtrong Spirit, which the *Welſh* retaine after many *Conſonants*. But, be it a Letter, or Spirit, we have great uſe of it in our tongue, both before, and after *Vowells*. And though I dare not ſay, ſhe is, (as I have heard one call her) the *Queene mother of Conſonants*: yet ſhe is the life, and quickening of them.

What

Quare non est merita, ut à Pindaro *diceretur* Σκυλοδρόμας. Dionysius *quod cùm ipsum expellit, rejicitq; ad Serpentes, maluit cuncos irritatam imitari, quàm arbores naturales susurros sequi.* Scal.

Ram. *Est* Consonantium *prima, & fortissima hæc litera, ut agnoscit* Terentianus.

Vivida est hæc inter omnes, atq; densa litera.

Sibilum facit dentibus verberatis. M. Cap.

Quotiès litera media Vocalium *longarum, vel subjecta longis esset, geminabitur; ut* Caussa. Cassus. Quintil.

T.

(x) T *quâ superis dentibus intima est origo*
Summa satis est ad sonitum ferire linguâ,
Teren.

T *appulsu linguæ, dentibusq; appulsis excuditur.*
M. Cap.

Latinè factio. actio. generatio. corruptio. vitium. otium. *&c.*

X.

(y) X *potestatem habet* cs, *&* gs. *ut*
ex. crux. *&* frux, *appareat.*
Quorum obliqui casus sunt
Crucis *&* Frugis.
Ram. in Gram. ex Varrone.

X *quicquid* c. *&* s. *formavit, exsibilat.* Capell.

Neque Latini, *neq;* Nos *illâ multùm utimur.*

Z.

(z) Z *verò idcircò* Appius Claudius *detestabatur; quòd dentes mortui, dum exprimitur, imitatur.* M. Capel.

ζ *compendium duarum literarum est* σ. δ. *in unâ notâ, &* compendium Orthographiæ, *non* Prosodiæ; *quia hîc in voce non una litera effertur, sed duæ distinguuntur. Compendium ineleganter, & fallacitèr inventum. Sonus enim, notâ illâ significatus, in unam Syllabam non perpetuò concluditur, sed dividitur, aliquando. Ut in illo* Plauti *loco:* Non Atticicissat, sed Sicilissat, *pro* ἀττικίζει, σικελίζει, *Græcis; & ubi initium facit, est* σδ. *non* σσ. *sicuti* ζεὺς, *non* σσεὺς, *sed* δσεὺς. Ram. in lib. 2.

(a) H,

Nulli dubium est, faucibus emicet quod ipsis
H litera, sive est nota, quæ spiret anhelum. Ter.
H, contractis paulùm faucibus, ventus exhalat.
Mar. Cap.

Vocalibus *aptè, sed & anteposita cunctis*
Hastas, Hederas, *quàm loquor,* Hister. Hospes. Hujus.
Solùm patitur quatuor ante Consonantes,
Græcis *quotiès nominibus* Latina *forma est,*
Si quando Choros. Phillida. Rhamnes. Thima. *dico.*

Rectè quidem in hâc parte Græcissant *nostri* Walli.

Smithus.

H. *verò* κατ' ἐξοχὴν, *aspiratio vocatur. Est enim omnium literarum spiritu-sissima, vel spiritus potiùs ipse. Nullius, aut quàm minimùm egens officii eorum, quæ modò nominavimus instrumenta literarum formandarum.*

H. *extrinsecus ascribitur* Vocalibus, *ut minimum sæpè,* Consonantibus *autem intrinsecus, ut plurimùm.*

Ch.

(b) *Omnis litera, sive vox, plus sonat ipsa sese, cùm postponitur, quàm cùm anteponitur. Quod* Vocalibus *accidens esse videtur: nec si tollatur ea, perit etiàm vis significationis: ut, si dicam* Erennius, *absq; aspiratione, quamvis vitium videar facere, intellectus tamen integer permanet.* Consonantibus *autem, si cohæret, ut ejusdem penitus substantia sit, & si auferatur, significationis vim minuat prorsùs: ut, si dicam* Cremes, *pro* Chremes. *Undè hâc consideratâ ratione,* Græcorum *doctissimi singulas fecèrunt eas quoq; literas, ut pro*

th. θ. *pro* ph. φ. *pro* chi. χ. Ram.

Gh.

(c) *Sonum illius* g. *quærant, quibus ità libet scribere: aures profectò meæ nunquam in his vocibus sonitum* ȝ. g. *poterant haurire.*

Smithus *de rect. & emend.*

Ph. & Rh.

(d) *Litera* φ. *apud* Græcos P. *aspirata.*

Sh.

(e) *Si quis error in literis ferendus est, cùm corrigi queat, nusquàm in ullo sono tolerabilior est, quàm in hoc, si scribatur* Sh. *& in* þ. *si scribatur per* th. *Nam hæ duæ quandam violentiam grandiorem spiritus in proferendo requirunt, quàm cæteræ literæ.* ibid.

Th.

(f) *Hâc literâ sive charactère, quam spinam, id est, pene, nostri Prouvi appellabant: Avi nostri, & qui proximè ante librorum impressionem vixèrunt, sunt abusi, ad omnia ea scribenda, quæ nunc magno Magistrorum errore per* th. *scribimus: ut,*

$þ^{e}.þ^{ou}.þ^{at}.þ^{em}.þ^{eese}.þ^{ick}.$

Sed ubi mollior exprimebatur sonus, supernè scribebant; ubi durior, in eodem sulco: molliorem appello illum, quem Anglo-Saxones *per* ð. *Duriorem, quem per* þ. *exprimebant. Nam illud* Saxonum ð. *respondet illi sono, quem vulgaris* Græca *lingua facit, quando pronunciant suum* δ. *aut* Hispani d. *literam suam molliorem, ut cùm veritatem,* verdad *appellant. Spina autem illa* þ. *videtur referre prorsùs* Græcorum θ. *At* th. *sonum* θ. *non rectè dat. Nam si* θ. *non esset alia deflexio vocis, nisi aspirationis addita, æquè facile fuit* Græcis τῶ. τ'. *aspirationem adjungere, quàm* τῶ. þ.

What

What her powers are before *Vowells* and *Dipthongs*, will appeare in
hal. heale. hill. hot. how. hew. hoiday. &c.
In some it is written, but sounded without power: as
host. honest. humble.
Where the *Vowell* is heard without the *Aspiration*, *ost. onest. umble.*
After the *Vowell* it sounds; as in *ah*, and *oh.*
Beside, it is coupled with divers *Consonants*, where the force varies, and is particularly to be examin'd.
Wee will begin with *Ch.*

Ch

(*b*) Hath the force of the *Greeke* χ. or κ. in many words derived from the *Greeke*: as in *Charact. Christian. Chronicle.*
Archangel. Monarch.
In meere *English* words, or fetch'd from the *Latine* the force of the *Italian* c. *Chaplaine. chast. chest. chops.*
thin. chuf. churle.

Gh

(*c*) Is only a piece of ill writing with us: if we could obtaine of *Custome* to mend it, it were not the worse for our Language, or us: for the *g.* sounds just nothing in *trough. cough.*
might. night. &c.
Only, the writer was at leisure, to adde a superfluous Letter, as there are too many in our *Pseudographie.*

Ph. & Rh

(*d*) Are used only in *Greeke* infranchis'd words: as
Philip. Physick. Rhetorick. Rhodes. &c.

Sh

(*e*) Is meerely *English*; and hath the force of the *Hebrew* ש. *shin*, or the *French ch.* as in
shake. shed. shine. show.
shrinke. rush. blush.

Th

(*f*) Hath a double, and doubtfull sound, which must be found out by use of speaking; sometimes like the *Greeke* θ. as in
thief. thing. lengthen. strengthen. loveth. &c.
In others, like their ð. or the *Spanish* d. as
this. that. then. thence.
those. bathe. bequeath.
And in this consists the greatest difficultie of our *Alphabet*, and true writing: since wee have lost the *Saxon* Characters ð. and *þ.* that distinguished the

ðe. pick.
ðou. from þin.
ðine. pred.
ðo. prive.

Wh

Hath beene inquir'd of in *w.* and this for the Letters.

Chap. V.

Of the Dipthongs.

(5) *Dipthongs* are the complexions, or couplings of *Vowells*, when the two Letters send forth a joynt sound, so as in one Syllabe both sounds be heard: as in

Ai. or *Ay.*
Aide. maide. said. pay. day. way.
Au. or *Aw.*
audience. author. aunt. law. saw. draw.
Ea.
Earle. Pearle. meate. seate. sea. flea.

To which adde *Tea*, and *plea*; and you have at one view all our words of this termination.

Ei.
sleight. streight. weight.
theirs. peint. feint.
Ew.
Few. strew. dew.
anew.
Oi. *or*, Oy.
Point. joynt. soile. koile.
joy. toy. boy.
OO.
good. food. moode. brood. &c.
Ou. *or*, Ow.
rout. stout, how.
now. bow. low.
Vi. *or*, Vy.
buye. or *buie. juice.* or *juyce.*

These nine are all I would observe: for to mention more, were but to perplexe the Reader. The *Oa.* and *Ee.* will be better supplied in our *Orthographie* by the accenting *e.* in the end: as in

bróde. lóde. côte.
bóte. quéne. séne.

Neither is the double *ee.* to be thought on, but in *derivatives*; as *trees, fees*, and the like: where it is as two Syllabes. And for *ee.* it is found but in three words in our tongue.

Yeoman. people. jeopard.

Which were truer written

Ye-man. péple. jépard.

And thus much shall suffice for the *Dipthongs*.

The *Tripthong* is of a complexion, rather to be fear'd then lov'd: and would fright the young *Grammarian* to see him. I therefore let him passe, and make haste to the *notion*.

Chapter. VI.

Of the Syllabes.

A *Syllabe* is a part of a word, that may of it ſelfe make a perfect ſound; and is ſometimes of one only letter, ſometimes of more.

Of one, as in every firſt *Vowell* in theſe words:

a. abated.
e. ecclipſed.
i. imagin'd.
o. omitted.
u. uſurped.

A *Syllabe* of more letters is made, either of *Vowells* only, or of *Conſonants* joyned with *Vowells*.

Of *Vowells* only, as the *Dipthongs*
Ai. in *Aiton. Ayding.*
Au. in *Auſtere. Audients.*
Ea. in *Eaſy. Eating.*
Ei. in *Eirie* of Hawkes.
Ew. in *Ewer.* &c. and in the
Tripthong Yea.

Of the *Vowells* mixt; ſometimes but with one *Conſonant*, as *to:* ſometimes two, as *try:* ſometimes three, as *beſt:* or foure, as *neſts:* or five, as *ſtumps:* other-while ſixe, as the latter *Syllabe* in *re-ſtraints*. At the moſt they can have but ſeven, as *ſtrengths*.

Some *Syllabes*, as

The. then. there, that.
with. and. which.

Are often compendiouſly, and ſhortly written: as

e em ere t
ȝ. ȝ. ȝ. ȝ.
th th
ꝑ. & ꝓ.

Which, whoſo liſt may uſe: but *Orthographie* commands it not. A man may forbeare it, without danger of falling into *Premunire*.

Here order would require to ſpeake of the *Quantitie* of *Syllabes*, their ſpeciall *Prerogative* among the *Latines* and *Greekes:* whereof ſo much as is conſtant, and derived from *Nature*, hath beene handled already. The other which growes by *Poſition*, and placing of letters, as yet (not through *default* of our *Tongue*, being able enough to receive it, but our owne *careleſneſſe*, being negligent to give it) is ruled by no *Art*. The principall cauſe whereof ſeemeth to be this; becauſe our *Verſes* and *Rythmes* (as it is almoſt with all other people, whoſe *Language* is ſpoken at this day) are *naturall*, and ſuch whereof *Ariſtotle* ſpeaketh, ἐκ τῆς αὐτοσχεδιαστικῆς, that is, made of a *naturall*, and *voluntarie* compoſition, without regard to the *Quantitie* of *Syllabes*.

This would aske a larger time and field, then is here given, for the examination: but ſince I am aſſigned to this Province; that it is the *lot* of my

age,

age, after thirty yeares converſation with men, to be *elementarius Senex*: I will promiſe, and obtaine ſo much of my ſelfe, as to give, in the heele of the booke, ſome ſpurre and incitement to that which I ſo reaſonably ſeeke. Not that I would have the *vulgar*, and *practis'd* way of making, aboliſh'd and abdicated, (being both ſweet and delightfull, and much taking the eare) but, to the end our *Tongue* may be made equall to thoſe of the renowned Countries, *Italy*, and *Greece*, touching this particular. And, as for the difficultie, that ſhall never withdraw, or put me off, from the Attempt: For, neither is any excellent thing done with eaſe, nor the compaſſing of this any whit to be deſpaired: Eſpecially, when *Quintilian* hath obſerv'd to me, by this *naturall Rythme*, that we have the other *Artificiall*, as it were by certaine *Markes*, and *footing*, was firſt traced, and found out. And the *Grecians* themſelves before *Homer*, as the *Romans* likewiſe before *Livius Andronicus*, had no other *Meters*. Thus much therefore ſhall ſerve to have ſpoken concerning the *Parts* of a *Word*, in a *Letter*, and a *Syllabe*.

It followeth to ſpeake of the common *affections*, which unto the *Latines*, *Greekes*, and *Hebrewes*, are two; the *Accent*, and *Notation*. And firſt

Chapter VII.

Of the Accent

The *Accent* (which unto them was a *tuning* of the voyce, in lifting it up, or letting it downe) hath not yet obtained with us any ſigne; which notwithſtanding were moſt needfull to be added; not whereſoever the force of an *Accent* lieth, but where for want of one, the word is in danger to be *miſ-tuned*: as in

abáſed. excéſſive. beſóted,
obtéine. ungódly. ſurrénder.

But the uſe of it will be ſeene much better by collation of words, that according unto the divers place of their *Accent*, are diverſly pronounc'd, and have divers ſignifications. Such are the words following, with their like; as

differ, différ. déſert, deſért. préſent, preſént.
réfuſe, refúſe. óbject, objéct. incenſe, incénſe.
cónvert, convért. tórment, torment. &c.

In originall *Nounes Adjective*, or *Subſtantive*, derived according to the rule of the writer of *Analogie*, the *Accent* is intreated to the firſt: as in

fátherlineſſe. mótherlineſſe.
péremptory. háberdaſher.

Likewiſe, in the *Adverbs*:

bróther ly. ſiſterly.

All Nounes *Diſſyllabick*, ſimple in the firſt; as

béleefe. hónor. crédit.
ſilver. súrety.

All Nounes *triſſyllabick*, in the firſt:

cóuntenance, jéopardye. &c.

All Nounes compounded in the firſt, of how many *Syllabes* ſoever they be: as *Ténnis-court-keeper. Chimney-ſweeper.*

Words

Words ſimple in *able*, draw the *Accent* to the firſt, though they be of foure *Syllabes*: as

Sociable. tolerable.

When they be compounded, they keepe the ſame *Accent*: as

insociable. intolerable.

But in the way of compariſon, it altereth thus: Some men are *ſociable*, ſome *inſociable*; ſome *tólerable*, ſome *intolerable*. For, the *Accent* ſits on the *Syllabe* that puts difference: as

ſincerity. inſincerity.

Nounes ending in *tion*, or *ſion*, are accented *in antepenultimâ*: as

condition, infúſion. &c.

In *ty*, *à Latinis*, *in antepenultimâ*: as

útility. chárity. ſimplicity.

In *ence*, *in antepenultimâ*: as

péſtilence. ábſtinence.
ſúſtenance. cónſequence.

All Verbes *diſſyllabes*, ending in *er. el. ry.* and *iſh.* accent *in prima*: as

cóver, cánnel. cárry. búry.
lévy. rávish. &c.

Verbes made of Nounes, follow the *Accent* of the Nounes: as

to blánket. to báſquet.

All Verbes comming from the *Latine*, either of the *Supine*, or otherwiſe; hold the *Accent*, as it is found in the firſt perſon preſent of thoſe *Latine* Verbes: as from

ánimo. ánimate.
célebro, célebrate.

Except words compound of *facio*: as

liquefácio, liqueſi.

And of *ſtatuo*. *conſtítuo, conſtitúte.*

All variations of Verbes hold the *Accent* in the ſame place, as the *Theme*,

I *ánimate*: thou *ánimateſt*. &c.

And thus much ſhall ſerve to have opened the fountaine of *Orthographie*. Now let us come to the *notation* of a word.

Chapter. VIII.

The Notation *of a Word.*

IS, when the originall thereof is ſought out, and conſiſteth in two things; the *Kind*, and the *Figure*.

The *Kind* is to know, whether the word bee a *Primitive*, or *Derivative*, as *Genus.*

Man. love

Are *Primitives*:

Manly. lover

Are *Derivatives*.

The *Figure* is to know, whether the word bee *ſimple*, or *compounded*; as, *Figura.*

learned. ſay

Are *ſimple*: *unlearned. gain-ſay* are *compounded*.

In

Compoſitio.

Sæpè tria coagmen: Nom.
A foot-ball-plaier.
A Tennis-court-keeper.
Sæpiſſimè duo Subſtant: ut
Hand-ker-chif. Rain-bow.
Ey-ſore. Table-napkin.
Head-ach. κεφαλαλγία.
Subſtantivum cum verbo:
Wood-bind.
Pronomen cum Subſtantivo: ut Self-love. φιλαυτία. ſelf-freedome. ἀυτονομία.
Verbum cum Subſtantivo: ut a Puff-checke. φυσιγνάθος. Draw-well. Draw-bridge.
Adjectivum cum Subſtantivo: ut
New-ton. νεάπολις.
Handi-craft. χειροσοφία.
Adverbium cum Subſtantivo: ut
Downfall.
Adverbium cum Participio: ut
Vp-riſing. Downe-lying.

In which kind of compoſition, our *Engliſh* tongue is above all other very hardy, and happy; joyning together, after a moſt eloquent manner, ſundry words of every kind of Speech: as

Mil-horſe. lip-wiſe. ſelf-love.
twy-light. there-about.
not-with-ſtanding. by-cauſe.
cut-purſe. never-the-leſſe.

Theſe are the common *affections* of a word: His divers ſorts now follow. A word is of *Number*, or *without Number*. Of *Number*, that word is termed to be, which ſignifieth a number *ſingular*, or *plurall*.

Singular, which expreſſeth one only thing: as

tree. bookes. teachers.

Againe, a word of number is *finite*, or *infinite*. *Finite*, which varieth his number with certaine ends: as

man. run. horſe.

Infinite, which varieth not: as

true. ſtrong running.

Moreover, a word of number is a *Noune*, or a *Verbe*. But, here it were fit, we did firſt number our Words, or parts of Speech, of which our Language conſiſts.

Chap. IX.

Of the Parts of Speech.

IN our *Engliſh* ſpeech, we number the ſame parts with the *Latines*.

Noune.	*Adverbe.*
Pronoune.	*Conjunction.*
Verbe.	*Præpoſition.*
Participle.	*Interjection.*

Only, we adde a ninth, which is the *Article*: And that is two-fold,

Finite. as *The.*
Infinite. as *A.*

The *finite* is ſet before *Nounes Appellatives*: as

The Horſe. *The* Tree.
The Earth. or ſpecially
The nature of the Earth.

Proper Names, and *Pronounes* refuſe *Articles*, but for *Emphaſis* ſake: as

The Henry *of* Henries.
The only *Hee* of the Towne.

Where *Hee* ſtands for a *Noune*, and ſignifies *Man*.

The *Infinite* hath a power of declaring, and deſigning uncertaine, or infinite things: as

A man. *A* houſe.

This *Article A.* anſwers to the *Germane Ein.* or the *French*, or *Italian Articles*, deriv'd from one, not *Numerall*, but *Prepoſitive*: as

A *House*. Ein *Hause*.
Un *Maison*. Una *Casa*.

The is put to both numbers, and answers to the *Dutch Article*
Der. die. das.
Save, that it admits no inflexion.

Chap. X.

Of the Noune.

ALL *Nounes* are words of *Number, Singular*, or *Plurall*.

They are { *common.* / *proper.* / *personall.* } And are all { *Substantive.* / or, / *Adjective.* }

Their Accidents are,
Gender. Case. Declension.

Of the *Genders* there are fixe. *First*, the *Masculine*, which comprehendeth all *Males*, or what is understood under a *Masculine species*: as *Angels, Men, Starres*: and (by *Prosopœia*) the *Moneth's, winds*, almost all the *Planets*. Second, the *Feminine*, which compriseth *Women*, and *femal species*: *Ilands. Countries. Cities.* 1. Masculine. 2. Feminine.

And some *Rivers* with us: as
Severne, Avon, &c.

Third, the *Neuter*, or *feined Gender*: whose notion conceives neither *Sexe*; under which are compriz'd all *inanimate* things; a *ship* excepted: of whom we say, *shee sayles well*, though the name be *Hercules*, or *Henry*, the *Prince*. As *Terence* call'd his Comedie *Eunuchus*, *per vocabulum Artis*. 3. Neuter.

Fourth, the *Promiscuous*, or *Epicene*, which understands both kindes: especially, when we cannot make the difference; as, when we call them *Horses*, and *Dogges*, in the *Masculine*, though there be *Bitches*, and *Mares* amongst them. So to *Fowles* for the most part, we use the *Feminine*, as of *Eagles, Hawkes*; we say, *shee flies well*; and call them *Geese, Ducks*, and *Doves*, which they flye at. 4. Epicene.

Fift, the *Common*, or rather *Doubtfull gender*, wee use often, and with elegance: as in 5. Doubtfull.

Cosin, Gossip, friend, Neighbour,
Enemie, Servant, Theefe, &c.

When they may be of either Sexe.

Sixt, is the *Common of three* Genders: by which a *Noune* is divided into *Substantive*, and *Adjective*. For a *Substantive* is a *Noune* of one only Gender, or (at the most) of two. And an *Adjective* is a *Noune* of three Genders, being alwayes infinite. 6. Common of three.

Chap. XI.
of the Diminution *of* Nounes.

THe common Affection of *Nounes* is *Diminution*. A *Diminutive* is a Noune, noting the *diminution* of his *Primitive*.

The *diminution* of *Subſtantives* hath theſe foure divers terminations:

Ell, part, parcell. cocke, cockrell.
Et, capon, caponet. poke, poket. Baron, Baronet.
Ock, Hill, hillock. Bull, bullock.
Ing, Gooſe, goſling. Duck, duckling.

So from the *Adjective, Deare, darling.*

Many *Diminutives* there are, which rather be abuſions of ſpeech, then any proper *Engliſh* words. And ſuch for the moſt part are *Mens*, and *Womens Names*: Names, which are ſpoken in a kind of flatterie, eſpecially among familiar friends and lovers: as

Richard, Dick. William, Will.
Margery, Madge. Mary, Mal.

Diminution of *Adjectives* is in this one end, *iſh*: as

White, Whitiſh. Greene, greeniſh.

After which manner certain *Adjectives of likeneſſe* are alſo formed from their *Subſtantives*: as

Divel, diveliſh. Theefe, theeviſh.
Coult, coultiſh. Elf, elviſh.

Some *Nounes* ſteale the forme of *Diminution*, which neither in ſignification ſhew it, nor can derive it from a Primitive: as

Gibbet. Doublet. peeviſh.

Chap. XII.
of Compariſons.

THeſe then are the *common Affections*, both of *Subſtantives*, and *Adjectives*: there follow certaine other, not generall to them both, but proper and peculiar to each one. The *proper affection* therefore of *Adjectives* is *Compariſon*; of which, after the *Poſitive*, there be two degrees reckoned, namely, the *Comparative*, and the *Superlative*.

The *Comparative* is a degree declared by the *Poſitive*, with this Adverbe *more*; as

Wiſer, more wiſe.

The *Superlative* is declared by the *Poſitive* with this Adverbe *moſt*: as

Wiſeſt, moſt wiſe.

Both which degrees are formed of the *Poſitive*: the *Comparative*, by putting to *er*: the *Superlative* by putting to *eſt*: as in theſe examples:

Learned, learneder, learnedeſt.
Simple, ſimpler, ſimpleſt.
Trew, trewer, treweſt.
Black, blacker, blackeſt.

From

From this generall rule a few ſpeciall words are excepted: as

Good. better. beſt.
Ill. worſe. worſt.
Little. leſſe. leaſt.
Much. more. moſt.

Many Words have no compariſon, as

Reverend. Puiſſant.
Victorious. Renowned.

Other have both degrees, but lacke the *Poſitive*: as *former. formoſt.* Nota. Iul. Cæſar.

Some are formed of Adverbs: as

Wiſely. wiſelier. wiſelieſt.
Juſtly. juſtlier. juſtlieſt.

Certaine *Compariſons*, forme out of themſelves: as

Leſſe. leſſer.
Worſe. worſer.

Chap. XIII.

Of the Firſt Declenſion.

And thus much concerning the *proper Affection of Adjectives*: The *proper Affection of Subſtantives* followeth: And that conſiſteth in Declining.

A *Declenſion is the varying of a Noune Subſtantive into divers terminations.* Where beſides the *Abſolute*, there is, as it were a *Genitive Caſe*, made in the Singular number by putting to *s.*

Of *Declenſions* there be two kindes: the firſt maketh the Plurall of the Singular, by adding thereunto *s.* as

Tree. Trees.
Thing. things.
Steeple. Steeples.

So with *s.* by reaſon of the neere affinitie of theſe two Letters, whereof we have ſpoken before:

Parke, Parkes. Bucke, Buckes.
Dwarfe, Dwarfes. Path, pathes.

And in this *firſt Declenſion*, the *Genitive plurall* is all one with the *plurall abſolute.*

Singular { *Father.* / *Father.* } Plur. { *Fathers.* / *Fathers.* }

Generall exceptions: Nounes ending in *z. s. ſh. g.* and *ch.* in the declining take to the genitive ſingular *i.* and to the plurall *e.* as

Sing. { *Prince,* / *Princes.* } Plur. { *Princes.* / *Princes.* }

So, *roſe. buſh. age. breech.* &c. Which diſtinctions, not obſerved, brought in firſt the monſtrous Syntaxe of the *Pronoune, his*, joyning with a Noune, betokening a *Poſſeſſor*, as, the *Prince* his *houſe*, for, the *Princes houſe.*

Many words ending in *Dipthongs*, or *Vowells*, take neither *z.* nor *s.* but only change their *Dipthongs* or *Vowells*, retaining their laſt *Conſonant*: as

Mouſe. Mice, or *Meece.*
Louſe. Lyce, or *Leece.*
Gooſe, Geese. Foot, Feet.
Tooth. Teeth.

Exception of number: Some Nounes of the *firſt Declenſion* lacke the *Plurall*: as

Reſt. Gold. Silver. Bread.

Other the *Singular*: as

Riches. Goods.

Many being in their principall ſignification *Adjectives* are here declined, and in the *Plurall* ſtand in ſtead of *Subſtantives*: as

Other, others. One, ones.
Hundred, hundreds. Thouſand, thouſands.
Neceſſarie, neceſſaries: and ſuch like.

Chapter XIIII.

Of the ſecond Declenſion.

The *ſecond Declenſion* formeth the *Plurall* from the *Singular*, by putting to *s*. which notwithſtanding it have not ſo many Nounes, as hath the former, yet lacketh not his difficultie, by reaſon of ſundry exceptions, that cannot eaſily be reduced to one generall head. Of this former are,

Oxe, Oxen. Hoſe, Hoſen.

Exceptions. *Man*, and *Woman*, by a contraction make *men* and *women*, or *wemen*, in ſtead of *manen* and *womenen*. *Cow*, makes *Kine*, or *keene*: *Brother*, for *Bretheren*, hath *Brithren*, and *Brethern*. *Child* formeth the plurall by adding *r*. beſides the root; for we ſay not *childen*, which according to the Rule given before, is the right formation; but *childern*, becauſe that ſound is more pleaſant to the eares.

Here the genitive plurall is made by adding *s*. unto the Abſolute: as

Sing. { *childe* / *childes.* } Plur. { *childern.* / *childerns.* }

Exceptions from both Declenſions: Some Nounes have the plurall of both Declenſions: as

Houſe. houſes. houſen.
Eye. eyes. eyen.
Shoo. ſhooes. ſhooen.

Chapter. XV.

Of Pronounes.

A Few irregular Nounes, varying from the generall precepts, are commonly termed *Pronounes*: whereof the firſt foure in ſtead of the Genitive have an Accuſative caſe: as.

I.

I. *Me.* } Plur. { *We. Thou.* / *Us. Thee.* } Plur. { *You.* or *Yee.*

Hee. ſhee. That. All three make in the Plurall, *They. Them.*

Foure *Poſſeſsives*: *My*, or *Myne*. Plurall: *Our, ours. Thy, thine.* Plurall, *Your, yours. His, Hers*, both in the plurall making, *Their, theirs*: As many *Demonſtratives*. *This*, plurall, *Theſe*. *That*, plurall *Thoſe*: *yonne*, or *yonder* ſame.

Three *Interrogatives*, whereof one requiring both Genitive, and Acculative, and taken for a Subſtantive: *who? whoſe? whom?* The other two *Infinite*, and Adjectively uſed, *what. whether.*

Two *Articles* in gender, and number infinite, which the *Latines* lacke: *A. The.*

One *Relative*, *which*: One other ſignifying a Reciprocation, *ſelf*. pl. *ſelves*. Compoſition of *Pronounes* is more common:

My-ſelf. our-ſelves.
Thy-ſelf. your-ſelves.
Him-ſelf.
Her-ſelf. } Plurall: *Them-ſelves.*
It-ſelf.

This-ſame, that-ſame. yonne-ſame, yonder-ſame, ſelf-ſame.

Chap. XVI.

Of a Verbe.

Hitherto we have declared the whole *Etymologie* of Nounes: which in eaſineſſe, and ſhortneſſe, is much to be preferred before the *Latines*, and the *Grecians*. It remaineth with like brevitie, if it may be, to proſecute the *Etymologie* of a *Verbe*. A *Verbe* is a word of number, which hath both *Tyme*, and *Perſon*. *Tyme* is the differenee of a *Verbe*, by the *preſent*, *paſt*, and *future*, or to come. A *Verbe finite* therefore hath three only *Tymes*, and thoſe alwayes *imperfect*.

The firſt is the *preſent*: as

Amo, *Love.*

The ſecond is the *Tyme paſt*: as

Amabam, *loved.*

The third is the *Future*: as

Ama, *amato*: *Love*, *love.*

The other *Tymes* both *imperfect*: as

Amem, *amarem*, *amabo.*

And alſo *perfect*: as

Amavi, *amaverim*, *amaveram*,
Amaviſſem, *amavero.*

Wee uſe to expreſſe by a *Syntaxe*, as ſhall be ſeene in the proper place.

The *future* is made of the *preſent*, and is the ſame alwayes with it.

Of this *future* ariſeth a *Verbe infinite*, keeping the ſame termination:

as likewiſe of the *preſent*, and the *Tyme paſt*, are formed the *Participle preſent* by adding of *ing*: as

Love, loving.

The other is all one with the *Tyme paſt*.

The *Paſsive* is expreſſed by a *Syntaxe*, like the *tymes* going before, as hereafter ſhall appeare.

A *Perſon* is the ſpeciall difference of a *verball* number, whereof the *preſent*, and the *Tyme paſt*, have in every number three.

The ſecond, and third perſon ſingular of the preſent are made of the firſt, by adding *eſt*, and *eth*; which laſt is ſometime ſhortned into *z.* or *s.*

The *tyme paſt* is varied, by adding in like manner in the ſecond *perſon* ſingular *eſt*: and making the third like unto the firſt.

The *future* hath but only two *perſons*; the ſecond, and the third, ending both alike.

The *perſons* Plurall, keepe the termination of the firſt *perſon* Singular. In former times, till about the reigne of King *Henry* the eighth, they were wont to be formed, by adding *en*: thus,

Loven. ſayen. complainen.

But now (whatſoever is the cauſe) it hath quite growne out of uſe, and that other ſo generally prevailed, that I dare not preſume to ſet this a-foot againe. Albeit, (to tell you my opinion) I am perſwaded, that the lacke hereof well conſidered, will be found a great blemiſh to our tongue. For, ſeeing *time*, and *perſon* be, as it were, the right, and left hand of a *Verbe*; what can the mayming bring elſe, but a lameneſſe to the whole body?

And by reaſon of theſe two differences, a *Verbe* is divided two manner of wayes. Firſt, in reſpect of *perſons*, it is called *perſonall*, or *impersonall*. *Perſonall*, which is varied by three perſons: as

Love, loveſt, loveth.

Impersonall, which onely hath the third *perſon*: as

behoveth. yrketh.

Secondly, in conſideration of the *times*, we terme it *active*, or *neuter*: *Active*, whoſe Participle paſt may be joyned with the Verbe *am*: as,

I am loved. Thou art hated.

Neuter, which cannot be ſo coupled: as

Pertaine. Dye. Live.

This therefore is the generall forming of a *Verbe*, which muſt to every ſpeciall one hereafter be applied.

Chap. XVII.

Of the firſt Conjugation.

The varying of a *Verbe* by *perſons*, and *times*, both *finite*, and *infinite*, is termed a *Conjugation*. Whereof there bee two ſorts. The firſt fetcheth the *time paſt* from the *preſent*, by adding *ed*: and is thus varyed

Pr.	*Love, loveſt, loveth.*	Pl.	*Love, love, love.*
Pa.	*Loved, loved'ſt, loved.*	Pl.	*Loved, loved, loved.*
Fu.	*Love, love.*	Pl.	*Love, love.*

Inf. *Love.*
Part. pr. *Loving.*
Part. paſt. *Loved.*

Verbes are oft-times ſhortned: as

Sayeſt, ſeſt. would, wond.
ſhould, ſhond. holpe, hope.

But, this is more common in the leaving out of *e.* as

Loved'ſt, for *lovedeſt.*
Rubbed, rub'd. tookeſt, took'ſt.

Exception of the *time-paſt,* for *ed.* have *t.* as

Licked, lick't. leaved, left.
Gaped, gap't. Bluſhed, bluſh't.

Where *Verbes* ending with *d.* for avoyding the concourſe of two many Conſonants, doe caſt it away: as

Lend, lent. Spend, ſpent. Gyrd, gyrt.

Make by a rare contraction is here turned into *Made.* Many *Verbes* in the *time paſt* vary not at all from the *preſent:* ſuch are

Caſt. hurt. coſt. burſt. &c.

Chap. XVIII.

Of the ſecond Conjugation.

And ſo much for the *firſt Conjugation,* being indeed the moſt uſuall forming of a *Verbe,* and thereby alſo the common Inne to lodge every ſtrange, and forraine gueſt. That which followeth for any thing, I can find (though I have with ſome diligence ſearched after it,) intertaineth none, but naturall, and home-borne words, which though in number they be not many, a hundred and twenty, or thereabouts; yet in variation are ſo divers, and uncertaine, that they need much the ſtampe of ſome good *Logick,* to beat them into proportion. We have ſet downe that, that in our judgement agreeth beſt with reaſon, and good order. Which, notwithſtanding, if it ſeeme to any to be too rough hewed, let him plane it out more ſmoothly, and I ſhall not only not envy it, but, in the behalfe of my Countrey, moſt heartily thanke him for ſo great a benefit; hoping that I ſhall be thought ſufficiently to have done my part, if in towling this Bell, I may draw others to a deeper conſideration of the matter: for touching my ſelfe, I muſt needs confeſſe, that after much painfull churning, this only would come, which here we have deviſed.

The *ſecond Conjugation* therefore turneth the *preſent* into the *time paſt,* by the only change of his Letters, namely of *Vowells* alone, or *Conſonants* alſo.

Verbes changing *Vowells* only, have no certaine termination of the *Participle paſt,* but derive it as well from the *preſent,* as the *time paſt,* and that otherwhile differing from either, as the examples following do declare.

The change of *Vowells* is, either of *ſimple Vowells,* or of *Dipthongs;* whereof the firſt goeth by the order of *Vowells,* which we alſo will obſerve.

An *a.* is turned into *oo.*

Preſ-

Preſ.	*Shake, ſhakeſt, ſhaketh.*	Plur. *Shake, ſhake, ſhake.*
Paſt.	*Shooke, ſhookeſt, ſhooke.*	Pl. *Shooke, ſhooke, ſhooke.*
Fut.	*Shake, ſhake.*	Plur. *Shake, ſhake.*
Inf.	*Shake.*	
Part. pre.	*Shaking.*	
Part. pa.	*Shaken.*	

This forme doe the *Verbes, take, wake, forſake*, and *hang*, follow, but *hang*, in the *time paſt* maketh *hung*; not, *hangen*.

Hereof the *Verb, am*, is a ſpeciall exception, being thus varyed:

Pr. *Am, art, is.* Pl. *are, are, are*; or, *Be, be, be*, of the unuſed word, *Bee, beëſt, beëth*, in the ſingular.

Paſt. *Was, waſt, was.* or, *Were, wert, were.* Pl. *Were, were, were.*

Fut. *Be, be.* Plur. *Be, be.*

Inf. *Be.*

Part. pr. *Being.*

Part. paſt. *Bene.*

Ea. maketh firſt *e.* ſhort:

Pr. *Leade.* *Paſt. Ledde.* Part. pa. *Ledde.*

The reſt of the *times* and *perſons*, both ſingular, and plurall in this, and the other *Verbs* that follow, becauſe they jumpe with the former examples, and rules, in every point, we have choſen rather to omit, then to thruſt in needleſſe words.

Such are the *Verbs, eate, beate*, (both making *Participles paſt*: beſides *ette*, and *bette*; *eaten*, and *beaten*) *ſpread, ſhead, dreade, ſweate, ſhreade, treade.*

Then *a*, or *o*. indifferently;

Pr. *Breake.*
Paſt. *Brake*, or *broke.*
Par. pa. *Broke*, or *broken.*

Hither belong, *ſpeake, ſweare, teare, cleave, weare, ſteale, beare, ſheare, weave.* So, *gett*, and *helpe*: but *halpe*, is ſeldome uſed, ſave with the Poëts.

i. is changed into *a.*

Pr. *give.*
Paſt. *gave.*
Par. pa. *given.*

So, *bid*, and *ſit.*

And here ſometimes *i.* is turned into *a.* and *o.* both.

Pr. *Winne.*
Paſt. *Wanne*, or *Wonne.*
Par. pa. *Wonne.*

Of this ſort are *ſling, ring, wring, ſing, ſting, ſtick, ſpinne, ſtrick, drinke, ſinke, ſpring, begin, ſtinke, ſhrinke, ſwing, ſwimme.*

Secondly, long *i.* into *e.*

Pr. *reede.*
Pa. *read.*
Par. pa. *read.*

Alſo *feed, meet, breed, bleed, ſpeed.*

Then into *o.*

Pr. *Seeth.*
Pa. *ſodde.*
Par. pa. *ſodde*, or *ſodden.*

Laſtly,

Lastly, it makes, *aw*:

Pr. *see.*
Pa. *saw.*
Par.Pa. *seene.*

O. hath *a.*

Pr. *come.*
Pa. *came.*
Par. Pa. *come.*

And here it may besides keepe his proper *Vowell.*

Pr. *runne.*
Pa. *ranne*, or *runne.*
Par.pa. *runne.*

oo. maketh *o.*

Pr. *chooſe.*
Pa. *choſe.*
Par.pa. *choſen.*

And one more, *ſhoote*, *ſhotte*, in the *Participle.*
paſt. *ſhott*, or *ſhotten.*

Some pronounce the *Verbs* by the *Dipthong*, *ew. chewſe*, *ſhewte*, and that is *Scottiſh*-like.

Chap. XIX.

Of the third Conjugation.

THe change of *Dipthongs* is of *ai.* and *y.* or *aw* .and *ow.* All which are changed into *ew.*

ai. Pr. *Slay.* Pa. *ſlew.* Par.pa. *ſlaine.*

y. Pr. *Fly.* Pa. *flew.* Par.pa. *flyne*, or *flowne.*

aw. Pr. *draw.* Pa. *drew.* Par.pa. *drawne.*

ow. Pr. *know.* Pa. *knew.* Par.pa. *knowne.*

This forme commeth oftener, then the three former: *ſnow*, *grow*, *throw*, *blow*, *crow.*

Secondly, *y.* is particularly turned, ſometimes into the Vowells *i.* and *o.*

i. Pr. *Byte.* Pa. *Bitte.* Par. pa. *Bitte*, or *bitten.*

Likewiſe, *hyde*, *quyte*, *chyde*, *ſtride*, *ſlyde.*

o. Pr. *Hyght.* Pa. *Hoght.* Par.pa. *Hoght.*

So, *Shine, strive, thrive.*

And, as *Y.* severally frameth either; so may it joyntly have them both:

Pr. *Ryse.*
Past. *Rise*, or *rose.*
Par.pa. *Rise*, or *risen.*

To this kind pertaine: *Smyte, wryte, byde, ryde, clyme, dryve, clyve.*

Sometimes, into the *Dipthongs*, *ai*, and *ou.*

ai. Pr. *Lye.* Pa. *lay.* Par.pa. *lyne*, or *layne.*

ou. Pr. *Fynd.* Pa. *found.* Par.pa. *found.*

So, *bynde, grynde, wynde, fyght.*

Last of all; *aw*, and *ow*; doe both make *e.*

aw. Pr. *Fall.* Past. *fell.* Par.pa. *fallen.*

Such is the *Verbe, fraught*: which *Chaucer* in the *Man of Lawes tale*:

This Merchants have done, freight their ships new.

ou. Pr. *Howld.* Pa. *Held.* Par.pa. *Held*, or *howlden.*

Exceptions of the *Time past.*

Some that are of the *first Conjugation*, only have in the *Participle past*, besides their owne, the forme of the second, and the third: as

Hew, hewed, and *hewne.*
Mow, mowed, and *mowen.*
Load, loaded, and *loaden.*

Chap. XX.

Of the fourth Conjugation.

Verbs that convey the Time *past* for the *present*, by the change both of Vowells and Consonants, following the terminations of the first Conjugation, end in *d.* or *t.*

Pr. *Stand.*
Pa. *Stood.*

Such are these words,

Pr. *Wolle. wolt. wolle.*
Pa. *wolde*, or *woulde. wouldest, would.*
Fut. *wolle. woll.*

The *infinite* Times are not used:

Pr. *Can, canst, can.*
Pa. * *Colde*, or *could.*

Pr. *Sholle. sholt. sholl.*
Pa. *Sholde*, or *shoulde.*

* An old English word, for which now we commonly use, *shall*, or *should.*

The other Times of either *Verbe* are lacking.

Pr. { *Heare.*
Pa. { *Heard.*

Pr. { *Sell.*
Pa. { *Sold.*
So, *Tell, told.*

Of the other sort are these, and such like:

Pr. { *Feele.*
Pa. { *felt.*
So, *creepe, sleepe, weepe, keepe, sweepe, meene.*

Pr. { *Teach.*
Pa. { *Taught.*

To this forme belong: *thinke, retch, seake, reach, catch, bring, worke,* and *buy,* and *owe,* which make, *bought,* and *ought.*

Pr. { *Dare, dareſt, dare.*
Pa. { *Durſt, durſt, durſt.*

Pr. { *May, mayſt, may.*
Pa. { *Might, mighteſt, might.*

These two *Verbs* want the other Times.

A generall exception from the former Conjugations. Certaine *Verbs* have the forme of either Conjugation: as

Hang, hanged, and *hung.*
Reach, reach't, and *rought.*
So, *cleave, sheare, sting, clyme, cetch,* &c.

Chap. XXI.
Of Adverbes.

THus much shall suffice for the *Etymologie* of *Words,* that have number, both in a *Noune,* and a *Verbe:* whereof the former is but short, and easie: the other longer, and wrapped with a great deale more difficultie. Let us now proceed to the *Etymologie* of words without number.

A *Word* without number is that, which without his principall signification noteth not any number. Whereof there be two kindes, an *Adverbe,* and a *Conjunction.*

An *Adverb* is a word without number, that is joyned to another word: as

Well-learned.
Hee fighteth valiantly.
Hee disputeth very subtilely.

So that an *Adverbe* is as it were an *Adjective* of *Nounes, Verbes;* yea, and *Adverbs* also themselves.

Adverbs are either of *Quantitie,* or *Qualitie.* Of *Quantitie:* as

Enough. too-much. altogether.

Adverbs of *Qualitie* be of divers sorts:
First of *Number:* as *Once. twice. thrice.*
Secondly, of *Time:* as *To day. yesterday. then.*
By, and by. ever. when.
Thirdly of *Place:* as *Here. there. where. yonder.*

Fourthly, in affirmation, or negation: as

I. yes. indeed. no. not. nay.

Fiftly, in wishing, calling, and exhorting: wishing, as

O. Yf.

Calling; as, *Ho. sirrah.* Exhorting: as *so, so. there, there.*

Sixtly in similitude, and likenesse: as

So. even so. Likewise, even as.

To this place pertaine *Adverbs* of *qualitie* whatsoever, being formed from Nounes, for the most part, by adding *ly*: as

Just, justly. True, truly.

Strong, strongly. Name, namely.

Here also *Adjectives*, as well *positive*, as *compared* stand for *Adverbs*:

When he least weeneth, soonest shall he fall.

Interjections, commonly so termed, are in right *Adverbs*, and therefore may justly lay title to this roome. Such are these, that follow, with their like: as

Ah. alas. wo. fie. tush. ha, ha, he.

St. a note of silence. *Rr.* that serveth to set dogges together by the eares. *Hrr*, to chase birds away.

Prepositions are also a peculiar kind of *Adverbs*, and ought to be referred hither. *Prepositions* are separable, or inseparable. *Separable* are for the most part of *Time*, and *Place*: as

Among. according. without.

Afore. after. before. behind.

Under. upon. beneath. over.

Against. besides. neere.

Inseparable Prepositions are they, which signifie nothing, if they be not compounded with some other word: as.

re. un. in *Release. unlearned.*

Chap. XXII.

Of Conjunctions.

A *Conjunction* is a word without number, knitting divers speeches together: and is *declaring*, or *reasoning*. *Declaring*, which uttereth the parts of a Sentence: And that againe is *gathering*, or *separating*. *Gathering*, whereby the parts are affirmed to be true together, which is *coupling*, or *conditioning*. *Coupling*, when the parts are severally affirmed: as

And. also. neither.

Conditioning, by which the part following dependeth, as true, upon the part going before; as *If. unlesse. except.*

A *separating conjunction* is that, whereby the parts (as being not true together) are separated; and is

Severing,

or,

sundring.

Severing, when the parts are separated only in a certaine respect, or reason: as *But. although. notwithstanding.*

Sundring,

Sundring, when the parts are ſeparated indeed, and truly, ſo as more then one cannot be true: as

Either. whither. or.

Reaſoning Conjunctions are thoſe which conclude one of the parts by the other, whereof ſome render a reaſon; and ſome doe inferre.

Rendring are ſuch, as yeeld the cauſe of a thing going before: as

For. becauſe.

Inferring, by which a thing that commeth after, is concluded by the former: as

Therefore. Wherefore.
So that. inſomuch that.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE, OF THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

Of Syntaxe.

CHAP. I.

Of Apostrophus.

AS yet we have handled *Etymologie*, and all the parts thereof. Let us come to the consideration of the *Syntaxe*.

Syntaxe is the second part of *Grammar*, that teacheth the Construction of words; whereunto *Apostrophus*, an affection of words coupled, and joyned together, doth belong.

The Latines and Hebrewes have none.

Apostrophus is the rejecting of a Vowell from the beginning, or ending of a Word. The note whereof, though it many times, through the negligence of Writers and Printers, is quite omitted, yet by right should, and of the learneder sort hath his signe and marke, which is such a *Semicircle* ' placed in the top.

In the end a Vowell may be cast away, when the word next following beginneth with another: as

Th' outward man decayeth:
So th' inward man getteth strength.
If ye' utter such words of pure love, and friendship,
What then may wee looke for, if ye' once begin to hate?

Gower. lib. 1. de confess. Amant.

If thou' art of his company, tell forth, my sonne.
It is time to' awake from sleepe.

Vowells suffer also this *Apostrophus* before the Consonant *h*.

Chaucer in the 3. Booke of *Troilus*.

For of Fortunes sharpe adversitie,
The worst kind of infortune is this:
A man to' have beene in prosperitie,
And it to remember when it passed is.

The first kind then is common with the *Greekes*; but that which followeth, is proper to us, which though it bee not of any, that I know, either

either in Writing, or Printing, usually expreſs'd: Yet considering that in our common ſpeech, nothing is more familiar, (upon the which all Precepts are grounded, and to the which they ought to be referred) who can justly blame me, if, as neere as I can, I follow Natures call.

This rejecting therefore, is both in Vowells, and Conſonants, going before,

Gower, lib. 4. *There is no fire, there is no ſparke,*
There is no dore, which may charke.

Who answered, that he was not privy to it, and in excuſe ſeem'd to be very ſore diſpleaſed with the matter, that his men of Warre had done it without his commandement, or conſent.

Chap. II.

Of the Syntaxe *of one* Noune *with another.*

Syntaxe appertaineth, both to words of number, and without number, where the want, and ſuperfluity of any part of ſpeech are two generall, and common exceptions. Of the former kind of *Syntaxe* is that of a Noune, and Verbe.

The *Syntaxe* of a Noune, with a Noune, is in *number*, and *gender*: as

Eſau *could not obtaine his fathers bleſſing, though* he *ſought it with teares.*

Jeſabel *was a wicked woman, for* ſhe *ſlew the Lords Prophets.*

An Idol is no god, for it *is made with hands.*

In all theſe examples yee ſee *Eſau*, and *hee*; *Jezabel*, and *ſhee*; *Idol*, and *it*; to agree in the ſingular number. The firſt example alſo in the Maſculine *gender*: the ſecond in the *Feminine*: the third, in the *Neuter*. And in this Conſtruction (as alſo throughout the whole Engliſh *Syntaxe*) order, and the placing of words is one eſpeciall thing to be obſerved. So that when a Subſtantive, and an Adjective, are immediatly joyned together, the Adjective muſt goe before: as

Plato *ſhut Poets out of his Common-wealth, as effeminate Writers, unprofitable members, and enemies to vertue.*

When two Subſtantives come together, whereof one is the name of a *Poſſeſſor*, the other of a thing *poſſeſſed*, then hath the name of a *Poſſeſſor* the former place, and that in the *Genitive*:

All mans righteouſneſſe is like a defiled cloth.

Gower. lib. 1. *An Owle flieth by night,*
Out of all other birds ſight.

But if the thing *poſſeſs'd* goe before, then doth the Preposition *of*, come betweene:

Ignorance is the mother of errour.

Gower. lib.

So that it proveth well therefore
The ſtrength of man is ſone lore.

Which

Which Prepoſition may be coupled with the thing *poſſeſſed*, being in the *Genitive*.

Nom. in Arſan.

A road made into Scanderbech's *Countrey by the Duke of* Myſia's *men*; *for the Dukes men of* Myſia.

Here the *abſolute* ſerveth ſometimes in ſtead of a *Genitive*:

All trouble is light, which is endured for righteouſneſſe ſake.

Otherwiſe, two Subſtantives are joyned together by appoſition; Sir *Thomas More in King Richards Storie: George Duke of Clarence, was a Prince at all points fortunate.* Where it both be the names of *Poſſeſſors*, the latter ſhall be in the *Genitive*.

Foxe *in the* 2. *Volume of Acts and Monuments*:

King Henry *the Eight, married with the Lady* Katherine *his Brother, Prince* Arthurs *wife.*

The generall exceptions:

The Subſtantive is often lacking: *Sir Thomas More.*

Sometime without ſmall things, greater cannot ſtand.

Chaucer. *For ſome folke woll be wonne for riches,*
And ſome folke for ſtrokes, and ſome folke for gentleneſſe.

Likewiſe the *Adjective*:

It is hard in proſperitie to preſerve true Religion, true godlineſſe, and true humilitie.

Lidgate, lib. 8. ſpeaking of *Conſtantine*,

That whilome had the divination
As chiefe Monarch, chiefe Prince, and chiefe Preſident
Over all the world, from Eaſt to Occident.

In *Greek*, and *Latine* this want were barbarous: the *Hebrewes* notwithſtanding uſe it.

But the more notable lacke of the *Adjectives* is in the want of the *relative*;

In the things, which we leaſt miſtruſt, the greateſt danger doth often lurke.

Gower, lib. 2.

For thy the wiſe-men ne demen
The things after that their they ſemen.
But, after that, which they know, and finde.

Pſ. 118. 22. *The ſtone, the builders refuſed.* for, *which the builders refuſed.*

And here beſides the common wanting of a Subſtantive, whereof we ſpake before, there is another more ſpeciall, and proper to the Abſolute, and the *Genitive*.

Chaucer in the 3. booke of *Fame*.

This is the mother of tydings,
As the Sea is mother of Wells, and is mother of Springs.

Rebecca *clothed* Jacob *with garments of his brothers*

Superfluity alſo of Nounes is much uſed:

Sir Tho: More, *whoſe death King* Edward (*although he commanded it*) *when he wiſt it was done, pitiouſly bewailed it, and ſorrowfully repented it.*

Chaucer *in his Prologue to the Man of Lawes tale.*

Such law, as a man yeveth another wight,
He ſhould himſelf uſen it by right.

Gower

Gower, l. 1. *For, whoso woll another blame,*
Hee seeketh oft his owne shame.

Speciall exceptions, and first of *Number*. Two Singulars are put for our Plurall:

All Authority, *and* Custome *of men, exalted against the word of God, must yeeld* themselves *prisoners.*

Gower. *In thine aspect are* all *alich,*
The poore man, *and eke the* rich.

The second Person plurall is for reverence sake to one singular thing:

Gower, lib. 1. *O good* Father *deare,*
Why make ye *this heavie cheare.*

Where also after a *Verbe* plurall, the singular of the Noune is reteined: *I know* you are *a discreet, and faithfull* man, *and therefore am come to aske* your advice.

Exceptions of *Genders*.

The Articles *hee*, and *it*, are used in each others *Gender*.

Sir Tho. More. *The south wind sometime swelleth of* himselfe *before a tempest.*

Gower of the earth.

And for thy men it *delve, and ditch,*
And earen it, *with strength of plough:*
Where it *hath of himselfe enough,*
So that his *need is least.*

It, also followeth for the *Feminine*: Gower, lib. 4.

He swore it should nought be let,
That, if she have a daughter bore,
That it *ne should be forlore.*

Chap. III.

Of the Syntaxe *of a* Pronoune *with a* Noune.

The Articles *a.* and *the*, are joyned to Substantives common never to proper names of men: *William Lambert* in *the* Perambulation of Kent.

The *cause only, and not* the *death maketh* a *Martyr.*

Yet, with a proper name used by a *Metaphor*, or borrowed manner of speech, both Articles may be coupled:

Who so avoucheth the manifest, and knowne truth, ought not therefore to be called a *Goliah, that is a monster, and impudent fellow, as he was.*

Jewell *against* Harding:

You have adventured your selfe to be the *noble* David, *to conquer this Giant.*

Nort. in Arsan. *And if ever it were necessarie, now it is, when many* an Athanasius, *many* an Atticus, *many* a *noble Prince, and godly Personage lyeth prostrate at your feet for succour.*

Where this *Metaphor* is expounded. So, when the proper name is used to note ones parentage, which kind of Nounes the *Grammarians* call *Patronimicks*: Nort. in *Gabriells* Oration to *Scanderbech.*

For you know well enough the wiles of the *Ottomans.*
Perkin Warbeck, a *stranger borne, fained himselfe to be* a *Plantaginet.*

When a Substantive, and an Adjective are joyned together, these Articles are put before the Adjective:

A *good conscience is* a *continuall feast.*

Gower, lib. 1. *For false semblant hath evermore*
Of his counsell in companie,
The *darke untrue Hypocrisie.*

Which Construction in the Article, *A*, notwithstanding some Adjectives will not admit:

Sir *Tho: More. Such* a *Serpent is ambition, and desire of vain-glory.*
Chaucer. *Under* a *Shepheard false, and negligent,*
The Wolfe hath many a *Sheepe, and Lamb to rent.*

Moreover, both these Articles are joyned to any cases of the *Latines*, the Vocative only excepted: as,

A *man saith.* The *strength of* a *man.*
I sent to a *man. I hurt* a *man.*
I was sued by a *man.*

Likewise, the *Apostle testifieth:* The *zeale of* the *Apostle; Give eare to* the *Apostle: Follow* the *Apostle: Depart not from* the *Apostle.*

So that in these two Pronounes the whole Construction almost of the *Latines* is contained. *The*, agreeth to any number: *A*, only to the singular, save when it is joyned with those Adjectives, which doe of necessitie require a Plurall:

The *Conscience is* a *thousand witnesses.*
Lidgate, lib. 1.
Though for a *season they sit in high cheares,*
Their fame shall fade within a *few yeares.*

A, goeth before words beginning with Consonants, and before all Vowells, (*Dipthongs*, whose first letter is *y.* or *w.* excepted) it is turn'd into *An:*

Sir Tho: More:
For men use to write an *evill turne in marble stone; but* a *good turne they write in the dust.*

Gower, lib. 1.
For all shall dye; and all shall passe
As well a *Lyon, as* an *Asse.*

So may it be also before *h.*
Sir Tho: More. *What mischiefe worketh the proud enterprize of* an *high heart.*

A, hath also the force of governing before a Noune:

Sir Tho. More:
And the Protector had layd to her for manner sake, that she was a Councell *with the Lord* Hastings *to destroy him.*

Chaucer, 2. booke of *Troylus:*
And on his way fast homeward he sped,
And Troylus *he found alone in bed.*

Likewise,

Likewiſe, before the Participle preſent, *An*, hath the force of a *Gerund*: Nott. in Arſan.

But there is ſome great tempeſt a brewing towards us.

A Lidgate, lib. 7.

The King was ſlaine, and ye did aſſent
In a Forreſt an *hunting, when that he went.*

The Article, *The*, joyned with the Adjective of a Noune proper may follow, after the Subſtantive:

Chaucer. —— *Their Chaunticleer* the *faire*
Was wont, and eke his Wives to repaire.

Otherwiſe it varieth from the common Rule. Againe, this Article by a *Synecdoche* doth reſtraine a generall, and common name to ſome certaine and ſpeciall one:

Gower in his Prologue:

The Apoſtle *writeth unto us all,*
And ſaith, that upon us his fall,
Th' end of the world. for Paul.

So by the *Philoſopher*, *Ariſtotle*. By the *Poet*, among the *Grecians*, *Homer*: with the *Latines*, *Virgill*, is underſtood.

This, and *that*, being Demonſtratives; and *what*, the Interrogative, are taken for Subſtantives:

Sir *John Cheeke*, in his Oration to the Rebells:

Ye riſe for Religion: What *Religion taught you* that?

Chaucer, in the reves tale:

And this *is very ſooth, as I you tell.*

Aſcham, in his Diſcourſe of the Affaires of *Germanie*. A wonderfull folly in a great man himſelfe, and ſome peece of miſerie in a whole Common-wealth, where fooles chiefly, and flatterers, may ſpeake freely *what* they will; and good men ſhall commonly be ſhent, if they ſpeake *what* they ſhould.

What, alſo for an Adverbe of *Partition*:

Lambert. *But now, in our memorie, what* by decay of the haven, and *what* by overthrow of *Religious Houſes*, and loſſe of *Calice*, it is brought in manner to miſerable nakedneſſe, and decay.

In th' other tongues, *quid, ti*, have not the force of partition, not *illud cæteris*, of a Relative.

Chaucer. 3. booke of *Troilus*:

Then wot I well, ſhee might never faile
For to beene holpen, what *at your inſtance?*
What *at your other friends governance.*

That, is uſed for a *Relative*:

Sir, *John Cheeke*. *Sedition is an Apoſteame*, which, when it breaketh inwardly, putteth the State in great danger of Recovery; and corrupteth the whole Common-wealth, with the rotten furie, *that* it hath putrefied with. For, *with which*

They, and *thoſe*, are ſometimes taken, as it were, for Articles:

Fox, 2. Volume of *Acts*:

That no kind of diſquietneſſe ſhould be procured againſt them *of Bern, and Zurick.*

Gower, lib. 2.

My brother hath us all ſold
To them *of Rome.*—

The *Pronoune*, *These*, hath a rare use being taken for an Adjective of similitude: *It is, neither the part of an honest man to tell* these *tales: nor if a wise man to receive them.*

Lidgate, lib. 5. *Lo, how* these *Princes proud, and reckelesse,*
Have shamefull ends, which cannot live in peace.

Him, and *Them*, be used reciprocally for the Compounds, *himselfe*, *themselves*:

Fox. *The Garrison desired, that they might depart with bagge, and baggage.*

Chaucer *in the Squires tale*:
So deepe in graine he dyed his colours,
Right, as a Serpent hideth him *under flowers.*

His, *their*, and *theirs*, have also a strange use; that is to say, being *Possessives*, they serve in stead of Primitives:

Chaucer: *And shortly so farre forth this thing went,*
That my will, was his *wills instrument.*

Which in *Latine* were a solecisme; for there we should not say, *sua voluntatis*, but *voluntatis ipsius*.

Pronounes have not the Articles *a*, and *the*, going before *which*, the *Relative*, *selfe*, and *same*, only excepted: The *same lewd cancred Carle, practiseth nothing, but how he may overcome, and oppresse the Faith of Christ, for the which, you, as you know, have determined to labour and travell continually.*

The *Possessives*, *My*, *thy*, *our*, *your*, and *their*, goe before words: as, *my land*: *thy goods*; and so in the rest: *Myne*, *thyne*, *ours*, *yours*, *hers*, and *theirs*, follow, as it were, in the *Genitive* case: as *these lands are mine*, *thine*, &c.

His, doth indifferently goe before, or follow after: as, his *house is a faire one*; and, *this house is* his.

Chap. IIII.
Of the Syntaxe of Adjectives.

Adjectives of Qualitie are coupled with *Pronounes* Accusative cases:
Chaucer. *And he was wise, hardy, secret, and rich,*
Of these three points, was none him lych.

Certaine Adjectives include a *Partition*: *From the head doth life and motion flow to the rest of the members.*

The *Latines* Comparative governeth an Ablative; their Superlative a Genitive plurall.

The Comparative agreeth to the parts compared, by adding this *Preposition*, *than*: Chaucer, 3. *booke of Fame.*
What did this Æolus, but he
Tooke out his blacke trumpe of brasse,
That blacker than *the Divell was.*

The *Greekes*, both Comparative, and Superlative hath a Genitive; but in neither tongue is a signe going betweene.

The Superlative is joyned to the parts compared by this *Preposition*, of:

Gower, lib. 1. *Pride is* of *every misse the prick:*
Pride is the worst vice of *all wick.*
Jewell. *The friendship of truth is best* of *all.*

Oftentimes both Degrees are expressed by these two Adverbs, *more*, and

and *most*: as, *more excellent*, *most excellent*. Whereof the latter seemeth to have his proper place in those that are spoken in a certaine kind of excellencie, but yet without Comparison: *Hector was a most valiant man*; that is, *inter fortissimos*.

Furthermore, these Adverbs, *more*, and *most*, are added to the Comparative, and Superlative degrees themselves, which should before the Positive;

Sir Tho. More. *For asmuch as she saw the Cardinall* more *readier to depart, then the remnant; For, not only the high dignitie of the Civill Magistrate, but the* most *basest handycrafts are holy, when they are directed to the honour of God.*

And, this is a certaine kind of English Attieisme, or eloquent Phrase of speech, imitating the manner of the most ancientest, and finest *Grecians*, who, for more *emphasis*, and vehemencies sake used to speake.

Positives are also joyned with the Preposition, *of*, like the Superlative:

Elias *was the only man* of *all the Prophets that was left alive.*

Gower. lib. 4. *The first point of slouth I call*
Lachesse, and is the chiefe of *all.*

Chapter. V.

Of the Syntaxe *of a* Verb *with a* Noune.

HItherto we have declared the *Syntaxe* of a *Noune*: The *Syntaxe* of a *Verbe* followeth, being either of *Verbe* with a *Noune*; or, of one *Verbe* with another.

The *Syntaxe* of a *Verbe* with a *Noune* is in *number*, and *person*: as

I am content. You are mis-inform'd.
Chaucer 2. booke of *Fame.*
For, as flame is but lighted smoke;
Right so is sound ayr ybroke.

I my selfe, and *your selves*, agree unto the first *person*: *You, thou, it, thy selfe, your selves*, to the second: All other Nounes and Pronounes (that are of any *person*) to the third: Againe, *I, we, thou, he, she, they, who*, doe ever governe: unlesse it be in the *Verbe, am*, that requireth the like case after it, as is before it, *Mee, us, thee, her, them, him, whom*, are govern'd of the *Verbe*. The rest, which are Absolute, may either governe, or bee governed.

A *Verbe impersonall* in *Latine* is here expressed by an English *impersonall*, with this Article, *it*, going before: as, *oportet, it* behoveth: *decet, it* becommeth. Generall Exceptions:

The *person* governing is oft understood by that went before: *True Religion glorifieth them that honour it; and is a target unto them that are a buckler unto it.*

Chaucer. *Womens counsells brought us first to woe,*
And made Adam *from Paradise to goe.*

But this is more notable, and also more common in the *future*; where-

in

in for the moſt part we never expreſſe any perſon, not ſo much as at the firſt:

Feare God. Honour the King.

Likewiſe the *Verbe* is underſtood by ſome other going before: Nort. in Arſan.

When the danger is moſt great, naturall ſtrength moſt feeble, and divine ayde moſt needfull.

Certaine Pronounes, governed of the *Verbe*, doe here abound. Sir *Thomas More. And this* I ſay, *although* they *were not* abuſed, *as now* they be, *and ſo long have beene, that* I feare *me ever* they will be.

Chaucer, 3. *booke of* Fame:

And as I wondred *me, ywis*
Upon this houſe.

Idem in Thisbe:

She riſt *her up with a full dreary heart:*
And in cave with dreadfull fate ſhe ſtart.

Speciall Exceptions.

Nounes ſignifying a multitude, though they be of the Singular number, require a Verbe *plurall.*

Lidgate, lib. 2. *And wiſe men rehearſen in ſentence*
Where folke be drunken, there is no reſiſtance.

This exception is in other Nounes alſo very common, eſpecially when the *Verbe* is joyned to an Adverbe, or Conjunction: *It is prepoſterous to execute a man, before he have beene condemned.*

Gower, lib. 1.

Although a man be wiſe himſelve,
Yet is the wiſdome more of twelve.

Chaucer:

Therefore I read you this counſell take,
Forſake ſinne, ere ſinne you forſake.

In this exception of *number*, the *Verbe* ſometime agreeth not with the governing Noune of the *plurall number*, as it ſhould, but with the Noune governed: as, *Riches is a thing oft-times more hurtfull, then profitable to the owners.* After which manner the *Latines* alſo ſpeake: *omnia pontus erat.* The other ſpeciall * exception is not in uſe.

* Which notwithſtanding the *Hebrewes* uſe very ſtrangely, *Kullain taqubu uboüna*, Job. 17. 10. All they returne ye and come now.

Chap. VI.

Of the Syntaxe *of a* Verbe, *with a* Verbe.

When two *Verbes* meet together, whereof one is governed by the other, the latter is put in the infinite, and that with this ſigne *to*, comming betweene; as *Good men ought* to *joyne together in good things.*

But, *will, doe, may, can, ſhall, dare*, (when it is in Tranſitive) *muſt*, and *lett*, when it ſignifieth a ſufferance, receive not the ſigne:

Gower. *To God no man* may *be fellow.*

This ſigne ſet before an *infinite*, not govern'd of a *Verbe*, changeth it into the nature of a Noune.

Nort. in Arſan. *To winne is the benefit of Fortune: but to keepe is the power of wiſdome.*

Generall

Generall Exceptions.

The Verbe governing is understood: *Nort. in Arsan. For if the head, which is the life, and stay of the body, betray the members, must not the members also needs betray one another; and so the whole body, and head goe altogether to utter wreck, and destruction?*

The other generall exception is * wanting.

The Speciall exception. Two Verbes, *have*, and *am*, require alwayes a Participle *past* without any signe: as, *I* am *pleased*. *Thou* art *hated*. Save when they import a necessitie, or conveniencie of doing any thing: In which case they are very * eloquently joyned to the *infinite*, the signe comming betweene: *By the example of* Herod, *all Princes* are *to take heed how they give eare to flatterers.*

Lidgate, lib. 1.

Truth, and falsnesse in what they have *done,*
May no while assemble in one person.

And herethose Times, which in *Etymologie* we remembred to be wanting, are set forth by the *Syntaxe* of Verbes joyned together. The *Syntaxe* of *imperfect* Times in this manner:

The Presents by the *infinite*, and the Verbe, *may*, or *can*, as for, *Amem*, *Amarem*: *I* may *love*: *I might love*. And againe, *I* can *love*: *I could love*.

The *futures* are declared by the *infinite*, and the *Verbe*, *shall*, or *will*: as *Amabo*: *I* shall, or, will *love*.

Amavero addeth thereunto, *have*, taking the nature of two divers Times; that is, of the *future*, and the Time *past*:

I shall have *loved*: or,
I will have *loved*.

The *perfect* Times are expressed by the Verbe, *have*: as,

Amavi. *Amaveram*.
I have *loved*. *I* had *loved*.

Amaverim, and *Amavissem* adde *might* unto the former Verbe: as,

I might *have loved*.

The *infinite past*, is also made by adding, *have*: as,

Amavisse, *to* have *loved*.

Verbes *Passive* are made of the Participle *past*, and, *am*, the *Verbe*. *Amor*, and *Amabar*, by the only putting to of the *Verbe*: as,

Amor, *I* am *loved*.
Amabar, *I was loved*.

Amer, and *Amarer*, have it governed of the Verbe *may*, or *can*: as,

Amer, *I* may *be loved*: or, *I* can *be loved*.
Amarer, *I* might *be loved*, or, *I* could *be loved*.

In *Amabor*, it is governed of *shall*, or, *will*: as,

I *shall*, or, *will* be loved.

Chap. VII.

of the Syntaxe *of* Adverbes.

THis therefore is the *Syntaxe* of words, having *number*, there remaineth that of words *without number*, which standeth in *Adverbs*, or *Conjunctions*. *Adverbs* are taken one for the other; that is to say, *Adverbs* of *likenesse*, for *Adverbs* of *Time*. *As he spake those words, he gave up the ghost.*

Gower,

* So in *Greek* and *Latine*, but in *Hebrew* this exception is often. *Esai.* 6. 9. which hebraisme the new Testament is wont to retaine by turning the Hebrew *infinite*, either into a *verbal*, ἔχειν ἀκούσεσθαι. *Matth.* 13. 14. or a Participle. ἰδὼν εἶδον. *Act.* 7. 34.

* A phrase proper unto our tongue, save that the *Hebrews* seem to have the former. *Job* 20. 23. *When he is to fill his belly.*

Gower, lib. 1.

Anone, as *he was meeke, and tame.*
He found towards his God the same.

The like is to be seene in *Adverbs* of *Time*, and *Place*, used in each others stead, as among the *Latines*, and the *Grecians*.

Nort. in Arsan.

Let us not be ashamed to follow the counsell, and example of our enemies, where *it may doe us good.*

Adverbs stand in stead of *Relatives*:

Lidgate, lib. 1.

And little worth is faireneſſe in certaine
In a perſon, where *no vertue is ſeene.*

Nort. to the Northerne Rebells.

Few women ſtorme against the marriage of Prieſts, but such *as have beene Prieſts harlots, or faine would be.*

Chaucer in his Ballad.

But great God diſpoſeth,
And maketh caſuall by his Providence
Such *things as fraile man purpoſeth.* For, *thoſe things*, which.

Certaine *Adverbs* in the *Syntaxe* of a Subſtantive, and an Adjective meeting together, cauſe, *a*, the Article to follow the Adjective.

Sir John Cheeke: *O! with what ſpite was ſundred ſo noble a body, from ſo godly a mind.*

Jewell. *It is too light a labour to ſtrive for names.*
Chaucer. *Thou art at eaſe, and hold thee well therein.*
As great a praiſe is to keepe well, as win.

* The *Greeke* Article is ſet before the poſitive alſo: *Theocrit.* εἰδ. γ. τὸν ἴμιν τὸ. καλὸν περιχαμάιν.

Adjectives * compared, when they are uſed *Adverbially*, may have the Article *the*, going before.

Jewell. The *more inlarged is your libertie*, the *leſſe cauſe have you to complaine.*

Adverbs are wanting. *Sir* Tho. More. *And how farre be they off that would helpe, as God ſend grace, they hurt not*; for, that *they hurt not.*

Often-times they are uſed without any neceſſitie, for greater vehemencie ſake; as, Then-afterward, Againe, once more.

Gower. *Hee ſaw alſo the bowes ſpread*
Above all earth, in which were
The kinde of all birds there.

* In *Greeke*, and in *Latine*, they are coupled; ſome, with one oblique caſe; ſome with another.

Prepoſitions are joyned with the * Accuſative caſes of *Pronounes*:

Sir Thomas More. *I exhort, and require you*, for *the love that you have borne* to *me*; *and*, for *the love that I have borne* to *you*; *and* for *the love, that our Lord beareth* to *us all.*

Gower. lib. 1. *For* Lucifer, *with them that fell,*
Bare Pride with him into *Hell.*

They may alſo be coupled with the *Poſſeſſives*: *Myne, thyne, ours, yours, his, hers, theirs. Nort.* to the Rebells. *Thinke you, her Majeſtie, and the wiſeſt of the Realme, have no care of* their *owne ſoules, that have charge both of* their *owne, and* yours?

* The Hebrewes ſet them alwayes before.

Theſe * *Prepoſitions* follow ſometimes the Nounes they are coupled with: *God hath made Princes, their Subjects guides, to direct them* in *the way, which they have to walke in.*

But, *ward*, or *wards*; and, *toward*, or, *towards*, have the ſame *Syntaxe*, that

that *verſus*, and *adverſus*, have with the *Latines*: that is, the latter comming after the Noune, which it governeth, and the other contrarily: *Nort.* in *Paul Angells* Oration to *Scanderbech*. *For, his heart being unclеane to God*-ward, *and ſpiteſull* towards *men, doth alwayes imagine miſchiefe.*

Lidgate, lib. 7.

And ſouth-ward *runneth to* Caucaſus,
And folke of Scythie, *that bene laborious.*

Now, as before in two Articles, *a*, and *the*, the whole conſtruction of the *Latines*, was contain'd: ſo their whole rection is by *Prepoſitions* neere-hand declared: where the *Prepoſition of*, hath the force of the Genitive; *to*, of the Dative; *from*, *of*, *in*, *by*, and ſuch like of the Ablative: as, *the praiſe* of *God*. *Bethankfull* to *God*. *Take the cock* of *the hoope*. *I was ſaved* from *you*, by *you*, in *your houſe*.

Prepoſitions matched with the * *Participle preſent*, ſupply the place of *Gerundes*: as, In *loving*, of *loving*, by *loving* with *loving*, from *loving*, &c.

Prepoſitions doe alſo governe * *Adverbs*.

Lidgate, lib. 9. *Sent from above, as ſhee did underſtand.*

Generall exceptions: Divers *Prepoſitions* are very often wanting, whereof it ſhall be ſufficient to give a taſte in thoſe, that above the reſt, are moſt worthy to be noted.

Of, in an Adjective of Partition: *Lidgate, lib.* 5.

His Lieges eche one being of *one aſſent*
To live, and dye with him in his intent.

The Prepoſition, *touching*, *concerning*, or ſome ſuch like doth often want, after the manner of the Hebrew *Lamed*:

Gower. *The privities of mans heart*
They ſpeaken, and ſound in his eare,
As though they loude windes were.

Riches, and inheritance, they be given by Gods providence, to whom of his wiſdome hee thinketh good: For, *touching*, riches, and inheritance; or ſome ſuch like *Prepoſition*.

If, is ſomewhat ſtrangely lacking: Nort. in Arſan. *Unwiſe are they, that end their matters with, Had I wiſt.*

Lidgate, lib. 1. *For, ne were not this prudent ordinance,*
Some, to obey, and above to gye
Deſtroyed were all worldly Policie.

The ſuperfluitie of *Prepoſitions* is more rare: Jewell. *The whole Univerſitie, and City of* Oxford.

Gower. *So that my Lord touchend of this*
I have anſwered, how, that it is.

* The like nature in *Greeke*, and *Hebrew* have *Prepoſitions* matched with the infinite, as ἐν τῷ ἀγαπᾶν.

* This in *Hebrew* is very common: *from now*, that is, from this time, whence proceed thoſe hebraiſmes in the *New Teſtament*; ἀπὸ τότε, ἀπὸ τῶν νῦν, &c.

Chap. VIII.

Of the Syntaxe *of* Conjunctions.

The *Syntaxe* of *Conjunctions* is in order only; *Neither*, and, *either*, are placed in the beginning of words: *Nor*, and *or*, comming after: Sir *Thomas More*: *Hee can be no Sanctuary-man, that hath* neither *diſcretion to deſire it*, nor *malice to deſerve it.*

Sir John Cheeke. Either *by ambition you seeke Lordlinesse, much unfit for you*; or *by covetousnesse, ye be unsatiable, a thing likely enough in you*: or *else by folly, ye be not content with your estate, a fancie to be pluckt out of you.*

Lidgate, lib. 2. *Wrong, clyming up of states, and degrees,*
Either *by murder*, or *by false treasons*
Asketh a fall, for their finall guerdons.

Here, for *nor* in the latter member, *ne* is sometime used: *Lambert. But the Archbishop set himselfe against it, affirming plainly, that hee* neither *could*, ne *would suffer it.*

The like *Syntaxe* is also to be marked in *so*, and *as*, used *comparatively*: for, when the *comparison* is in *quantitie*, then *so* goeth before, and *as* followeth. Ascham. *He hateth himselfe, and hasteth his owne hurt, that is content to heare none* so *gladly*, as *either a foole, or a flatterer.*

Gower, lib. 1. *Men wist in thilk time none*
So *faire a wight*, as *she was one.*

Sometime for *so*, *as* commeth in. *Chaucer. lib. 5. Troil.*
And said, I am, albeit to you no joy,
As *gentle a man, as any wight in Troy.*

But if the *Comparison* be in *qualitie*, then it is contrary: *Gower*;
For, as *the fish, if it be dry*
Mote in default of water dye:
Right so, *without ayre, or live,*
No man, ne beast, might thrive.

And, in the beginning of a sentence, serveth in stead of an Admiration: And, *what a notable signe of patience was it in* Job, *not to murmure against the Lord?*

Chaucer 3. booke of *Fame.*
What, quoth shee, and *be ye wood!*
And, *wene ye for to doe good,*
And, *for to have of that no fame?*

Conjunctions of divers sorts are taken one for another: as, *But*, a *severing Conjunction*, for a *conditioning*: *Chaucer* in the man of lawes tale.
But *it were with the ilk eyen of his minde,*
With which men seen after they ben blinde.

Sir Thomas More. *Which, neither can they have*, but *you give it: neither can you give it, if ye agree not.*

The selfe-same *Syntaxe* as in *And*, the *coupling Conjunction*; The Lord *Berners* in the Preface to his translation of *Froisart*: *What knowledge should we have of ancient things past*, and *historie were not.*

Sir John Cheeke. *Yee have waxed greedie now upon Cities, and have attempted mightie spoiles to glut up*, and *you could your wasting hunger.*

On the other side, *for*, a cause-renderer, hath sometime the force of a *severing* one.

Lidgate, lib. 3. *But it may fall a Drewry in his right,*
To outrage a Giant for *all his great might.*

Here the two generall exceptions are termed, *Asyndeton*, and *Polysyndeton*. *Asyndeton*, when the *Conjunction* wanteth: *The Universities of Christendome are the eyes, the lights, the leaven, the salt, the seasoning of the world.*

Gower. *To whom her heart cannot heale,*
Turne it to woe, turne it to weale.

Here the *ſundring Conjunction*, *or*, is lacking; and in the former example, *and*, the *coupler*.

Polyſyndeton is in doubling the *Conjunction* more then it need to be:

Gower, lib. 4. *So, whether that he frieze*, or *ſweat*,
Or 'tte be in, or *'tte be out*,
Hee will be idle all about.

Chapter IX.

Of the Diſtinction of Sentences.

ALL the parts of *Syntaxe* have already beene declared. There reſteth one generall Affection of the whole, diſperſed thorow every member thereof, as the bloud is thorow the body; and conſiſteth in the breathing, when we pronounce any *Sentence*; For, whereas our breath is by nature ſo ſhort, that we cannot continue without a ſtay to ſpeake long together; it was thought neceſſarie, as well for the ſpeakers eaſe, as for the plainer deliverance of the things ſpoken, to invent this meanes, whereby men pauſing a pretty while, the whole ſpeech might never the worſe be underſtood.

Theſe Diſtinctions are, either of a *perfect*, or *imperfect* Sentence. The diſtinctions of an *imperfect* Sentence are two, a *ſub diſtinction*, and a *Comma*.

A *Sub-diſtinction* is a meane breathing, when the word ſerveth indifferently, both to the parts of the Sentence going before, and following after, and is marked thus (;)

A *Comma* is a diſtinction of an *imperfect* Sentence, wherein with ſomewhat a longer breath, the Sentence following; and is noted with this ſhorter ſemicircle (,).

Hither pertaineth a * *Parentheſis*, wherein two *Comma*'s include a Sentence:

Jewell. *Certaine falſhoods* (by meane of good utterance) *have ſometime more likely-hood of truth, then truth it ſelfe.*

Gower, lib. 1. *Diviſion.* (the Goſpel ſaith)
One houſe upon another laith.

Chaucer 3. booke of *Fame*.
For time, yloſt (this know ye)
By no way may recovered be.

* The *Hebrewes* have no peculiar note to diſcerne this *Parentheſis* by, nor the *Interrogation*, and *Admiration* following.

Theſe imperfect diſtinctions in the *Syntaxe* of a Subſtantive, and an Adjective give the former place to the Subſtantive: Aſcham. *Thus the poore Gentleman ſuffered griefe; great for the paine; but greater for the ſpite.*

Gower. lib. 2. Speaking of the envious perſon:
Though he a man ſee vertuous,
And full of good condition,
Thereof maketh he no mention.

The Diſtinction of a perfect Sentence hath a more full ſtay, and doth reſt the ſpirit, which is a *Pauſe*, or a *Period*.

A *Pauſe* is a Diſtinction of a Sentence, though perfect in it ſelfe, yet joyned to another, being marked with two pricks. (:)

A *period* is the Diſtinction of a Sentence, in all reſpects *perfect*, and is

marked with one full prick, over againſt the lower part of the laſt letter, thus (.)

If a Sentence be with an *Interrogation*, we uſe this note (?)

Sir John Cheeke. *Who can perſwade, where treaſon is above reaſon; and might ruleth right; and it is had for lawfull, whatſoever is luſtfull; and Commotioners are better then Commiſſioners; and common woe is named Commonwealth?*

Chaucer, 2. booke of *Fame.*

Loe, is it not a great miſchance,
To let a foole have governance,
Of things, that he cannot demayne?

Lidgate, lib. 1.

For, if wives be found variable,
Where ſhall husbands find other ſtable?

If it be pronounced with an *Admiration*, then thus (!) Sir *Tho. More.*

O Lord God, the blindneſſe of our mortall nature!

Chaucer, 1. booke of *Fame.*

Alas! what harme doth apparence,
When it is falſe in exiſtence!

Theſe Diſtinctions (whereof the firſt is commonly neglected) as they beſt agree with nature: ſo come they neereſt to the ancient ſtaies of Sentences among the *Romans*, and the *Grecians*. An example of all foure to make the matter plaine, let us take out of that excellent Oration of Sir *John Cheeke*, againſt the Rebells, whereof before we have made ſo often mention: *When common order of the law can take no place in unruly, and diſobedient ſubjects: and all men will of wilfulneſſe reſiſt with rage, and thinke their owne violence, to be the beſt juſtice: then be wiſe Magiſtrates compelled by neceſſitie, to ſeeke an extreme remedy, where meane ſalves helpe not, and bring in the Martiall Law, where none other law ſerveth.*

* * *

The End.

TIMBER:

OR,

DISCOVERIES;

MADE VPON MEN AND MATTER: AS THEY have flow'd out of his daily Readings; or had their refluxe to his peculiar Notion of the Times.

By

BEN: IOHNSON.

Tecum habita, ut noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.
Pers. sat. 4.

LONDON,
Printed M.DC.XLI.

marked with one full prick, over against the lower part of the last letter, thus (.)

If a Sentence be with an *Interrogation*, we use this note (?)

Sir John Cheeke. *Who can perswade, where treason is above reason; and might ruleth right; and it is had for lawfull, whatsoever is lustfull; and Commotioners are better then Commissioners; and common woe is named Commonwealth?*

Chaucer, 2. booke of *Fame.*

Loe, is it not a great mischance,
To let a foole have governance,
Of things, that he cannot demayne?

Lidgate, lib. 1.

For, if wives be found variable,
Where shall husbands find other stable?

If it be pronounced with an *Admiration*, then thus (!) Sir *Tho. More.*

O Lord God, the blindnesse of our mortall nature!

Chaucer, 1. booke of *Fame.*

Alas! what harme doth apparence,
When it is false in existence!

These Distinctions (whereof the first is commonly neglected) as they best agree with nature: so come they neerest to the ancient staies of Sentences among the *Romans*, and the *Grecians*. An example of all foure to make the matter plaine, let us take out of that excellent Oration of Sir *John Cheeke*, against the Rebells, whereof before we have made so often mention: *When common order of the law can take no place in unruly, and disobedient subjects: and all men will of wilfulnesse resist with rage, and thinke their owne violence, to be the best justice: then be wise Magistrates compelled by necessitie, to seeke an extreme remedy, where meane salves helpe not, and bring in the Martiall Law, where none other law serveth.*

* * *

The End.

TIMBER:

OR,

DISCOVERIES;

MADE VPON MEN AND MATTER: AS THEY have flow'd out of his daily Readings; or had their refluxe to his peculiar Notion of the Times.

By

BEN: IOHNSON.

Tecum habita, ut noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.
Pers. sat. 4.

LONDON,
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TIMBER:

OR,

SYLVA:

RErum, & sententiarum, quasi Y'N *dicta à multiplici materiâ, & varietate, in iis contemâ. Quemadmodum enim vulgò solemus infinitam arborum nascentium indiscriminatim multitudinem* Sylvam *dicere: Ità etiam libros suos in quibus varia, & diversa materia opuscula temerè congesta erant,* Sylvas *appellabant Antiqui:* Tymber-trees.

† Literally from Velleius Paterculus, ii. 92. Naturaliter audita visis laudamus libentius, et presentia invidiâ, præteritâ veneratione prosequimur; et hos non obrui, illis instrui, credimus.

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EXPLORATA:
OR,
DISCOVERIES.

ILl *Fortune* never cruſh't that man, whom good *Fortune* deceived not. I therefore have counſelled my friends, never to truſt to her fairer ſide, though ſhe ſeem'd to make peace with them: But to place all things ſhe gave them ſo, as ſhe might aske them againe without their trouble; ſhe might take them from them, not pull them: to keepe alwayes a diſtance betweene her, and themſelves. He knowes not his own ſtrength, that hath not met Adverſity. Heaven prepares *good men* with *croſſes*; but no ill can happen to a *good* man. Contraries are not mixed. Yet, that which happens to any man, may to every man. But it is in his reaſon what hee accounts it, and will make it. *Fortuna.*

Change into extremity is very frequent, and eaſie. As when a beggar ſuddenly growes rich, he commonly becomes a Prodigall; for, to obſcure his former obſcurity, he puts on riot and exceſſe. *Caſus.*

No man is ſo fooliſh, but may give an other good counſell ſometimes; and no man is ſo wiſe, but may eaſily erre, if hee will take no others counſell, but his owne. But very few men are wiſe by their owne counſell; or learned by their owne teaching. For hee that was onely taught by himſelfe, had a foole to his Maſter. *Conſilia.*

A Fame that is wounded to the world, would bee better cured by anothers *Apologie*, then its owne: For few can apply medicines well themſelves. Beſides, the man that is once hated, both his *good*, and his *evill* deeds oppreſſe him: Hee is not eaſily *emergent*. *Κτος. Fama.* *Κτοδίδα- ſee p. 128.*

In great *Affaires* it is a worke of difficulty to pleaſe all. And oft times wee loſe the occaſion of carrying a *buſines* well, and thoroughly, by our too much haſte. For *Paſſions* are ſpirituall Rebels, and raiſe ſedition againſt the underſtanding. *Negotia.*

There is a *Neceſſity* all men ſhould love their countrey: He that profeſſeth the contrary, may be delighted with his words, but his heart is there. *Amor Patriæ.*

Natures that are hardned to *evill*, you ſhall ſooner breake, then make ſtraight; they are like poles that are crooked, and dry: there is no attempting them. *Ingenia.*

+ Wee *praiſe* the things wee heare, with much more willingneſſe, then thoſe wee ſee: becauſe wee envy the preſent, and reverence the paſt; thinking our ſelves inſtructed by the one, and over-laid by the other. *Applauſus.*

Opinion is a light, vaine, crude, and imperfect thing, ſettled in the Imagination, but never arriving at the underſtanding, there to obtaine the tincture of *Reaſon*. Wee labour with it more then Truth. There is much more holds us, then preſſeth us. An ill fact is one thing, an ill fortune is another: Yet both often times ſway us alike, by the error of our thinking. *Opinio.*

Many men beleeve not themſelves, what they would perſwade others; and leſſe doe the things, which they would impoſe on others: but leaſt of all, know what they themſelves moſt confidently boaſt. Only they ſet the ſigne of the Croſſe over their outer doores, and ſacrifice to their gut, and their groyne in their inner Cloſets. *Impoſtura.*

Iactura vitæ. What a deale of cold busines doth a man misspend the better part of life in! in scattering *complements*, tendring *visits*, gathering and venting *newes*, following *Feasts* and *Playes*, making a little winter-love in a darke corner.

Hypocrita. *Puritanus Hypocrita est Hæreticus, quem opinio propriæ perspicaciæ, quâ sibi videtur, cum paucis in Ecclesiâ dogmatibus, errores quosdam animadversisse, de statu mentis deturbavit: unde sacro furore percitus, phreneticè pugnat contra Magistratus, sic ratus, obedientiam præstare Deo.*

Mutua auxilia. Learning needs rest: Soveraignty gives it. Soveraignty needs counsell: Learning affords it. There is such a Consociation of offices, betweene the *Prince*, and whom his favour breeds, that they may helpe to sustaine his power, as hee their knowledge. It is the greatest part of his Liberality, his Favour: And from whom doth he heare discipline more willingly, or the Arts discours'd more gladly, then from those, whom his owne bounty, and benefits have made able and faithfull?

Cognit. universi. In being able to counsell others, a Man must be furnish'd with an universall store in himselfe, to the knowledge of all *Nature*: That is the matter, and seed-plot; There are the seats of all Argument, and Invention. But especially, you must be cunning in the nature of Man: There is the variety of things, which are as the *Elements*, and *Letters*, which his art and wisdome must ranke, and order to the present occasion. For wee see not all letters in single words, nor all places in particular discourses. That cause seldome happens, wherein a man will use all Arguments.

Consiliarii adjunct. Probitas. Sapientia. The two chiefe things that give a man reputation in counsell, are the opinion of his *Honesty*, and the opinion of his *Wisdome*: The authority of those two will perswade, when the same Counsels utter'd by other persons lesse qualified, are of no efficacy, or working.

Wisedome without *Honesty* is meere craft, and coosinage. And therefore the reputation of *Honesty* must first be gotten; which cannot be, but by living well. A good life is a maine Argument.

Vitæ rectæ. Obsequentia. Humanitas. Sollicitudo. Next a good life, to beget love in the persons wee counsell, by dissembling our knowledge of ability in our selves, and avoyding all suspition of arrogance, ascribing all to their instruction, as an *Ambassadour* to his Master, or a *Subject* to his *Soveraigne*; seasoning all with humanity and sweetnesse, onely expressing care and sollicitude. And not to counsell rashly, or on the suddaine, but with advice and meditation: (*Dat nox consilium.*) For many foolish things fall from wise men, if they speake in haste, or be *extemporall*. It therefore behooves the giver of counsell to be circumspect; especially to beware of those, with whom hee is not throughly acquainted, lest any spice of rashnesse, folly, or selfe-love appeare, which will be mark'd by new persons, and men of experience in affaires.

Modestia. Parrhesia. And to the *Prince*, or his *Superiour*, to behave himselfe modestly, and with respect. Yet free from *Flattery*, or *Empire*. Not with insolence, or precept; but as the *Prince* were already furnished with the parts hee should have, especially in affaires of *State*. For in other things they will more easily suffer themselves to be taught, or reprehended: They will not willingly contend. But heare (with *Alexander*) the answer the *Musician* gave him, *Absit ô Rex, ut tu meliùs hæc sciat, quàm ego.*

A man

A man should so deliver himselfe to the nature of the subject, whereof hee speakes, that his hearer may take knowledge of his discipline with some delight: and so apparell faire, and good matter, that the studious of elegancy be not defrauded; redeeme Arts from their rough, and braky seates, where they lay hid, and over-growne with thornes, to a pure, open, and flowry light: where they may take the eye, and be taken by the hand. *Plutarch in vita Alex. Perspicuitas. Elegantia.*

I cannot thinke *Nature* is so spent, and decay'd, that she can bring forth nothing worth her former yeares. She is alwayes the same, like her selfe: And when she collects her strength, is abler still. Men are decay'd, and *studies*: Shee is not. *Natura non effœta.*

I know *Nothing* can conduce more to letters, then to examine the writings of the *Ancients*, and not to rest in their sole Authority, or take all upon trust from them; provided the plagues of *Iudging*, and *Pronouncing* against them, be away; such as are *envy, bitternesse, precipitation, impudence*, and *scurrile scoffing*. For to all the observations of the *Ancients*, wee have our owne experience: which, if wee will use, and apply, wee have better meanes to pronounce. It is true they open'd the gates, and made the way that went before us; but as Guides, not Commanders: *Non Domini nostri, sed Duces fuêre.* Truth lyes open to all; it is no mans severall. *Patet omnibus veritas; nondum est occupata. Multum ex illâ, etiam futuris relicta est.* *Non nimium credendum antiquitati.*

If in some things I dissent from others, whose *Wit, Industry, Diligence*, and *Iudgement* I looke up at, and admire: let me not therefore heare presently of Ingratitude, and Rashnesse. For I thanke those, that have taught me, and will ever: but yet dare not thinke the *scope* of their labour, and enquiry, was to envy their posterity, what they also could adde, and find out. *Dissentire licet: Sed cum ratione.*

If I erre, pardon me: *Nulla ars simul & inventa est, & absoluta.* I doe not desire to be equall to those that went before; but to have my reason examin'd with theirs, and so much faith to be given them, or me, as those shall evict. I am neither *Author*, or *Fautor* of any sect. I will have no man addict himselfe to mee; but if I have any thing right, defend it as Truth's, not mine (save as it conduceth to a common good.) It profits not me to have any man fence, or fight for me, to flourish, or take a side. Stand for *Truth*, and 'tis enough. *Non mihi credendum, Sed veritati.*

Arts that respect the mind, were ever reputed nobler, then those that serve the body: though wee lesse can bee without them. As *Tillage, Spinning, Weaving, Building, &c.* without which, wee could scarce sustaine life a day. But these were the workes of every hand; the other of the braine only, and those the most generous, and exalted wits, and spirits that cannot rest, or *acquiesce*. The mind of man is still fed with labour: *Opere pascitur.* *Scientiæ liberales.*

There is a more secret *Cause*: and the power of liberall studies lyes more hid, then that it can bee wrought out by profane wits. It is not every mans way to hit. They are men (I confesse) that set the *Caract*, and *Value* upon things, as they love them; but *Science* is not every mans *Mistresse*. It is as great a spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by a wrong person, as can be done to a noble nature. *Non vulgi sunt.*

If divers men seeke *Fame*, or *Honour*, by divers wayes; so both bee honest, *Honesta Ambitio.*

honest, neither is to be blam'd: But they that seeke *Immortality*, are not onely worthy of leave, but of praise.

Mœstus improbus.

Hee hath a delicate Wife, a faire fortune, and family to goe to be welcome; yet hee had rather be drunke with mine Host, and the Fidlers of such a Towne, then goe home.

Afflictio pia Magistra.

Affliction teacheth a wicked person sometime to pray: *Prosperity* never.

Deploratis facilis descensus Averni.

Many might goe to heaven with halfe the labour they goe to hell, if they would venture their industry the right way: But the Divell take all (quoth he) that was choak'd i' the Mill-dam, with his foure last words in his mouth.

The Divell take all.

A Criple in the way out-travels a Foot-man, or a Post out of the way.

Aegidius cursu superat.

Bags of money to a prodigall person, are the same that Cherry-stones are with some boyes, and so throwne away.

Prodigo nummi nauci.

A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more careless about her house.

Munda et sordida.

Of this *Spilt water*, there is little to bee gathered up: it is a desperate debt.

Debitum deploratum.

The *Theife** that had a longing at the Gallowes to commit one Robbery more, before hee was hang'd.

Latro sesquipedalis.

And like the *German*-Lord, when hee went out of *New-gate* into the Cart, tooke order to have his *Armes* set up in his last Herborough: Said he was taken, and committed upon suspition of Treason: no witnesse appearing against him: But the Judges intertain'd him most civilly, discours'd with him, offer'd him the court'sie of the racke; but he confessed, &c.

* with a great belly.

Com. de schortenhien

Calumniæ fructus.

I am beholden to *Calumny*, that shee hath so endeavor'd, and taken paines to bely mee. It shall make mee set a surer Guard on my selfe, and keepe a better watch upon my *Actions*.

Impertinens.

A tedious person is one a man would leape a steeple from, gallop down any steepe Hill to avoid him; forsake his meat, sleepe, nature it selfe, with all her benefits to shun him. A meere *Impertinent*: one that touch'd neither heaven nor earth in his discourse. Hee open'd an entry into a faire roome; but shut it againe presently. I spake to him of *Garlicke*, hee answered *Asparagus*: consulted him of marriage, hee tels mee of hanging; as if they went by one, and the same *Destiny*.

Bellum scribentium:

What a fight it is, to see *Writers* committed together by the eares, for *Ceremonies*, *Syllables*, *Points*, *Colons*, *Comma's*, *Hyphens*, and the like? fighting, as for their fires, and their Altars; and angry that none are frighted at their noyses, and loud brayings under their asses skins?

Differentia inter

There is hope of getting a fortune without digging in these quarries. *Sed meliore (in omne) ingenio, animoq; quàm fortunâ, sum usus.*

Pinque solum lassat: sed juvat ipse labor.

Doctos et Sciolos.

Wits made out their severall expeditions then, for the discovery of *Truth*, to find out great and profitable *Knowledges*, had their severall instruments for the disquisition of Arts. Now there are certaine *Scioli*, or *smatterers*, that are busie in the skirts, and out-sides of Learning,

and

and have scarce any thing of solide literature to commend them. They may have some edging, or trimming of a Scholler, a welt, or so: but it is no more.

Imposture is a specious thing; yet never worse, then when it faines to be best, and to none discover'd sooner, then the simplest. For *Truth* and *Goodnesse* are plaine, and open; but *Imposture* is ever asham'd of the light. *Impostorum fucus.*

A Puppet-play must be shadow'd, and seene in the darke: For draw the Curtaine, *Et sordet gesticulatio.* *Icunculorum motio.*

There is a great difference in the understanding of some Princes, as in the quality of their Ministers about them. Some would dresse their Masters in gold, pearle, and all true Jewels of Majesty: Others furnish them with feathers, bels, and ribbands; and are therefore esteemed the fitter servants. But they are ever good men, that must make good the times: if the men be naught, the times will be such. *Finis expectandus est in unoquoq; hominum; animali, ad mutationem promptissimo.* *Principes et Administri.*

It is a quick saying with the Spaniards: *Artes inter haredes non dividi.* Yet these have inherited their fathers lying, and they brag of it. Hee is an narrow-minded man, that affects a Triumph in any glorious study: but to triumph in a lye, and a lye themselves have forg'd, is frontlesse. *Folly* often goes beyond her bounds; but *Impudence* knowes none. *Scitum Hispanicum*

Envy is no new thing, nor was it borne onely in our times. The Ages past have brought it forth, and the comming Ages will. So long as there are men fit for it, *quorum odium virtute relictâ placet*, it will never be wanting. It is a barbarous envy, to take from those mens vertues, which because thou canst not arrive at, thou impotently despaires to imitate. Is it a crime in me that I know that, which others had not yet knowne, but from me? or that I am the Author of many things, which never would have come in thy thought, but that I taught them? It is a new, but a foolish way you have found out, that whom you cannot equall, or come neere in doing, you would destroy, or ruine with evill speaking: As if you had bound both your wits, and natures prentises to slander, and then came forth the best Artificers, when you could forme the foulest calumnies. *Non nova res livor.*

Indeed, nothing is of more credit, or request now, then a petulant paper, or scoffing verses, and it is but convenient to the times and manners wee live with; to have then the worst writings, and studies flourish, when the best begin to be despis'd. *Ill Arts* begin, where good end. *Nil gratius protervo tib.*

The time was, when men would learne, and study good things; not envie those that had them. Then men were had in price for learning: now, letters onely make men vile. Hee is upbraydingly call'd a *Poet*, as if it were a most contemptible *Nick-name*. But the *Professors* (indeed) have made the learning cheape. Rayling, and tinckling *Rimers*, whose Writings the vulgar more greedily reade; as being taken with the scurrility, and petulancie of such wits. Hee shall not have a Reader now, unlesse hee jeere and lye. It is the food of mens natures: the diet of the times! *Gallants* cannot sleepe else. The Writer must lye, and the gentle Reader is so happy, to heare the worthiest workes mis-interpreted; the clearest actions obscured: the innocent'st life traduc'd; And in such aliecnce of lying, a field so fat, so full of slander, how can there be matter wanting to his laughter? Hence comes the *Epidemicall* Infection. For *Iam litera sordent.* *Pastus hodier. Ingen.*

now

how can they escape the contagion of the Writings, whom the virulency of the calumnies hath not stav'd off from reading.

Sed seculi morbus.

Nothing doth more invite a greedy Reader, then an unlook'd for *subject*. And what more unlook'd for, then to see a person of an unblam'd life, made ridiculous, or odious, by the Artifice of lying? but it is the disease of the Age: and no wonder if the world, growing old, begin to be infirme: Old age it selfe is a disease. It is long since the sick world began to doate, and talke idly: Would she had but doated still; but her dotage is now broke forth into a madnesse, and become a meere phrency.

Alastoris malitia.

This *Alastor*, who hath left nothing unsearch'd, or unassayl'd, by his impudent, and licentious lying in his aguish writings (for he was in his cold quaking fit all the while:) what hath he done more, then a troublesome base curre? bark'd, and made a noyse a farre off: had a foole, or two to spit in his mouth, and cherish him with a musty bone? But they are rather enemies of my fame, then me, these Barkers.

Malicharagi fuere.

It is an Art to have so much judgement, as to apparrell a Lye well, to give it a good dressing; that though the nakednesse would shew deform'd and odious, the suiting of it might draw their Readers. Some love any Strumpet (be shee never so shop-like, or meritorious) in good clothes. But these nature could not have form'd them better, to destroy their owne testimony; and over-throw their calumny.

meretritious

Heare-say newes.

That an *Elephant*, 630. came hither Ambassadour from the great *Mogull*, (who could both write and reade) and was every day allow'd twelve cast of bread, twenty Quarts of *Canary Sack*, besides Nuts and Almonds the Citizens wives sent him. That hee had a *Spanish* Boy to his Interpreter, and his chiefe *negotiation* was, to conferre or practise with *Archy*, the principall foole of *State*, about stealing hence *Windsor Castle*, and carrying it away on his back if he can.

Lingua sapientis.

A *wise tongue* should not be licentious, and wandring; but mov'd, and (as it were) govern'd with certaine raines from the heart, and bottome of the brest: and it was excellently said of that Philosopher, that there was a Wall, or Parapet of teeth set in our mouth, to restraine the petulancy of our words: that the rashnesse of talking should not only bee retarded by the guard, and watch of our heart; but be fenced in, and defended by certaine strengths, placed in the mouth it selfe, and within the lips. But you shall see some, so abound with words without any seasoning or taste of matter, in so profound a security, as while they are speaking, for the most part, they confesse to speake they know not what.

Potius quam loquenti:

Of the two (if either were to bee wisht) I would rather have a plaine downe-right wisdome, then a fooliish and affected eloquence. For what is so furious, and *Bet'lem* like, as a vaine sound of chosen and excellent words, without any subject of *sentence*, or *science* mix'd?

Optanda.

Whom the disease of talking still once possesseth, hee can never hold his peace. Nay, rather then hee will not discourse, hee will hire men to heare him. And so heard, not hearkn'd unto, hee comes off most times like a *Mountebanke*, that when hee hath prais'd his med'cines, finds none will take them, or trust him. Hee is like *Homers Thersites*.

Thersites Homeri.

Ἀμπρεπὴς Ἀκρετόμυθος : speaking without judgement,
Loquax magis, quàm facundus. *Saluſt.*
Satis loquentiæ, ſapientiæ parum.
Πλέονες τοι ἔπεσσιν ὑπ' ἀνθρώποισιν ἄρηρε *Heſiodus.*
Φειδωλῆς μνήσασθαι· ἐπὶ χάρις κατὰ μέτρον ἰέναι.
Optimus eſt homini linguæ theſaurus, & ingens
Gratia, quæ parcis menſurat ſingula verbis.

Vlyſſes in *Homer*, is made a long thinking man, before hee ſpeaks, and *Epaminondas* is celebrated by *Pindar*, to be a man, that though he knew much, yet hee ſpoke but little. *Demacatus*, when on the Bench he was long ſilent, and ſaid nothing; one asking him, if it were folly in him, or want of language: hee anſwer'd: *A foole could never hold his peace.* For too much talking is ever the *Indice* of a foole. *Homeri Vlyſſes. Pindar: Epaminond. Demactus Plutarchi.*

Dum tacet indoctus, poterit cordatus haberi;
Is morbos animi namq; tacendo tegit. *Vid. Zenxidis pict. ſerm. ad Megabizum Plutarch.*

Nor is that worthy ſpeech of *Zeno*, the Philoſopher to be paſt over, without the note of ignorance: who being invited to a feaſt in *Athens*, where a great Princes Ambaſſadours were entertain'd, and was the onely perſon had ſaid nothing at the table; one of them with courteſie asked him; What ſhall we returne from thee, *Zeno*, to the Prince our Maſter, if hee aske us of thee? Nothing, he replyed, more, but that you found an old man in *Athens*, that knew to be ſilent amongſt his cups. It was nere a Miracle, to ſee an old man ſilent, ſince talking is the diſeaſe of Age: but amongſt cups makes it fully a wonder.

It was wittily ſaid upon one, that was taken for a great, and grave man, ſo long as hee held his peace: This man might have beene a Counſellor of *State* till he ſpoke: But having ſpoken, not the Beadle of the Ward. *Argute dictum.*

Ἐχεμυθία, *Pythag. quàm laudabilis!* γλωσσῆς πρὸ τῶν ἄλλων κράτει, θεὸς ὑπόμνησον. *Linguam cohibe, præ aliis omnibus, ad Deorum exemplum,* * *Digito comprime labellum.* *Vide Apuleium.* * *Juvenal.*

There is almoſt no man, but hee ſees clearlier, and ſharper, the vices in a ſpeaker, then the vertues. And there are many, that with more eaſe, will find fault with what is ſpoken fooliſhly, then that can give allowance to, wherein you are wiſe ſilently. The treaſure of a foole is alwayes in his tongue (ſaid the witty *comick Poet*) and it appeares not in any thing more, then in that nation; whereof one when hee had got the inheritance of an unlucky old *Grange*, would needs ſell it; and to draw buyers, proclaim'd, the vertues of it. *Nothing* ever thriv'd on it (ſaith he.) *No owner* of it, ever dyed in his bed; ſome hung, ſome drown'd themſelves; ſome were baniſht, ſome ſtarv'd: the trees were all blaſted, the Swyne dyed of the *Meaſils*, the Cattell of the *Murren*, the Sheepe of the *Rot*; they that ſtood were ragg'd, bare, and bald, as your hand, nothing was ever rear'd there; not a Duckling, or a Gooſe. *Heſpitium fuerat calamitatis.* Was not this man like to ſell it? *Acutiùs cernuntur vitia, quàm virtutes.* *Plautus. Trin. Act. 2. Scen. 6.* *Sim. Mart. lib. 1. ep. 85.*

Expectation of the *Vulgar* is more drawne, and held with newneſſe, then goodneſſe; wee ſee it in *Fencers*, in *Players*, in *Poets*, in *Preachers*, in all, where *Fame* promiſeth any thing; ſo it be now, though never ſo naught, and depraved, they run to it, and are taken. Which ſhewes, that the only decay, or hurt of the beſt mens *reputation* with the people, is, their wits *Vulgi expectatio.*

have out-liv'd the peoples palats. They have beene too much, or too long a feast.

Clarissa Patria. *Greatnesse* of name in the Father, oft times helpes not forth, but o're-whelmes the Sonne: they stand too neere one another. The shadow kils the growth; so much, that wee see the Grand-child come more, and oftner to be the heire of the *first*, then doth the *second*: He dies betweene, the Possession is the *thirds*.

Vt sis tibi, Nepos. *Eloquentia.* *Eloquence* is a great, and diverse thing: Nor did she yet ever favour any man so much, as to become wholly his. Hee is happy, that can arrive to any degree of her grace. Yet there are, who prove themselves Masters of her, and absolute Lords: but I beleeve, they may mistake their evidence: For it is one thing to be *eloquent* in the *Schooles*, or in the *Hall*, another at the *Barre*, or in the *Pulpit*. There is a difference betweene *Mooting*, and *Pleading*; betweene *Fencing*, and *Fighting*. To make Arguments in my Study, and confute them is easie; where I answer my selfe, not an Adversary. So, I can see whole *volumes* dispatch'd by the *umbraticall* Doctors on all sides: But draw these forth into the just lists; let them appeare *sub dio*, and they are chang'd with the place, like bodies bred i' the *shade*; they cannot suffer the *Sunne*, or a *Showre*; nor beare the open Ayre: they scarce can find themselves, that they were wont to domineere so among their Auditors: but indeed I would no more chuse a *Rhetorician*, for reigning in a *Schoole*, then I would a *Pilot*, for rowing in a Pond.

Amor, et odium. *Love*, that is ignorant, and *Hatred* have almost the same ends: many foolish *Lovers* wish the same to their friends, which their enemies would: As to wish a friend *banish't*, that they might accompany him in *exile*: or some great want, that they might relieve him: or a disease, that they might sit by him. They make a *Cawsway* to their countrey by Injury, as if it were not honester to do nothing, then to seeke a way to doe good, by a *Mischefe*.

Injuria. *Injuries* doe not extinguish courtesies: they only suffer them not to appeare faire. For a man that doth me an injury after a courtesie, takes not away the courtesie, but defaces it: As he that writes other verses upon my verses, takes not away the first Letters, but hides them.

Beneficia. *Nothing* is a courtesie, unlesse it be meant us; and that friendly, and lovingly. Wee owe no thankes to *Rivers*, that they carry our boats; or Winds, that they be favouring, and fill our sayles; or meats, that they be nourishing. For these are, what they are *necessarily*. Horses carry us, Trees shade us; but they know it not. It is true, some man may receive a Courtesie, and not know it; but never any man received it from him, that knew it not. Many men have beene cur'd of diseases by Accidents; but they were not Remedies. I my selfe have knowne one help'd of an Ague, by falling into a water; another whip'd out of a *Fever*: but no man would ever use these for med'cines. It is the mind, and not the event, that distinguisheth the courtesie from wrong. My Adversary may offend the Judge with his pride, and impertinences, and I win my cause: but he meant it not me, as a Courtesie. I scap'd *Pyrat*, by being ship-wrack'd, was the wrack a benefit therefore? No: The doing of *Courtesies* aright, is the mixing of the respects for his owne sake, and for mine. He that doth them merely for his owne sake, is like one that feeds his Cattell to sell them: he hath his Horse well dresst for *Smithfield*.

The price of many things is farre above, what they are bought and sold for. *Life*, and *Health*, which are both ineſtimable, we have of the *Phyſician*: As *Learning*, and *Knowledge*, the true tillage of the *mind*, from our *Schoole-maſters*. But the fees of the one, or the *ſalary* of the other, never anſwer the *value* of what we received; but ſerv'd to gratifie their labours. *Dator Rerum.*

Memory of all the *powers* of the mind, is the moſt *delicate*, and *fraile*: it is the firſt of our *faculties*, that Age invades. *Seneca*, the father, the *Rhetorician*, confeſſeth of himſelfe, hee had a miraculous one; not only to receive, but to hold. I my ſelfe could in my youth, have repeated all, that ever I had made; and ſo continued, till I was paſt fortie: Since, it is much decay'd in me. Yet I can repeate whole books that I have read, and *Poems*, of ſome ſelected friends. which I have lik'd to charge my memory with. It was wont to be faithfull to me, but ſhaken with *age* now, and *ſloath* (which weakens the ſtrongeſt abilities) it may performe ſomewhat, but cannot promiſe much. By exerciſe it is to be made better, and ſerviceable. Whatſoever I pawn'd with it, while I was young, and a boy, it offers me readily, and without ſtops: but what I truſt to it now, or have done of later yeares, it layes up more negligently, and often times loſes; ſo that I receive mine owne (though frequently call'd for) as if it were new, and borrow'd. Nor doe I alwayes find preſently from it, what I doe ſeek; but while I am doing another thing, that I labour'd for, will come: And what I ſought with trouble, will offer it ſelfe, when I am quiet. Now in ſome men I have found it as happy as nature, who, whatſoever they reade, or pen, they can ſay without booke preſently; as if they did then write in their mind. And it is more a wonder in ſuch, as have a ſwift ſtile, for their *memories* are commonly ſloweſt; ſuch as torture their writings, and go into councell for every word, muſt needs fixe ſomewhat, and make it their owne at laſt, though but through their owne vexation. *Memoria.*

Suffrages in Parliament are numbred, not weigh'd: nor can it bee otherwiſe in thoſe publike *Councels*, where nothing is ſo unequall, as the equality: for there, how odde ſoever mens braines, or wiſdomes are, their power is alwayes even, and the ſame. *Com't. Suffragia.*

Some Actions be they never ſo beautifull, and generous, are often obſcur'd by baſe, and vile miſ-conſtructions; either out of envy, or ill nature, that judgeth of others, as of it ſelfe. Nay, the times are ſo wholly growne, to be either partiall, or malitious; that, if hee be a friend, all ſits well about him; his very vices ſhall be vertues: if an enemy, or of the contrary *faction*, nothing is good, or tolerable in him: inſomuch, that wee care not to diſcredit, and ſhame our judgements, to ſooth our paſſions. *Stare à partibus.*

Man is read in his face: *God* in his creatures; but not as the *Philoſopher*, the creature of glory reads him: But, as the *Divine*, the ſervant of *humility*: yet even hee muſt take care, not to be too curious. For to utter Truth of *God* (but as hee thinkes onely) may be dangerous; who is beſt knowne, by our not knowing. Some things of him, ſo much as hee hath revealed, or commanded, it is not only lawfull, but neceſſary for us to know: for therein our ignorance was the firſt cauſe of our wickedneſſe. *Deus in creaturis.*

Truth is mans proper good, and the onely *immortall* thing, was given to our mortality to uſe. No good *Chriſtian*, or *Ethnick*, if he be honeſt, can *Veritas proprium hominis.*

can misse it: no *Statesman*, or *Patriot* should. For without truth all the Actions of man-kind, are craft, malice, or what you will, rather then Wisdome. *Homer* sayes, hee hates him worse then hell-mouth, that utters one thing with his tongue, and keepes another in his breast. Which high expression was grounded on divine *Reason*. For a lying mouth is a stinking pit, and murthers with the contagion it venteth. Beside, nothing is lasting that is fain'd; it will have another face then it had, ere long: As *Euripides* saith, *No lye ever growes old.*

Nullum vitium sine patrocinio.

It is strange, there should be no vice without his patronage, that (when wee have no other excuse) wee will say, wee love it; wee cannot forsake it: as if that made it not more a fault. Wee cannot, because wee thinke wee cannot: and wee love it, because wee will defend it. Wee will rather excuse it, then be rid of it. That wee cannot, is pretended; but that wee will not, is the true reason. How many have I knowne, that would not have their vices hid? Nay, and to bee noted, live like *Antipodes*, to others in the same *Citie*; never see the Sunne rise, or set, in so many yeares; but be as they were watching a Corps by Torch-light; would not sinne the common way; but held that a kind of *Rusticity*; they would doe it new, or contrary, for the infamy? They were ambitious of living backward; and at last arrived at that, as they would love nothing but the vices; not the vitious customes. It was impossible to reforme these natures; they were dry'd, and hardned in their ill. They may say, they desir'd to leave it; but doe not trust them: and they may thinke they desir'd it, but they may lye for all that; they are a little angry with their follies, now and then; marry they come into grace with them againe quickly. They will confesse, they are offended with their manner of living: like enough, who is not? When they can put me in security, that they are more then offended; that they hate it: then Ile hearken to them; and, perhaps, beleeve them: But many now a dayes, love and hate their ill together.

De vera Argutia.

I doe heare them say often: Some men are not witty; because they are not every where witty; then which nothing is more fooliſh. If an eye or a nose bee an excellent part in the face, therefore be all eye or nose? I thinke the eye-brow, the fore-head, the cheeke, chyn, lip, or any part else, are as necessary, and naturall in the place. But now nothing is good that is naturall: Right and naturall language seeme to have least of the wit in it; that which is writh'd and tortur'd, is counted the more exquisite. Cloath of Bodkin, or Tissue, must be imbrodered; as if no face were faire, that were not pouldred, or painted? No beauty to be had, but in wresting, and writhing our owne tongue? Nothing is fashionable, till it bee deform'd; and this is to write like a *Gentleman*. All must bee as affected, and prepostorous as our Gallants cloathes, sweet bags, and night-dressings: in which you would thinke our men lay in, like *Ladies*: it is so curious.

Censura de Poetis.

Nothing in our Age, I have observ'd, is more prepostorous, then the *running Iudgements* upon *Poetry*, and *Poets*; when wee shall heare those things commended, and cry'd up for the best writings, which a man would scarce vouchsafe, to wrap any wholsome drug in; hee would never light his *Tobacco* with them. And those men almost mum'd for *Miracles*, who yet are so vile, that if a man should goe about, to examine, and

correct

correct them, hee must make all they have done, but one blot. Their good is so intangled with their bad, as forcibly one must draw on the others death with it. A Sponge dipt in Inke will doe all:

Comitetur punica librum
Spongia.——

Et paulò post,

Non possum multa, una litura potest. *Mart. l. 4. epig. 10.*

Yet their vices have not hurt them? Nay, a great many they have profited; for they have beene lov'd for nothing else. And this false opinion growes strong against the best men: if once it take root with the *Ignorant*. *Cestius* in his time, was preferr'd to *Cicero*; so farre, as the Ignorant durst. They learn'd him without booke, and had him often in their mouthes: But a man cannot imagine that thing so foolish, or rude, but will find, and enjoy an Admirer; at least, a Reader, or *Spectator*. The Puppets are seene now in despight of the Players: *Heath's Epigrams*, and the *Skullers Poems* have their applause. There are never wanting, that dare preferre the worst *Preachers*, the worst *Pleaders*, the worst *Poets*: not that the better have left to write, or speake better, but that they that heare them judge worse; *Non illi pejus dicunt, sed hi corruptiùs judicant.* Nay, if it were put to the question of the Water-rimers workes, against *Spencers*; I doubt not, but they would find more *Suffrages*; because the most favour common vices, out of a Prerogative the vulgar have, to lose their judgements; and like that which is naught. *Cestius. Cicero. Heath. Taylor. Spencer.*

Poetry in this latter Age, hath prov'd but a meane *Mistresse*, to such as have wholly addicted themselves to her; or given their names up to her family. They who have but saluted her on the by; and now and then tendred their visits, shee hath done much for, and advanced in the way of their owne professions (both the *Law*, and the *Gospel*) beyond all they could have hoped, or done for themselves, without her favour. Wherein she doth emulate the judicious, but preposterous bounty of the times *Grandes*: who accumulate all they can upon the *Parasite*, or *Fresh-man* in their friendship; but thinke an old Client, or honest servant, bound by his place to write, and starve.

Indeed, the multitude commend Writers, as they doe Fencers; or Wrastlers; who if they come in robustiously, and put for it, with a deale of violence, are received for the *braver-fellowes*: when many times their owne rudenesse is a cause of their disgrace; and a slight touch of their Adversary, gives all that boisterous force the foyle. But in these things, the unskilfull are naturally deceiv'd, and judging wholly by the bulke, thinke rude things greater then polish'd; and scatter'd more numerous, then compos'd: Nor thinke this only to be true in the fordid multitude but the neater sort of our *Gallants*: for all are the multitude; only they differ in cloaths, not in judgement or understanding.

I remember, the Players have often mentioned it as an honour to *Shakespeare*, that in his writing, (whatsoever he penn'd) hee never blotted out † line. My answer hath beene, would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend *De Shakespeare nostrat.*

by;

† The Players write in the Preface which old Ben himself revised for them and of which he wrote great part, are we have seare found a blot in his papers! not never.

by, wherein he most faulted. And to justifie mine owne candor, (for I lov'd the man, and doe honour his memory (on this side Idolatry) as much as any.) Hee was (indeed) honest, and of an open, and free nature: had an excellent *Phantsie*; brave notions, and gentle expressions: wherein hee flow'd with that facility, that sometime it was necessary he should be stop'd: *Sufflaminandus erat*; as *Augustus* said of *Haterius*. His wit was in his owne power; would the rule of it had beene so too. Many times hee fell into those things, could not escape laughter: As when hee said in the person of *Cæsar*, one speaking to him; *Cæsar thou dost me wrong*. Hee replyed: *Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause*: and such like, which were ridiculous. But hee redeemed his vices, with his vertues. There was ever more in him to be praysed, then to be pardoned.

Augustus in Hat.

Ingeniorum discrimina. Not. 1.

In the difference of wits, I have observ'd, there are many notes: And it is a little *Maistry* to know them: to discerne, what every nature, every disposition will beare: For, before wee sow our land, we should plough it. There are no fewer formes of minds, then of bodies amongst us. The variety is incredible; and therefore wee must search. Some are fit to make *Divines*, some *Poets*, some *Lawyers*, some *Physicians*; some to be sent to the plough, and trades.

There is no doctrine will doe good, where nature is wanting. Some wits are swelling, and high; others low and still: Some hot and fiery; others cold and dull: One must have a bridle, the other a spurre.

Not. 2.

There be some that are forward, and bold; and these will doe every little thing easily: I meane that is hard by, and next them: which they will utter, unretarded without any shamefastnesse. These never performe much, but quickly. They are, what they are on the sudden; they shew presently like *Graine*, that, scatter'd on the top of the ground, shoots up, but takes no root; has a yellow blade, but the eare empry. They are wits of good promise at first, but there is an * *Ingeni-stitium*: They stand still at sixteene, they get no higher.

* A wit-stand.

Not. 3.

You have others, that labour onely to ostentation, and are ever more busie about the colours, and surface of a worke, then in the matter, and foundation: For that is hid, the other is seene.

Not. 4. Martial. lib. 11. epig. 91.

Others, that in composition are nothing, but what is rough, and broken: *Qua per salebras, altaq; saxa cadunt.* And if it would come gently, they trouble it of purpose. They would not have it run without rubs, as if that stile were more strong and manly, that stroke the eare with a kind of unevenesse. These men erre not by chance, but knowingly, and willingly; they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves, have some singularity in a Ruffe, Cloake, or Hat-band; or their beards, specially cut to provoke beholders, and set a marke upon themselves. They would be reprehended, while they are look'd on. And this vice, one that is in authority with the rest, loving, delivers over to them to bee imitated: so that oft-times the faults which he fell into, the others seeke for: This is the danger, when vice becomes a *Precedent*.

Not. 5.

Others there are, that have no composition at all; but a kind of tuneing, and riming fall, in what they vvrite. It runs and slides, and onely makes a sound. Womens-*Poets* they are call'd. as you have womens-*Taylors*.

They

They write averse, as smooth, as soft, as cream,
In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream.

See the Margin of Reader before the Prologue, p. 42. X

You may found these wits, and find the depth of them, with your middle finger. They are *Cream-bowle*, or but puddle deepe.

Some that turne over all bookes, and are equally searching in all papers, that write out of what they presently find or meet, without choice, by which meanes it happens, that what they have discredited, and impugned in one worke, they have before, or after extolled the same in another. Such are all the *Essayists*, even their Master *Montaigne*. These in all they write, confesse still what bookes they have read last, and there in their owne folly, so much, that they bring it to the *Stake* raw, and undigested; not that the place did need it neither, but that they thought themselves furnished, and would vent it. *Not. 6.* *Mic. de Montaigne.*

Some againe, who (after they have got authority, or, which is lesse, opinion, by their writings, to have read much) dare presently to faine whole bookes, and Authors, and lye safely. For what never was, will not easily be found, not by the most *curious*. *Not. 7.*

And some, by a cunning protestation against all reading, and false vendition of their owne *naturals*, thinke to divert the *sagacity* of their Readers from themselves, and coole the sent of their owne *fox-like* thefts; when yet they are so ranke, as a man may find whole pages together usurp'd from one Author. Their necessities compelling them to read for present use, which could not be in many books, and so come forth more ridiculously, and palpably guilty, then those, who because they cannot trace, they yet would slander their industry. *Not. 8.*

But the Wretcheder are the obstinate contemners of all helpes, and Arts: such as presuming on their owne *Naturals* (which perhaps are excellent) dare deride all diligence, and seeme to mock at the termes, when they understand not the things, thinking that way to get off wittily, with their Ignorance. These are imitated often by such, as are their Peeres in negligence, though they cannot be in nature: And they utter all they can thinke, with a kind of violence, and *indisposition*, unexamin'd, without relation, either to person, place, or any fitnesse else; and the more wilfull, and stubborne, they are in it, the more learned they are esteem'd of the *multitude*, through their excellent vice of Judgement: Who thinke those things the stronger, that have no Art: as if to breake, were better then to open; or to rent asunder, gentler then to loose. *Not. 9.*

It cannot but come to passe, that these men, who commonly seeke to doe more then enough, may sometimes happen on some thing that is good, and great; but very seldome: And when it comes, it doth not recompence the rest of their ill. For their jests, and their sentences (which they onely, and ambitiously seeke for) sticke out, and are more eminent, because all is sordid, and vile about them; as lights are more discern'd in a thick darkenesse, then a faint shadow. Now because they speake all they can (how ever unfitly) they are thought to have the greater copy, Where the learned use ever election, and a meane, they looke back to what they intended at first, and make all an even, and proportion'd body. The true Artificer will not run away from nature, as hee *Not. 10.*

built were

were afraid of her; or depart from life, and the likeneſſe of Truth; but ſpeake to the capacity of his hearers. And though his language differ from the vulgar ſomewhat, it ſhall not fly from all humanity, with the *Tamerlanes*, and *Tamer-Chams*, of the late Age, which had nothing in them but the *ſcenicall* ſtrutting, and furious vociferation, to warrant them them to the ignorant gapers. Hee knowes it is his onely Art, ſo to carry it, as none but Artificers perceive it. In the meane time perhaps hee is call'd barren, dull, leane, a poore Writer (or by what contumelious word can come in their cheeks) by theſe men, who without labour, judgement, knowledge, or almoſt ſenſe, are received, or preferr'd before him. He gratulates them, and their fortune. An other Age, or juſter men, will acknowledge the vertues of his ſtudies: his wiſdome, in dividing: his ſubtilty, in arguing: with what ſtrength hee doth inſpire his Readers: with what ſweetneſſe, hee ſtrokes them; in inveighing: what ſharpeneſſe; in Jeſt, what urbanity hee uſes. How he doth raigne in mens affections; how invade, and breake in upon them; and makes their minds like the thing he writes. Then in his Elocution to behold, what word is proper: which hath ornament: which height: what is beautifully tranſlated: where figures are fit: which gentle, which ſtrong to ſhew the compoſition *Manly*. And how hee hath avoyded, faint, obſcure, obſcene, ſordid, humble, improper, or effeminate *Phraſe*, which is not only prais'd of the moſt, but commended, (which is worſe) eſpecially for that it is naught.

Ignorantia animæ. *I know* no diſeaſe of the *Soule*, but *Ignorance*; not of the Arts, and Sciences, but of it ſelfe: Yet relating to thoſe, it is a pernicious *evill*: the darkner of mans life: the diſturber of his *Reaſon*, and common Confounder of *Truth*: with which a man goes groping in the darke, no otherwiſe, then if hee were blind. Great underſtandings are moſt wrack'd and troubled with it: Nay, ſometimes they will rather chooſe to dye, then not to know the things, they ſtudy for. Thinke then what an evill it is: and what good the contrary.

Scientia. *Knowledge* is the action of the *Soule*; and is perfect without the *ſenſes*, as having the ſeeds of all *Science*, and *Vertue* in its ſelfe: but not without the ſervice of the *ſenſes*: by thoſe Organs, the *Soule workes*: She is a perpetuall Agent, prompt and ſubtile; but often flexible, and erring; intangling her ſelfe like a Silke-worme: But her *Reaſon* is a weapon with two edges, and cuts through. In her Indagations oft-times new Sents put her by; and ſhee takes in errors into her, by the ſame conduits ſhe doth Truths.

Otium. *Eaſe*, and relaxation, are profitable to all ſtudies. The mind is like a Bow, the ſtronger by being unbent. But the temper in Spirits is all, when to command a mans wit; when to favour it. I have knowne a man vehement on both ſides; that knew no meane, either to intermit his ſtudies, or call upon them againe. When hee hath ſet himſelfe to writing, hee would joyne night to day; preſſe upon himſelfe without releaſe, not minding it, till hee fainted: and when hee left off, reſolve himſelfe into all ſports, and looſeneſſe againe; that it was almoſt a deſpaire to draw him to his booke: But once got to it, hee grew ſtronger, and more earneſt by the eaſe. His whole Powers were renew'd: he would worke out of himſelfe, what hee deſired; but with ſuch exceſſe, as his

ſtudy

ſtudy could not bee rul'd: hee knew not how to diſpoſe his owne Abilities, or husband them, hee was of that immoderate power againſt himſelfe. Nor was hee only a ſtrong, but an abſolute *Speaker*, and *Writer*: but his ſubtilty did not ſhew it ſelfe; his judgement thought that a vice. For the ambuſh hurts more that is hid. Hee never forc'd his language, nor went out of the high way of *ſpeaking*; but for ſome great neceſſity, or apparent profit. For hee denied *Figures* to be invented for ornament, but for ayde; and ſtill thought it an extreme madneſſe to bend, or wreſt that which ought to be right. *Studiorum.*

It is no *Wonder*, mens eminence appeares but in their owne way. *Virgils* felicity left him in proſe, as *Tullies* forſooke him in verſe. Orations are read in the honour of Story: yet the moſt eloquent *Plato's* ſpeech, which he made for *Socrates*, is neither worthy or the *Patron*, or the *Perſon* defended. Nay, in the ſame kind of *Oratory*, and where the matter is one, you ſhall have him that reaſons ſtrongly, open negligently: another that prepares well, not fit ſo well: and this happens, not onely to braines, but to bodies. One can wraſtle well; another runne well; a third leape, or throw the barre; a fourth lift, or ſtop a Cart going: Each hath his way of ſtrength. So in other creatures; ſome dogs are for the Deere: ſome for the wild Boare: ſome are Fox-hounds: ſome Otter-hounds. Nor are all horſes for the Coach, or Saddle; ſome are for the Cart, and Panniers. *Et ſtili eſt. Salluſts nentia.* Virgil. Tully. Salluſt. Plato.

I have knowne many excellent men, that would ſpeake ſuddenly, to the admiration of their hearers; who upon ſtudy, and premeditation have beene forſaken by their owne wits; and no way anſwered their fame: Their eloquence was greater, then their reading: and the things they uttered, better then thoſe they knew. Their fortune deſerved better of them, then their care. For men of preſent ſpirits, and of greater wits, then ſtudy, doe pleaſe more in the things they invent, then in thoſe they bring. And I have heard ſome of them compell'd to ſpeake, out of neceſſity, that have ſo infinitly exceeded themſelves, as it was better, both for them, and their Auditory, that they were ſo ſurpriz'd, not prepar'd. Nor was it ſafe then to croſſe them, for their adverſary, their anger made them more eloquent. Yet theſe men I could not but love, and admire, that they return'd to their ſtudies. They left not diligence (as many doe) when their raſhneſſe proſper'd. For diligence is a great ayde, even to an indifferent wit; when wee are not contented with the examples of our owne Age, but would know the face of the former. Indeed, the more wee conferre with, the more wee profit by, if the perſons be choſen. *De claris Oratoribus.*

One, though hee be excellent, and the chiefe, is not to bee imitated alone. For never no Imitator, ever grew up to his *Author*; likeneſſe is alwayes on this ſide Truth: Yet there hapn'd, in my time, one noble *Speaker*, who was full of gravity in his ſpeaking. His language, (where hee could ſpare, or paſſe by a jeſt) was nobly *cenſorious*. No man ever ſpake more neatly, more preſſly, more weightily, or ſuffer'd leſſe emptineſſe, leſſe idleneſſe, in what hee utter'd. No member of his ſpeech, but conſiſted of the owne graces: His hearers could not cough, or looke aſide from him, without loſſe. Hee commanded where hee ſpoke; and had his Judges angry, and pleaſed at his devotion. No man had their *Dominus Verulamius.*

affections more in his power. The feare of every man that heard him, was, lest hee should make an end.

Cicero is said to bee the only wit, that the people of *Rome* had equall'd to their *Empire*. *Ingenium par imperio.* We have had many, and in their severall Ages, (to take in but the former *Seculum.*) *Sir Thomas Moore*, the elder *Wiat*, *Henry*, Earle of *Surrey*, *Chaloner*, *Smith*, *Cliet*, B. *Gardiner*, were for their times admirable: and the more, because they began Eloquence with us. Sir *Nico: Bacon*, was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of Queene *Elizabeths* times. Sir *Philip Sidney*, and Mr. *Hooker* (in different matter) grew great Masters of wit, and language, and in whom all vigour of Invention, and strength of judgement met. The Earle of *Essex*, noble and high; and Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, not to be contemn'd, either for judgement, or stile. Sir *Henry Savile* grave, and truly letter'd, Sir *Edwin Sandes*, excellent in both: Lo: *Egerton*, the Chancellor, a grave, and great Orator; and best, when hee was provok'd. But his learned, and able (though unfortunate) *Successor*) is he, who hath fill'd up all numbers; and perform'd that in our tongue, which may be compar'd, or preferr'd, either to insolent *Greece*, or haughty *Rome*. In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits borne, that could honour a language, or helpe study. Now things daily fall: wits grow downe-ward, and *Eloquence* growes back-ward: So that hee may be nam'd, and stand as the *marke*, and ἄχμη of our language.

Scriptorum Catalogus.
Sir *Thomas Moore.*
Sir *Thomas Wiat.*
Hen: Earle of Surrey.
Sir *Thomas Chaloner.*
Sir *Thomas Smith.*
Sir *Thomas Eliot.*
B. *Gardiner.*
Sir *Nic: Bacon.* L. K.
Sir *Philip Sydney.*
M. *Richard Hooker.*
Rob. Earle of Essex.
Sir *Walter Raleigh.*
Sir *Henry Savile.* Sir *Edwin Sands.* Sir *Thomas Egerton.* L. C.
Sir *Francis Bacon.* L. C.
De Augmentis scientiarum.
Iulius Cæsar.
Lord S. *Albane.*
Horat: de art: Poetica.
De corruptela morum.

I have ever observ'd it, to have beene the office of a wise Patriot, among the greatest affaires of the *State*, to take care of the *Common-wealth* of Learning. For Schooles, they are the *Seminaries* of State: and nothing is worthier the study of a Statesman, then that part of the *Republicke*, which wee call the *advancement* of Letters. Witnesse the care of *Iulius Cæsar*, who in the heat of the civill warre, writ his bookes of *Analogie*, and dedicated them to *Tully*. This made the late Lord S. *Albane*, entitle his worke, *nouum Organum*. Which though by the most of superficiall men, who cannot get beyond the Title of *Nominals*, it is not penetrated, nor understood: it really openeth all defects of Learning, whatsoever; and is a Booke.

Qui longum noto scriptori porriget ævum.

My conceit of his Person was never increased toward him, by his place, or honours. But I have, and doe reverence him for the greatnesse, that was onely proper to himselfe, in that hee seem'd to mee ever, by his worke one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had beene in many Ages. In his adversity I ever prayed, that *God* would give him strength: for *Greatnesse* hee could not want. Neither could I condole in a word, or syllable for him, as knowing no Accident could doe harme to vertue, but rather helpe to make it manifest.

There cannot be one colour of the mind, an other of the wit. If the mind be staid, grave, and compos'd, the wit is so, that vitiated, the other is blowne, and deflowr'd. Doe wee not see, if the mind languish, the members are dull? Looke upon an effeminate person: his very gate confesseth him. If a man be fiery, his motion is so: if angry, 'tis troubled, and violent. So that wee may conclude: Wheresoever, manners,

and fashi ons are corrupted; Language is. It imitates the publicke riot. The excesse of Feasts, and apparell, are the notes of a sick State; and the wantonnesse of language, of a sick mind.

If wee would consider, what our affaires are indeed, not what they are call'd, wee should find more evils belong us, then happen to us. How often doth that, which was call'd a calamity, prove the beginning, and cause of a mans happinesse? And on the contrary: that which hapned, or came to an other with great gratulation, and applause, how it hath lifted him, but a step higher to his ruine! As, if hee stood before, where hee might fall safely. *De rebus mundanis.*

The vulgar are commonly ill-natur'd; and alwayes grudging against their *Governours:* which makes, that a Prince has more busines, and trouble with them, then ever *Hercules* had with the Bull, or any other beast: by how much they have more heads, then will be rein'd with one bridle. There was not that variety of beasts in the Arke, as is of beastly natures in the multitude; especially when they come to that iniquity, to censure their *Soveraign's* actions. Then all the *Counsels* are made good, or bad by the events. And it falleth out, that the same facts receive from them the names; now of diligence; now, of vanity; now of Majesty; now of fury: where they ought wholy to hang on his mouth, as hee to consist of himselfe, and not others counsels. *Vulgi mores.* *Morbus Comitialis.*

After God, nothing is to be lov'd of man like the Prince: He violates nature, that doth it not with his whole heart. For when hee hath put on the care of the publike good, and common safety, I am a wretch, and put on man, if I doe not reverence, and honour him: in whose charge all things *divine* and *humane* are plac'd. Doe but aske of nature, why all living creatures are lesse delighted with meat, and drinke, that sustaines them, then with *Venery*, that wastes them. And she will tell thee, the first respects but a private; the other, a common good, *Propagation.* *Princeps.* *De eodem.*

Hee is the Arbiter of life, and death: when hee finds no other subject for his mercy, hee should spare himselfe. All his punishments are rather to correct, then to destroy. Why are prayers with *Orpheus* said to be the daughters of *Iupiter*; but that Princes are thereby admonished, that the petitions of the wretched, ought to have more weight with them, then the Lawes themselves. *Orpheus hymn.*

It was a great acculation to his Majesties deserved prayse, that men might openly visit, and pitty those, whom his greatest prisons had at any time received, or his Lawes condemned. *De opt. Rege Iacobo.*

Wise, is rather the Attribute of a Prince, then *learned*, or *good.* The learned man profits others, rather then himselfe: the good man, rather himselfe then others: But the Prince commands others, and doth himselfe. The wise *Licurgus* gave no Law, but what himselfe kept. *Sylla*, and *Lysander*, did not so: the one living, extreamely dissolute himselfe, inforced frugality by the Lawes: the other permitted those Licences to others, which himselfe abstained from. But the *Princes* Prudence is his chiefe Art, and safety. In his Counsels, and deliberations hee foresees the future times. In the equity of his judgement, hee hath remembrance of the past; and knowledge of what is to bee done, or avoyded for the present. Hence the *Persians* gave out their *Cyrus*, to have beene nurs'd by a Bitch, a creature to encounter it; as of sagacity to seeke out good; *De Princ: adjunctis.* *—Sed verè prudens haud concipi possit Princeps, nisi—simul & bonus.* *Licurgus.* *Sylla. Lysander.* *Cyrus.*

shewing that *Wisdome* may accompany fortitude, or it leaves to be, and puts on the name of *Rashnesse*.

Res nolign: studentium. *There* be some men are borne only to sucke out the poyson of bookes: *Habent venenum pro victu: imò, pro deliciis.* And such are they that only rellish the obscene, and foule things in *Poets*: Which makes the profession taxed. But by whom? men, that watch for it, (and had they not had this hint) are so unjust valuers of Letters; as they thinke no Learning good, but what brings in gaine. It shewes they themselves would never have beene of the professions they are; but for the profits and fees. But, if an other Learning, well used, can instruct to good life, informe manners; no lesse perswade, and leade men, then they threaten, and compell, and have no reward, is it therefore the worse study? I could never thinke the study of *Wisdome* confin'd only to the Philosopher: or of *Poetry* to the *Divine*: or of *State* to the *Politicke*. But that he which can faine a *Common-wealth* (which is the *Poet*) can gowne it with *Counsels*, strengthen it with *Lawes*, correct it with *Iudgements*, informe it with *Religion*, and *Morals*; is all these. Wee doe not require in him meere *Elocution*; or an excellent faculty in verse; but the exact knowledge of all vertues; and their Contraries; with ability to render the one lov'd, the other hated, by his proper embattaling them. The Philosophers did insolently, to challenge only to themselves that which the greatest *Generals*, and gravest *Counsellors* never durst. For such had rather doe, then promise the best things.

Controvers. scriptores. Some *Controverters* in Divinity are like Swaggerers in a Taverne, that catch that which stands next them; the candlesticke, or pots; turne every thing into a weapon: oft times they fight blind-fold; and both beate the Ayre. The one milkes a Hee-goat, the other holds under a Sive. *More Andabatarum, qui clausis oculis pugnant.* Their Arguments are as fluxive as liquour spilt upon a Table; which with your finger you may draine as you will. Such Controversies, or Disputations, (carried with more labour, then profit) are odious: where most times the Truth is lost in the midst; or left untouch'd. And the fruit of their fight is; that they spit one upon another, and are both defil'd. These Fencers in Religion, I like not.

Morbi. *The* Body hath certaine diseases, that are with lesse evill tolerated, then remov'd. As if to cure a *Leprosie*, a man should bathe himselfe with the warme blood of a murthered Child: So in the Church, some errors may be dissimuled with lesse inconvenience, then can be discover'd.

Iactantia intempestiva. *Men* that talke of their owne benefits, are not beleev'd to talke of them, because they have done them: but to have done them, because they might talke of them. That which had beene great, if another had reported it of them, vanisheth; and is nothing, if hee that did it speake of it. For men, when they cannot destroy the deed, will yet be glad to take advantage of the boasting, and lessen it.

Adulatio. *I have seene*, that *Poverty* makes men doe unfit things; but honest men should not doe them: they should gaine otherwise. Though a man bee hungry, hee should not play the Parasite. That houre, wherein I would repent me to be honest: there were wayes enow open for me to be rich. But *Flattery* is a fine Pick-lock of tender eares: especially of those, whom fortune hath borne high upon their wings, that submit their dignity, and authority to it, by a soothing of themselves. For indeed men could

never

never be taken, in that abundance, with the Sprindges of others *Flattery*, if they began not there; if they did but remember, how much more profitable the bitternesse of *Truth* were, then all the honey distilling from a whorish voice; which is not praise, but poyson. But now it is come to that extreme folly, or rather madnesse with some: that he that flatters them modestly, or sparingly, is thought to maligne them. If their friend consent not to their vices, though hee doe not contradict them; hee is nevertheless an enemy. When they doe all things the worst way, even then they looke for praise. Nay, they will hire fellowes to flatter them with suites, and suppers, and to prostitute their judgements. They have *Livery-friends*, friends of the dish, and of the *Spit*, that waite their turnes, as my Lord has his feasts, and guests.

I have considered, our whole life is like a *Play*: Wherein every man forgetfull of himselfe, is in travaile with expression of another. Nay, wee so insist in imitating others, as wee cannot (when it is necessary) returne to our selves: like Children, that imitate the vices of *Stammerers* so long, till at last they become such; and make the habit to another nature, as it is never forgotten. *De vitâ humanâ.*

Good men are the Stars the Planets of the Ages wherein they live, and illustrate the times. *God* did never let them be wanting to the world: As *Abel*, for an example, of Innocency; *Enoch* of Purity, *Noah* of Trust in Gods mercies, *Abraham* of Faith, and so of the rest. These sensuall men thought mad, because they would not be partakers, or practisers of their madnesse. But they plac'd high on the top of all vertue, look'd downe on the Stage of the world, and contemned the Play of *Fortune*. For though the most be Players, some must be *Spectators*. *De piis & probis.*

I have discovered, that a fain'd familiarity in great ones, is a note of certaine usurpation on the lesse. For great and popular men, faine themselves to bee servants to others, to make those slaves to them. So the Fisher provides baits for the Trowte, Roch, Dace, &c. that they may be food to him. *Mores Aulici.*

The Complaint of Caligula, was most wicked, of the condition of his times: when hee said; They were not famous by any publike calamity, as the reigne of *Augustus* was, by the defeat of *Varus*, and the *Legions*; and that of *Tiberius*, by the falling of the Theater at *Iidenæ*: whilst his oblivion was eminent, through the prosperity of his affaires. As that other voice of his, was worthier a head's-man, then a head; when hee wished the people of *Rome* had but one neck. But he found (when he fell) they had many hands. A Tyranne, how great and mighty soever hee may seeme to *Cowards* and Sluggards; is but one creature, one *Animal*. *Impiorum querela. Augustus. Varus. Tiberius.*

I have mark'd among the *Nobility*, some are so addicted to the service of the *Prince*, and Common-wealth, as they looke not for spoyle; such are to be honour'd, and lov'd. There are others, which no obligation will fasten on; and they are of two sorts. The first are such as love their owne ease: or, out of vice, of nature, or selfe-direction, avoide busines and care. Yet, these the *Prince* may use with safety. The other remove themselves upon craft, and designe (as the *Architects* say) with a premeditated thought to their owne, rather then their *Princes* profit. Such let the *Prince* take heed of, and not doubt to reckon in the List of his open enemies. *Nobilium Ingenia.*

There

Principum varia. Firmissima verò omnium basis jus hereditarium Principis--.

There is a great variation betweene him, that is rais'd to the *Soveraignity*, by the favour of his Peeres; and him that comes to it by the suffrage of the people. The first holds with more difficulty; because hee hath to doe with many, that thinke themselves his equals; and rais'd him for their owne greatnesse, and oppression of the rest. The latter hath no upbraiders; but was rais'd by them, that sought to be defended from oppression: whose end is both the easier, and the honester to satisfie. Beside, while he hath the people to friend, who are a multitude, he hath the lesse feare of the *Nobility*, who are but few. Nor let the common Proverbe of (Hee that builds on the people, builds on the dirt) discredit my opinion: For that hath only place, where an ambitious, and private person, for some popular end, trusts in them against the publike Justice, and Magistrate. There they will leave him. But when a *Prince* governs them, so as they have still need of his Administration (for that is his Art) hee shall ever make, and hold them faithfull.

Clementia.

Macchiavell.

A Prince should exercise his cruelty, not by himselfe, but by his Ministers: so hee may save himselfe, and his dignity with his people, by sacrificing those, when he list, saith the great *Doctor* of *State*, *Macchiavell.* But I say, he puts off man, and goes into a beast, that is cruell. No vertue is a *Princes* owne; or becomes him more, then this *Clemency*: And no glory is greater, then to be able to save with his power. Many punishments sometimes, and in some cases as much discredit a Prince, as many Funerals a *Physician*. The state of things is secur'd by Clemency; Severity represseth a few, but it irritates more. * The lopping of trees makes the boughes shoote out thicker; And the taking away of some kind of enemies, increaseth the number. It is then, most gracious in a Prince to pardon, when many about him would make him cruell; to thinke then, how much he can save, when others tell him, how much he can destroy: not to consider, what the impotence of others hath demolish'd; but what his owne greatnesse can sustaine. There are a *Princes* vertues; And they that give him other counsels, are but the *Hangmans* Factors.

* *Haud infima ars in Principe, ubi lenitas, ubi severitas— plus polleat in commune bonum callere.*

Clementia tutelat optima. St. *Nicolas.*

Hee that is cruell to halfes, (saith the said St. *Nicolas*) looseth no lesse the opportunity of his cruelty, then of his benefits: For then to use his cruelty, is too late; and to use his favours will be interpreted feare and necessity; and so hee looseth the thankes. Still the counsell is cruelty. But *Princes* by harkning to cruell counsels, become in time obnoxious to the Authors, their Flatterers, and Ministers; and are brought to that, that when they would, they dare not change them: they must goe on, and defend cruelty with cruelty: they cannot alter the Habit. It is then growne necessary, they must be as ill, as those have made them: And in the end, they will grow more hatefull to themselves, then to their Subjects. Whereas, on the contrary, the mercifull *Prince* is safe in love, not in feare. Hee needs no Emissaries, Spies, Intelligencers, to intrap true Subjects. Hee feares no Libels, no Treasons. His people speake, what they thinke; and talke openly, what they doe in secret. They have nothing in their brests, that they need a Cipher for. He is guarded with his owne benefits.

Religio. Palladium Homeri.

The strength of Empire is in Religion. What else is the *Palladium*, (with *Homer*) that kept *Troy* so long from sacking? Nothing more commends the *Soveraigne* to the Subject, then it. For hee that is religious,

must

must be mercifull and just necessarily. And they are too strong ties upon mankind. Justice is the vertue, that *Innocence* rejoyceth in. Yet even that is not alwayes so safe; but it may love to stand in the sight of mercy. For sometimes misfortune is made a crime, and then *Innocence* is succor'd, no lesse then vertue. Nay, often times vertue is made Capitall: and through the condition of the times, it may happen, that that may be punish'd with our praise. Let no man therefore murmure at the Actions of the Prince, who is plac'd so farre above him. If hee offend, he hath his Discoverer. *God* hath a height beyond him. But where the *Prince* is good, *Euripides* saith: *God is a Guest in a humane body.* *Euripides. Tyranni.*

There is nothing with some *Princes* sacred above their Majesty; or prophane, but what violates their Scepters. But a Prince with such Counsell, is like the *God Terminus*, of Stone, his owne Land-marke; or (as it is in the Fable) a crowned Lyon. It is dangerous offending such an one; who being angry, knowes not how to forgive. That cares not to doe any thing, for maintaining, or inlarging of *Empire*; kils not men, or Subjects; but destroyeth whole Countries, Armies, mankind, male, and female; guilty or not guilty, holy or prophane: Yea, some that have not seene the light. All is under the Law of their spoyle, and licence. But *Princes* that neglect their proper office thus, their fortune is often times to draw a *Scianus*, to be neere about him; who will at last affect to get above him, and put them in a worthy feare, of rooting both them out, and their family. For no men hate an evill *Prince* more, then they, that help'd to make him such. And none more boastingly, weepe his ruine, then they, that procur'd and practis'd it. The same path leads to ruine, which did to rule, when men professe a *Licence* in governing. A *good King* is a publike Servant. *Scianus.*

A Prince without Letters, is a Pilot without eyes. All his Government is groping. In *Soveraignity* it is a most happy thing, not to be compelled; but so it is the most miserable not to be counsell'd. And how can he be counsell'd that cannot see to read the best Counsellors (which are books.) For they neither flatter us, nor hide from us? Hee may heare, you will say. But how shall he alwayes be sure to heare Truth? or be counsell'd the best things, not the sweetest? They say *Princes* learne no Art truly, but the Art of *Horse-manship*. The reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer. Hee will throw a *Prince*, as soone, as his Groome. Which is an Argument, that the good Counsellors to Princes are the best instruments of a good Age. For though the *Prince* himselfe be of most prompt inclination to to all vertue: Yet the best *Pilots* have need of *Mariners*, beside Sayles, Anchor, and other Tackle. *Illiteratus Princeps.*

If men did know, what shining fetters, guilded miseries, and painted happinesse, Thrones and Scepters were. There would not bee so frequent strife about the getting, or holding of them. There would be more *Principalities*, then *Princes*. For a *Prince* is the Pastor of the people. Hee ought to sheere, no to flea his sheepe; to take their fleeces, not their fels. Who were his enemies before, being a private man, become his children, now hee is publike. Hee is the *soule* of the Commonwealth; and ought to cherish it, as his owne body. *Alexander* the Great was wont to say: *Hee hated that Gardiner, that pluck'd his herbes, or flowers up by the roots.* A man may milke a beast, till the blood come: *Character Principis.* *Alexander magnus.*

Churne

Churne milke, and it yeeldeth butter: but wring the nose, and the blood followeth. Hee is an ill *Prince*, that so puls his Subjects feathers, as hee would not have them grow againe: that makes his *Exchequer* a receipt for the spoyles of those hee governs. No, let him keepe his owne, not affect his Subjects: strive rather to be call'd just, then powerfull. Not, like the *Romans Tyrans*, affect the Surnames that grow by humane slaughters: Neither to seeke warre in peace, or peace in warre; but to observe faith given, though to an Enemy. Study Piety toward the Subject: Shew care to defend him. Bee slow to punish in diverse cases; but be a sharpe, and severe Revenger of open crimes. Breake no decrees, or dissolve no orders, to slacken the strength of Lawes. Choose neither Magistrates *civill*, or *Ecclesiastick*, by *favour*, or *Price*: but with long disquisition, and report of their worth, by all Suffrages. Sell no honours, nor give them hastily; but bestow them with counsell, and for reward; If hee doe acknowledge it, (though late) and mend it. For *Princes* are easie to be deceiv'd. And what wisdome can escape it; where so many Court-*Arts* are studied? But above all, the *Prince* is to remember, that when the great day of Account comes, which neither Magistrate, nor *Prince* can shunne, there will be requir'd of him a reckoning for those, whom hee hath trusted; as for himselfe, which hee must provide. And if *Piety* be wanting in the *Priests*, *Equity* in the Iudges, or the *Magistrate* be found rated at a price; what Iustice or Religion is to be expected? which are the only two Attributes make *Kings* a kinne to *Gods*; and is the *Delphick* sword, both to kill Sacrifices, and to chastise offenders.

De Gratiosis. *When* a vertuous man is rais'd, it brings gladnesse to his friends: griefe to his enemies, and glory to his Posterity. Nay his honours are a great part of the honour of the times: when by this meanes he is growne to active men, an example; to the sloathfull, a spurre; to the envious, a Punishment.

Divites. *Hee*, which is sole heire to many rich men, having (beside his Fathers, and Vncles) the states of diverse his kindred come to him by accession; must needs bee richer then Father, or *Gran-father*: So they which are left heires *ex Asse*, of all their Ancestors vices; and by their good husbandry improve the old, and daily purchase new; must needs be wealthier in vice, and have a greater revenue, or stock of ill to spend on.

Haredes ex Asse.

Fures Publici. *The great* theeves of a State are lightly the officers of the Crowne, they hang the lesse still; play the Pikes in the Pond; eate whom they list. The Net was never spread for the Hawke or Buzzard that hurt us, but the harmelesse birds, they are good meate.

Iuvenalis. *Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.*

Plautus. *Non rete Accipitri tenditur, neq; milvo.*

But they are not alwayes safe, though especially, when they meet with wise Masters. They can take downe all the huffe, and swelling of their lookes; and like dexterous Auditors, place the Counter, where he shall value nothing. Let them but remember *Lewis* the eleventh, who to a Clarke of the *Exchequer*, that came to be Lord *Treasurer*, and had (for his device) represented himselfe sitting upon fortunes wheele: told him, hee

Lewis xi.

might

might doe well to fasten it with a good strong nayle, lest turning about, it might bring him, where hee was againe. As indeed it did.

A good man will avoide the spot of any sinne. The very aspersion is grievous: which makes him choose his way in his life, as hee would in his journey. The *Ill-man* rides through all confidently; hee is coated, and booted for it. The oftner hee offends, the more openly; and the fowler, the fitter in fashion. His modesty like a riding Coat, the more it is worne, is the lesse car'd for. It is good enough for the durt still; and the wayes he travels in. *An Innocent* man needs no *Eloquence*: his *Innocence* is instead of it: else I had never come off so many times from these *Precipices*, whether mens malice hath pursued me. It is true, I have beene accus'd to the Lords, to the *King*, and by great ones: but it hap'ned my accusers had not thought of the Accusation with themselves, and so were driven for want of crimes, to use invention, which was found slander: or too late, (being entred so farre) to seeke starting holes for their rashnesse, which were not given them. And then they may thinke, what accusation that was like to prove, when they, that were the Ingineers, fear'd to be the Authors. Nor were they content, to faine things against mee, but to urge things fain'd by the Ignorant, against my profession; which though from their hired, and mercenary impudence, I might have past by, as granted to a Nation of Barkers, that let out their tongues to lick others sores; yet I durst not leave my selfe undefended, having a paire of eares unskilfull to heare lyes; or have those things said of me, which I could truly prove of them. They objected, making of verses to me, when I could object to most of them, their not being able to reade them, but as worthy of scorne. Nay, they would offer to urge mine owne Writings against me; but by pieces, (which was an excellent way of malice) as if any mans Context, might not seeme dangerous, and offensive, if that which was knit, to what went before, were defrauded of his beginning; or that things by themselves utter'd, might not seeme subject to Calumnie, which read entire, would appeare most free. At last they upbraided my poverty, I confesse, thee is my Domestick, sober of diet, simple of habit; frugall, painefull, a good Counsellor to me, that keepes me from Cruelty, Pride, or other more delicate impertinences, which are the Nurse-children of Riches. But let them looke over all the great, and monstrous wickednesses, they shall never find those in poore families. They are the issue of the wealthy *Giants*, and the mighty Hunters: Whereas no great worke, or worthy of praise, or memory, but came out of poore cradles. It was the ancient povertie, that founded Common-weales, built Cities, invented Arts, made wholesome Lawes, armed men against vices, redeemed them with their owne vertues, and preserv'd the honour, and state of Nations, till they betray'd themselves to Riches.

De bonis & malis.

De Innocentiâ.

Money never made any man rich, but his mind. He that can order himselfe to the Lawe of nature, is not onely without the sense, but the fear of poverty. O! but to strike blind the people with our wealth, and pumpe, is the thing! what a wretchednesse is this, to thrust all our riches outward, and be beggars within! to contemplate nothing, but the lowest, vilest, and lordliest things of the world; not the great, noble, and pretious: wee serve our avarice, and not content with the good of the Earth, that

Amor nummi.

is offer'd us, wee search, and digge for the evill that is hidden. *God* offer'd us those things, and plac'd them at hand, and neere us, that hee knew were profitable for us; but the hurtfull hee laid deepe, and hid. Yet doe wee seeke onely the things, whereby wee may perish; and bring them forth, when *God* and nature hath buried them. Wee covet super-fluous things; when it were more honour for us, if wee could contemne necessary. What need hath nature of silver dishes, multitudes of Waiters, delicate Pages, perfum'd Napkins? She requires meat only, and hunger is not ambitious. Can wee thinke no wealth enough, but such a state, for which a man may be brought into a *Præmunire*, beg'd, proscrib'd, or poyson'd? O! if a man could restraine the fury of his gullet, and groyne, and thinke how many fires, how many kitchins, Cookes, Pastures, and plough'd Lands; what Orchards, Stewes, Ponds, and Parkes, Coupes, and Garners he could spare: What Velvets, Tissues, Imbroderies, Laces he could lacke; and then how short, and uncertaine his life is; Hee were in a better way to happinesse, then to live the Emperour of these delights; and be the *Dictator* of fashions? But wee make our selves slaves to our pleasures; and wee serve *Fame*, and Ambition, which is an equall slavery. Have not I seen the pompe of a whole Kingdome, and what a forraigne King could bring hither. Also to make himselfe gaz'd, and wonder'd at, laid forth as it were to the shew, and vanish all away in a day? And shall that which could not fill the expectation of few houres, entertaine, and take up our whole lives? whenever it appear'd as superfluous to the Possessors, as to me that was a Spectator. The bravery was shewne, it was not possess'd while it boasted it selfe, it perish'd. It is vile, and a poor thing to place our happinesse on these desires. Say we wanted them all. *Famine* ends *famine*.

There is nothing valiant, or solid to bee hop'd for from such, as are alwayes kempt'd, and perfum'd; and every day smell of the Taylor. The exceedingly curious, that are wholly in mending such an imperfection in the face, in taking away the Morphew in the neck, or bleaching their hands at Mid-night, gumming, and bridling their beards, or making the waste small, binding it with hoopes, while the mind runs at waste: Too much pickednesse is not manly. Not from those that will jeast at their owne outward imperfections, but hide their ulcers within, their Pride, Lust, Envie, ill nature, with all the art and authority they can. These persons are in danger; For whilst they thinke to justifie their ignorance by impudence; and their persons by clothes, and outward ornaments, they use but a Commission to deceive themselves. Where, if wee will looke with our understanding, and not our senses, wee may behold vertue, and beauty, (though cover'd with rags) in their brightnesse, and vice, and deformity so much the fowler, in having all the splendor of riches to guild them, or the false light of honour and power to helpe them. Yet this is that, wherewith the world is taken, and runs mad to gaze on: Clothes and Titles, the Birdlime of *Fools*.

What petty things they are, wee wonder at? like children, that esteeme every trifle; and preferre a *Fairing* before their Fathers: what difference is betweene us, and them? but that we are dearer Fooles, Cockscombes, at a higher rate? They are pleas'd with Cockleshels, Whistles, Hobby-horses, and such like: wee with Statues, marble Pillars,

Sad stuff this!

De mollibus & effeminatis.

De stultitia.

Pillars, Pictures, guilded Roofes, where under-neath is Lath, and Lyme; perhaps Lome. Yet, wee take pleasure in the lye, and are glad, wee can couzen our selves. Nor is it onely in our wals, and seelings; but all that wee call happinesse, is meere painting, and guilt: and all for money: what a thinne Membrane of honour that is? and how hath all true reputation falne, since money began to have any? yet the great heard, the multitude; that in all other things are divided, in this alone conspire, and agree: To love money. They wish for it, they embrace it, they adore it; while yet it is possest with greater stirre, and torment, then it is gotten.

Some men, what losses soever they have, they make them greater: and if they have none, even all, that is not gotten, is a losse. Can there be creatures of more wretched condition, then these; that continually labour under their owne misery, and others envie? A man should study other things, not to covet, not to feare, not to repent him: To make his Base such, as no Tempest shall shake him: to be secure of all opinion; and pleasing to himselfe, even for that, wherein he displeaseth others. For the worst opinion gotten for doing well, should delight us: would'st not thou be just, but for fame; thou ought'st to be it with infamy: Hee that would have his vertue published, is not the servant of vertue, but glory. *De sibi molestis.*

It is a dangerous thing, when mens minds come to sojourne with their affections, and their diseases eate into their strength: that when too much desire, and greedinesse of vice, hath made the body unfit, or unprofitable; it is yet gladded with the sight, and spectacle of it in others: and for want of ability to be an Actor; is content to be a Witnesse. It enjoyes the pleasure of sinning, in beholding others sinne; as in Dicing, Drinking, Drabbing, &c. Nay, when it cannot doe all these, it is offended with his owne narrownesse, that excludes it from the universall delights of Man-kind; and oft times dies of a *Melancholy*, that it cannot be vitious enough. *Periculosa Melancholia.*

I am glad, when I see any man avoid the infamy of a vice; but to shun the vice it selfe were better. Till hee doe that, he is but like the Prentise, who being loth to bee spied by his Master, comming forth of *Black-Lucis*, went in againe; to whom his Master cried; the more thou runnest that way to hide thy selfe, the more thou art in the Place. So are those, that keepe a Taverne all day; that they may not bee seene at night. I have knowne *Lawyers*, *Divines*, yea, great ones of this Heresy. *Falsæ speciei fugiendæ.*

There is a greater Reverence had of things remote, or strange to us, then of much better, if they bee neerer, and fall under our sense. Men, and almost all sort of creatures, have their reputation by distance. Rivers, the farther they runne, and more from their spring, the broader, they are, and greater. And where our originall is knowne, we are the lesse confident: Among strangers wee trust fortune. Yet a man may live as renown'd at home, in his owne countrey, or a private Village, as in the whole world. For it is vertue that gives glory: That will endenizon a man every where. It is onely that can naturalize him. A native, if hee be vitious, deserves to bee a stranger, and cast out of the Common-wealth, as an Alien. *Decipimur specie.*

Dejectio Aulic. *A dejected* countenance, and meane clothes, beget often a contempt; but it is with the ſhalloweſt creatures: *Courtiers* commonly looke up even with them in a new ſuite, you get above 'hem ſtreight. Nothing is more ſhort-liv'd then Pride: It is but while their clothes laſt; ſtay but while theſe are worne out, you cannot wiſh the thing more wretched, or dejected.

Poeſis, et Pictura. Plutarch. *Poetry*, and *Picture*, are Arts of a like nature; and both are buſie about imitation. It was excellently ſaid of *Plutarch*, *Poetry* was a ſpeaking Picture, and *Picture* a mute Poeſie. For they both invent, faine, and deviſe many things, and accommodate all they invent to the uſe, and ſervice of nature. Yet of the two, the Pen is more noble, then the Pencill. For that can ſpeake to the Underſtanding; the other, but to the Senſe. They both behold pleaſure, and profit, as their common Object; but ſhould abſtaine from all baſe pleaſures, leſt they ſhould erre from their end: and while they ſeeke to better mens minds, deſtroy their manners. They both are borne *Artificers*, not made. Nature is more powerfull in them then ſtudy.

De Pictura. *Whoſoever* loves not *Picture*, is injurious to Truth: and all the wiſdome of *Poetry*. Picture is the invention of Heaven: the moſt ancient, and moſt a kinne to Nature. It is it ſelfe a ſilent worke: and alwayes of one and the ſame habit: Yet it doth ſo enter, and penetrate the inmoſt affection (being done by an excellent Artificer) as ſometimes it orecomes the power of ſpeech, and oratory. There are diverſe graces in it; ſo are there in the Artificers. One excels in care, another in reaſon, a third in eaſineſſe, a fourth in natureand grace. Some have diligence, and comelineſſe: but they want Majeſty. They can expreſſe a humane forme in all the graces, ſweetneſſe, and elegancy; but they miſſe the Authority. They can hit nothing but ſmooth cheeks; they cannot expreſſe roughneſſe, or gravity. Others aſpire to Truth ſo much, as they are rather Lovers of likeneſſe, then beauty. *Zeuxis*, and *Parrhaſius*, are ſaid to be contemporaries: The firſt, found out the reaſon of lights, and ſhadowes in Picture: the other, more ſubtily examined the lines.

De ſtylo. Pliny. *In Picture*, light is requir'd no leſſe then ſhadow: ſo in ſtile, height, as well as humbleneſſe. But beware they be not too humble; as *Pliny* pronounc'd of *Regulus* writings. You would thinke them written, not on a child, but by a child. Many, out of their owne obſcene Apprehenſions, refuſe proper and fit words; as *occupie*, *nature*, and the like: So the curious induſtry in ſome of having all alike good, hath come neerer a vice, then a vertue.

De progreſſ. Picture. Parrhaſius. *Picture* tooke her faining from *Poetry*: from *Geometry* her rule, compaſſe, lines, proportion, and the whole *Symmetry*. *Parrhaſius* was the firſt wan reputation, by adding *Symmetry* to Picture: hee added ſubtilty to the countenance, elegancy to the haire, love-lines to the face; and, by the publike voice of all Artificers, deſerved honour in the outer lines.

Eupompus: *Eupompus* gave it ſplendor by numbers, and other elegancies. From the *Opticks* it drew reaſons; by which it conſidered, how things plac'd at diſtance, and a farre off, ſhould appeare leſſe: how above, or beneath the head, ſhould deceive the eye, &c. So from thence it tooke ſhadowes, receſſor, light, and heightnings. From morall *Philoſophy* it tooke the ſoule, the expreſſion of Senſes, Perturbations, Manners, when they would

would paint an angry person, a proud, an inconstant, an ambitious, a brave, a magnanimous, a just, a mercifull, a compassionate, an humble, a dejected, a base, and the like. They made all heightnings bright, all shadowes darke, all swellings from a plane, all solids from breaking. See * where he complaines of their painting *Chimæra's*, by the vulgar unaptly called *Grotteſque*: Saying, that men who were borne truly to study, and emulate nature, did nothing but make monsters against nature; which [a] *Horace* so laught at. The Art *Plasticke* was moulding in clay, or potters earth anciently. This is the Parent of *Statuary* sculpture, *Graving* and *Picture*; cutting in brasse, and marble, all serve under her. [b] *Socrates* taught *Parrhasius*, and *Clito* (two noble Statuaries) first to expresse manners by their looks in Imagery. [c] *Polygnotus*, and *Aglaophon* were ancienter. After them [d] *Zeuxis*, who was the Law-giver to all Painters: after [e] *Parrhasius*. They were contemporaries, and liv'd both about *Philips* time, the Father of *Alexander* the Great. There liv'd in this latter Age six famous Painters in *Italy*: who were excellent, and emulous of the Ancients: [f] *Raphael de Vrbino, Michel Angelo Buonarota, Titian, Antonie of Correggio, Sebastian of Venice, Iulio Romano*, and *Andrea Sartorio*.

* *Plin.* lib. 35. c. 2. 5. & 7. *Vitruv.* li. 8. & 7.

a Horat. *in arte Poet.*

b Socrates. Parrhasius. Clyto.

c Polygnotus. Aglaophon

d Zeuxis.

e Parrhasius.

f Raphael *de urbino.* Mich: Angel. Buonarota. Titian. Antonie *de Correg.* Sebast: *de Venet.* Iulio Romano. Andrea Sartorio.

These are Flatterers for their bread, that praise all my oraculous Lord do's or sayes, be it true or false: invent tales that shall please: make baites for his Lordships eares: and if they be not receiv'd in what they offer at, they shift a point of the Compasse, and turne their tale presently tacke about; deny what they confest, and confesse what they denied; fit their discourse to the persons, and occasions. What they snatch up, and devoure at one table, utter at another: and grow suspected of the Master, hated of the servants, while they inquire, and reprehend, and compound, and delate busines of the house they have nothing to doe with: They praise my *Lords* wine, and the sauce he likes; observe the Cooke, and Bottle-man, while they stand in my Lords favour, speake for a pension for them: but pound them to dust upon my Lords least distaste, or change of his palate.

* *Parasiti ad mensam.*

How much better is it, to bee silent; or at least, to speake sparingly! For it is not enough to speake good, but timely things. If a man be asked a question, to answer, but to repeat the Question, before hee answer, is well, that hee be sure to understand it, to avoid absurdity. For it is lesse dishonour, to heare imperfectly, then to speake imperfectly. The eares are excus'd, the understanding is not. And in things unknown to a man, not to give his opinion, lest by affectation of knowing too much, hee lose the credit hee hath by speaking, or knowing the wrong way, what hee utters. Nor seeke to get his Patrons favour, by imbarking himselfe in the Factions of the Family: to inquire after domesticke simulties, their sports, or affections. They are an odious, and vile kind of creatures, that fly about the house all day; and picking up the filth of the house, like Pies or Swallowes, carry it to their nest (the Lords eares) and oftentimes report the lyes they have fain'd, for what they have seene and heard.

These are call'd instruments of grace, and power, with great persons; but they are indeed the Organs of their impotencie, and markes of weaknesse. For sufficient Lords are able to make these Discoveries themselves. Neither will an honourable person inquire, who eats, and drinks

Imò servules.

drinkes together, what that man playes, whom this man loves; with whom such a one walkes; what discourse they held, who sleepes, with whom. They are base, and servile natures, that busie themselves about these disquisitions. How often have I seene, (and worthily) these Censors of the family, undertaken by some honest *Rustick*, and cudgel'd thriftily? These are commonly the off-scowring, and dregs of men, that doe these things, or calumniate others: Yet I know not truly which is worse; hee that malignes all, or that praises all. There is as great a vice in praising, and as frequent, as in detracting.

It pleas'd your Lordship of late, to aske my opinion, touching the education of your sonnes, and especially to the advancement of their studies. To which, though I return'd somewhat for the present; which rather manifested a will in me, then gave any just resolution to the thing propounded: I have upon better cogitation call'd those ayds about mee, both of mind, and memory; which shall venter my thoughts clearer, if not fuller, to your Lordships demand. I confesse, my Lord, they will seeme but petty, and minute things I shall offer to you, being writ for children, and of them. But studies have their Infancie, as well as creatures. Wee see in men, even the strongest compositions had their beginnings from milke, and the Cradle; and the wisest tarried sometimes about apting their mouthes to Letters, and syllables. In their education therefore, the care must be the greater had of their beginnings, to know, examine, and weigh their natures; which though they bee proner in some children to some disciplines; yet are they naturally prompt to taste all by degrees, and with change. For change is a kind of refreshing in studies, and infuseth knowledge by way of recreation. Thence the Schoole it selfe is call'd a Play, or Game: and all Letters are so best taught to Schollers. They should not be affrighted, or deterr'd in their Entry, but drawne on with exercise, and emulation. A youth should not be made to hate study, before hee know the causes to love it: or taste the bitternesse before the sweet; but call'd on, and allur'd, intreated, and praised: Yea, when hee deserves it not. For which cause I wish them sent to the best schoole, and a publike; which I thinke the best. Your Lordship I feare hardly heares of that, as willing to breed them in your eye, and at home; and doubting their manners may bee corrupted abroad. They are in more danger in your owne Family, among ill servants, (allowing, they be safe in their Schoole-Master) then amongst a thousand boyes, however immodest: would wee did not spoyle our owne children, and overthrow their manners our selves by too much Indulgence. To breed them at home, is to breed them in a shade; where in a schoole they have the light, and heate of the Sunne. They are us'd, and accustom'd to things, and men. When they come forth into the Common-wealth, they find nothing new, or to seeke. They have made their friendships and ayds; some to last till their Age. They heare what is commanded to others, as well as themselves. Much approv'd, much corrected; all which they bring to their owne store, and use; and learne as much, as they heare. *Eloquence* would be but a poore thing, if wee should onely converse with singulars; speake, but man and man together. Therefore I like no private breeding. I would send them where their industry should be daily increas'd by praise; and that

kindled

kindled by emulation. It is a good thing to inflame the mind: And though Ambition it selfe be a vice, it is often the cause of great vertue. Give me that wit, whom praise excites, glory puts on, or disgrace grieves: hee is to bee nourish'd with Ambition, prick'd forward with honour, check'd with Reprehension; and never to bee suspected of sloath. Though hee be given to play, it is a signe of spirit, and livelinesse; so there be a meane had of their sports, and relaxations. And from the rodde, or ferule, I would have them free, as from the menace of them: for it is both deformed, and servile.

For a man to write well, there are required three Necessaries. To reade the best Authors, observe the best Speakers: and much exercise of his owne style. In style to consider, what ought to be written, and after what manner; Hee must first thinke, and excogitate his matter; then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care in placing, and ranking both matter, and words, that the composition be comely; and to doe this with diligence, and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be labour'd, and accurate; seeke the best, and be not glad of the forward conceipts, or first words, that offer themselves to us, but judge of what wee invent, and order what wee approve. Repeat often, what wee have formerly written, which beside, that it helpes the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heate of imagination, that often cooles in the time of setting downe, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier, by the going back. As wee see in the contention of leaping, they jumpe farthest, that fetch their race largest: or, as in throwing a Dart, or Javelin, wee force back our armes, to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a faire gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sayle, so the favour of the gale deceive us not. For all that wee invent doth please us in the conception, or birth; else we would never set it downe. But the safest is to returne to our Judgement, and handle over againe those things, the easinesse of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best Writers in their beginnings; they impos'd upon themselves care, and industry. They did nothing rashly. They obtain'd first to write well, and then custome made it easie, and a habit. By little and little, their matter shew'd it selfe to 'hem more plentifully, their words answer'd, their composition followed; and all, as in a well-order'd family, presented it selfe in the place. So that the summe of all is: Ready writing makes not good writing; but good writing brings on ready writing: Yet when wee thinke wee have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it: as to give a Horse a check sometimes with bit, which doth not so much stop his course, as stirre his mettle. Againe, whether a mans *Genius* is best able to reach thither, it should more and more contend, lift and dilate it selfe, as men of low stature, raise themselves on their toes; and so oft times get even, if not eminent. Besides, as it is fit for grown and able Writers to stand of themselves, and worke with their owne strength, to trust and endeavour by their owne faculties: so it is fit for the beginner, and learner, to study others, and the best. For the mind, and memory are more sharpely exercis'd in comprehending an other mans things, then our owne; and such as accustome themselves, and are familiar with the best Authors, shall ever and anon find somewhat of them

De stylo, & optimo scribendi genere.

Livy. Salust. Sydney. Donne. Gower. Chaucer. Spencer.

them in themselves, and in the expression of their minds, even when they feele it not, be able to utter something like theirs, which hath an Authority above their owne. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a mans study, the praise of quoting an other man fitly: And though a man be more prone, and able for one kind of writing, then another, yet hee must exercise all. For as in an Instrument, so in style, there must be a Harmonie, and consent of parts.

Præcipiendi modi.

I take this labour in teaching others, that they should not be alwayes to bee taught; and I would bring my Precepts into practise. For rules are ever of lesse force, and valew, then experiments. Yet with this purpose, rather to shew the right way to those that come after, then to detect any that have slipt before by errour, and I hope it will bee more profitable. For men doe more willingly listen, and with more favour to precept, then reprehension. Among diverse opinions of an Art, and most of them contrary in themselves, it is hard to make election; and therefore, though a man cannot invent new things after so many, he may doe a welcome worke yet to helpe posterity to judge rightly of the old. But Arts and Precepts availe nothing, except nature be beneficiall, and ayding. And therefore these things are no more written to a dull disposition, then rules of husbandry to a barren Soyle. No precepts will profit a Foole; no more then beauty will the blind, or musicke the deafe. As wee should take care, that our style in writing, be neither dry, nor empty: wee should looke againe it be not winding, or wanton with farfetcht descriptions; Either is a vice. But that is worse which proceeds out of want, then that which riots out of plenty. The remedy of fruitfulnesse is easie, but no labour will helpe the contrary; I will like, and praise some things in a young Writer, which yet if hee continue in, I cannot, but justly hate him for the same. There is a time to bee given all things for maturity, and that even your Country-husband-man can teach; who to a young plant will not put the proyning knife, because it seemes to feare the iron, as not able to admit the scarre. No more would I tell a greene Writer all his faults, lest I should make him grieve and faint, and at last despaire. For nothing doth more hurt, then to make him so afraid of all things, as hee can endeavour nothing. Therefore youth ought to be instructed betimes, and in the best things: for we hold those longest, wee take soonest. As the first tent of a Vessell lasts: and that tinct the wooll first receives. Therefore a Master should temper his owne powers, and descend to the others infirmity. If you powre a glut of water upon a Bottle, it receives little of it; but with a Funnell, and by degrees, you shall fill many of them, and spill little of your owne; to their capacity they will all receive, and be full. And as it is fit to reade the best Authors to youth first, so let them be of the openest, and clearest. As *Livy* before *Salust*, *Sydney* before *Donne*: and beware of letting them taste *Gower*, or *Chaucer* at first, lest falling too much in love with Antiquity, and not apprehending the weight, they grow rough and barren in language onely. When their judgements are firme, and out of danger, let them reade both, the old and the new: but no lesse take heed, that their new flowers, and sweetnesse doe not as much corrupt, as the others drinesse, and squallor, if they choose not carefully. *Spenser*, in affecting the Ancients writ no Language: Yet I would have

Livy. Salust. Sydney. Donne. Gower. Chaucer. Spencer.

him

him read for his matter; but as *Virgil* read *Ennius*. The reading of *Homer* and *Virgil* is counsell'd by *Quintilian*, as the best way of informing youth, and confirming man. For besides that, the mind is rais'd with the height, and sublimity of such a verse, it takes spirit from the greatnesse of the matter, and is tincted with the best things. *Tragicke*, and *Liricke* Poetry is good too: and *Comicke* with the best, if the manners of the Reader be once in safety. In the *Greeke* Poets, as also in *Plautus*, wee shall see the Oeconomy, and disposition of *Poems*, better observed then in *Terence*, and the later: who thought the sole grace, and vertue of their Fable, the sticking in of sentences, as ours doe the forcing in of jests.

Virgil.
Ennius.
Homer.
Virgil.
Quintilian.
Plautus.
Terence.

Wee should not protect our sloath with the patronage of difficulty. It is a false quarrell against nature, that shee helpes understanding; but in a few, when the most part of mankind are inclin'd by her thither, if they would take the paines; no lesse then birds to fly, horses to run, &c. Which if they lose, it is through their owne sluggishnesse, and by that meanes become her prodigies, not her children I confesse, nature in children is more patient of labour in study, then in Age; for the sense of the paine, the judgement of the labour is absent, they doe not measure what they have done. And it is the thought, and consideration, that affects us more, then the wearinesse it selfe. *Plato* was not content with the Learning, that *Athens* could give him, but sail'd into *Italy* for *Pythagora's* knowledge: And yet not thinking himselfe sufficiently inform'd, went into *Egypt* to the Priests, and learned their mysteries. Hee labour'd, so must wee. Many things may be learn'd together, and perform'd in one point of time; as Musicians exercise their memory, their voice, their fingers, and sometime their head, and feet at once. And so a Preacher in the invention of matter, election of words, composition of gesture, looke, pronunciation, motion, useth all these faculties at once. And if wee can expresse this variety together, why should not diverse studies, at diverse houres delight, when the variety is able alone to refresh, and repaire us? As when a man is weary of writing, to reade; and then againe of reading, to write. Wherein, howsoever wee doe many things, yet are wee (in a sort) still fresh to what wee begin: wee are recreated with change, as the stomacke is with meats. But some will say, this variety breeds confusion, and makes, that either wee loose all, or hold no more then the last. Why doe wee not then perswade husbandmen, that they should not till Land, helpe it with Marle, Lyme, and Compost? plant Hop-gardens, prune trees, looke to Bee-hives, reare sheepe, and all other Cattell at once? It is easier to doe many things, and continue, then to doe one thing long.

Ials. querel. fugiend.
Platonis. *Peregrinatio in Italiam.*

It is not the passing through these Learnings that hurts us, but the dwelling and sticking about them. To descend to those extreame anxieties, and foolish cavils of *Grammarians*, is able to breake a wit in pieces; being a worke of manifold misery, and vaineneſse, to bee *Elementarij senes*. Yet even Letters are as it were the Banke of words, and restore themselves to an Author, as the pawnes of Language: But talking and Eloquence are not the same: to speake, and to speake well, are two things. A foole may talke, but a wise man speakes, and out of the observation, knowledge, and use of things. Many Writers perplexe their

Precept. Element.

Readers, and Hearers with meere *Non-sense*. Their writings need sunshine. Pure and neat Language I love, yet plaine and customary. A barbarous Phrase hath often made mee out of love with a good sense; and doubtfull writing hath wrackt mee beyond my patience. The reason why a *Poet* is said, that hee ought to have all knowledges, is that hee should not be ignorant of the most, especially of those hee will handle. And indeed when the attaining of them is possible, it were a sluggish, and base thing to despaire. For frequent imitation of any thing, becomes a habit quickly. If a man should prosecute as much, as could be said of every thing; his worke would find no end.

De oratio-nis dignitate.

Speech is the only benefit, man hath to expresse his excellencie of mind above other creatures. It is the Instrument of *Society*. Therefore *Mercury*, who is the President of Language, is called *Deorum hominumq; interpres*. In all speech, words and sense, are as the body, and the soule. The sense is, as the life and soule of Language, without which all words are dead. Sense is wrought out of experience, the knowledge of humane life, and actions, or of the liberall Arts, which the *Greeks* call'd Ἐγκυκλοπαιδεία. Words are the Peoples; yet there is a choise of them to be made. For *Verborum delectus, origo est eloquentiæ*. They are to be chose according to the persons wee make speake, or the things wee speake of. Some are of the Campe, some of the Councell-board, some of the Shop, some of the Sheepe-coat, some of the Pulpit, some of the Barre, &c. And herein is seene their Elegance, and Propriety, when wee use them fitly, and draw them forth to their just strength and nature, by way of Translation, or *Metaphore*. But in this Translation wee must only serve necessity *(Nam temerè nihil transfertur à prudenti)* or commodity, which is a kind of necessity; that is, when wee either absolutely want a word to expresse by, and that is necessity; or when wee have not so fit a word, and that is commodity. As when wee avoid losse by it, and escape obscenenesse, and gaine in the grace and property, which helpes significance. *Metaphors* farfet hinder to be understood, and affected, lose their grace. Or when the person fetcheth his translations from a wrong place. As if a Privie-Counsellor should at the Table take his *Metaphore* from a Dicing-house, or Ordinary, or a Vintners Vault; or a Justice of Peace draw his similitudes from the *Mathematicks*; or a *Divine* from a Bawdy-house, or Tavernes; or a Gentleman of *Northampton-shire*, *Warwick-shire*, or the *Mid-land*, should fetch all his Illustrations to his countrey neighbours from shipping, and tell them of the maine *sheat*, and the Boulin. *Metaphors* are thus many times deform'd, as in him that said, *Castratam morte Aphricani Rempublicam*. And an other, *stercus curiæ Glanciam*. And *Canâ nive conspuit Alpes*. All attempts that are new in this kind, are dangerous, and somewhat hard, before they be softned with use. A man coynes not a new word without some perill, and lesse fruit; for if it happen to be received, the praise is but moderate; if refus'd, the scorne is assur'd. Yet wee must adventure, for things at first, hard and rough, are by use made tender and gentle. It is an honest errour that is committed, following great *Chiefes*.

Ἐγκυκλοπαιδεία.
Iulius Cæsar.
Of words see Hor. de Art. Poetic.
Quintil. l. 8.
Ludov. Vives, pag. 6. & 7.
Metaphora.

Consuetudo.

Custome is the most certaine Mistresse of Language, as the publicke stampe makes the current money. But wee must not be too frequent with the mint, every day coyning. Nor fetch words from

the

the extreme and utmost ages; since the chiefe vertue of a style is perspicuitie, and nothing so vitious in it, as to need an Interpreter. Words borrow'd of Antiquity, doe lend a kind of Majesty to style, and are not without their delight sometimes. For they have the Authority of yeares, and out of their intermission doe win to themselves a kind of grace-like newnesse. But the eldest of the present, and newnesse of the past Language is the best.† For what was the ancient Language, which some men so doate upon, but the ancient Custome? Yet when I name Custome, I understand not the vulgar Custome: For that were a precept no lesse dangerous to Language, then life, if wee should speake or live after the manners of the vulgar: But that I call Custome of speech, which is the consent of the Learned; as Custome of life, which is the consent of the good. *Virgill* was most loving of Antiquity, yet how rarely doth hee insert *aquai*, and *pictai*! *Lucretius* is scabrous and rough in these; hee seekes 'hem: As some doe *Chaucerismes* with us, which were better expung'd and banish'd. Some words are to be cull'd out for ornament and colour, as wee gather flowers to straw houses, or make Garlands; but they are better when they grow to our style, as in a Meadow, where though the meere grasse and greennesse delights; yet the variety of flowers doth heighten and beautifie. Marry we must not play, or riot too much with them, as in *Paronomasies*: Nor use too swelling, or ill-sounding words; *Qua per salebras, altaq; saxa cadunt*. It is true, there is no sound but shall find some Lovers, as the bitter'st confections are gratefull to some palats. Our composition must bee more accurate in the beginning and end, then in the midst; and in the end more, then in the beginning; for through the midst the streame beares us. And this is attain'd by Custome more then care, or diligence. Wee must expresse readily, and fully, not profusely. There is difference betweene a liberall, and a prodigall hand. As it is a great point of Art, when our matter requires it, to enlarge, and veere out all sayle, so to take it in, and contract it, is of no lesse praise when the Argument doth aske it. Either of them hath their fitnesse in the place. A good man alwayes profits by his endeavour, by his helpe; yea, when he is absent; nay when he is dead by his example and memory. So good Authors in their style: A strict and succinct style is that, where you can take away nothing without losse, and that losse to be manifest. The briefe style is that which expresseth much in little. The concise style, which expresseth not enough, but leaves somewhat to bee understood. The abrupt style, which hath many breaches, and doth not seeme to end, but fall. The congruent, and harmonious fitting of parts in a sentence, hath almost the fastning, and force of knitting, and connexion: As in stones well squar'd, which will rise strong a great way without mortar. Periods are beautifull; when they are not too long; for so they have their strength too, as in a Pike or Javelin. As wee must take the care that our words and sense bee cleare; so if the obscurity happen through the Hearers, or Readers want of understanding, I am not to answer for them; no more then for their not listning or marking; I must neither find them eares, nor mind. But a man cannot put a word so in sense, but some thing about it will illustrate it, if the Writer understand himselfe. For Order helpes much to Perspicuity, as Confusion hurts.

Perspicuitas Venustas.

Authoritas.

Virgil.
Lucretius.
Chaucerisme.

Paronomasia.

De style.

Tacitus.
The Laconicke.
Suetonius.
Seneca & Fabianus.

Periods.

† Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxima nova. Quintil. l. 6.

Rectitudo lucem adfert, obliquitas et circumductio offuscat. We should therefore speake what wee can, the neereſt way, ſo as wee keepe our gate, not leape; for too ſhort may as well be not let into the memory, as too long not kept in. Whatſoever looſeth the grace and cleareneſſe, converts into a Riddle; the obſcurity is mark'd, but not the valew. That periſheth, and is paſt by, like the Pearle in the Fable. Our ſtyle ſhould be like a skeine of ſilke to be carried, and found by the right thred, not ravel'd, and perplex'd; then all is a knot, a heape. There are words, that doe as much raiſe a ſtyle, as others can depreſſe it. Superlation, and overmuchneſſe amplifies. It may be above faith, but never above a meane. It was ridiculous in *Ceſtius*, when hee ſaid of *Alexander*:

Obſcuritas offundit tenebras.

Superlatio.

Ceſtius.

Fremit Oceanus, quaſi indignetur, quòd terras relinquas;

Virgil. But propitiouſly from *Virgil*:--*Creta innate revulſas Cycladas.*
Hee doth not ſay it was ſo, but ſeem to be ſo. Although it be ſomewhat incredible, that is excus'd before it be ſpoken. But there are *Hyperboles*, which will become one Language, that will by no meanes admit another. As *Eos eſſe* P. R. *exercitus, qui cælum poſſint perrumpere:* who would ſay this with us, but a mad man? Therefore wee muſt conſider in every tongue what is us'd, what receiv'd. *Quintilian* warnes us, that in no kind of Tranſlation, or *Metaphore*, or *Allegory*, wee make a turne from what wee began; As if wee fetch the originall of our *Metaphore* from ſea, and billowes; wee end not in flames and aſhes; It is a moſt fowle inconſequence. Neither muſt wee draw out our *Allegory* too long, leſt either wee make our ſelves obſcure, or fall into affectation, which is childiſh. But why doe men depart at all from the right, and naturall wayes of ſpeaking? Sometimes for neceſſity, when wee are driven, or thinke it fitter to ſpeake that in obſcure words, or by circumſtance, which utter'd plainely would offend the hearers. Or to avoid obſceneneſſe, or ſometimes for pleaſure, and variety; as Travailers turne out of the high way, drawne, either by the commodity of a foot-path, or the delicacy, or freſhneſſe of the fields. And all this is call'd ἰσχηματισμὸν, or figur'd Language.

Cæſar *comment: circa fin.*

Quintilian.

Oratio imago animi.

Language moſt ſhewes a man: ſpeake that I may ſee thee. It ſprings out of the moſt retired, and inmoſt parts of us, and is the Image of the Parent of it, the mind. No glaſſe renders a mans forme, or likeneſſe, ſo true as his ſpeech. Nay, it is likened to a man; and as we conſider feature, and compoſition in a man; ſo words in Language: in the greatneſſe, aptneſſe, ſound, ſtructure, and harmony of it. Some men are tall, and bigge, ſo ſome Language is high and great. Then the words are choſen, their ſound ample, the compoſition full, the abſolution plenteous, and powr'd out, all grave, ſinnewye and ſtrong. Some are little, and Dwarfes: ſo of ſpeech it is humble, and low, the words poore and flat; the members and *Periods*, thinne and weake without knitting, or number. The middle are of a juſt ſtature. There the Language is plaine, and pleaſing: even without ſtopping, round without ſwelling; all well-torn'd, compos'd, elegant, and accurate. The vitious Language is vaſt, and gaping, ſwelling, and irregular; when it contends to be high, full of Rocke, Mountaine, and pointednеſſe: As it affects to be low, it is abject, and creeps, full of bogs, and holes. And according to their Subject, theſe ſtiles vary, and loſe their names: For that which is high and lofty, de-

Structura, & ſtatura.
Sublimis.
Humilis pumila.
Mediocris Plana & placida.
Vitioſa oratio, vaſta.
Tumens.
Enormis.
Affectata.
Abjecta.

declaring excellent matter, becomes vast and tumorous: Speaking of petty and inferiour things: so that which was even, and apt in a meane and plaine subject, will appeare most poore and humble in a high Argument. Would you not laugh, to meet a great Counsellor of state in a flat cap, with his trunck hose, and a hobby-horse Cloake, his Gloves under his girdle, and yond Haberdasher in a velvet Gowne, furr'd with sables? There is a certaine latitude in these things, by which wee find the degrees. The next thing to the stature, is the figure and feature in Language: that is, whether it be round, and streight, which consists of short and succinct *Periods*, numerous, and polish'd, or square and firme; which is to have equall and strong patts, every where answerable, and weighed. The third is the skinne, and coat, which rests in the well-joyning, cementing, and coagmentation of words; when as it is smooth, gentle, and sweet; like a Table, upon which you may runne your finger without rubs, and your nayle cannot find a joynt; not horrid, rough, wrinckled, gaping, or chapt: After these the flesh, blood, and bones come in question. Wee say it is a fleshy style, when there is much *Periphrases*, and circuit of words; and when with more then enough, it growes fat and corpulent; *Arvina orationis*, full of suet and tallow. It hath blood, and juyce, when the words are proper and apt, their sound sweet, and the *Phrase* neat and pick'd. *Oratio uncta, & benè pasta.* But where there is Redundancy, both the blood and juyce are faulty, and vitious. *Redundat sanguine, quâ multò plus dicit, quàm necesse est.* Juyce in Language is somewhat lesse then blood; for if the words be but becomming, and signifying, and the sense gentle, there is Juyce: but where that wanteth, the Language is thinne, flagging, poore, starv'd; scarce covering the bone, and shewes like stones in a sack. Some men to avoid Redundancy, runne into that; and while they strive to have no ill blood, or Juyce, they loose their good. There be some styles againe, that have not lesse blood, but lesse flesh, and corpulence. These are bony, and sinnewy: *Ossa habent, et nervos.*

Figura.

Cutis sive Cortex. Compositio.

Carnosa. Adipata.

Redundans.

Iejuna macilenta, strigosa.

Ossia, & nervosa.

It was well noted by the late L. St. *Alban*, that the study of words is the first distemper of Learning: Vaine matter the second: And a third distemper is deceit, or the likenesse of truth. Imposture held up by credulity. All these are the Cobwebs of Learning, and to let them grow in us, is either sluttish or foolish. Nothing is more ridiculous, then to make an Author a *Dictator*, as the schooles have done *Aristotle*. The dammage is infinite, knowledge receives by it. For to many things a man should owe but a temporary beliefe, and a suspension of his owne Judgement, not an absolute resignation of himselfe, or a perpetuall captivity. Let *Aristotle*, and others have their dues; but if wee can make farther Discoveries of truth and fitnesse then they, why are we envied? Let us beware, while wee strive to adde, wee doe not diminish, or deface; wee may improve, but not augment. By discrediting falshood, Truth growes in request. Wee must not goe about like men anguish'd, and perplex'd, for vitious affectation of praise: but calmely study the separation of opinions, find the errours have intervened, awake Antiquity, call former times into question; but make no parties with the present, nor follow any fierce undertakers, mingle no matter of doubtfull credit, with the simplicity of truth, but gently stirre the mould about the

Note Domini St. Albani de doctrin: intemper. Dictator. Aristoteles.

the root of the Question, and avoid all digladiations, facility of credit, or superstitious simplicity; seeke the consonancy, and concatenation of Truth, stoope only to point of necessity, and what leads to convenience. Then make exact animadversion where style hath degenerated, where flourish'd, and thriv'd in choisenesse of Phrase, round and cleane composition of sentence, sweet falling of the clause, varying an illustration by tropes and figures, weight of Matter, worth of Subject, soundnesse of Argument, life of Invention, and depth of Judgement. This is *Monte potiri*, to get the hill. For no perfect Discovery can bee made upon a flat or a levell.

De optimo scriptore.

Now, that I have informed you in the knowing these things; let mee leade you by the hand a little farther, in the direction of the use; and make you an able Writer by practice. The conceits of the mind are Pictures of things, and the tongue is the Interpreter of those Pictures. The order of Gods creatures in themselves, is not only admirable, and glorious, but eloquent; Then he who could apprehend the consequence of things in their truth, and utter his apprehensions as truly, were the best Writer, or Speaker. Therefore *Cicero* said much, when hee said, *Dicere rectè nemo potest, nisi qui prudenter intelligit.* The shame of speaking unskilfully were small, if the tongue onely thereby were disgrac'd. But as the Image of a *King*, in his Seale ill-represented, is not so much a blemish to the waxe, or the Signet that seal'd it, as to the Prince it representeth; so disordered speech is not so much injury to the lips that give it forth, as to the disproportion, and incoherence of things in themselves, so negligently expressed. Neither can his mind be thought to be in tune, whose words doe jarre; nor his reason in frame, whose sentence is preposterous; nor his Elocution cleare and perfect, whose utterance breakes it selfe into fragments and uncertainties: Were it not a dishonour to a mighty Prince, to have the Majesty of his embassage spoyled by a careless Ambassadour? and is it not as great an Indignity, that an excellent conceit and capacity, by the indiligence of an idle tongue should be disgrac'd? Negligent speech doth not onely discredit the person of the Speaker, but it discrediteth the opinion of his reason and judgement; it discrediteth the force and uniformity of the matter, and substance. If it be so then in words, which fly and escape censure, and where one good *Phrase* begs pardon for many incongruities, and faults; how shall he then be thought wise, whose penning is thin and shallow? How shall you looke for wit from him, whose leasure and head, assisted with the examination of his eyes, yeeld you no life, or sharpenesse in his writing.

Cicero.

De stylo Epistolari.

Inventio.

In writing there is to be regarded the Invention, and the Fashion. For the *Invention*, that ariseth upon your busines; whereof there can bee no rules of more certainty, or precepts of better direction given, then conjecture can lay downe, from the severall occasions of mens particular lives, and vocations: But sometimes men make baseneſse of kindnesse: As (*I could not satisfie my selfe, till I had discharged my remembrance, and charged my Letters with commendations to you.*) Or, [*My busines is no other, then to testifie my love to you, and to put you in mind of my willingnesse to doe you all kind offices.*] Or, [*Sir, have you leasure to descend to the remembring of that assurance you have long possest in your servant; and upon your next opportunity, make him happy with some commands from you?*] Or, the like; that goe a begging

business

† He means — In writing Letters —

begging for some meaning, and labour to be deliver'd of the great burthen of nothing. When you have invented, and that your busines bee matter, and not bare forme, or meere Ceremony, but some earnest: then are you to proceed to the ordering of it, and digesting the parts, which is had out of two circumstances. One is the understanding of the Persons, to whom you are to write; the other is the coherence of your Sentence. For mens capacity to weigh, what will be apprehended with greatest attention, or leisure; what next regarded, and long'd for especially; and what last will leave satisfaction, and (as it were) the sweetest memoriall, and beliefe of all that is past in his understanding, whom you write to. For the consequence of Sentences, you must bee sure, that every clause doe give the Q. one to the other, and be bespoken ere it come. So much for *Invention* and *order*. Now for fashion it consists in foure things, which are Qualities of your style. The first is *Brevity*. For they must not be Treatises, or Discourses (your Letters) except it be to learned men. And even among them, there is a kind of thrift, and saving of words. Therefore you are to examine the cleerest passages of your understanding, and through them to convey the sweetest, and most significant words you can devise; that you may the easier teach them the readiest way to an other mans apprehension, and open their meaning fully, roundly, and distinctly. So as the Reader may not thinke a second view cast away upon your letter. And though respect bee a part following this; yet now here, and still I must remember it, if you write to a man, whose estate and cense as senses, you are familiar with, you may the bolder (to set a taske to his braine) venter on a knot. But if to your Superior, you are bound to measure him in three farther points: First, your interest in him: Secondly, his capacity in your Letters: Thirdly, his leasure to peruse them. For your interest, or favour with him, you are to bee the shorter, or longer, more familiar, or submisse, as hee will afford you time. For his capacity you are to be quicker, and fuller of those reaches, and glances of wit, or learning, as hee is able to entertaine them. For his leasure, you are commanded to the greater briefnesse, as his place is of greater discharges, and cares. But with your betters, you are not to put Riddles of wit, by being too scarse of words: not to cause the trouble of making *Breviates*, by writing too riotous, and wastingly. *Brevity* is attained in matter, by avoiding idle Complements, Prefaces, Protestations, Parentheses, superfluous circuit of figures, and digressions: In the composition, by omitting Conjunctions, [*Not onely*, But *Also*] *Both the one, and the other, whereby it commeth to passe*] and such like idle Particles, that have no great busines in a serious Letter, but breaking of sentences; as often times a short journey is made long, by unnecessary baits.

cue
Modus.
1. *Brevitas.*

Quintilian.

But as *Quintilian* saith, there is a briefnesse of the parts sometimes, that makes the whole long, as I came to the staires, I tooke a paire of oares, they launch'd out, rowed a pace, I landed at the Court-gate, I paid my fayre, went up to the Presence, ask'd for my Lord, I was admitted. All this is, but I went to the Court, and spake with my Lord. This is the fault of some Latine Writers, within these last hundred years, of my reading, and perhaps *Seneca* may be appeacht of it; I accuse him not. The next property of *Epistolarie* style is *Perspicuity*, and is often

2. *Perspicuitas.*

time

times by affectation of some wit ill angled for, or ostentation of some hidden termes of Art. Few words they darken speech, and so doe too many: as well too much light hurteth the eyes, as too little; and a long Bill of *Chancery* confounds the understanding, as much as the shortest note. Therefore, let not your Letters be penn'd like English Statutes, and this is obtain'd. These vices are eschewed by pondering your busines well, and distinctly concerning your selfe, which is much furthered by uttering your thoughts, and letting them as well come forth to the light, and Judgement of your owne outward senses, as to the censure of other mens eares: For that is the reason, why many good Schollers speake but fumblingly; like a rich man, that for want of particular note and difference, can bring you no certaine ware readily out of his shop. Hence it is, that talkative shallow men doe often content the Hearers, more then the wise. But this may find a speedier redresse in writing; where all comes under the last examination of the eyes. First mind it well, then penn it, then examine it, then amend it; and you may bee in the better hope of doing reasonably well. Vnder this vertue may come Plainenesse, which is not to be curious in the order, as to answer a letter, as if you were to answer to Intergatories. As to the first, first; and to the second, secondly, &c. But both in method to use (as Ladies doe in their attyre) a diligent kind of negligence, and their sportive freedome; though with some men you are not to jest, or practise tricks: yet the delivery of the most important things, may be carried with such a grace, as that it may yeeld a pleasure to the conceit of the Reader. There must bee store, though no excesse of termes; as if you are to name *Store*, sometimes you may call it choyse, sometimes plenty; sometimes copiousnesse, or variety: but ever so, that the word which comes in lieu, have not such difference of meaning, as that it may put the sense of the first in hazard to be mistaken. You are not to cast a Ring for the perfumed termes of the time, as *Accommodation, Complement, Spirit, &c.* But use them properly in their place, as others. There followeth *Life*, and *Quickenesse*, which is the strength and sinnewes (as it were) of your penning by pretty Sayings, Similitudes, and Conceits, Allusions, some knowne History, or other common place, such as are in the Courtier, and the second booke of *Cicero de oratore*. The last is, Respect to discerne, what fits your selfe; him to whom you write; and that which you handle, which is a quality fit to conclude the rest, because it doth include all. And that must proceed from ripenesse of judgement, which as one truly saith, is gotten by foure meanes, *God, Nature, Diligence*, and *Conversation*. Serve the first well, and the rest will serve you.

We have spoken sufficiently of Oratory; let us now make a diversion to *Poetry*. *Poetry* in the Primogeniture had many peccant humours, and is made to have more now, through the Levity, and inconstancie of mens Judgements. Whereas indeed, it is the most prevailing Eloquence, and of the most exalted *Charact*. Now the discredits and disgraces are many it hath receiv'd, through mens study of Depravation or Calumny: their practise being to give it diminution of Credit, by lessening the Professors estimation, and making the Age afraid of their Liberty: And the Age is growne so tender of her fame, as she cals all writings *Aspersions*.

Cum

That is the State-word, the Phrase of Court, (*Placentia Colledge*) which some call *Parasites Place*, the Inne of *Ignorance*.

Whilst I name no persons, but deride follies; why should any man confesse, or betray himselfe? why doth not that of S. *Hierome* come into their minde; *Vbi generalis est de vitiis disputatio, ibi nullius esse personæ injuriam?* It is such an inexpiable crime in *Poets*, to taxe vices generally; and no offence in them who, by their exception, confesse they have committed them particularly. Are wee fal'ne into those times that wee must not

Auriculas teneras mordaci rodere vero?

Remedii votum semper verius erat, quàm spes. If men may by no meanes write freely, or speake truth, but when it offends not; why doe *Physicians* cure with sharpe medicines, or corrosives? Is not the same equally lawfull in the cure of the minde, that is in the cure of the body? Some vices, (you will say) are soe foule, that it is better they should bee done, then spoken. But they that take offence where no Name, Character, or Signature doth blazon them, seeme to mee like affected as woemen; who, if they heare any thing ill spoken of the ill of their Sexe, are presently mov'd [illegible] the contumely respected their particular: and, on the contrary, when they heare good of good woemen, conclude, that it belongs to them all. If I see any thing that toucheth mee, shall I come forth a betraier of my selfe, presently? No; if I be wise i'le dissemble it; if honest, i'le avoid it: lest I publish that on my owne forehead, which I saw there noted without a title. A man, that is on the mending hand, will either ingeniously confesse, or wisely dissemble his disease. And, the wise, and vertuous, will never thinke any thing belongs to themselves that is written, but rejoyce that the good are warn'd not to bee such; and the ill to leave to bee such. The Person offended hath no reason to bee offended with the writer, but with himselfe; and so to declare that properly to belong to him, which was so spoken of all men, as it could bee no mans severall but his that would willfully and desperately clayme it. It sufficeth I know, what kinde of persons I displease, men bred in the declining, and decay of vertue, betroth'd to their owne vices; that have abandoned, or prostituted their good names; hungry and ambitious of infamy, invested in all deformity, enthrall'd to ignorance and malice, of a hidden and conceal'd malignitie, and that hold a concomitancy with all evill.

D. Hieronimus.

Perſ. Sat. 1.

Livius.

Sexus fæminæ.

What is a Poet?

A Poet is that, which by the *Greeks* is call'd κατ' ἐξοχὴν, ὁ ποιητὴς, a Maker, or a fainer: His Art, an Art of imitation, or faining; expressing the life of man in fit measure, numbers, and harmony, according to *Aristotle*: From the word ποιεῖν, which signifies to make or fayne. Hence, hee is call'd a *Poet*, not hee which writeth in measure only; but that fayneth and formeth a fable, and writes things like the Truth. For, the Fable and Fiction is (as it were) the forme and Soule of any Poeticall worke, or *Poeme*.

Poeta.

What meane you by a Poeme?

A Poeme is not alone any worke, or composition of the Poets in many, or few verses; but even one alone verse sometimes makes a perfect *Poeme*. As, when *Aeneas* hangs up, and consecrates the Armes of *Abas*, with this Inscription; *Aeneas hac de Danais victoribus arma.* And calls it a *Poeme*, or *Carmen*. Such are those in *Martiall*.

Omnia, Castor, emis: sic fiet, ut omnia vendas. And,

Pauper videri Cinna vult, & est pauper.

Poema.

Virgilius, Aeneid. lib. 3.

Martial. lib. 8. epig. 19.

Pauper videri Cinna vult, & est pauper.

Horatius. So wore *Horace* his *Odes* call'd, *Carmina*; his *Lirik*, Songs. And *Lucretius* de-
Lucretius. signes a whole booke, in his sixt:

Quod in primo quoque carmine claret.

Epicum. Dramaticum. Liricum. Elegiacum. Epigramat. Poesis. And anciently, all the Oracles were call'd, *Carmina*; or, what ever Sentence was expres'd, were it much, or little, it was call'd, an *Epick, Dramatick, Lirike, Elegiake*, or *Epigrammatike Poeme*

But, how differs a Poeme from what wee call Poesy?

A Poeme, as I have told you, is the worke of the Poet; the end, and fruit of his labour, and studye. *Poesy* is his skill, or Crafte of making: the very Fiction it selfe, the reason, or forme of the worke. And these three voices differ, as the thing done, the doing, and the doer; the thing fain'd, the faining, and the fainer: so the *Poeme*, the *Poesy*, and the *Poet*. Now, the *Poesy* is the habit, or the Art: nay, rather the Queene of Arts: which had her Originall from heaven, received thence from the *Ebrewes*, and had in prime estimation with the *Greeks*; transmitted to the *Latines*, and all Nations, that profes's'd Civility. The Study of it (if wee will trust *Aristotle*) offers to mankinde a certaine rule, and Patterne of living well, and happily; disposing us to all Civill offices of Society. If wee will beleive *Tully*, it nourisheth, and instructeth our Youth; delights our Age; adornes our prosperity; comforts our Adversity; entertaines us at home; keepes us company abroad, travailes with us; watches, devides the times of our earnest, and sports; shares in our Country recesses, and recreations; insomuch as the wisest, and best learned have thought her the absolute Mistresse of manners; and neerest of kin to Vertue. And, whereas they entitle *Philosophy* to bee a rigid, and austere *Poesie*: they have (on the contrary) stiled *Poesy*, a dulcet, and gentle *Philosophy*, which leades on, and guides us by the hand to Action, with a ravishing delight, and incredible Sweetnes. But, before wee handle the kindes of *Poems*, with their speciall differences; or make court to the Art it selfe, as a Mistresse, I would leade you to the knowledge of our *Poet*, by a perfect Information, what he is, or should bee by nature, by exercise, by imitation, by Studie; and so bring him downe through the disciplines of *Grammar*, *Logicke*, *Rhetoricke*, and the *Ethicks*, adding somewhat, out of all, peculiar to himselfe, and worthy of your Admittance, or reception.

Artium Regina. Aristotle. M.T. Cicero. Poet: differentia. Grammatica. Logic. Rhetoric. Ethica.

First, wee require in our *Poet*, or maker, (for that Title our Language affordes him, elegantly, with the *Greeke*) a goodnes of naturall wit. For, whereas all other Arts consist of Doctrine, and Precepts: the *Poet* must bee able by nature, and instinct, to powre out the Treasure of his minde; and, as *Seneca* saith, *Aliquando secundum Anacreontem insanire, jucundum esse*: by which hee understands, the *Poeticall Rapture*. And according to that of *Plato*; *Frustrà Poetica fores sui compos pulsavit*: And of *Aristole*, *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ fuit. Nec potest grande aliquid, & supra cæteros loqui, nisi mota mens*. Then it riseth higher, as by a devine Instinct, when it contemnes common, and knowne conceptions. It utters somewhat above a mortall mouth. Then it gets a loft, and flies away with his Ryder, whether, before, it was doubtfull to ascend. This the *Poets* understood by their *Helicon*, *Pegasus*, or *Parnassus*; and this made *Ovid* to boast:

1. Ingenium. Seneca. Plato. Aristotle. Helicon. Pegasus. Parnassus. Ovidius.

Est, Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo:
Sedibus ætbereis spiritus ille venit.

Lipsius. And *Lipsius*, to affirme; *Scio, Poetam neminem præstantem fuisse, sine parte quadam uberiore divinæ auræ.* And, hence it is, that the comming up of good Poets,

(for

(for I minde not *mediocres*, or *imos*) is so thinne and rare among us; Every beggerly Corporation affoords the State a *Major*, or two *Bailiffs*, yearly: but, *solus Rex, aut Poeta, non quotannis nascitur*. To this perfection of Nature in our *Poet*, wee require Exercise of those parts, and frequent. If his wit will not arrive soddainly at the dignitie of the Ancients, let him not yet fall out with it, quarrell, or be over hastily Angry: offer, to turne it away from Study, in a humor; but come to it againe upon better cogitation; try an other time, with labour. If then it succeed not, cast not away the Quills, yet: nor scratch the Wainescott, beate not the poore Deske; but bring all to the forge, and file, againe; tourne it a newe. There is no Statute *Law* of the Kingdome bidds you bee a Poet, against your will; or the first Quarter. If it come, in a yeare, or two, it is well. The common Rymers powre forth Verses, such as they are, (*ex tempore*) but there never come from them one Sense, worth the life of a Day. A Rymer, and a *Poet*, are two things. It is said of the incomparable *Virgil*, that he brought forth his verses like a Beare, and after form'd them with licking. *Scaliger*, the Father, writes it of him, that he made a quantitie of verses in the morning, which a fore night hee reduced to a lesse number. But, that which *Valerius Maximus* hath left recorded of *Euripides*, the tragicke *Poet*, his answer to *Alcestis*, an other *Poet*, is as memorable, as modest: who, when it was told to *Alcestis*, that *Euripides* had in three daies brought forth, but three verses, and those with some difficultie, and throwes; *Alcestis*, glorying hee could with ease have sent forth a hundred in the space; *Euripides* roundly repl'd, like enough. But, here is the difference; Thy verses will not last those three daies; mine will to all time. Which was, as to tell him, he could not write a verse. I have met many of these Rattles, that made a noyse, and buz'de. They had their humme; and, no more. Indeed, things, wrote with labour, deserve to be so read, and will last their Age. The third requisite in our *Poet*, or Maker, is *Imitation*, to bee able to convert the substance, or Riches of an other *Poet*, to his owne use. To make choise of one excellent man above the rest, and so to follow him, till he grow very *Hee*: or, so like him, as the Copie may be mistaken for the Principall. Not, as a Creature, that swallowes, what it takes in, crude, raw, or indigested; but, that feedes with an Appetite, and hath a Stomacke to concoct, devide, and turne all into nourishment. Not, to imitate servilely, as *Horace* saith, and catch at vices, for vertue: but, to draw forth out of the best, and choisest flowers, with the Bee, and turne all into Honey, worke it into one reliish, and savour: make our *Imitation* sweet: observe, how the best writers have imitated, and follow them. How *Virgil*, and *Statius* have imitated *Homer*: how *Horace*, *Archilochus*; how, *Alcæus*, and the other *Liricks*: and so of the rest. But, that, which wee especially require in him is an exactnesse of Studie, and multiplicity of reading, which maketh a full man, not alone enabling him to know the *History*, or Argument of a *Poeme*, and to report it: but so to master the matter, and Stile, as to shew, hee knowes, how to handle, place, or dispose of either, with *elegancie*, when need shall bee. And not thinke, hee can leape forth suddainely a *Poet*, by dreaming hee hath been in *Parnassus*, or, having washt his lipps (as they say) in *Helicon*. There goes more to his making, then so. For to Nature, Exercise, Imitation, and Studie, *Art* must bee added, to make all these perfect. And, though these challenge to themselves much, in the making up of our Maker, it is Art only can lead him to perfection, and leave him there in possession, as planted by her hand. It is the assertion of *Tully*, If to an excellent nature, there happen an accession, or confirmation of Learning, and

Petron. in fragm.
2. Exercitatio.
Virgil.
Scaliger.
Valer. Maximus.
Euripides.
Alcestis.
3. Imitatio.
Horatius.
Virgilius. Statius. Homer. Horat. Archil. Alcæus. &c.
4. Lectio.
Parnassus.
Helicon.
Ars coron.
M. T. Cicero.

Discipline, there will then remaine somewhat noble, and singular. For, as *Simylus* saith in *Stobæus*; Οὔτε φύσις ἱκανὴ γίνεται τέχνης ἄτερ, ὅ τε πᾶν τέχνη μὴ φύσει κεκτημένη· without Art, Nature can nere bee perfect; &, without Nature, Art can clayme no being. But, our Poet must beware, that his Studie bee not only to learne of himself; for, hee that shall affect to doe that, confesseth his ever having a Foole to his master. Hee must read many; but, ever the best, and choisest: those, that can teach him any thing, hee must ever account his masters, and reverence: among whom *Horace*, and (hee that taught him) *Aristotle*, deserv'd to bee the first in estimation. *Aristotle*, was the first accurate *Criticke*, and truest Judge; nay, the greatest *Philosopher*, the world ever had: for, hee noted the vices of all knowledges, in all creatures, and out of many mens perfections in a Science, hee formed still one Art. So hee taught us two Offices together, how we ought to judge rightly of others, and what wee ought to imitate specially in our selves. But all this in vaine, without a naturall wit, and a Poeticall nature in chiefe. For, no man, so soone as hee knowes this, or reades it, shall be able to write the better; but as he is adapted to it by Nature, he shall grow the perfecter Writer. Hee must have *Civil prudence*, and *Eloquence*, & that whole; not taken up by snatches, or peeces, in Sentences, or remnants, when he will handle businesse, or carry Counsells, as if he came then out of the Declamors Gallerie, or Shadowe, furnish'd but out of the body of the State, which commonly is the Schoole of men. The *Poet* is the neerest Borderer upon the Orator, and expresseth all his vertues, though he be tyed more to numbers; is his equall in ornament, and above him in his strengths. And, (of the kind) the *Comicke* comes neerest: Because, in moving the minds of men, and stirring of affections (in which Oratory shewes, and especially approves her eminence) hee chiefly excells. What figure of a Body was *Lysippus*, ever able to forme with his Graver; or *Apelles* to paint with his Pencill, as the Comedy to life expresseth so many, and various affections of the minde? There shall the Spectator see some, insulting with Joy; others, fretting with Melancholy; raging with Anger; mad with Love; boiling with Avarice; undone with Riot; tortur'd with expectation; consum'd with feare: no perturbation in common life, but the Orator findes an example of it in the Scene. And then, for the Elegancy of Language, read but this Inscription on the *Grave* of a *Comicke Poet*:

Immortales mortales, si fas esset, flere,
Flerent divæ Camenæ Nævium Poetam;
Itaque postquam est Orcino traditus thesauro,
Obliti sunt Romæ, linguâ loqui Latinâ.

Or, that modester Testimonie given by *Lucius Aelius*. *Stilo* upon *Plautus*; who affirmed, *Musas, si latinè loqui voluissent, Plautino sermone fuisse loquuturas*. And that illustrious judgement by the most learned *M. Varro* of him; who pronounced him the *Prince* of *Letters*, and *Elegancie*, in the *Roman* Language.

I am not of that opinion to conclude a *Poets* liberty within the narrowe limits of lawes, which either the *Grammarians*, or *Philosophers* prescribe. For, before they found out those Lawes, there were many excellent Poets, that fulfill'd them. Amongst whome none more perfect then *Sophocles*, who liv'd a little before *Aristotle*.

Which of the *Greekelings* durst ever give precepts to *Demosthenes*? or to *Pericles*, (whom the Age surnam'd *heavenly*) because he seem'd to thunder, and lighten, with his Language? or to *Alcibiades*, who had rather Nature for his guide, then Art for his master?

But,

Simylus. Stob.

See p. 87

Horatius. Aristoteles.

Virorum schola Respub.

Lysippus Apelles.

Nævius.

L. Aelius. Stilo. Plautus. M. Varro.

Sophocles.

Demosthenes. Pericles Alcibiades.

But, whatsoever Nature at any time dictated to the most happie; or long exercise to the most laborious, that the wisdome, and Learning of *Aristotle*, hath brought into an Art: because, he understood the Causes of things: and what other men did by chance or custome, he doth by reason; and not only found out the way not to erre, but the short way we should take, not to erre. *Aristotle.*

Many things in *Euripides* hath *Aristophanes* wittily reprehended; not out of Art, but out of Truth. For, *Euripides* is sometimes peccant, as he is most times perfect. But, Judgement when it is greatest, if reason doth not accompany it, is not ever absolute. *Euripides. Aristophanes.*

To judge of Poets is only the facultie of Poets; and not of all Poets, but the best. *Nemo infelicius de Poetis judicavit, quàm qui de Poetis scripsit.* But, some will say, *Criticks* are a kind of Tinkers; that make more faults, then they mend ordinarily. See their diseases, and those of *Grammarians*. It is true, many bodies are the worse for the medling with: And the multitude of *Physicians* hath destroyed many sound patients, with their wrong practise. But the office of a true *Critick*, or *Censor*, is, not to throw by a letter any where, or damne an innocent Syllabe, but lay the words together, and amend them; judge sincerely of the Author, and his matter, which is the signe of solid, and perfect learning in a man. Such was *Horace*, an Author of much Civilitie, and (if any one among the heathen can be) the best master, both of vertue, and wisdome; an excellent, and true judge upon cause, and reason; not because he thought so; but because he knew so, out of use and experience. *Censf: Scalig in Lil: Germ. Senec: de brev: vit: cap. 13. & epist. 88.* *Horace.*

Cato, the *Grammarian*, a defender of *Lucilius*. *Heinf: de Sat: 265.*

Cato Grammaticus, Latina Syren,
Qui solus legit, & facit Poetas.

Quintilian of the same heresie, but rejected. *Pag. 267.*

Horace his judgement of *Chærillus*, defended against *Ioseph Scaliger*. And, of *Laberius*, against *Julius*. *Pag. 270. 271.*

But chiefly his opinion of *Plautus*, vindicated against many, that are offended, and say, it is a hard Censure upon the parent of all conceipt, and sharpnesse. And, they wish it had not fallen from so great a master, and Censor in the Art: whose bondmen knew better how to judge of *Plautus*, then any that dare patronize the family of learning in this Age; who could not bee ignorant of the judgement of the times, in which hee liv'd, when *Poetrie*, and the *Latin* Language were at the height: especially, being a man so conversant, and inwardly familiar with the censures of great men, that did discourse of these things daily amongst themselves. Againe, a man so gratious, and in high favour with the Emperour, as *Augustus* often called him his wittie *Manling*, (for the littlenes of his stature;) and (if wee may trust Antiquity) had design'd him for a Secretary of Estate; and invited him to the place, which he modestly praid off, and refus'd. *Pag. 273. & seq.* *Pag: in comm. 153. & seq.*

Horace did so highly esteeme *Terence* his Comedies, as he ascribes the Art in Comedie to him alone, among the *Latines*, and joynes him with *Menander*. *Terence.* *Menander.*

Now, let us see what may be said for either, to defend *Horace* his judgement to posterity; and not wholly to condemne *Plautus*.

The parts of a Comedie are the same with a *Tragedie*, and the end is partly the same. For, they both delight, and teach; the *Comicks* are call'd διδασκαλοι, of the *Greekes*; no lesse then the *Tragicks*. *The parts of a Comedie and Tragedie.*

Nor, is the moving of laughter alwaies the end of *Comedy*, that is rather a fowling for the peoples delight, or their fooling. For, as *Aristotle* saies rightly, the moving of laughter is a fault in Comedie, a kind of turpitude, *Aristotle.*

that

that depraves some part of a mans nature without a disease. As a wry face without paine moves laughter, or a deformed vizard, or a rude Clowne, drest in a Ladies habit, and using her actions, wee dislike, and scorne such representations; which made the ancient Philosophers ever thinke laughter unfitting in a wise man. And this induc'd *Plato* to esteeme of *Homer*, as a sacrilegious Person; because she presented the *Gods* sometimes laughing. As, also it is divinely said of *Aristotle*, that to seeme ridiculous is a part of dishonesty, and foolish.

Plato. Homer.

The wit of the old Comedy.

So that, what either in the words, or Sense of an Author, or in the language, or Actions of men, is a wry, or depraved, doth strangely stirre meane affections, and provoke for the most part to laughter. And therfore it was cleare that all insolent, and obscene speaches, jest upon the best men, injuries to particular persons; perverse, and sinister Sayings (and the rather unexpected) in the old Comedy did move laughter; especially, where it did imitate any dishonesty; and scurrility came forth in the place of wit: which who understands the nature and *Genius* of laughter, cannot but perfectly know.

Aristophanes. Plautus.

Of which *Aristophanes* affords an ample harvest, having not only out, gone *Plautus*, or any other in that kinde; but express'd all the moods, and figures, of what is ridiculous, oddly. In short, as Vinegar is not accounted good, untill the wine be corrupted: so jests that are true and naturall, seldome raise laughter, with the beast, the multitude. They love nothing, that is right, and proper. The farther it runs from reason, or possibility with them, the better it is.

Socrates.

What could have made them laugh, like to see *Socrates* presented, that Example of all good life, honesty, and vertue, to have him hoisted up with a Pullie, and there play the Philosopher, in a basquet. Measure, how many foote a Flea could skip *Geometrically*, by a just Scale, and edifie the people from the ingine. This was *Theatricall* wit, right Stage-jesting, and relishing a Play-house, invented for scorne, and laughter; whereas, if it had savour'd of equity, truth, perspicuity, and Candor, to have tasten a wise, or a learned Palate, spit it out presantly; this is bitter and profitable, this instructs, and would informe us: what neede wee know any thing, that are nobly borne, more then a Horse-race, or a hunting-match, our day to breake with Citizens, and such innate mysteries.

Theatricall wit.

The Cart.

This is truly leaping from the Stage, to the Tumbrell againe, reducing all witt to the Originall Dungcart.

Of the magnitude, and compasse of any Fable, Epicke, or Dramatick.

What the measure of a Fable is.

To the resolving of this *Question*, wee must first agree in the definition of the Fable. The Fable is call'd the *Imitation* of one intire, and perfect Action; whose parts are so joyned, and knitt together, as nothing in the structure can be chang'd; or taken away, without imparing, or troubling the whole; of which there is a proportionable magnitude in the members. As for example; if a man would build a house, he would first appoint a place to build it in, which he would define within certaine bounds: So in the Constitution of a *Poeme*, the Action is aym'd at by the *Poet*, which answers Place in a building; and that Action hath his largeneffe, compasse, and proportion. But, as a Court or Kings Palace requires other dimensions then a private house: So the *Epick* askes a magnitude, from other Poëms. Since, what is Place in the one, is Action in the other, the difference is in space. So that by this definition wee conclude the fable, to be the *imitation* of one perfect, and intire

The Fable, or Plott of a Poeme, defin'd.

The Epick fable.

Action

Action; as one perfect, and intire place is requir'd to a building. By perfect, wee understand that, to which nothing is wanting; as Place to the building, that is rais'd, and Action to the fable, that is form'd. It is perfect, perhaps, not for a Court, or Kings Palace, which requires a greater ground; but for the structure wee would raise, so the space of the Action, may not prove large enough for the *Epick Fable*, yet bee perfect for the *Dramatick*, and whole. *differing from the Dramaticke.*

Whole, wee call that, and perfect, which hath a *beginning*, a *mid'st*, and an *end*. So the place of any building may be whole, and intire, for that worke; though too little for a palace. As, to a *Tragedy* or a *Comedy*, the Action may be convenient, and perfect, that would not fit an *Epicke Poeme* in Magnitude. So a Lion is a perfect creature in himselfe, though it bee lesse, then that of a *Buffalo*, or a *Rhinocerote*. They differ; but in *specie*: either in the kinde is absolute. Both have their parts, and either the whole. Therefore, as in every body; so in every Action, which is the subject of a just worke, there is requir'd a certaine proportionable greatnesse, neither too vast, nor too minute. For that which happens to the Eyes, when wee behold a body, the same happens to the Memorie, when wee contemplate an action. I looke upon a monstrous Giant, as *Tityus*, whose body cover'd nine Acres of Land, and mine eye stickes upon every part; the whole that consists of those parts, will never be taken in at one intire view. So in a *Fable*, if the Action be too great wee can never comprehend the whole together in our Imagination. Againe, if it be too little, there ariseth no pleasure out of the object, it affords the view no stay: It is beheld and vanisheth at once. As if wee should looke upon an Ant or Pismyre, the parts fly the sight, and the whole considered is almost nothing. The same happens in Action, which is the object of Memory, as the body is of sight. Too vast oppresseth the Eyes, and exceeds the Memory: too little scarce admits either. *What wee understand by Whole.*

Now, in every Action it behooves the *Poet* to know which is his utmost bound, how farre with fitnesse, and a necessary proportion, he may produce, and determine it. That is, till either good fortune change into the worse, or the worse into the better. For as a body without proportion cannot be goodly, no more can the Action, either in Comedy, or Tragedy without his fit bounds. And every bound for the nature of the Subject, is esteem'd the best that is largest, till it can increase no more: so it behooves the Action in *Tragedy*, or *Comedy*, to be let grow, till the necessity aske a Conclusion: wherin two things are to be considered; First, that it exceed not the compasse of one Day: Next, that there be place left for digression, and Art. For the *Episodes*, and digressions in a Fable, are the same that houshold stuffe, and other furniture are in a house. And so farre for the measure, and extent of a *Fable Dramaticke*. *What the utmost bound of a fable.*

Now, that it should be one, and intire. One is considerable two waies: either, as it is only separate, and by it self: or as being compos'd of many parts, it beginnes to be one, as those parts grow, or are wrought together. That it should be one the first way alone, and by it self, no man that hath tasted letters ever would say, especially having required before a just Magnitude, and equall Proportion of the parts in themselves. Neither of which can possibly bee, if the Action be single and separate, not compos'd of parts, which laid together in themselves, with an equall and fitting proportion, tend to the same end; which thing out of Antiquitie it selfe, hath deceiv'd many; and more this Day it doth deceive. *What by one, and intire.*

Hercules. Theseus. Achilles. Vlysses. So many there be of old, that have thought the Action of one man to be one: As of *Hercules*, *Theseus*, *Achilles*, *Ulysses*, and other *Heroes*; which is both fooliſh and falſe; ſince by one and the ſame perſon many things may be ſeverally done, which cannot fitly be referred, or joyned to the ſame end: which not only the excellent *Tragick-Poets*, but the beſt Maſters of the *Epick*, *Homer*, and *Virgil* ſaw. For though the Argument of an *Epick-Poeme* be farre more diffus'd, & powr'd out, then that of *Tragedy*; yet *Virgil* writing of *Aeneas* hath pretermitted many things. He neither tells how he was borne, how brought up; how he fought with *Achilles*; how he was ſnatch'd out of the battaile by *Venus*; but that one thing, how *he came into Italie*, he proſecutes in twelve bookes. The reſt of his journey, his error by Sea, the Sacke of *Troy*, are put not as the Argument of the worke, but *Epiſodes* of the Argument. So *Homer* lai'd by many things of *Ulyſſes* and handled no more, then he ſaw tended to one and the ſame end.

Homer. Virgil. Aeneas. Venus. Homer.

Contrarie to which and fooliſhly thoſe *Poets* did, whom the *Philoſopher* taxeth; Of whom one gather'd all the Actions of *Theſeus*: another put all the Labours of *Hercules* in one worke. So did he, whom *Juvenal* mentions in the begining; *hoarſe Codrus*, that recited a volume compil'd, which he call'd his *Theſeide*, not yet finiſh'd, to the great trouble both of his hearers and himſelf: Amongſt which there were many parts had no coherence, nor kindred one with other, ſo farre they were from being one Action, one *Fable*. For as a houſe, conſiſting of diverſe materialls, becomes one ſtructure, and one dwelling; ſo an Action, compos'd of diverſe parts, may become one *Fable Epicke*, or *Dramaticke*. For *example*, in a *Tragedy* looke upon *Sophocles* his *Ajax*: *Ajax* depriv'd of *Achilles's* Armour, which he hop'd from the ſuffrage of the *Greekes*, diſdaines; and, growing impatient of the Injurie, rageth, and turnes mad. In that humour he doth many ſenſleſſe things; and at laſt falls upon the *Grecian* flocke, and kills a great Ramme for *Ulyſſes*: Returning to his Senſe, he growes aſham'd of the ſcorne, and kills himſelf; and is by the *Chiefes* of the *Greekes* forbidden buriall. Theſe things agree, and hang together, not as they were done; but as ſeeming to be done, which made the Action whole, intire, and abſolute.

Theseus. Hercules. Juvenal. Codrus.

Sophocles. Ajax.

Vlysses.

The concluſion concerning the Whole, and the Parts. *For* the *whole*, as it conſiſteth of parts; ſo without all the parts it is not the whole; and to make it abſolute, is requir'd, not only the parts, but ſuch parts as are true. For a part of the whole was true; which if you take away, you either change the whole, or it is not the whole. For if it be ſuch a part, as being preſent or abſent, nothing concernes the whole, it cannot be call'd a part of the whole: and ſuch are the *Epiſodes*, of which hereafter. For the preſent, here is one example; The ſingle Combat of *Ajax* with *Hector*, as it is at large deſcrib'd in *Homer*, nothing belongs to this *Ajax* of *Sophocles*.

Which are Epiſodes. Ajax, and Hector. Homer.

You admire no *Poems*, but ſuch as run like a Brewers-cart upon the ſtones, hobling,

Et, quæ per ſalebras, altaque ſaxa cadunt,
Actius, & quidquid Pacuviuſque vomunt.
Attoniteſque legis terrai, frugiterai.

Martial. lib. 11. epigr. 91.

FINIS.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM